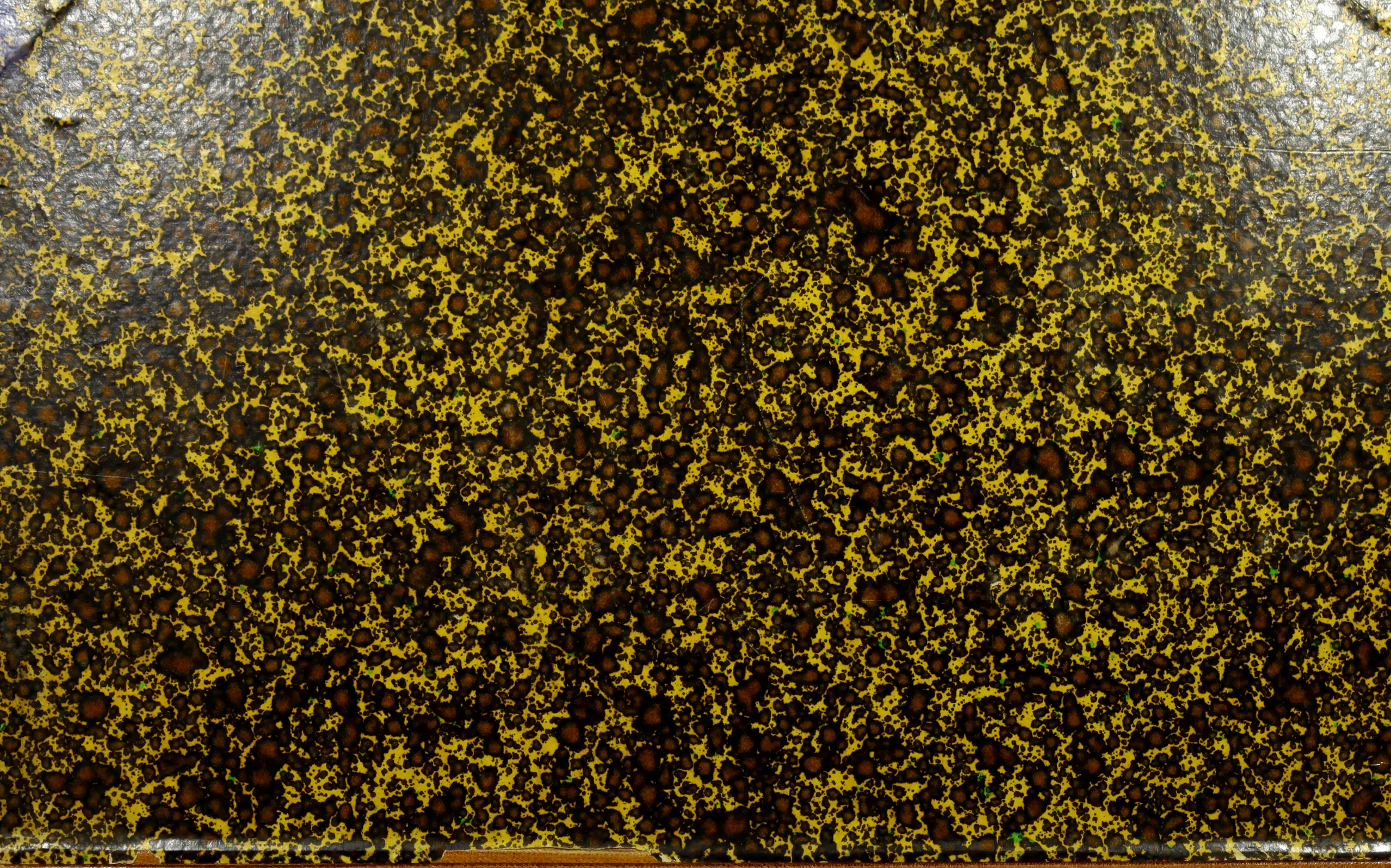
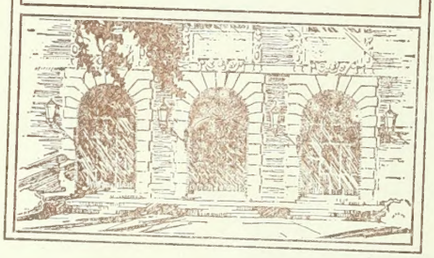


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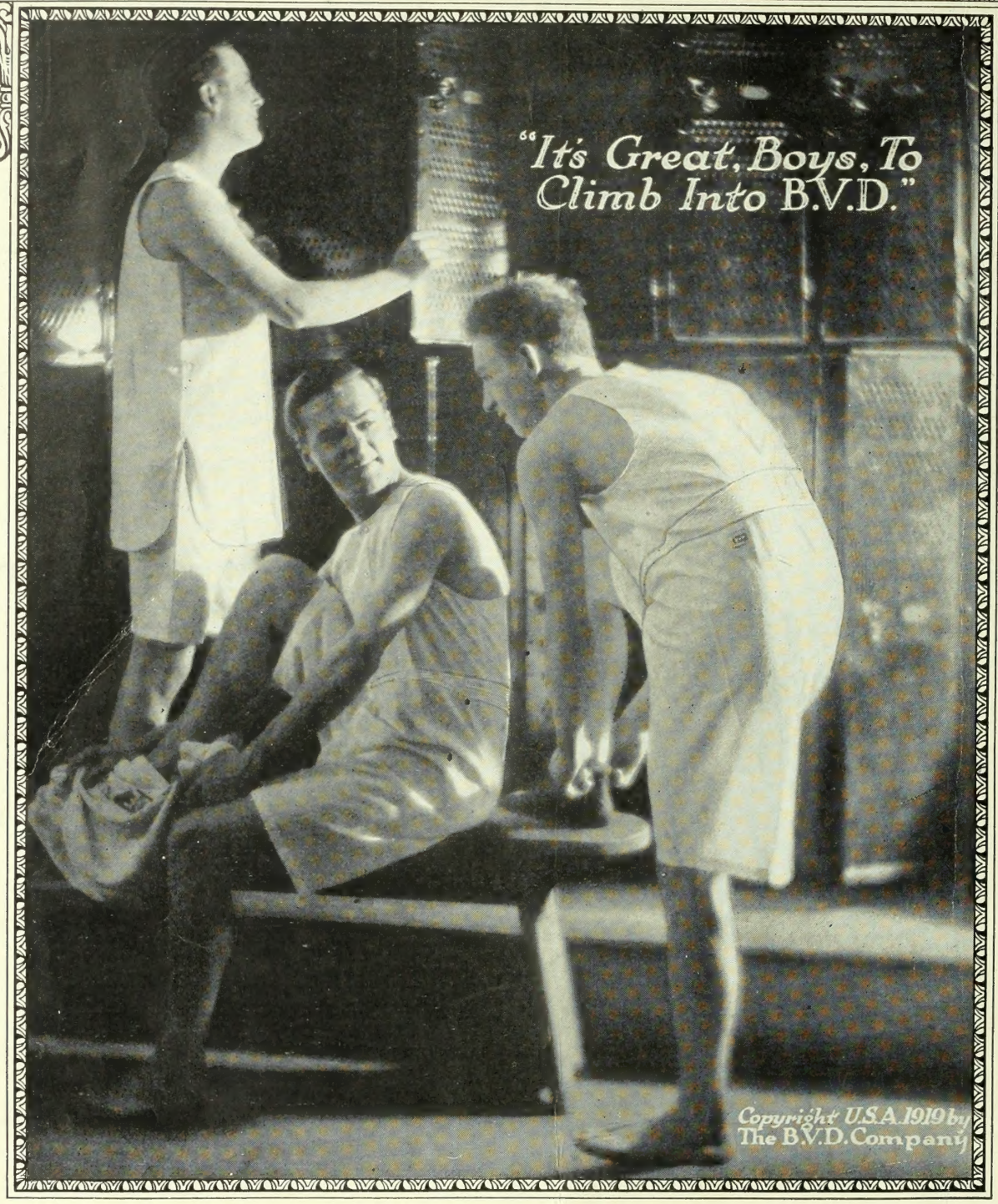
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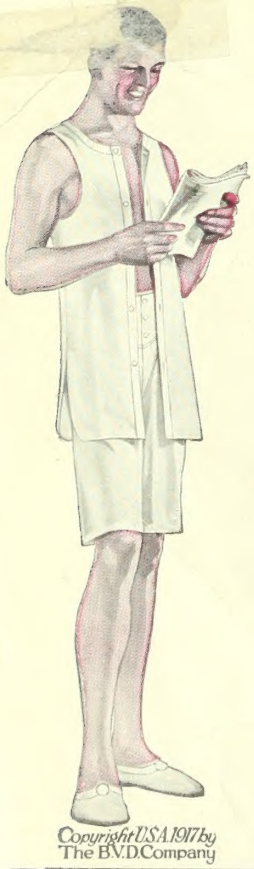
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First for America

WE have performed our full duty to the nations with which we marched in this great war, and we must now, as a matter of simple duty, listen to the call of our own people and supply the needs of our own nation.

We should bring our troops home from abroad, and end the enormous war expenses which are exhausting even our immense resources. We should stop lending money in enormous amounts to foreign nations, already in bankruptcy or on the verge of it, which, even should they recover solvency, may be debarred by revolution and repudiation from ever discharging their financial indebtedness. We should keep free of foreign alliances and the expensive and exhaustive conflicts which such alliances are almost sure to precipitate.

We should keep our men at home, our money at home, and our minds at home; and revert completely to our former policies of intentional isolation, of freedom from foreign complications, of concentration upon our own interests and development of our own resources, of expansion within our own hemisphere.

We should, in a word, return definitely and energetically to the policies which have brought this country, during the one hundred and forty years of its existence, from an Atlantic strip of poor and sparsely peopled colonies to the most powerful, most prosperous and most progressive, unified nation on the face of the globe.

If, beyond the unprecedented success our nation has achieved under its workings, anything were needed to prove the wisdom of Washington's policy, that proof would be found in the experience this nation has already had as a result of our enforced participation in the complicated affairs of Europe.

We have done a great work; but we have done it with all the sacrifice, with all the envy and enmity, with all the weight of debt and woe of death that the far-sighted Washington foresaw as an inevitable consequence of our participation in European conflicts and complications. Now let us set out to perform the duties and obligations of our world leadership by first taking care of ourselves and our own people as capably and conscientiously as we can.

William Randolph Hearst

653217

The Yezidee

The Slayer of Souls — I

By Robert W. Chambers

Illustrated by Armand Both

ONLY when the *Nan-yang Maru* sailed from Yuen-San did her terrible sense of foreboding begin to subside.

For four years, waking or sleeping, the awful sub-consciousness of supreme evil had never left her.

But now, as the Korean shore, receding into darkness, grew dimmer and dimmer, fear subsided and grew vague as the half-forgotten memory of horror in a dream.

She stood near the steamer's stern apart from other passengers, a slender, lonely figure in her silver-fox furs, her ulster and smart little hat, watching the lights of Yuen-San grow paler and smaller along the horizon until they looked like a level row of stars.

Under her haunted eyes Asia was slowly dissolving to a streak of vapor in the misty lustre of the moon.

Suddenly the ancient continent disappeared, washed out by a wave against the sky; and with it vanished the last shreds of the accursed nightmare which had possessed her for four endless years. But whether during those unreal years her soul had only been held in bondage, or whether, as she had been taught, it had been irrevocably destroyed, she still remained uncertain, knowing nothing about the death of souls or how it was accomplished.

As she stood there, her sad eyes fixed on the misty East, a passenger passing, an Englishwoman—paused to say something kind to the young American; and added, "if there is anything my husband and I can do it would give us much pleasure." The girl had turned her head as though not comprehending. The other woman hesitated:

"This is Doctor Norne's daughter, is it not?" she inquired in a pleasant voice.

"Yes, I am Tressa Norne. . . . I ask your pardon. . . . Thank you, madam:—I am—I seem to be—a trifle dazed——"

"What wonder, you poor child! Come to us if you feel need of companionship."

"You are very kind. . . . I seem to wish to be alone, somehow."

"I understand. . . . Good-night, my dear."

Late the next morning Tressa Norne awoke conscious for the first time in four years that it was at last her own familiar self stretched out there on the pillows where sunshine streamed through the porthole. All that day she lay in her bamboo steamer chair on deck. Sun and wind conspired to dry every tear that wet her closed lashes. Her dark, glossy hair blew about her face; scarlet tinted her full lips again; the tense hands relaxed. Peace came at sundown.

That evening she took her Yu-kin from her cabin and found a chair on the deserted hurricane deck.

And here, in the brilliant moonlight of the China Seas, she curled up cross-legged on the deck, all alone, and sounded the four futile strings of her moon-lute, and hummed to herself, in a still voice, old songs she had sung in Yian before the tragedy. She sang the tent-song called *Tchinguiz*. She sang *Camel Bells* and *The Blue Bazaar*—children's songs of the Yiort. She sang the ancient Khiounnou song called "The Saghalien":

I

*In the month of Saffar**
Among the river-reeds
I saw two horsemen
Sitting on their steeds.
Tulugum! †
Heitulum! †
By the river-reeds.

II

In the month of Saffar
A demon guards the ford.
Tokhta,‡ my Lover!
Draw your shining sword!
Tulugum!
Heitulum!
Slay him with your sword!

III

In the month of Saffar
Among the water-weeds
I saw two horsemen
Fighting on their steeds.
Tulugum!
Heitulum!
How my lover bleeds!

IV

In the month of Saffar,
The Year I should have wed—
The Year of The Panther—
My lover lay dead,—
Tulugum!
Heitulum!
Dead without a head."

*July.
†Tra-la Fa-la!
‡Look out!

And songs like these—the one called "Keuke Mongol," and an ancient air of the Tchortchas called "The Thirty Thousand Calamities," and some Chinese boatmen's songs which she had heard in Yian before the tragedy; these she hummed to herself there in the moonlight playing on her round-faced, short-necked lute of four strings.

Terror indeed seemed ended for her; and in her heart a great overwhelming joy was welling up which seemed to overflow across the entire moonlit world.

SHE had no longer any fear; no premonition of further evil. Among the few Americans and English aboard, something of her story was already known. People were kind; and they were also considerate enough to subdue their sympathetic curiosity when they discovered that this young American girl shrank from any mention of what had happened to her during the last four years of the Great World War.

It was evident, also, that she preferred to remain aloof; and this inclination, when finally understood, was respected by her fellow passengers. The clever, efficient and polite Japanese officers and crew of the *Nan-yang Maru* were invariably considerate and courteous to her, and they remained nicely reticent, although they also knew the main outline of her story and very much desired to know more. And so, surrounded now by the friendly security of civilized humanity, Tressa Norne, reborn to light out of hell's own shadows, awoke from four years of nightmare which, after all, perhaps, never had seemed entirely actual.

And now God's real sun warmed her by day; His real moon bathed her in creamy coolness by night; sky and wind and wave thrilled her with their blessed assurance that this was once more the real world which stretched illimitably on every side from horizon to horizon; and the fair faces and pleasant voices of her own countrymen made the past seem only a ghastly dream that never again could enmesh her soul with its awful web of sorcery.



Tressa Norne, reborn to light out of Hell's own shadows, awoke from four years of nightmare.

AND now the days at sea fled very swiftly; and when at last the Golden Gate was not far away she had finally managed to persuade herself that nothing really can harm the human soul: that the monstrous devil-years were ended, never again to return; that in this vast, clean, Western Continent there could be no occult threat to dread, no gigantic menace to destroy her body, no secret power that could consign her soul to the dreadful abysm of spiritual annihilation.

Very early that morning she came on deck. The November day was delightfully warm, the air clear save for a belt of mist low on the water to the southward.

She had been told that land would not be sighted for twenty-four hours, but she went forward and stood beside the starboard rail, searching the horizon with the enchanted eyes of hope.

As she stood there a Japanese ship's officer crossing the deck, forward, halted abruptly and stood staring at something to the southward.

At the same moment, above the belt of mist on the water, and perfectly clear against the blue sky above, the girl saw a shower of gold fire rise from the fog, drift upward in the daylight, slowly assume the incandescent outline of a serpentine creature which leisurely uncoiled and hung there floating, its lizard-tail undulating, its feet with their five stumpy claws closing, relaxing, like those of a living reptile. For a full minute this amazing shape of fire floated there in the sky, brilliant in the morning light, then the reptilian form faded, died out, and the last spark vanished in the sunshine.

When the Japanese officer at last turned to resume his promenade, he noticed a white-faced girl gripping a stanchion behind him as though she were on the point of swooning. He crossed the deck quickly; Tressa Norne's eyes opened.

"Are you ill, Miss Norne?" he asked.

"The—the Dragon," she whispered.

The officer laughed. "Why, that was nothing but Chinese day-fireworks," he explained. "The crew of some fishing boat yonder in the fog is amusing itself." He looked at her narrowly, then with a nice little bow and smile he offered his arm: "If you are indisposed perhaps you might wish



"Sanang!" she cried in a terrible voice. She clutched at the pistol under her pillow.

to go below to your stateroom, Miss Norne?"

She thanked him, managed to pull herself together and force a ghost of a smile.

He lingered a moment, said something cheerful about being nearly home, then made her a punctilious salute and went his way.

Tressa Norne leaned back against the stanchion and closed her eyes. Her pallor became deathly. She bent over and laid her white face in her folded arms.

After a while she lifted her head, and, turning very slowly, stared at the fog-belt out of frightened eyes.

And saw, rising out of the fog, a pearl-tinted sphere which gradually mounted into the clear daylight above like the full moon's phantom in the sky.

Higher, higher rose the spectral moon until at last it swam in the very zenith. Then it slowly evaporated in the blue vault above.

A great wave of despair swept her; she clung to the stanchion, staring with half-blinded eyes at the flat fog-bank in the south.

But no more "Chinese day-fireworks" rose out of it. And at length she summoned sufficient strength to go below to her cabin and lie there, half senseless, huddled on her bed.

When land was sighted, the following morning, Tressa Norne had lived a century in twenty-four hours. And in that space of time her agonized soul had touched all depths.

But now as the Golden Gate loomed up in the morning light, rage, terror, despair had burned themselves out. From their ashes within her mind arose the cool, sinister wrath of desperation armed for anything, wary, alert, ruthless, passionately determined to survive at whatever cost, recklessly ready to fight for bodily existence.

That was her sole instinct now, to go on living, to survive, no matter at what price. And if it were indeed true that her soul had been slain, she defied its murderers to slay her body also.

That night, at her hotel in San Francisco, she double-locked her door and lay down without undressing, leaving all lights burning and an automatic pistol underneath her pillow.

Toward morning she fell asleep, slept for an hour, started up in awful fear. And saw the double-locked door opposite the foot of her bed slowly opening of its own accord.

Into the brightly illuminated room stepped a graceful young man in full evening dress carrying over his left arm an overcoat, and in his other hand a top hat and silver tipped walking-stick.

With one bound the girl swung herself from the bed to the carpet and clutched at the pistol under her pillow.

"Sanang!" she cried in a terrible voice.

"Keuke Mongol!" he said, smilingly.

For a moment they confronted each other in the brightly lighted bedroom, then, partly turning, he cast a calm glance at the open door behind him; and, as though moved by a wind, the door slowly closed. And she heard the key turn of itself in the lock, and saw the bolt slide smoothly into place again.

Her power of speech came back to her presently only a broken whisper at first: "Do you think I am afraid of your accursed magic?" she managed to gasp. "Do you think I am afraid of you, Sanang?"

"You are afraid," he said serenely.

"You lie!"

"No, I do not lie. To one another the Yezidees never lie."

"You lie again, assassin! I am no Yezidee!"

He smiled gently. His features were pleasing, smooth, and regular; his cheek-bones high, his skin fine and of a pale and delicate ivory color. Once his black, beautifully shaped eyes wandered to the leveled pistol which she now held clutched desperately close to her right hip, and a slightly ironical expression veiled his gaze for an instant.

"Bullets?" he murmured. "But you and I are of the Hassanis."

"The third lie, Sanang!" Her voice had regained its strength. Tense, alert, blue eyes ablaze, every faculty concentrated on the terrible business before her, the girl now seemed like some supple leopardess poised on the swift verge of murder.

"Tokhta!"* She spat the word. "Any movement toward a hidden weapon, any gesture suggesting recourse to magic—and I kill you, Sanang, exactly where you stand!"

"With a pistol?" He laughed. Then his smooth features altered subtly. He said: "Keuke Mongol, who call yourself Tressa Norne,—Keuke—heavenly azure-blue,—named so in the temple because of the color of your eyes—listen attentively, for this is the Yarlig which I bring to you by word of mouth from Yian, as from Yezidee to Yezidee:

"Here, in this land called the United States of America, the Temple girl, Keuke Mongol, who has witnessed the mysteries of Erlik and who understands the magic of the Sheikhs El Djebel, and who has seen Mount Alamout and the eight castles and the fifty thousand Hassanis in white turbans and in robes of white;—*you*—Azure-blue eyes—heed the Yarlig!—or may thirty thousand calamities overtake you!"

There was a dead silence; then he went on seriously: "It is decreed: You shall cease to remember that you are a Yezidee, that you are of the Hassanis, that you ever have laid eyes on Yian the Beautiful, that you ever set naked foot upon Mount Alamout. It is decreed that you remember nothing of what you have seen and heard, of what has been told and taught during the last four years reckoned as the Christians reckon from our Year of the Bull. Otherwise—my Master sends you this for your—*con-*

Leisurely, from under his folded overcoat, the young man produced a roll of white cloth and dropped it at her feet and the girl shrank aside, shuddering, knowing that the roll of white cloth was meant for her winding-sheet.

Then the color came back to lip and cheek; and, glancing up from the soft white shroud, she smiled at the young man: "Have you ended your Oriental

*"Look out!" Nomad-Mongol dialect.

mummery?" she asked calmly. "Listen very seriously in your turn, Sanang, Sheikh El Djebel, Prince of the Hassanis who, God knows when and how, have come out into the sunshine of this clean and decent country, out of a filthy darkness where devils and sorcerers make earth a hell.

"If you, or yours, threaten me, annoy me, interfere with me, I shall go to our civilized police and tell all I know concerning the Yezidees. I mean to live. Do you understand? You know what you have done to me and mine. I come back to my own country alone, without any living kin, poor, homeless, friendless,—and, perhaps, damned. I intend, nevertheless, to survive. I shall not relax my clutch on bodily existence whatever the Yezidees may pretend to have done to my soul. I am determined to live in the body, anyway."

He nodded gravely.

She said: "Out at sea, over the fog, I saw the sign of Yu-lao in fire floating in the day-sky. I saw his spectral moon rise and vanish in mid-heaven. I understood. But—" And here she suddenly showed an edge of teeth under the full scarlet upper lip: "Keep your signs and your shrouds to yourself, dog of a Yezidee!—toad!—tortoise-egg!—he-goat with three legs! Keep your threats and your messages to yourself! Keep your accursed magic to yourself! Do you think to frighten me with your sorcery by showing me the Moons of Yu-lao?—by opening a bolted door? I know more of such magic than do you, Sanang—Death Adder of Alamout!"

Suddenly she laughed aloud at him—laughed insultingly in his expressionless face:

"I saw you and Gutchlug Khan and your cowardly Tchortchas in red lacquered jackets slink out of the Temple of Erlik when the bronze gong thundered and a cloud settled down raining little yellow snakes all over the marble steps—all over you, Prince Sanang! You were *afraid*, my Tougtchi!—you and Gutchlug and your red Tchortchas with their halberds all dripping with human entrails! And I saw you mount and gallop off into the woods while in the depths of the magic cloud which rained little yellow snakes all around you, we temple girls laughed and mocked at you—at you and your cowardly Tchortcha horsemen.

A slight tinge of pink came into the young man's pale face. Tressa Norne stepped nearer, her leveled pistol resting on her hip.

"Why did you not complain of us to your Master, the Old Man of the Mountain?" she asked jeeringly. "And where, also, was your Yezidee magic when it rained little snakes?—What frightened you away—who had boldly come to seize a temple girl—you who had screwed up your courage sufficiently to defy Erlik in his very shrine and snatch from his temple a young thing whose naked body wrapped in gold was worth the chance of death to you?"

The young man's top-hat dropped to the floor. He bent over to pick it up. His face was quite expressionless, quite colorless, now.

"I went on no such errand," he said with an effort. "I went with a thousand prayers on scarlet paper made in——"

"A lie, Yezidee! You came to seize *me!*"

He turned still paler. "By Abu, Omar, Otman, and Ali, it is not true!"

"You lie!—by the Lion of God, Hassini!"

She stepped closer. "And I'll tell you another thing you fear—you Yezidee of Alamout—you robber of Yian—you sorcerer of Sabbah Khan, and chief of his sect of Assassins! You fear this native land of mine, America; and its laws and customs, and its clear, clean sunshine; and its cities and people; and its police! Take that message back! We Americans fear nobody save the true God!—nobody—neither Yezidee nor Hassani nor Russ nor German nor that sexless monster born of hell and called the Bolshevik!"

"Tokhta!" he cried sharply.

"Damn you!" retorted the girl fiercely; "get out of my room! Get out of my sight! Get out of my path! Get out of my life! Take that to your Master of Mount Alamout! I do what I please; I go where I please; I live as I please. And if I please, *I turn against him!*"

"In that event," he said hoarsely, "there lies your winding-sheet on the floor at your feet! Take up your shroud; and may Erlik seize you!"

"Sanang," she said very seriously. He answered: "I hear you, Keuke-Mongol."

"Listen attentively. I wish to live. I have had enough of death in life. I desire to remain a living, breathing thing—even if it be true—as you Yezidees tell me, that you have caught my soul in a net and that your sorcerers really control its destiny.

"But, damned or not, I passionately desire to live. And I am coward enough to hold my peace for the sake of living. So—I remain silent. I have no stomach to defy the Yezidees; because, if I do, sooner or later I shall be killed. I know it. I have no desire to die for others—to perish for the sake of the common good. I am young; I have suffered too much; I am determined to live—and let my soul take its chances between God and Erlik."

She came close to him, looked curiously into his pale face.

"I laughed at you out of the temple cloud," she said. "I know how to open bolted doors as well as you do. And I know *other things*. And if you ever again come to me in this life I shall first torture you, then slay you. Then I shall tell all! . . . and unroll my shroud."

"I keep your word of promise until you break it," he interrupted hastily. "Yarlig! It is decreed!" And then he slowly turned as though to glance over his shoulder at the locked and bolted door.

"Permit me to open it for you, Prince Sanang," said the girl scornfully. And she gazed steadily at the door.

Presently, all by itself, the key turned in the lock, the bolt slid back, the door gently opened.

Toward it, white as a corpse, his overcoat on his left arm, his stick and top-hat in the other hand, crept the young man in his faultless evening garb.

Then, as he reached the threshold, he suddenly sprang aside. A small yellow snake lay coiled there on the door sill. For a full throbbing minute the young man stared at the yellow reptile in unfeigned horror. Then, very cautiously, he moved his fascinated eyes sideways and gazed in silence at Tressa Norne.

The girl laughed.

"Sorceress!" he burst out hoarsely. "Take that accursed thing from my path!"

"What thing, Sanang?" At that his dark, frightened eyes stole toward the threshold again, seeking the little snake. But there was no snake there. And when he was certain of this, he went, twitching and trembling all over.

Behind him the door closed softly, locking and bolting itself.

And behind the bolted door in the brightly lighted bedroom Tressa Norne fell on both knees, her pistol still clutched in her right hand, calling passionately upon Christ to forgive her for the dreadful ability she had dared to use, and begging Him to save her body from death and her soul from the snare of the Yezidee. (*Concluded on page 73*)



"Sorceress!" he burst out hoarsely. "Take that accursed thing from my path!"



A dream of a vessel was the *Marco Polo* with her full-rigged foremast and her two trig schooner sails.

Green Isle

By Donn Byrne

Illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer

THE squat, gray-bearded chief mate leaned across the table of the hotel sitting-room. There was in his eyes the look of a pleading dog.

"Every stitch of sail in her is as good as the day it came from the loft, and all she wants is a few weeks in dry dock. Get aboard her, sir, and warp her out. Once off Ambrose Light and your troubles will drop from you like a snake's old skin. Look, sir," he pulled out a frayed memorandum-book and thumbed the pages. "I got in touch with most of the old crew, Ryan the boatswain, and John Fay the carpenter, and a lot of others. Reisenberg, the second, is in port, too, and would be only too glad to come. Once off Sandy Hook, sir——"

The young-old, hatchet-faced, scientist-mariner shook his head.

"It's very decent of you, Matthison, but——"

"It's a year since you've been to sea, sir; things are happening every minute. The Prince of Monaco's been making soundings off Cape Verde, following up your work on tidal waves, that's bringing in light on volcanic eruptions every month. Young Jobb has his divers off Yucatan, and swears he has found the lost Atlantis. You could beat them all at their own game." The mate's face ventured a sort of grin. "And there's 'Green Isle' you've never yet found."

Renous rose and went across to the hotel window. Beneath him, fourteen stories below, he could see Broadway and Forty-second Street, a narrow cañon, swarming, now the Saturday matinée was over, with human beings that looked like ants, and yet, to his disordered imagination, were less than the least vermin that ever parasites on a body. Things with courage smaller than a jackal's, with souls meaner than the souls of rooting swine. There, from the blind man at the Subway kiosk, they were buying the papers that told every revolting detail of his wife's death in the Long Island roadhouse, gloating over the history of brandy and cocaine and reckless lechery with actors of the meaner sort, while he, poor fool, was giving his addresses on pelagology before learned institutions! Even now they were reciting his name and honors, Gilbert Renous, Doctor of Science, Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, Knight Commander of the Bath, Holder of the Elephant of Denmark, of the Alfonso and Isabella of Spain, of France's Legion of Honor. His wife shamefully dead! Even now sob-sisters, as the cynical public called them, were pointing a moral to adorn the tale. . . .

"I heard a Portuguese sailor talk about it, not a week ago, sir, *Ilha Verde* he called it. And he believed in it as firmly as he believed in heaven."

Renous turned from the window to the mate. He wished he could thank the man. The old mariner knew his former commander was in trouble and had come to try and wean him from it. He had said nothing of the death of Renous' wife. He had mentioned only the *Marco Polo*, lying now at Tebo's dockyard, and urged, and urged, and urged.

He ached, as he stood there, for the power to be away from this welter of sordid emotion and detail, but since the dreadful news had reached him through the city room of a newspaper he had not felt the power to move, to act in any way. He wanted the sea he loved, the mighty green cleanliness of it—

"You remember the evenings on the poop, sir?" the mate followed up what he thought was an advantage. "The trade winds blowing steady and you speaking of 'Green Isle'——"

It seemed to him that all through his life those two words had power to conjure him. He remembered, when at school, reading, in an encyclopædia, of Atlantis, the lost continent sunk by the gods. And in his studies, at the Naval Academy, he had seen an old chart of the thirteenth century, the islands of *Hy Brasil*—in the map Andreas Blanco made. And there was Auroras, of which the whalers told. Long before he had bought and fitted out the *Marco Polo* for deep-sea exploration there was always at the back of his mind the dream of *L'île Verte*, as the French sailors called it—a spacious island of golden sands and sparkling waters, with trees green and thick as grass over it, and a multitude of birds in the branches, melodious, vari-colored. "There life is easiest unto men," he would quote old Prœlus. And in due course the myth which had charmed St. Brendan and Marco Polo became in his existence a sort of haven of thought to which he would retire in time of stress.

He never knew whether he quite disbelieved it, and took it in its rightful sense of the ideal state and country which all hearts covet, for the sea breeds a gentle mania in those whose occasions are on its ripe bosom. They are hard-headed, those sailing men, and will admit nothing, after the manner of a good lawyer, but down in their hearts there is a not faint belief in the existence of the Kraken; in the deadly tenacity of Sargasso Sea. At eventime, on watch, they can imagine the golden-waved horses of Neptune against the sunset, and the dolphins of Amphitrite drawing her silver shell, for the ocean is of great depth and many moods and an infinity of monsters are in it; so who may tell?

"Longitude 63.00 and latitude 50.20, sir, you used to say——"

"A manuscript in Trinity College gives it that," Renous laughed. And at the thought of that exactness there came into his mind the memory of the days—oh, it must be ten years now, and she a girl of sixteen!—when he talked about Green Isle with Inga Laurviak, his young manhood's sweetheart. He could remember her ice-blue Norse eyes light with excitement as he spoke of the Welsh myth of the green meadows in the Irish Sea, whither Merlin and his twelve companions sailed to find the secrets of dead Druids, and returned having found it not.

"But one day," he laughed, "I am going to look for the Green Isle. Perhaps, over the horizon——"

"You mustn't find it without me," he could remember her eager features, splendid as a Scandinavian queen is. "Promise me, Gilbert, that you will not find it without me!"

A pang of conscience smote him, for in his own trouble he had not thought of hers. Only Monday he had seen in the papers the news of the death of her husband, Colin Martin, the mural painter, whom he had never known. The country mourned him, so the obituaries went, and she, poor girl! must be mourning him, too. A great painter and a great man. He must forget his own filthy affair, and write her a letter, condoling with her in the dignity of her grief.

"What shall it be, sir?" Matthison broke in. "Shall we up topsails and down the bay? I've got my eye on a diver or two."

There was important work he could do—he knew that. Work of value to the world—the matter of the recharting and re-exploration of Sargasso Sea. But that was not what was in his mind, but the queer myth of Green Isle. A craving for ideals brought on, no doubt, by this tragedy. Perhaps, across the horizon, in the wake of the sun——

From the street below, high, tremulous, as in the nave of a cathedral, came the shrill hunting cry of a newsboy:

"Extra! Extra! Hold Two in Renous' Affair! Extra! Extra!"

He shivered and winced. The splendid tropic vision with its golden sands and sparkling waters, with its magnificent forestry, to which singing birds clung like swarming bees, was wiped from his mind as a slate is wiped clean by a wet sponge.

"What's the use?" his heart was crying in dumb agony. Outwardly he smiled. "No, Matthison, old comrade!" he shook his head. "Those days are gone!"

IN the newspaper accounts of that ghastly thing known as the Renous' affair, you will read of Renous' birth in Vermont; of his years in the Naval Academy and his resignation of his commission to take up exploring of the deep sea. There is much in them inaccurate, but they are in the main true, as facts go. They lack color. They describe the *Marco Polo* as a sailing ship, failing to give the queer personality of the barkentine he bought from the Prince of Lichtenstein; a dream of a vessel, with her full-rigged foremast and her two trig schooner sails; hull of steel, and remainder of wood made sacred and mellow by time; decks white and hollowed from holystoning. A thing Aylward might have painted; she stood against the sky—wire-rigging and white cloud of sail; the edge of her copper sheathing glistening against the blue water-line; sweeping black line above that, and then gray with shining brass ports, all topped by a scarlet rail. She was a bonnie ship, the *Marco Polo*, so bonnie even that the two great drums for sea-sounding on either side, with their miles of piano wire, could not spoil her. The bonniest thing afloat, Renous used to say, and surely he ought to know, whose home had been the sea for ten long years.

Because the sea was in his blood—his grandfather had built clipper ships in Salem days, and his father had died in a tidal wave at Samoa when the three American cruisers were caught on the treacherous shore—because the sea was in his blood, young Renous had gone to it as a man to his inheritance. It was as natural for him to go to Annapolis as another man to go to Harvard, or Princeton, or Yale.

It was on his holidays in Vermont that he first met Inga Laurviak, summering there with Gustav Laurviak, Ambassador of Sweden—a very fine old man, with whiskers and spectacles, very like the portraits of Henrik Ibsen. To her he told his ambitions of the sea, stammering, as a boy will. Her Norse eyes shone; and her body, firm and full-breasted, strong-haunched, with great braids of hair to her knees, quivered, like a race horse, at a fine ambition.

"But why the Navy?" she asked. "Why patrol up and down the seas; sailing, waiting, eternally awaiting war, and breaking your heart if it doesn't come to justify your profession? You have money enough. Why don't you go out yourself; fit out your own ship, as the Prince of Monaco did, and tell us about the surface of the ocean, and the things that are in it, and the earth that is beneath it?"

And then he told her of Green Isle——

All this was very long ago—ten years' time—and many men were dead since then and many born, and countries had waged battles against each other, and new stars came into the sky and old ones unaccountably disappeared. But since then, up and down the world, Renous had gone on his mission, filled with scientific ardor he thought—and yet at nights in the waist of the ship going southward, when the stars of first magnitude appeared, with the white cloud of sail between him and the stars, he could never cease dreaming of Inga Laurviak—those days when they had been together and talked of the sea, and of going up and down it as through a dim unknown forest, and of Green Isle. She would come back to his thoughts constantly and he would ponder over the queerness of things, how an enthusiasm of hers had set him on the career that made his name. Where was she now? he would ponder, as he watched the Southern Crosses, the False Cross and the True, rise dimly southward. Married, most likely! Ah, well—women will!

He turned up in capitals time after time, achieving great fame, as, for instance, when he proved there was no difference in level between the Pacific and the Atlantic on either side of the Panama Canal. For that the International Council for the Study of the Sea honored him, and he was asked to lecture to the common people about the wonders of the ocean.

"Of course," the university faculties apologized, "there isn't much to be said. Only literature can fully tell of the beauties——"

"Isn't there?" grinned Renous. And he impishly began to paint the ocean for the multitude until it was plain as a landscape and gave them facts which made them gape; telling them, for instance, that the Baltic Sea was as shallow as thirty fathoms and the Persian Gulf as fourteen, while the mean depth of the Pacific was 2,240; he told them smilingly that the sea holds in solution 6,700 times as much silver as was taken from all the world's mines from the time Columbus came to America seeking China until 1902.

"And the way to get it out?" the Rosenheim people approached. "Listen, Commander. We got a proposition to make you——"

"You go to the devil!" Renous roared. "I've got respect for the sea!"

The public crowded to him, listening eagerly, as it would have to Marco Polo, coming back myth-laden from Cathay. He told it of the whirlpool of Charybdis, which is now Galoforo. He told it of mysteries he had seen on the waters, as when the sea turned milk-white for days as he sailed between Yokohama and Hongkong. "And that I cannot explain," he added simply.

A newspaper man once indulged in a facetious remark.

"Do you believe in the sea-serpent?"

"I do," Renous told him, "because I've seen it."

"But there isn't such a thing!"

"Oh, Lord! *Eppur si muove!* But the damned earth does move, as Galileo said. Now, look here."

He told them of seeing in shallow water, on a bright day, in the Gulf of Mexico, a reptile on the sea-floor, one hundred and sixty feet long, with the head of a serpent, and a body scaled like a crocodile, ring-striped, with four flappers such as turtles have. With his affidavit went the affidavits of the crew, of Sir John Reading, the geologist, who was with him, and of Priam Beckett, of the Peabody Institute. The world was electrified.

"What you have seen is very interesting," the officials of a certain Technological Institute informed him. "The animal is evidently the Enaliosaurus, extinct for over a million years——"

"What I have seen is the sea-serpent," Renous snapped with one of his rare exhibitions of temper. "And hundreds of others have seen it, only they fear being laughed at if they mention it. There is a skipper in Brazil who saw the thing, or one of them, twine itself about a schooner and suck it down. . . ." His hearers were gray with terror.

It was about this time, I think, that he met and wedded Estelle Rogers, that little beauty who made such a sensation the year she came out. He met her at a dinner at Clarke the sugar man's. She seemed such an exotic thing, so small, so dark, so perfect, that he could not keep his eyes from her. As for her, she looked tragically, despairingly at the lank, powerful explorer for whom the mysterious and fearful sea had no terrors. It was as though she were a child in the dark, appealing to a grown-up for aid.

"Who is that little dark beauty?" Renous asked his host.

"A daughter of Judge Rogers," Clarke, the smooth blond man of the world smiled a little uneasily. "Leave her alone," he laughed.

It must have been to her beauty Clarke alluded, Renous thought, fearful of his guest's heart. But leave her alone he did not. He met her father, the sinister electrocuting judge. Her mother he did not meet. She was in a sanitarium, Renous was told, hopelessly insane. A great pity arose in him for the lonely child, for though she was twenty-one there was much of the child in her.

"It must have been very lonely for you." His great gentle way gave him the right somehow to probe to the heart.

"It was," she admitted.

"I know what loneliness is," he said. "On the sea . . ."

Had he been a man of the world—instead of a simple dweller on the deep, incomplex-minded and strong and fearless as Triton, he might have understood hints and shrugs and carefully careless remarks dropped to him at Piping Rock and Ormond Beach in the year he wooed her. He might have understood when Grant, the neurologist, explained to him that unscrupulous nurses occasionally gave children opium preparations to quiet them and that the habit sometimes clung through life. That was one explanation, Grant averred. It might also be explained through prenatal influence; but the fact remained that there were many young



"Why didn't somebody kill him?" Renous was white with rage. "Why?"

society women hopeless drug addicts. "Do you see?" added Grant lamely.

"New York, from all you say of it, is a damned rotten place," was all Renous mentioned in his simplicity. A shrewd man would have said, "What exactly do you mean? Why do you tell me that?" But Renous was not shrewd.

Her father looked at him queerly when he asked for her hand; shuffled; hawed; granted the request with a strange heartiness.

"Estelle is a strange girl in many ways," the old unmentionable, who had driven his wife mad, clasped his hands unctuously, "but she is sound at the core, sir; sound at the core!"

"I can't see any strangeness in her," thought Renous. All he could see was that piquant pleading face; with the mouth a trifle too red, too full; the color somehow pallid; the eyes like dark grapes; the purple hair. Strange that he, with all the mysticism that the sea gives, could not sense that queer intangible doom that seemed to hang about her. . . . A woman with disaster in her eyes.

They were married, and a strange dramatic pair they made—he, bronzed from the salt air, nearly white haired, broad and spare in the shoulders, waisted like a woman; she, small, perfectly made, with a face that Zuloaga should have painted. There was a year's lecturing before him, and the *Marco Polo* was at Tebo's yachtyard; the crew dispersed For that year she accompanied him, hither and thither, from city to city. He was the great lion of science—she the social magnet, driven to dancing, to excitement, to frenzy nearly, as by some strange fury. At times she would seem near death from exhaustion and again her eyes would sparkle and by some miracle her frame would fill with electric energy.



She would come back to his thoughts constantly, and he would ponder over the queerness of things.

"You're killing yourself, Estelle," he would tell her gently. "You're all nerves. This dancing will break you." He would think for a while. "When this lecture business is over, I'll get out the *Marco Polo*, and take you on a long trip."

"Listen," she would creep into his arms and lean against him with a fierce intensiveness. "Listen, Gilbert," she would whisper "Never let me go. Promise me, you will never let me go!"

"Heart, I shall never let you go!" he would tell her, aghast at the sudden tears in her eyes.

He wanted to take her on a couple of voyages with him and then buy a great house in the country, on Staten Island, perhaps, where the ships come home. And the *Marco Polo* would go to sea, hunting down some new mystery of the ocean, to return with a cargo of facts for men of science to assort and examine. The years would slip by peacefully until they were old, he happy in his work; she in her house, with something of the strength of a castle in it, standing in its own wide grounds. And about her would be seven sons, some fair as he was, and some exotically dark like herself. And time and time again they would slip off in the fairy barkentine. . . .

"Listen, Estelle," he would try to tell her, "there's a country which mariners have hoped to discover since men first put to sea in ships. A country which some say is off Africa, and some off Brazil, and some say it appears and disappears every thousand years. . . ."

But try as he would he could not put words to it. For something had gone awry with his dreams. There was something between his soul and the landfall of Green Isle, a strange opacity; a vague and terrible veil; threatening, ruddy weather, which somehow portended doom. . . .

SHE would not go with him on his first voyage after they were married. "I would be in the way," she objected; and never met his eye. "It would be so lonely," she pleaded afterward, "and all my life, Gilbert, I've been spoiled. Let me stay." He granted that, for he looked on women, as a simple man will, as creatures too fragile for anything but luxury. So he put her in a suite in a hotel on Fifth Avenue. And the *Marco Polo* sailed away.

"Oh, I wish I were going with you," she said fiercely, as the tugboat waited to take her ashore.

"Come then," he said. "Come as you are."

"I can't. I can't." There was a terror in her voice. And she went into the tugboat lightly, and away from his eyes.

He was savage with himself as he plowed southward, for into his head there would persist in coming the thought of Inga Laurviak, the blond sea-queen with the eyes that were blue as ice. It was unfaithfulness, he told himself viciously; and yet it would come. As he stood abaft the mizzen shrouds with the water lapping, slapping at the bows, and the deep gurgle at the wake behind, he would sense as though she were beside him, with her strong silence and warm pulsing spirit, a figure from a Norse mythology, watching the ever-changing color and mood of the sea, listening to the harsh music of the cordage, and dreaming with him that some day, perhaps, there would arise southward the dim verdure of Green Isle. . . . He would imagine that of Inga. He could see her, too, in his home by the sea, rearing sons all of whom would one day be seamen. And that he could never dream of Estelle, the little exotic with the purple eyes. Her could he only vision coming from her dressmaker's, or under her maid's hands; having tea at the Ritz or dancing at the Colony Club. She always seemed an expensive photograph in a society periodical, not a man's mate and the mother of men!

"Damn it!" he swore. "What am I thinking about at all? Poor kid!"

There was a change in his wife when he returned. He could not but notice it. She no longer went to her old haunts for amusement. She seemed to have dropped Fifth Avenue and chosen, in its place, Broadway. She was uncomfortable at the activities of her social set.

"They're all such hypocrites and bores!" she told her husband with a note of viciousness.

She seemed also to have acquired a new circle of friends—another whose specialty was the upper underworld; a professional dancer of ballroom steps whose reputation was international; a person reputed to be a black magician, a fat sinister man; a half-dozen members of dubious foreign nobility, Russian, Roumanian, and the like—a very strange assortment!

"Queer bunch you seem to have collected, Estelle," Renous laughed.

"Don't be so narrow-minded, Gilbert." She was petulant. "They're interesting—not like the bores at the Union League!"

They did not seem comfortable in his presence, that Macabre agglomeration. No more did she. There was also, about the hotel, an air of furtiveness, on the part of desk officials, bell-boys and the like, as though some secret were kept from him and shared with her—a leering thing.

He went on a lecture tour from coast to coast, a popular series, intended to make the public love what he loved—the sea. She accompanied him, but was restless every instant. She seemed to want to get away. He was puzzled, hurt. . . .

"The worst thing about this drug habit," Grant, the great neurologist, told him on his return, "is the company it leads its slaves into. There is a tendency among addicts to hold orgies in parties, as it were. And at those parties there are scenes, you understand, under the influence of the drug, of which I spare even men of the world details——"

"Poor Grant!" Renous thought. "He has been treating these unfortunates until he has gone mad on the subject, and can speak of nothing else." A hilarious idea occurred to him. "I wonder if he thinks I can be taking drugs?"

"You exaggerate, man," he told his friend. "Heigho! Getting late. I must be off!"

"You poor fool!" said Grant's eyes.

"Listen, dear girl," Renous told his wife seriously, "I'm going off to Europe to give an account of that monsoon discovery at six universities, and I want you to come with me. You're peaked. You're white. You need a trip. And when (*Continued on page 72*)

Opportunities for service crowd the anterooms of all officials, crying aloud for entrance; but only the free and unafraid bid them "Come in." The badge of office is not the badge of fear!

Officials fear doing the wrong thing and end by doing nothing; they fear to offend someone and finely disgust everyone; they ask for help instead of keeping; they straddle, smirk, lie and trim and then complain about the ungrateful forgetful public! Bunk! The people remember even the middle names of all the real ones.

To serve unafraid is lifes greatest privilege, besides the people never forget.

Ole Hanson,

His Honor the Mayor

What I Know about Ole Hanson

By Kenneth C. Beaton

IN a small closet, that opens from the office of Mayor Ole Hanson, of the city of Seattle, there reposes an abandoned pair of rubbers.

Furthermore, the aforesaid abandoned rubbers were in the closet during that brief and spectacular period that witnessed the beginning and the ending of virulent Bolshevism in Seattle.

If it happened that the closet door was ajar just a little bit and that the rubbers might have had ears they could have heard Mayor Ole Hanson raise his voice in the declaration that so long as he was Mayor of the city of Seattle he would see to it that the seat of government of that thriving city should be right there where he sat.

Lucky rubbers!

And they were mine!

Just three days before the strike which was to give to Ole Hanson an opportunity to prove himself I left those rubbers there. I had gone down to the City Hall to spend the day with Ole. It had been raining in the morning and at noon the sun came out. And so I put the rubbers in the closet. And it didn't rain the next day. And on the next day I left Seattle.

And so far as I know, the rubbers are still there.

I realize, of course, that the readers of this magazine have no interest whatever in my rubbers, and that they don't care whether I left them in Seattle or threw them out of a car window or still have them. But it pleases me to have had them there and that is why I hasten to tell about it. And besides it will give this tale an air of authenticity that perhaps it could not have acquired in any other way. For one doesn't remove one's rubbers in the office of the mayor of a large city unless one feels perfectly at home. And for many years I have been perfectly at home either in the office or the home of Ole Hanson.

I am not going to claim that I discovered Ole Hanson, because I didn't. But I am going to claim that long before there was any evidence in Seattle of a general appreciation of his worth as a citizen I had learned to know him so well that I had placed his name at the top of the list that ran down from the heading: "Always Dependable." And in that list there were the names of only those men whom I knew to be intellectually and morally honest and who could be depended upon at all times to do the right thing.

So that we shall all of us be better acquainted with Ole as we proceed, it will be well to dissipate the idea that some persons may have that Ole speaks broken English. Ole was born in Racine, Wis., on January 6, 1874. As a young man he worked in a law office, studying law during the day, and in a clothing store at night. But that arrangement didn't suit him altogether, and he gave it up and seized an opportunity to go on the road selling drug sundries. He didn't know much about drug sundries, but he was a good talker and as a salesman proved highly successful—so successful that he took unto himself a wife, a Wisconsin girl of Irish, Scotch and English lineage.

In the spring of 1902, when the Hanson family had grown with the addition of three children, there came a tragedy, a railroad wreck in which one of the children was killed and which left Ole himself partially paralyzed. It happened near El Paso, Texas, and when Ole had recovered sufficiently he went back to Wisconsin, and from there, with his wife and two children and his father, he started out across the prairies, with a team and prairie schooner, bound for the Pacific coast.

It was a brave undertaking for a man in Ole's physical condition. As a matter of fact the doctors had told him he was permanently paralyzed and that such a trip might work still more serious injury. But Ole didn't believe the doctors.

"I had a feeling," Ole told me one night, "that if I could get out there in the open, with the prairie for a pillow and nothing but the sky above my head, I could beat the doctors and bring back my health."

And that's what Ole did. By the time he had arrived at Butte, Mont., where he remained for sixty days, he had so far recovered that he interested himself in the fight then waging between the copper interests, and for a month or more campaigned nightly for the Heinze interests. I don't know whether or not Ole was paid for his efforts on behalf of Heinze, but I do know that if he was he had assured himself in the first place that the Heinze side was the right side. And from what I knew of Ole in later years I'd wager the pair of rubbers I left in his office, or their equivalent, that he entered the fight solely for the reason that he couldn't stay out of it. Ole never could stand on the sidelines and look on.



"I am not going to claim that I discovered Ole Hanson—because I didn't."

It was in November, in 1892, when the winter rains had begun to fall on Puget Sound, that Seattle first saw Ole and his family. They came in unannounced and found themselves a home in the residential district known as Beacon Hill. On the first day there Ole visited a grocery store to make a purchase of household supplies and in conversation with the grocer found that he wanted to sell out.

"For how much?" said Ole.

"For $100 and invoice," said the grocer.

"Sold!" said Ole.

And the very next morning Ole Hanson was established in the grocery business in Seattle. But it was a dull business for one with the energy of Ole, and in seven months he sold out at a profit and went into the life-insurance business. Then there came a real-estate boom and the first thing Seattle knew there appeared large display ads. in the daily papers, the most interesting real-estate ads. Seattle had ever read, and at the bottom of each ad. in large black type the name: "Ole Hanson & Co."

At that time I was the editor of a newspaper in Seattle and until I saw the first Ole Hanson ad. I had never known that there existed such an individual in Seattle. Then one morning the office-boy said that a Mr. Hanson wanted to see me. He didn't look like the Ole Hanson I had pictured in my mind. He was inclined to be slight, with a face that told plainly of intellectual strength and a determination to do what the brain willed he should do. His hair was just beginning to turn from red to gray—it is pure white now—and he had a lot of it.

"I've come up here," he said, without further introduction, "to tell you that I am going to run for the legislature from my district up on Beacon Hill. My object in going to the legislature is to pass a bill that will put the race-track out of business. You know and I know that every year the books out there at The Meadows ruin scores of people in this community, and you know and I know of men who have gone to the penitentiary because of their losses out there. I have come to you to seek the support of this newspaper in my campaign. I can't hope for the support of the other papers, but I'm your kind of a man and I'm going to prove it."

That was the beginning of my association with Ole Hanson. On the afternoon of that day "The Star" announced the candidacy of Ole Hanson, told of the purpose of that candidacy and pledged to Mr. Hanson its support of his candidacy and of his campaign to wipe out the race-track. I have forgotten now just what the vote was on election day, but I have an indistinct recollection that Ole polled all but about twelve of the votes in his district. Anyway, it was almost unanimous.

Then came the legislative session. No one with the exception of Ole himself believed that he would succeed with his anti-race-track bill. But he did. And he did it in spite of the fact that he started with a large majority of both the House and Senate against him. Within a fortnight of the opening of the legislative session it became apparent that there was to be no peace for anyone until the race-track bill was passed or assured of passage. Ole never let down. And he didn't leave Olympia until he came back to Seattle with the pen with which the governor had signed the bill that closed the gates of The Meadows and sent the bookmakers on their way to other fields.

Ole never ran for the legislature again. What he had set out to do he had done and that was sufficient. He went back to his real-estate business, in which he was remarkably successful. He had an uncanny habit of determining at the beginning of a month just how much business he was going to do in that month and he always did it. His business consisted of the purchase of large tracts of land and reselling in small tracts. I recall one day being asked by Ole to go with him while he looked at a tract consisting of nearly 2,000 acres, if I remember correctly, of lake property just north of Seattle. I remember distinctly that the price was $309,000. We went by boat to the property, Ole, the vendors of the property and myself. And we never got off the boat. Ole didn't even let the boat land. He bought it because it looked all right from the lake. And it is dotted now with beautiful homes and Ole has his money back and a lot more and still owns a part of the property.

Ole and I had more or less to do with the Roosevelt-Johnson campaign in 1912. I was secretary of the State Central Committee in our State and Ole was



"Later in the morning we had our pictures taken together, Ole and I."

our most forceful orator. And just in passing I want to put it down that as a campaign speaker Ole has few superiors in these United States. Personally I have never heard his superior, but as I haven't heard them all I must be duly modest in my claims for him. He belongs to what I call the "inspired" type of public speaker. Sitting with one or two individuals and engaged in conversation Ole's mental apparatus doesn't function any more readily than the brain of the average man. But give him a platform and an audience and he will develop a line of argument or of information that never fails to delight his political friends and confound his political enemies. I don't mean to intimate that Ole has to have an audience in order that he shall think clearly. The audience is to Ole just what an accelerator is to a gas-engine. It speeds him up.

A Progressive Republican in politics, Ole went with Roosevelt in the split of 1912 and in the three-cornered campaign that followed and that resulted in the defeat of Taft and Roosevelt and the election of Wilson, Ole quit his business for the time being and campaigned the State of Washington for Roosevelt. It was one of my duties as secretary of the Roosevelt Committee in our State to provide the speakers and Ole was my star. It made no difference how small the town nor how sad the transportation facilities, I could always depend upon Ole. Not that he never complained. He did. He used to "holler his head off." But when the meeting was called to order Ole was there. And in all of that campaign he never collected one dollar of expenses. Every mile of travel by train or automobile and every meal and every room he paid for himself. And not only did he do that but he also contributed largely to the general expenses of the campaign. And in payment we permitted Ole to ride in the automobile with Mr. Roosevelt when "our candidate" came to Seattle on his swing around the country.

Just how much Ole had to do with the outcome of that campaign, insofar as our State was concerned, cannot be definitely recorded, but if you will look it up you will find that the State of Washington was one of the very few States that declared itself unequivocally for Theodore Roosevelt.

After the Roosevelt campaign, Ole went back to his real-estate business again and stayed with it until the summer of 1914, when he determined to see what he could do single-handed and alone in the matter of breaking into the United States Senate. He announced his candidacy in the Republican primary fight and with his eldest boy, a lad of seventeen or eighteen, started out in a Ford to campaign the State. He talked cheap money for farmers and whatever other issues entered into the campaign. But the Ford was slow and time was fleeting and Ole had delayed too long. In that part of the State in which he spent the greater time he received a large vote, but not sufficient to overcome the lead of his opponent in the territory in which Ole was but slightly known.

After his senatorial campaign Ole settled back again into the revolving chair in his real-estate office and when I left Seattle in the spring of 1915 he was busily engaged in making money.

What Ole did between the spring of 1915 and the spring of 1918 I haven't any idea, except that he probably went right on attending to his real-estate business. That he didn't do anything spectacular I am sure, because if he had I would have heard of it. I had moved to San Francisco and thence to New York, and in my new interests had lost sight of my old friends of the North Pacific coast. In February of 1918, however, there came a letter from Ole in which he said he intended to enter the primary fight for mayor of Seattle and asked me to write a letter that might help his candidacy. Just how it would help Ole didn't explain, but I wrote the letter nevertheless and in a few weeks followed it in person to Seattle. I arrived there on Sunday preceding primary day, which came on the following Tuesday. I found Ole before I had been in town two hours, and except for the time required for sleeping I remained with him until the votes came in and were counted. Ole received the highest vote and was one of the two men who should be voted upon at the polls two weeks thence.

It had been my intention to remain in Seattle but a few days, but because of my high regard for Ole and the fact that it was agreed that I might be able to do him some good, I determined to remain for the duration of the campaign. During that period I made numerous speeches on Ole's behalf. How many more votes he might have polled had I gone right through Seattle I don't know, but anyway it didn't make any difference, because he was elected. On the day after election day I continued my journey southward.

Up until this period in the political life of Seattle Ole Hanson really did not have the undivided confidence of the business men of Seattle. As a business man Ole commanded and possessed their respect. But they weren't quite sure of him as an office-holder. He didn't run to form. In the first place, as a candidate for mayor, he hadn't even had any political headquarters. And he didn't have any committee to look after his affairs and no hired workers. Neither did he have any campaign-fund. Some well-intentioned persons—or perhaps they had axes to grind—sent him checks and Ole sent them back. And he made no bid for the labor vote or for the church vote or any other "vote" that some deluded persons believe can be delivered in bunches. He told the union men that if he were elected they could expect to be treated just as he would treat the bankers and he told the bankers that they couldn't expect anything more from him than he would be prepared to give to the union men.

And also there was an element in the community who thought that Ole was uncouth. This impression came, I think, from a habit Ole had of removing his coat and then his collar, and opening the neckband of his shirt, while he was carrying the peak load in one of his political orations. Also, Ole had a habit of addressing, by their last names, citizens who were popularly supposed to wear invisible halos about their heads. The reader will recognize the type of citizen I mean. They are found in all communities, and because of their social standing and wealth are never addressed by inferior persons without the prefix of Mister. Ole jarred the nerves (*Concluded on page 68*

When the Light Came Up

By Stanley Olmsted

Illustrated by Walter Biggs

THEY sat there, the three of them, in half darkness. The large swinging lamp, suspended midway in the room, had been badly trimmed and smoked if turned higher. They had each avoided its quicker circle of light where were defined, somber and distinct, the huge scroll figures on the Brussels carpet.

From time to time Mrs. Hughes would lift her face and dimly break silence, addressing some word to the young woman and the man who faced her from different parts of the room. Her features, as she spoke, brightened always into some little smile or gleam of wan civility. So might a twilight compress a feeble illumination into moments before the wearier shadows. Of her two guests the man was civilly attentive to anything she might say, the girl constrained and taut to the solemnity of the occasion.

"My daughter was always delicate in appearance," Mrs. Hughes said to Wolcott; "yet she seemed unusually strong. You've seen her picture?—it hangs there above the mantel."

"I noticed the picture as I came in," he replied, "and thought probably it was she."

"It's rather a pleasing picture, but it was always disappointing as a likeness. Hope never cared for it herself. Of course," she rambled on, "the fever was very wasting. Watching, as I did, from day to day, I am no judge of just how great has been the change. But her death came so easily—it seemed to me she almost caught back the look of health as she fell asleep."

"It has been an unusual epidemic for a mountain town like this, has it not?"

"No—no; not unusual. They are careless of their wells and will dig them close to their houses. We Northern settlers are more apt to look after such things."

Silence again. Mrs. Hughes, rocking gently, with her calm blanched face and whitish-gray hair, seemed to fade, inexplicably, into vague removal whenever her voice sank.

At length, having sat out the time allotted by her exaction from herself, she arose to bid them good-night. "You will find something laid out in the pantry, Mr. Wolcott," she said. "I daresay you will feel very hungry before morning. The kitchen fire is ready for lighting, and Miss Driven can make you a cup of hot coffee. You'll discover that, long as we've been in the North Carolina woods, we've never forgotten we are New Englanders. That means, of course, that there are doughnuts in the pantry."

Thus was her pale dole of lightness. With less heroism, Wolcott was convinced, had martyrs smiled from the rack.

As she nodded and withdrew he peered after her, knitting his brows. He resisted a temptation to yawn and stretch himself vigorously. Casually he glanced about him and caught the eye of the girl. There she sat, still uncertain of herself, still constrained, in the depths of the corner shadows.

"Well, Miss Driven," he said pleasantly, "there is no impiety, I suppose, in our trying to make the best of a trying matter. You, I, and the eternal mystery appear to be on each other's hands for the night."

The proposition, so presented, grew visibly less formidable. Beneath her shyness, striving conscientiously toward a rigid conception of good taste, he felt acceptance, almost eagerness. Quickly enough he foresaw in her the sensitiveness which, properly managed, ought to put the situation at its best. "She's worth while," he decided, candidly studying her face.



"Moving toward the house down the curve of the hill road a figure was discernible in the thinning mists."

EARLY that afternoon he had ridden horseback into Bulltown after a tedious journey through the mountains. Yielding himself without delay, and luxuriously, to the services of the village barber he had heard the story of the fever and of the deaths. There had already been three or four, the barber told him. Then old Mr. Hughes had entered. The barber had cited the case in his family as an instance.

"He's got a gal down, and last accounts it was about up with her," he explained in a husky aside. Aloud, he said: "Mornin', Mr. Hughes—Miss Hope improvin' any this mornin'?"

"Hope has just died," announced the old man. His face was vacant of expression. But the silence following his words, an odd contraction shot across his features—the long-crippled mind within him recoiling, for one miraculous flash, to light and to pain.

"My wife has written this," he added, producing a folded slip of paper. "She says it contains the necessary directions." Feebly, without further explanation, he turned and moved away.

"Old Hughes is weak-minded you know," the barber ran on, "but he's all right, a good, old harmless soul, poor devil. They come down here from up North four years ago. His wife bought the old sawmill property, and she's been a-runnin' it ever since, takin' care of him, and educatin' her daughter."

It appeared from the contents of the note that Mrs. Hughes would rely upon the courtesy of the barber to order a simple casket from Bangsville, the nearest railroad town.

"And somebody will have to be found to do the settin' up, I reckon," he surmised to Wolcott. "It's a techy point, jist now, too. Everybody's got their own private settin' up to do."

A small boy had stood listening in the doorway.

"Sally'll do it," ventured the lad. "She's been a-settin' up a heap lately, but she'll do it. She allus does it when anybody wants her to. Sha'n't I run home and tell her?"

An hour later, Wolcott, perceiving the real difficulty of finding friends to assist Mrs. Hughes, had volunteered his own services. Miss Driven had been promptly notified by her brother, and had consented. To complete the number prescribed by convention, the barber, whose name was Sile Vaughn, expressed his willingness to join them. At the eleventh hour, however, he had been forced to withdraw. There was a good friend suddenly taken worse, and this friend needed him even more urgently.

SUCH had been the incidents which had brought Wolcott into the presence of a new identity for death. When, in the evening, Mrs. Hughes had left them to their watch, he felt an atmosphere in the situation. He regarded it as arranged with an essential uncanny picturesqueness. It challenged the faculties. It was worth living up to.

"We're on each other's hands," he repeated pleasantly, "and though, under the circumstances, it's a pity, I really don't see that we're compelled to make ourselves sorry for it."

Her first intention was disapproval, almost horror, at his levity.

"You mustn't," she insisted, gently.

It was perfunctory reproof. With a stroke he had already altered the scale of her dogma.

"Why not?" Miss Driven smiled. She relaxed, involuntarily, and sat back in her chair.

"I guess you've traveled a lot," she ventured. "You've seen a lot of the world, I reckon."

"I've seen a good deal of certain parts—certain sides—and less of others."

"I guess it's the way you wanted it though," she said. "With me it is different."

"With you?"

"I've never been out from here but once in my life—the year I went to school at Martha Huntington Institute in Tennessee. Since then I've taught some, 'round about home."

"Then you've had a more complicated life than I, believe me. Abroad, one spends fat years of nothing at all. At home the years are probably lean, and so one is apt to think through them. It's a kind of vivisection I should say——"

He noted her serious interest with a sense of shame for the easy cheapness of that facility so much a part of him. He was moved, somewhat for his own respect, to shift his subject.

"Did you know her?" He made a sympathetic gesture toward the still-room across the central hallway.

"Yes," she replied, "I knew her, but not well: she was away so much at school and with relations in the North. I used to meet her, though, when she came home for a visit. I liked her. It seemed just a shame she had to die. She was such a pretty girl."

The night damp from the river, below the village, arose, and penetrated the closed windows as did the roar from its surging across the shoals. Wolcott placed the upholstered rocking-chair where the light was strongest and begged (*Continued on page 74*)



Dick frustrated an effort on Mavis's part to rumple his hair and trace an imaginary pencil mark down his semi-Greek nose.

All Men are Babies

By Albert Payson Terhune

Illustrated by Baron Gayne De Meyer

"SOME men," proclaimed Mavis Bayne, "some men are born with scrubby chins and a smell of tobacco about them. At the age of one year they tilt their bottles rakishly and try to twist 'Da-da-da!' into 'Damn-damn-damn!'"

Dick Melvin grinned appreciatively. With furtive gesture he felt of his smooth-scraped chin for traces of scrubbiness; and he tried to look as brutally manly as he knew how. He was pleased at his sweetheart's word-picture of the male Abysmal Brute; and he hoped secretly that he had been such a baby as she described. Oblivious of all this, Mavis went on with her lecture:

"Now you," she resumed, "were a cuddleable Baby Bunch of an infant; with big blue eyes and little pink ears and the kissablest mouth in the world and a fluff of canary-gold hair covering the soft spot in the middle of your head. You were the kind of a baby that people stop in the street to make funny noises at; the kind that mothers and nurses and guests are forever squeezing, because they simply can't keep their hands off them; any more than *I* can keep my hands off of you," she finished, suiting the action right adorably to the word.

This time Dick Melvin scowled. At least he did his best to set his rudimentary and unused scowl-muscles into motion. The effort was not much of a success. Indeed, Mavis merely inferred from it that her lover's nose itched.

Dick did not relish this second word-portrait at all.



"If I wasn't too big I'd kind of like to sit in your lap while I'm getting forgiven."

What man of twenty-four likes to hear that all his virility and man-of-the-worldism have failed to impress the girl he loves; and that she visualizes, from his present lofty state, that he was a big-eyed Baby Bunch whom people could not help squeezing? Even the illustrative squeeze which went with the words could not wholly soften their cruel effect.

"A lot you know about it!" he scoffed, trying to speak in surly reproof. "When I was a baby you weren't born. You weren't even in the storage warehouse, yet, up in heaven, with a 'Keep Till Called For' tag on you. You weren't born at all, till five solid years after I was. And yet a kid, like you, presumes to say what sort of baby I was! Why, if I remember right, I used to chuck my bottle aside and reach out my arms to men in the street whom I saw biting off quids of tobacco from——"

"You did nothing of the kind!" denied Mavis. "Don't you suppose every girl can tell, by instinct, the sort of baby her sweetheart was? Of course we can. *I* could have told; even if your blessed mother hadn't shown me all those baby photos of you and if she hadn't recited to me all the cunning——"

"Oh, Lord!" groaned Dick. "What chance has the amateur against the professional?"

And he took refuge in a silence he sought to make gloomy.

"Now you're trying to sulk!" announced the girl. "That funny place between your eyebrows always puckers so cunningly when you try to sulk. Your mother says it did when you were little, too. Now you're to stop sulking and listen to me, Dick!" she added sternly. "I don't know why you wiggle and look so reproachful every time I talk about the kind of baby you were. But it's silly of you. I'm going to tell you a secret to prove it. Every man is a baby at heart. Every one of them. That's the secret. The men don't know they are. But the women who love them know it. And that's just why they love them. It's the babyness in a man that makes a girl want to pet him and to make his life just what a real mother wants to make her baby's."

"I don't——"

"Some women, when they get babies of their own," continued Mavis, "forget their husbands are babies, too. And they spend all their mother love on their babies. That generally means the poor neglected baby-nature of their husbands gets lonely; and he turns to some other woman who will make a baby of him. It's a horrible mistake wives make. It's a mistake *I'm* not going to make, Dick, when——"

"All men are babies at heart, eh?" mocked Dick. "I suppose you read that somewhere. Perhaps it's true of lisping, mollycoddle men. But not of *he*-men. It's——"

"The more 'he' a man is," she declared, "the truer it is; and the more he wants to be babied by the woman he loves. He may not realize it. But it's true."

"How do *you* know?" he demanded. "At nineteen——"

"How does a bird know the way South the first year it's born?" she countered. "How does a duck-



Mavis Bayne noted a great and terrible change which she finally went to report.

ling know how to swim? Oh, Dick, there are a million things a girl knows without being taught. And she knows them a million times more surely than a man ever knows the things he has to work out by logic. That is one of them. Want to hear some of the others?"

"No," refused Melvin, very crossly, indeed,—for him. "No, I don't. I can add to my own stock of ignorance without any help from a fluff-brained kid like yourself, thanks."

He broke off his denial, as she slipped a pillow behind his head. They were sitting on a couch in the tiny living-room of Mavis's home. And Dick had not even realized that he was sitting at an angle which made his neck uncomfortable. But Mavis had somehow divined it, and had supplied the cushion which turned his discomfort to entire ease of posture.

He was reminded, by the action, by the way he had seen mothers shift the pillows in baby-carriages. And the memory tempered his thanks with a shade of resentment.

As he walked home, that evening, he achieved a very creditable scowl at the recollection of Mavis Bayne's silly theories. Mavis was the dearest woman God had ever made; just as his mother was the second dearest. But neither of them understood men—*he*-men, such as of late Dick had begun to realize himself to be.

No, they didn't understand. And there seemed no way of teaching them. They simply would not be impressed by Melvin's manliness.

Dick Melvin was an upstanding chap; without a trace of the sissy in his make-up. But he was of the clean and friendly and good-to-look-at type, which made him as attractive as a thoroughbred collie pup. All his days his mother had petted him—— He was a man whom all women pet, either verbally or physically. And, since he had met and fallen in love with Mavis Bayne, three months earlier, Mavis had followed along his mother's line with him.

All this Dick had found most delightful. But of late things had been happening.

When, three years earlier, he had gone to work for the big house of Ober, Glenn & Company, Dick had started far down the long ladder of the firm's advancement climb. To mix the metaphor still further, he had begun as one of a hundred cogs in a big wheel.

But the boy was as quick as he was likable. And he had been pushed forward faster than was the average plodder. For the past two months he had been at work in the main office; under the shadow of the boss himself.

Michael Ober was still in the very early thirties; a faultlessly groomed, iron-faced man, as polished as steel and twice as hard. Within the past six years he had swung a moribund business out of the slough and onto the high ground of success. He had done it all by his own driving power and by his uncanny genius for handling men and for gauging human nature. Hard, incisive, smooth—a man of chilled steel, and without a single humanizing weakness—Ober had risen to the stature of a giant in the world of business giants.

(*Concluded on page 66*)



What Old Mothers Give

By Mary Carolyn Davies

OLD mothers, standing in their doors,
Or watering their flowers and tending,
Or making beds or sweeping floors,
Or, bright with evening lamplight, mending,
Or only waiting, keeping watch unending;

Old mothers, sad and sweet and pale,
Living with memories that live,
Seeing Time like a finished tale;
Learning to give and to forgive,
And watching joys slip through Life's sieve—

From their old faces they have taken
The color for our cheeks and eyes;
Shrunk bodies give us strength unshaken.
Unthinking youth from age that dies
Snatches the wings with which it flies.

Why We Won't Go Back in the Navy

By An Enlisted Man

THE biggest navy in the world would be useless unless there were men enough to man it, good men. We might spend large sums in the next few years building up a super-powerful navy, a navy in guns, armament and modernity, the superior of any naval force in the whole world. We could do it—easily, and yet the navy would be an absolute failure, a white elephant, should we not make adequate arrangements for manning it efficiently, something we have heretofore pretty well failed to do.

I believe the time has come to tell the truth about the attitude of the average enlisted man—the average "gob"—toward service in the United States Navy. On the recognition of these facts may possibly depend the future of the Navy, for, after all, the real *solution* of any problem is *men*.

These criticisms are not offered in any sense of antagonism or because I have any desire to discredit the Navy. If I, for a minute, thought these words I am setting down here would injure either officers or enlisted personnel I most certainly would not write them. What I am trying to do is to set forth clearly the unbiased attitude of the average enlisted man. I want to see the United States Navy the greatest and finest marine organization in the world. I want to see it offer the enlisted man something real in exchange for his time. Under the present system I firmly believe that neither the right kind of men, nor sufficient of any kind, can be obtained to build a great navy.

THIS "old" Navy was, in general, composed of about three classes of enlisted men. First, there was a class, and, glory be, it was a small one, of men who brought but little credit to their uniform. Perhaps the less said of them the better. The deplorable fact was that many people judged the whole naval personnel by the conduct of these few men. There was another class, and it was a large one, too, of real men in the Navy, keen, upstanding, young fellows, who enlisted because they sincerely believed that the Service really had something to offer. They were adventurous, wanted to see and to learn. After a four-year enlistment, practically all quietly slipped back into civil life—and the Navy never saw them again until the war. It will never see most of them again. There was a third class, but a small one, of men who actually liked the Navy. They were real two-fisted men, capable, intelligent, and the life satisfied them. From this class came hundreds of petty officers, warrant officers, and many of commissioned rank, who were an honor to the service and to whom is due no small share of the credit for the Navy's magnificent accomplishment during the war. These men were all too few, however.

In short, the "old" Navy, small as it was, contained all the elements of failure, because it could not hold its men, and any institution, whether private or governmental, that can not hold men must fail.

THEN came 1917—and the war. The Navy was suddenly called upon to accomplish an almost superhuman task. It needed men—badly. Needed them by the thousands. It got them. From every corner of the country they came, mechanics, clerks, salesmen, factory workers, electricians, students, college graduates, men from every walk and station of life.

They were gathered into training-camps, and then before we realized it they were aboard ships—and in another six months, and often less, they were seasoned veterans of the sea, men capable of holding their own under any circumstances. And they did just that. With all due respect to the splendid naval organizations of our Allies, I firmly believe that, man for man, the American sailors were the finest body of fighting men who ever went down to the sea in ships. They were—and are—magnificent.

They manned destroyers, swift, lean devils that split the ocean at the rate of thirty-five knots—and rolled and pitched in a sea until a Western bronco is a rocking-horse by comparison. They went out to sea in cockle-shell subchasers, tiny craft that rolled in a riffle and became madhouses in a real blow. They crossed and recrossed the Atlantic on transports, battleships, cargo boats, and colliers. They ate badly cooked food, worked long hours,



"IF we release from the U. S. Navy all the men that seek discharge now the war is over," said a well-known Admiral recently, "one of our destroyers will have only eight men left. She ought to have a hundred." Not only among the destroyers, but all through the new fleet there seems danger of a serious shortage of men. The United States Navy must be the greatest in the world. It must have plenty of good American men. Here on this page is one enlisted man's suggestion for a bigger and better navy. Is there any better solution?

spent weary months at sea with but little shore liberty—and got seasick. They stayed in training-camps, more of them than you might expect, drilling, working, drilling, working, and then doing it over again. But these things all went with the Big Job that had to be done, and they had no complaint to make.

BUT now it is all over, and they are coming back, thousands of them, very glad to be back—and very much disillusioned. Yes, perhaps I might even say a little disgusted.

Don't mistake me—they are glad they went. They wouldn't take a million for their experience, and they would go again. Go in a minute if their country should ever again have to take up arms. But as for ever joining the Navy in peace time—no thank you!

Only a few weeks ago I talked with a discharged sailor. His answer to my question expressed the average "gob's" attitude toward the Navy better than I can possibly do. He was a clean-cut, square-chinned young chap, just an average young American. When I asked the question he looked at me quizzically for a moment, evidently pondering whether to answer or not. Finally, with his eyes turned down, he said:

"Well, I'm glad I went. It's been the experience of a lifetime and with all we had to put up with I guess I enjoyed it;" and then, raising eyes that had just the glint of fire in them to squarely meet mine, "But never again—not in the Navy!" There you have it—Never again in the Navy! Except for War itself! I've talked with hundreds of other enlisted men—yes, more than hundreds. I've eaten with them, gone on shore liberty with them, and I know them. What I am setting down here may or may not be my own attitude, but it is unquestionably the attitude of your gob. He's through. He's done—unless there comes another war. Then he'll gladly go back to sea again and do it all over. But as for peace-time service, no. He's glad to be out of it, and, almost to the last man, your best class of sailor is not planning to reënlist.

When *one* man finds his job unattractive, we say it is the man and not the job that lacks something. But when the vote is almost unanimous we are finally forced to concede that there *may* be something wrong with the job. Your average young American doesn't like the naval system. Therefore he leaves it. And yet the Navy *must* have men.

Just what really is wrong with our Navy? Just what is the reason so great a percentage of the enlisted personnel is coming out of service with such a keen dislike for the life?

There are a number of these reasons, but I think the foremost is that the enlisted man believes the Navy to be undemocratic, and, above all things, your average young American *is* democratic. He believes it to be autocratic and un-American—and from the bottom of his heart he hates autocracy. The Navy may not, perhaps, be un-American, but it is autocratic. And I have even heard it called the most un-American institution of all America. There is a feeling among the men of the Service that the everyday life of the Navy is directly contrary to those things which we Americans have been taught to hold sacred—equality of rights, freedom of speech, and the belief that one man is as good as another. There is no equality in the Navy. An officer is rather a superior being of exalted rank and station, socially above *any* enlisted man. He feels it, sometimes shows it, but always teaches it.

Please understand this is not an indictment of Naval officers. It is merely a statement of conditions as they have come to exist. As a matter of fact, Naval officers are almost without exception fine men, courageous, capable, gentlemanly. True, there are a few who would make exemplary officers of the Prussian Guard, and some, I regret to say, to whom gold braid is as strong as wine—with all wine's after-effects. But as a whole our American officers are a remarkably clean-cut body of men, who proved their ability in the last two years beyond the shadow of a doubt. Personally I believe our Navy has the finest officers in the world, and I believe even the "gobs" that won't reënlist would back up this statement with a fight.

RATHER it is the system that is wrong; a system developed out of tradition, custom, and borrowed ideals which do not fit with real Americanism. From the time that a prospective officer enters Annapolis he is in an environment that breeds the idea he is socially above any enlisted man who can serve under him. Small wonder, therefore, that by the time he has been an officer for a few years he actually begins to believe this is really true; and small wonder that during the war men in officers' training-camps were taught, as a part of the qualifications "of an officer," that an officer is on a higher social plane than an enlisted man. I hardly think one can, under the circumstances, blame the Annapolis man for his attitude.

Nevertheless this Navy caste must go. Until it does, the kind of men we need most in our Navy will not be forthcoming. Young America does not particularly relish being told that anyone is "*better*" than he is. And he will not remain long in any service where this is an accepted condition. Not if he can help it, anyway. For the "good of the service," for the sake of discipline and efficiency, we are told, this difference in social status must exist. This may be true. But, personally, I do not believe it. Neither does the average enlisted man. Not only does he not believe it necessary, but its practice grates on his very soul. Your "gob" has the greatest respect for an officer, respect for his ability and leadership; but he can't and won't believe that the officer's gold braid necessarily makes any difference in the matter of social equality.

Not that the enlisted man expects to fraternize with the officers. He hardly expects the captain of the ship to slap him on the shoulder and say, "Mornin', Joe. How'd you sleep last night?" On the other hand, he can hardly understand why it is a (*Continued on page 62*)

Exit Queen Nurse!

My Six Months in France with the A.E.F.—VI



© International Film.

By Elsie Janis

My experience of the next three weeks might have been considered by some people terribly sad, but to me it was very inspiring. We got back to Paris and learned that some two thousand wounded Americans had arrived at Neuilly, the American hospital. We were only supposed to stay in Paris three or four days, but I got into the hospital work and found myself more useful than I ever dreamed was possible. As soon as we heard of our heroes arriving, I called up the Red Cross and asked if they thought I might be of any use out at the hospital. They were very courteous, but not too enthusiastic. I don't blame them, for if they had ever seen me in action singing "Over Here" and urging our boys to go get the Germans, they probably thought I would be rather too strenuous for a ward full of very badly wounded men, as these boys all came from fighting which was taking place all too near to Paris, then came direct from the field dressing-stations to Neuilly. Well, the Red Cross said they thought I might take some cigarets, flowers, chewing-gum, etc., out to the boys. They did not say so, but I am sure they did not care about taking the responsibility of what might happen if I sang to the poor dears.

However, we went. Mother took all the things people take to the wounded, and I took the broadest grin I could produce—a grin which at first was not quite understood by the nurses, but they got used to it in time.

They were so crowded at the hospital that our poor boys were lying in the halls and in fact all over the place. I did not think to put on a hospital face—which is that sort of "My poor boy, where were you wounded" expression, and I'm afraid I was perhaps a bit *dressy*. I remember thinking I was looking quite well, so when I bounded up to some very busy nurses and said I wanted to work in the wards I don't think they quite understood my idea of "working" in a ward. Luckily the first person who listened to my plea stuck her head in the door of a ward which was filled with boys who had sung with me and laughed with me a month before "Somewhere up Front," and when she said, "Boys, would you like to see Miss Elsie Janis?" she was answered by a mixture of yells that I am sure never were heard before in a hospital.

Of course my eyes filled with tears of genuine pride. You see, it was a crucial moment for me, for if they had not done that my hospital career might have ended then and there, and oh! what a lot of real joy I would have missed. I did not stop to look at the nurse's expression, but I'm sure she thought I was the paymaster of the army. We went in. They all said, "Hello, Elsie!" and "Hello, Mother!"

There was not a man there who did not have one or two limbs in the air, all hung up on what I called Gymnasium Stuff, with that marvelous drainage system of the more marvelous Dr. Carrel, which has saved hundreds of lives in this war.

We laughed and even sang. I told them all my new stories and sang anything they asked for, and felt really *useful* to humanity for the first time in my life.

When we came out, the word had gone around that we were there and there was a bevy of nurses saying, "Oh, Miss Janis, do come into my ward. The boys know you and are asking for you." That first day I went into seven wards and found more *dear* friends than I ever hoped to have. It would be foolish to say that it was not the most difficult work I ever did, because it's rather hard to go in and be funny when your heart is aching at the thought of so many wonderful men all maimed and—suffering, and some dying. I am not very sympathetic, and would run a mile rather than see *blood*, but there were so many splendid women there to sympathize that I was not needed for that!

So while Mother, who is a past mistress in that art, held boys' heads while they had their wounds dressed, and held their hands for their mothers at home when they were going West—as the boys said—I went in other wards and tried to make them forget that they had wounds. I could write pages of the bravery of our men, not under fire, because that goes without saying—but under real and terrible pain. Whether they had lost one leg or two—whether they would perhaps never see again, the smile was there for me and my little jokes.

I used to start by saying when I entered a ward, "Is there anyone in great pain here? because if there is, I won't sing, as I don't want them to blame it on my voice." And in the three weeks that I worked there every day, I never had one of them admit that he was in "great pain" three hours and four a day. I shall try to write briefly some of the little sayings of the boys, but before I do, I want to say that I thought I had seen badly wounded men during my hospital work before, but I have never seen boys "shot to pieces" like those boys were. They had been really almost too brave. I said to one boy who was so swathed in bandages that all I could see was one very nice blue eye, and the corner of one very strong American mouth, "Well, old dear, you certainly got yours, didn't you?" He said, "Yes, I did, but the last time I seen the Germans they was running up a hill."

I went into a ward where a poor fellow was just coming out of ether—a very good-looking Irishman. He came to sufficiently to hear me start one of my best stories in this fashion:

"An Irishman was taken prisoner by the Germans——"

At that he sat bolt upright in bed and glaring at me said: "That's a blankety-blank-blank lie— No Irishman was ever taken prisoner by those blankety-blank Germans."

I won't say I have never heard such language, but it certainly was not what I call polite hospital chatter. Of course the other fellows all yelled at him to shut up, and I started again. In fact I started four times—but he won! So I changed and told one on an English Tommy, which soothed him, he being an Irishman.

Certainly variety is the spice of the American Army. I found every nationality and lots of them not speaking English. How they ever understood the commands I can't fathom, but one thing was obvious, they did not need to be told to *advance*, and *retreat* is a word unknown.

One day I found an Italian trying to make his nurse understand that he wanted an orange. I have always wondered why I took up that language. I thought it was because of a handsome, dark-eyed Latin I had met and could not talk to, but now I know it was to talk to that dying boy, Tony, that I spent hours saying, "*Jo saro—Tu sarai—lei sara—noi saremo*," etc. I got the orange for him and we became such good friends that when a day came and the nurse told me that Tony had gone to a land of eternal Italian blue skies, I shirked my duty and did not sing any more that day.

Of course the wonderful part of it all is that for one Tony who can't go on with the struggle, twenty Jacks, Dicks and Bills get well and go home to hold their families spellbound by tales of when they were at Château-Thierry and so on—more wonderful still the contempt of the strong for the weak.

I went into one of my favorite wards one lovely sunny day, the boys were all smiling, but over in one corner was a bed with a screen around it, which meant that one of our brave boys was "going West." I said, "Hello!" and then told the boys that I would not sing to them that day on account of the boy with the screen. They grumbled a bit and I left; the next day when I went the screen was gone and I was greeted with yells of delight. I'm sure they were sorry he was gone, but to them, in their youth and enthusiasm, death is only part of the game—so we carried on!

In that same ward, one of the boys had lost his left leg, and while I was singing he kept laughing quietly to himself. So I said: "I know my voice is funny, but I don't think it's very 'matey' of you to laugh like that." He said, very apologetically: "I'm so sorry, Miss Janis, but my foot that's gone tickles so and I can't scratch it. Do forgive me."

In two weeks he was flying around the place on crutches flirting with all the pretty nurses, and very cheery because he had tried on his new leg and it was a wonder.

Another boy had lost an eye and had a patch over it. I asked if he was going to get a new eye. He said he was waiting until he could get a bloodshot one to match his regular "lamp."

There were lots of French wounded in the hospital, and they are just like little children. Our boys take everything for granted, and ask for what they want if you don't happen to have it, which is of course very American, but to the French a good-morning spoken in their native tongue is enough to make them nearly weep for joy. I used to sing them our popular American songs which I had translated into French. The favorite was, "I Don't Want to Get Well," which I am going to write down in case anyone would like to try it on their Berlitz Method. *Voila!*

"Je ne veux pas guerir,
Je ne veux pas guerir,
Car j'adore ma jolie infirmere
Chaque matin, chaque midi et chaque soir
Elle m'apporte ma medicin, et un peu d'espoir
Je ne veux pas guerir,
Je ne veux pas guerir,
Heuresement que je suis celebataire
Le docteur dit il crain pour ma condition
Mais grâce á Dieu, j'ai encore de l'ambition
Je ne veux pas guerir,
Je ne veux pas guerir
Car j'adore ma jolie infirmiere!"

The French boys all learned it, and as soon as I would enter their ward would start to sing it in chorus. One of the most amusing sights in a hospital in France is to see regular "roughneck" Americans sitting up in bed, making baskets, knitting, and even doing embroidering, to pass the time away.

There was a very fussy and serious-minded nurse in one ward, who rather resented my existence. I didn't know of her until one day when I went in and over in a corner was one boy who was in great pain, I started leaping about as usual—and she came up

to me saying, "Do be a little careful, poor John (pointing to the sufferer) is in great pain, and you might jar him." Whereupon said John lifted his aching head and spoke as follows:

"Aw! Leave her alone. She is the first real live thing I've seen since I hit this joint. Go to it, Elsie," and I went to it. Exit Queen Nurse, peevishly.

The boys asked me to sing everything from "Annie Laurie" to "The Strutters' Ball," and fortunately, having a good memory, I could usually make good. But one day I was very nearly "sunk."

A very good-looking boy from New Orleans who was very badly wounded, asked me if I would sing "Poor Butterfly." I never had sung the song in my life and I venture to say I stand alone in that. So I tried to put him off by saying it was a very sad song, and he said it meant so much to him. Memories of Home. So I told the other fellows to be brave, and I started, not knowing what I was going to sing. It was as if an angel from heaven had prompted me—for the words came that I never realized I knew.

He was very grateful and smiled. Twenty minutes later as I was leaving, he had his nurse lift him up and he waved feebly and said "Good-by, Poor Butterfly!" An hour later he "went West" and I am still thanking that angel who made it possible for me to grant his request.

To the American soldier a shave is one of the most important orders of the day, and in the hospital it's rather difficult, with hundreds of them wanting the same thing at once. So Mother got some safety razors and gave one to each ward.

In my palmiest days, as the only girl among hundreds of soldiers, I was never more popular than any one of those razors. The boys absolutely fought for them, and it was too sweet to see how they would "doll up," as they expressed it, before I came. In fact the only real grumbling I ever heard was not from the fellow with an arm, leg or eye gone, but from the one with a three or four days' growth of beard—and among the very badly wounded the only plea was "Will I be able to get back and get even?"

Those three weeks were about the happiest of my life. I got to know the boys so well, made many real friends, and lost a few. It got so the boys would promise the nurses not to make a fuss when they had their wounds dressed if she would promise to bring Elsie in.

I sang sometimes in as many as fifteen wards in a day. I usually had a good cry when I got home, but my reward was in the fact that the boys wanted me, and it was with rather a heavy heart that I left them to go back to the Front, for it was rather up-hill work spurring our boys on after I had seen the results of a victorious battle.

All the time I had been going to Neuilly the Y. M. C. A. had been trying to get a motor pass for us, and without much success as it turned out, but finally they came and said that everything was in order and we were to start for Chaumont.

We were very pleased and we started, but we did not finish. We left Paris, after a very good lunch, on what seemed to be a lovely spring day, but turned out to be very muddy. They gave us our identification books which we never thought of examining, and explained that Frank, our driver, could not drive because he had no permit, but he was to go along and take the car over once we were safely out of Paris; we were in a Renault driven by a rather ancient Frenchman who had all that was needed in the way of passes, etc., with Frank seated beside him, all ready to leap into the driver's seat when the All Clear signal was given.

Mother, Bill the music man, and myself were seated comfortably in the limousine trying to forgive it for having no springs—we were told that it was the car that E. H. Sothern had used, so we told ourselves that if he could stand the bumps we could.

We got lost going out of Paris—a thing we have never yet failed to do, either going out or coming in, but we finally got under way and it looked like Chaumont for a late dinner. Alas, it only looked like it, and it turned out that we were all wearing rose-colored glasses. At teatime we eased into a town called Provins—how should we know that said Provins was the Quartier Céneral Militaire? There were at least four other roads to Chaumont, but we went via Provins. I was sitting well back in my corner, quite at peace with the world, when all at once I saw a barrier—rather like those Pennsylvania Toll Gates, across the road, and a very warlike person with tin hat, bayonet fixed, and all the other props of war, who held up a very firm brown hand—and we stopped. I tried to look as if it meant nothing in my life, and sat even further back in my corner—trying not to look like a woman, it being "*défendu*" to be a woman and in an automobile at the same time. He examined the French driver's papers and said "*Bien!*" We sighed sighs of relief in three different keys, and prepared to move on, but no! he came to the door and said in the sweetest of French tones, "And these ladies?—Their papers!"

"Oh yes, certainly," said I, while Mother fumbled in her bag for them. I tried to make conversation with the gentleman, but his eyes were on Mother's bag. Even then I was quite calm. Out came the *Carnet d'étranger*—little red books that look like nothing, but really keep you from spending most of your spare time in jail. Mother handed them out with a sort of "Poor snoopy boob" expression, and we all sat back.

He looked at them and said: "Ah! just as I thought!" About this time I began to think about how much I really loved Paris, so I said: "If everything is not in order, we will go back to Paris."

"Ah, no, madame," said the warlike one. "That you cannot do. You must come to Headquarters right now. You are found traveling in a motor without permission, and are liable to arrest." (All of this in French.)

I said: "But our books are in order." And then the blow fell.

"Decidedly not," he said. "*Regardez!*"

I looked at the books, and saw "*Ces dames sont permis d'aller jusque Chaumont par chemins de fer ou à pied.*" (These ladies are permitted to go as far as Chaumont, by railroad or on foot.) A nice little eighty-mile walk appealed to me strongly at that moment. But, there was no argument. The Young Christians had thought they could put something over on the French authorities, but they will have to sit up all night, let alone get up early before that happens.

We went to the Gare, where a crowd of villagers gathered around us. I must say I never felt more dangerously important. I began to feel like the spy who was condemned to be shot at sunrise and said: "But I never get up till ten."

After waiting about half an hour while the French driver went in to explain things in his own sweet way, by saying that he knew nothing about us, he had been ordered to drive us to Chaumont and he was doing it, he finally came back with what we gleaned was the Boss of Provins. He had one of those French "Ostermoor" face fittings that are only used in America to get a laugh when the show is dragging, but in France are used in the best families. I think to hide the neckties that the wife gives them for Christmas. But above the hedge there were shining two of the most snappily human blue eyes mine ever met. Hope revived! So I took the center of the stage. He was quite firmly charming, and informed me that the driver and the car were to go to Chaumont—the two gentlemen could go to Chaumont by train, as their passes read, or return to Paris—*but* the ladies were to—return to Paris *at once*. The train would leave in two hours, and that the ladies were very lucky to be allowed to go, as they really should go to the local Sing-Sing.

It was decided that all the culprits would return to Paris, but in the meantime the French would certainly have to answer to the United States Army, four thousand of which were waiting in Chaumont to be sung to by the "super spy, Mlle. Elsie Janis."

It was all very funny, but on the other hand rather tragic. We had eight bags, (*Continued on page 71*)



Some of the Army bands knew all my songs, certain members having played in various theater orchestras where I had appeared back home.

This Light Must Live

A Novel of New York

By Arthur Stringer

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

THE STORY.—Owen Storrow, a young sculptor, came down from Canada to study and work at his art in New York City. He stops at "The Alwyn Arms," a cheap hotel, although Augusta Kirkner, an aunt and a matron of means, has offered him a studio in her Brooklyn home. Storrow's first day is full of incident: a fight to the finish with the brawny engineer of the hotel; and when he climbs back to his room, the discovery that a careless hotel clerk has assigned his room to another. This maroons him on the fire-escape, till the girl on the floor below his takes him into her room and impulsively administers to the bruises of his recent battle. It is a case of love at first sight, though not without complications for the girl, Torrie. For Krassler, the musical-comedy producer, upon whom she is depending for a chance on the stage, discovers Storrow's presence and misinterprets according to his nature. Owen goes to his aunt's cottage on Long Island Sound, and there rescues his cousin Charlotte Kirkner, from drowning. But he returns to New York, where he meets Chester Hardy, who advises him to quit sculpture and write a novel of the great Northwest. Then Storrow finds that Torrie Throssel occupies the studio adjoining his own, and their former intimacy is resumed. When Modrynski, a veteran artist, unhesitatingly condemns his modeling, Storrow definitely decides to go in for literature.

STORROW went home, but not to sleep. As he mounted the gloomy stairways that led to his studio he stopped suddenly, sniffing in the darkness. There was an unmistakable smell of gas about the building. Somewhere, without a doubt, a pipe-joint had sprung a leak.

Once inside his studio, he crossed to the corner of the room, where a paneled clothes-horse covered with painted burlap shut off from general view the kitchenette which held his small gas-stove. He switched on the light and examined this stove carefully, to make sure the leak was not within his own territory. There, however, he found nothing wrong. The air within the studio, in fact, was quite untainted.

Frowning, he advanced toward the oblong of tapestry on his wall. He threw back the imitation Gobelin and sniffed along the door-cracks. This, however, did not satisfy him. Without giving actual thought to the movement he slipped back the metal bolt and tried the door.

His first surprise came with the fact that it opened. His second surprise lay in the discovery that the lights were on in Torrie Throssel's studio. And his third surprise took the form of Torrie Throssel herself, standing within three feet of him. She was wearing a man's bath-robe, which was much too big for her, doubled about her waist and held in by a girdle of plaited silk. Her preoccupied face, he noticed, was almost colorless. The studio behind her, he also noticed, impressed him as being overlavish in its decorations, almost theatrical in its studiously achieved Orientalism.

"I've been waiting for you," she said very quietly, and with a smile of slow constraint that was new to her.

"Is anything wrong?" he asked, slowly moving through the open door. If that portal had once taken on to him the significance of a Rubicon, he seemed to have forgotten the fact.

"I'm worried," the girl told him. She lifted one shoulder deprecatingly. "It may be foolish, but I can't get the thing out of my head."

"What thing?" asked Storrow. She lifted a hand as though to touch his arm, or to grope to him, if not for support at least for personal contact. But to his disappointment she changed her mind and drew the hand away again.

"There's been a smell of gas coming from young Muselli's studio," he heard her saying. A selfish wave of relief flowed through him as he listened. "And I'm—I'm afraid something may have happened."

"What *could* happen?" demanded Storrow.

"That's what we ought to find out," she replied.

"Then you know him?" Storrow asked, the prey of a quick and an incongruous pang of jealousy, vaguely unhappy at the recurring thought of how wide was the undefined circle of her acquaintances.

"No," she exclaimed. "But I've noticed him at different times. He looked worried and struck me as being—as being in trouble in some way. And I know that he was fond of those two canaries of his. That's the one thing that made me wait up for you."

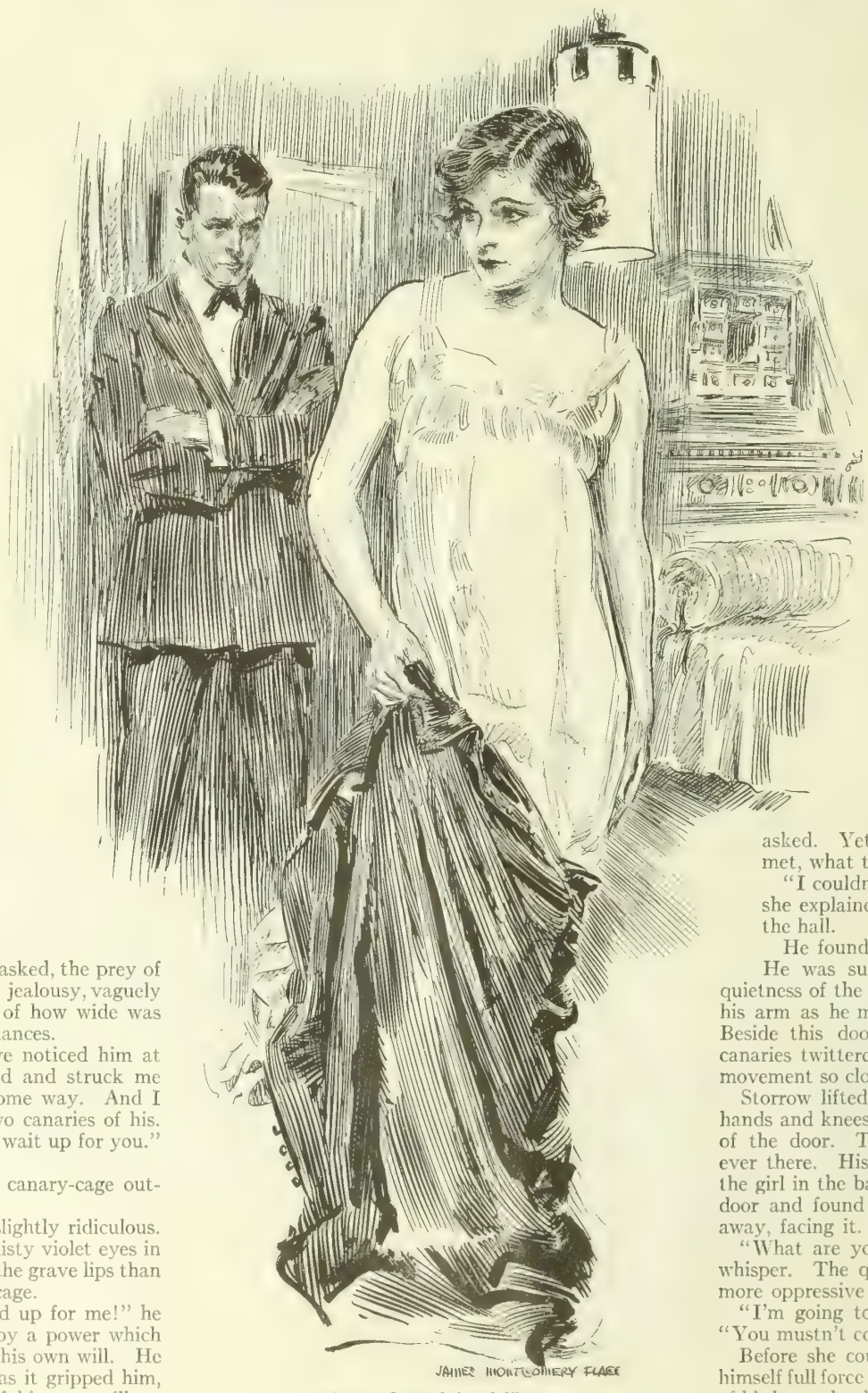
"Canaries?" echoed Storrow.

"Some time to-night he put his canary-cage outside his door, before locking it."

It still struck Storrow as being slightly ridiculous. And he was thinking more of the misty violet eyes in the side-light and the misty rose of the grave lips than he was of Muselli and his canary-cage.

"So that's the reason you waited up for me!" he said, slowly propelled toward her by a power which seemed to lie beyond the realm of his own will. He could wonder at that power, even as it gripped him, making him feel that this body of his was still an embryo in reason but centuries old in emotion, little more than a passive river-bed through which coursed the currents of undecipherable ancestral tendencies.

She must have read his intention on his face, for she lifted her two hands and held them against his shoulders, as though to arrest his advance.



"What good would that do?"

"Not now," she said in a whisper that had a quaver of emotion in it.

"But I've been thinking of you—all night," he whispered back.

She took a deep breath.

"And I have been thinking of you," she admitted almost unhappily. "I'm always thinking of you. I can't help it."

He stood staring at her, with a rush of all the blood in his body to his heart. He wondered why, at a moment so inapposite, her loveliness should beleaguer him.

The tinder of his longing had already caught fire from the small torch of her confession.

"We're both fighting against something that's too strong for us," he protested, almost unconscious of what he was saying.

"I know it," murmured the woman in the bath-robe as rough-textured as a fellah's garment. Her head bowed, not in shame, but more in submission to the inevitable. She seemed anxious to avoid his eyes. But the man beside her slowly lifted her face. Then with a movement that seemed equally deliberate he drew her toward him. Her breath caught, sharply, as he stooped and kissed her in the warm hollow of the milk-white throat. Then his arms closed about the muffled body and on her upturned lips his own lips closed. He remembered Modrynski. He remembered Vibbard. He thought of Chester Hardy, and he had not altogether forgotten Pannie Atwill. But they seemed figures infinitely remote, crying in thin and far-away voices that meant nothing to him.

"Beloved!" murmured the warmer voice against his face. She spoke drowsily, out of a contentment so complete it seemed wordless. And there was aggression, he noticed, in her sudden passiveness itself. It seemed to demand mastery and subjugation. It evoked ancestral savageries from straining arms that seemed already cruel in their unconsidering strength.

"Beloved!" he repeated, bending back her body in that sudden passion until she was compelled to cling to him to keep from falling. Suddenly she stiffened in his arms.

He stared at her, like a sleeper awakening. She was trying to twist from him, white and wide-eyed.

"What is it?" he asked.

"That man," she gasped. "We've forgotten him! We don't know what might have happened!"

He reached for a chair-back, to steady himself. It took time to throw a bridge of thought across a gulf so wide.

"What could happen?" he asked. Yet each of them knew, as their eyes met, what the other was thinking.

"I couldn't get any answer when I knocked," she explained, following him as he started out to the hall.

He found the smell of gas very strong there. He was suddenly impressed by the tomblike quietness of the building. Torrie kept one hand on his arm as he made his way toward Muselli's door. Beside this door he saw a bird-cage. One of the canaries twittered sleepily, disturbed, apparently, by movement so close to it.

Storrow lifted the cage away and dropped to his hands and knees. Then he sniffed along the bottom of the door. The smell of gas was stronger than ever there. His face was grave as he looked up at the girl in the bath-robe. Mechanically he tried the door and found it locked. Then he backed slowly away, facing it.

"What are you going to do?" asked Torrie in a whisper. The quietness of the empty halls seemed more oppressive than ever.

"I'm going to break in that door," he told her. "You mustn't come in, remember."

Before she could reply to that question he flung himself full force against the locked door. The impact of his bony shoulder against the antique paneling sent

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JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"No, no, you can't beat your chest-bone like a baboon. They canned that twenty years ago."

it in with a crash, splintering the lock away from the woodwork. Storrow peered in through the darkness, but could make out nothing.

"Do you want matches?" whispered Torrie behind him. He turned on her sharply.

"Matches? And blow the house up?" he demanded.

"Well, what shall I do?" she whisperingly inquired.

"Go back to your room and wait for me. Go back, or you'll be sorry."

Holding his breath against the poisoned air, he groped his way in through the door and across the room to a window, which he found closed and locked. It took him some time to get it open. When he did so he was glad to lean out over the sill, for a minute or two, and fill his lungs with fresh air. Then, feeling the night-breeze blow cleansingly into the room, he crossed to the doorway and padded along the wall, groping for the light-switch which should be there. He found it at last and pressed his finger against the smooth-faced button.

He stood there, still half-turned toward the wall, staring over his shoulder. On the floor, between him and a couch-bed against the farther wall, he saw the figure of a young man lying on its face. On the disordered bed he saw a woman, partly dressed. She, too, was young. Her mouth was open and her eyes were staring, staring in such a manner that for a moment Storrow thought she was still alive.

The sight made Storrow feel the need of fresh air again, and he stood at the open window for several seconds before turning off a gas-jet connected with a hot-plate rubber tube from which poison was still hissing. Then he crossed to the figure on the floor and quietly turned it over. The body was quite cold. Storrow knew, even before he put his hand over the heart, that any movement there would be out of the question. He had heard somewhere that a dead body should never be touched, should never be moved, until a coroner or a police officer had been called in to inspect it. That struck Storrow as a very absurd proceeding. The position of the man, prone there on the unclean floor, also struck him as unnecessarily humiliating. So he lifted the inert body, startlingly light to carry, and placed it decently on the bed, covering it with the sheet. He noticed, as he proceeded to do the same with the woman, that the skin of her bare shoulder was marble-cold to the touch. He noticed, too, that her face was much more tranquil than the man's. And they both struck him as being young, absurdly young, for any such end. And it was the end. Everything had come to a stop in those two passive and unprotesting frames. The light had gone out in the skulls behind the white masks.

He turned away and looked more methodically about the room. On the table he found two letters, sealed. He saw where newspapers had been wedged in the door-cracks, even the keyholes stuffed. The entire thing, of course, had been planned, had been deliberately carried through. But the man, Storrow concluded, must at some time have repented of his bargain, must have weakened and made an effort to reach a window. Storrow, with a leaden weight in the pit of his stomach, was able to dramatize those last struggles. He even tried to imagine that final conference together, pondering over the problem of whether it was placid or frantic, cowardly or courageous. It struck him as strange that under the same roof where he lived, where he harbored his own small hopes and fears and aims, this other man on the bed had been just as intensely involved in the machinery of life, had just as ardently asked for happiness. And he, Owen Storrow, within a biscuit's toss of it all, had known nothing about it.

He was backing slowly away from the bed when he felt a hand on his arm. He found Torrie beside him, her lips parted, her eyes narrowed with a curiosity which she could not control. She seemed quite collected to him, unnaturally collected, until he noticed the hand holding the folds of the loose bath-robe over her bosom. The fingers of that hand, he could see, were shaking.

"You mustn't come in here," he commanded. But she disregarded that command.

"There are two of them," she whispered slowly, a troubled wonder wrinkling her white brow. Step by step she advanced toward the bed, as though impelled by a force which she could not overmaster. There was something so suggestive of somnambulism, of intense preoccupation, in her movements that Storrow wondered if this could be the first time she had stood face to face with Death. Torrie was stooping, with her chin forward, as though peering through mist. Then she stood up straight, still frowning.

"That's Nona Maynelle," she whisperingly intoned, drawing closer to Storrow with a movement that was both wistful and unwilled, stricken with the sudden need of companionship. But all the time her eyes were on the bed.

"Did you know her?" asked Storrow.

"She was a model," was the abstracted reply, "but all last season she was at the Winter Garden!"

Storrow made no response to this. He had awakened to the fact that they were wasting time over incidentals, that something must be done, and done at once. He became almost impatient at the sustained impersonal curiosity of the peering-eyed girl beside him.

"But are they dead?" she whispered with a small, wringing motion of the hands as imploratory as a prayer. "*Can* they be?"

"Hours ago," said Storrow with forced curtness of tone. He noticed, in the ash-tray on the table where the two letters lay, eight cigaret stubs, side by side. Storrow counted them. They must, he concluded, have been very deliberate about it all. His curt

retort to Torrie, he next noticed, had stung her into an unlooked-for and sudden activity. She wrapped the loose robe closer about her waist, retied the girdle, and crossed to the table. There she took up the two letters, seemed to understand at a glance what they were, and promptly thrust them down into the huge pocket of her garment.

"We must telephone for the police," Storrow was repeating as he watched her go to the hot-plate, bend over it, and then carefully close the stop-cock at the lower end of the rubber tube. Then she deliberately pulled the upper end of the tubing from the gas-pipe where Storrow had already shut off the flow.

"What are you doing?" he demanded. She was staring, white-faced and thoughtful, about the disordered room. He repeated the question before she seemed to hear him.

"That makes it an accident," she said, pointing toward the dangling hot-plate tubing.

"An accident?" he repeated, not understanding her intentions.

"I'm not going to have this whole city pawing over those poor kids," she tremulously but determinedly announced. "They've paid enough without going to a Potter's Field. And they've got families, somewhere; they must have. It'll hurt enough to know they're dead, without having people say they've killed themselves."

Storrow, staring at her, found strength in that face in which he had once seen only beauty.

"But that isn't for us to decide," he argued, recalling vague impressions as to the law that obtained in such circumstances.

"We *have* decided," she protested almost sharply.

"But we haven't the right," he still continued.

"Then we'll take it," was her retort. She stood silent for a moment, after another quick survey of the room. "If *you* were like that, wouldn't it seem the decent thing to do? Wouldn't you be glad to know that somebody was doing what he could to keep your name clean?"

A vague and chilling sense of discomfort flowed through Storrow's body as she put that challenge to him. He failed to see that it would make any difference. And he had no intention of ever being like that. But he knew it was useless to argue with her.

"You can telephone from my room," she was saying to him. "I'll put out the light and fix the door so it will stay shut. And neither of us must forget that it was an accident—remember, an accident!"

He did as she asked. It flashed through him, as he sat waiting for his connection after calling up Police Headquarters, that life was crowding closer about him than he had anticipated. It was crowding about him raw and undraped, with its beauty and ugliness tragically tangled together.

He strode through the door that still stood open between the two studios. It seemed a long time, he remembered, since he had left that studio and gone lightheartedly down to join Hardy in his waiting taxicab. It impressed him as odd that utter strangers should have the power thus to disturb him, even in their death. The city, he saw, brought one's fellow-beings a little closer about one. There was no escape from its tangled interplay of influences. It was a tribal convention between eternal rivalries. It was a melting-pot in which personal independence merged and flowed into a drab communal compound. He was one of a colony, and nothing more. His neighbors were always to be reckoned with, for they had the power, obviously, both of raising him up and casting him down. And behind it all, apparently, was the demand to unify and fulfil life, to clarify some far-off dream.

Storrow, as he thought this over, sat staring vacantly at the wall before him. It was Torrie's voice that roused him.

"Here's your policeman," she announced, almost reprovingly, from the doorway.

Storrow met the officer at the head of the stairs. It was much simpler, after all, than he had expected. He explained how he had come in late, had smelled gas, had traced it to this man Muselli's door, and had felt that something might be wrong. He had thought it best, when they couldn't get any answer to their knocks, to break in the door.

"And this is what we found," explained Storrow as he pushed back the broken panels, reached in, and switched on the electric-light. The heavy blue-clad figure crossed to the couch-bed. Storrow, who noticed for the first time that Torrie stood close behind him, did not follow. He stood there waiting until the officer came outside again.

"They're dead, all right," he heavily and impersonally remarked as he reached into his hip-pocket for a small notebook. "Who are they?" he just as impersonally demanded.

"I never knew them," Storrow told him. "I've only been in this building a few weeks."

"What's your name?"

Storrow gave it.

"What'd you do when you forced that door?" was the next question. Storrow could feel the hand of the girl at his side reaching for his arm.

"I opened the window and then turned off the jet where the gas was escaping."

"What next?"

It was Torrie who answered.

"We realized there'd been an accident and called up Police Headquarters," she explained in tones so cool that Storrow stood abashed in his own awkwardness. The officer looked up from his notebook with a quick inspection of the robe-clad figure clinging to Storrow's arm.

"It was an accident then?" he asked.

"Doesn't it look like one to you?" questioned the girl.

"Sure," he assented as his big fingers once more fell to penciling on the little page. "We'll report it that, anyway."

The rest of the explaining was done by Torrie. Storrow awakened to the fact that the big-shouldered officer was not unconscious of her beauty. He stood more ponderously attentive when she spoke. He waited with taurine patience until she had explained what was already obvious to him. He even showed his teeth in a grin of sympathy when he said he supposed she'd rather be in bed at an hour like this. Then he turned to Storrow and announced that the latter would be wanted at the precinct station some time during the next day. It was, he explained as he tucked away his notebook, merely a matter of form. He stopped, arrested by the gleam of a white ankle, as the girl beside Storrow drew the over-voluminous folds of her bath-robe together.

"This woman your wife?" he casually inquired.

Storrow for a moment seemed not to have heard the question. Then he just as casually retorted, "Yes."

It was not until they were alone in the studio, with the door closed behind them, that Storrow noticed the contemplative and almost perplexed look on Torrie's face.

"Why did you say that?" she asked him.

"What?"

"That I was your wife."

"I wanted to protect you," he explained.

"From what?"

He found the question not an easy one to answer. He floundered through a phrase or two about "intimacy of attire" and "unusual hour for being together." But speech trailed away from him before the brooding coldness of her glance.

"Isn't it rather late for that sort of thing?" she asked him. As no answer came to that question she sat down, huddled and small, with a short shiver of weariness running through her body. Storrow noticed the heavy shadows under her eyes.

"Are you tired?" he asked, so gently that for a moment she glanced up at him.

"It's not being tired," she said with a look over her shoulder toward the door. "It's that awful room—and what's in it. I can't get the thought of it out of my head."

"I know," he told her comprehendingly.

"Are you sure that door is locked?" asked the girl, out of the silence. She watched him from under lowered brows as he slowly crossed the room and reassured her that the lock was on. They were trying to bar out, he remembered, something which no wood and no metal could keep away from them. He stared at the other door, the communicating door between the two studios that stood side by side. He saw that it was open. There, too, he felt, they had tried to bar out something which was equally impervious to obstruction. The house was very silent. They seemed suddenly as (*Continued on page 79*)



"I can't. I can't—with those in there so close to me."

The Flashlight Picture

Crimes of the Arm-Chair Club ~ IV

By Arthur Somers Roche

Illustrated by Will Foster

[AUTHOR'S FOREWORD — The twelve wealthy men who make up the membership of the exclusive Arm-chair Club, after listening to tales of the exploits of notorious criminals are still unconvinced that lawbreakers possess extraordinary mentality. To commit a crime and avoid detection seems to them a simple matter. Spurred on by each other they engage in a joint wager, and sign their names to an agreement whereby each man pledges himself to commit the crime for which he may be chosen by lot or forfeit twenty-five thousand dollars. The first crime —robbery —is committed, but whoever has been the successful man refuses to disclose his identity. Furthermore, some one demands that the club submit to blackmail. It is discovered that the agreement has been stolen from the club safe. The identity of the member who committed the first crime is unknown. Eleven more crimes are mentioned in the agreement. The millionaires' names are signed to it. From a set of would-be amateur criminals the clubmen therefore change automatically and suddenly to desperately earnest amateur detectives. Some one of their number is a thief. Not even an offer of the club to put up a big sum of money induces the guilty man to confess.]

HE looked, Bernard decided, like any one of a thousand of sleekly-combed, pimply-faced, over-dressed youths whom the dance craze has brought from the billiard halls and the "stuss" games into the corridors and dining-rooms of Broadway and the Avenue. Time was, and not so long ago, when gently nurtured women frowned on men who dared introduce to them strangers whose sole claim to presentation was a nimble foot. But birth and breeding have been superseded by heel and toe. It was not at all surprising that the "Yellow Kid" could be located at Gaston's, nor that he should be on terms of apparent friendliness, if not intimacy, with Mrs. Kitty Donnerby.

Gaston's was one of the newer places. Its proprietor, while not the discoverer of the success recipe as applied to modern New York restaurants, was successfully using it. It was quite simple: Gaston himself had explained it last week to Bernard.

"Charge the public much; make it seem to be most discreetly respectable, and—let it be known that one's eyes are closed, Monsieur, and that one, as the saying goes, will stand for anything but murder." Thus the Swiss ex-waiter, with a grin and a shrug of his shoulders.

Well, thought Bernard, Gaston surely did stand for almost anything. That couple in the corner, almost halting as the music dragged, indulging in a "shiver" that had been made popular by a soubrette in a recent musical revue. . . . Oh, well, he wasn't a policeman. His smile, as he handed his coat and hat to an attendant, was slightly sardonic.

Mrs. Kitty Donnerby looked up as he approached.

"How'd you know I was here, Dicky, old dear?" she asked. She rose. "Just in time for a one-step."

She glided into his arms, and they were on the dancing floor.

"Bless your heart for coming in here, Dick." She made a *moue*. "These professionals dance divinely, of course, but when one must *talk* to them . . ."

"And what's his particular forte—the shimmy?" asked Bernard.

Mrs. Donnerby scolded him with her eyes. "You know perfectly well, Dick Bernard, that I wouldn't——" She chuckled quite deliciously. "I've been watching them do it. To-night I'm going to teach it to Sam."

Sam was her husband. Bernard knew him. He could visualize the patient-eyed Donnerby attempting the "shimmy." He joined her in the chuckle. And then his chuckle died as he watched the professional, with whom Mrs. Donnerby had been sitting as he entered the place, glide by them, his arms around a girl who could not have been more than nineteen, and whom he knew by sight as the daughter of a man of some prominence.

But, as he'd assured himself a moment ago, he was not a policeman, not even a member of a law-and-order society. Some day, of course, there'd be a big "clean-up" of these places, but in the meantime . . .

But he'd been unjust in his first sizing-up of the man. In dress, in sleekness of hair, in the presence of a few pimples, the dancer differed but slightly from the rest of his class. But his mouth—it was smiling now, as he bent over his partner, but the lips were dangerously thin. And the hard black eyes, set in deeply under harsh brows, and separated by a nose that might have belonged to a Roman emperor . . . No, indeed! Matty Curlew, better known as the Yellow Kid, was no chinless "hoofer." The man was vicious, feral.

The music ceased and Mrs. Donnerby gathered her wraps. No, indeed, she'd only dropped in for a moment to practice that new step. Thanks to Mr. Curlew, upon whom she beamed quite graciously, she felt mistress of its intricacies now. No, and Dick needn't see her to the door. She knew perfectly well that he hadn't come in here to see an old married woman. She'd like to know, just for fun, who was the attraction. Not here yet, probably. If she could only wait . . . Oh, well, and smilingly she left.

From his bow Dick straightened up to meet the challenging gaze of the professional dancer. Crooked, oh, beyond a doubt, but fearless. His eyes met Dick's as coolly as though they had met in some club, each vouched for by mutual friends. Yet the dancer's first words proved his knowledge that, though the introduction had been accidental, the meeting had not.

"I'm easy to find, Mr. Bernard."

"Sit down," said Dick. He lighted a cigaret. "How'd you know I came here looking for you?"

The dancer smiled thinly. "There's lots of people looking for me all the time." He nodded carelessly over his shoulder. "There's a telephone here. Why wouldn't my friends tip me off?"

"Why not?" said Dick, idly. "And are you always as ready as you are now?"

He nodded toward Curlew's left shoulder. "Saw a glimpse of the holster as you danced," he explained.

Curlew's eyes shone with admiration. "Ain't a whole lot of real-estate in your eyes, is there? Some little 'gat' I pack there."

"Still," said Dick pleasantly, "it's a bit dangerous. The Sullivan law, you know."

"Ye-ah, I know," grinned the dancer. "Likewise I know that there ain't a plain-clothes man in the city could get inside this place without me getting the tip-off. There's a lot of places a guy could tuck a gun in his room, you know. And I don't have my monogram engraved on it. When the bulls get me, friend—which they haven't done yet—they won't get me on such a trifle as carrying a concealed weapon. They'll get me for *using* it. Understand?"

Bernard lighted another cigaret. "Poss-ibly," he said slowly. "But why the threat?"

"Why the search for me, then?" countered the Yellow Kid.

His face, jaundiced until its color approached the shade of his cigaret-stained fingers, came forward until it was not far from Bernard's. His eyes were menacing.

"I'm on the level," he announced. "I got a good record. All anyone has to do is go to Headquarters and ask the first bull he meets where Matty Curlew is located, and he'll find out. I'm as easy to locate as the Mayor. I'm a public character, I am. And yet, you go gunning around Fourteenth Street, into one place and out of another, until half my friends, listening to you ask for me, think I'm due to stand for some sort of a gun-play. What do you want?"

Carefully Dick ground his cigaret into a saucer.

"A fair question, deserving of a fair reply. I want Miss Nancy Darrell," he said.

The dancer dropped his gangster manner. "Whyn't you say so at the beginning? If it's a knock-down to a chicken you want . . . Darrell, eh? Nancy Darrell? Ye-ah, that'd be her business monaker, wouldn't it? Give me the low-down on her. Her



A chair was thrust under him and he fell over it.

real name. If she does any kind of business in this man's burg I'll know her."

He eyed Dick appraisingly. "At that, you don't seem the kind that needs help in grabbing off a doll for himself. And to leave a broad trail of advertising behind you on your way to me! What's in it for Matty?"

If, mused Dick, the husbands of the Kitty Donnerbys, and the fathers of the young girls now dancing here, knew that the side issue of more than one professional dancer is thinly-veiled white slavery . . .

"In it for you? A thousand?" His voice was tentative.

The Yellow Kid pursed his thin lips. He wheeled suddenly as Gaston, without adequate warning, touched his arm. The Kid's hand leaped to the arm-pit holster where was slung his automatic pistol. The familiar countenance of the restaurant proprietor reassured him.

"What the hell's eating you?" he demanded.

"Miss Whitson is here, Curlew," said the restaurateur. "She expects a lesson from you."

"Let Miss Whitson go chase herself," snapped Curlew. "Can't you see I'm busy."

Dick's eyes narrowed. Just at present he needed—or thought he needed—the services of Matty Curlew. But some time he would call this black-eyed gentleman to account. Dick happened to have had the pleasure of meeting Miss Whitson.

"The nerve of this bird Gaston," said Curlew aggrievedly. "Hell! Where'd he be if it wasn't for me? Maybe he thinks it's his food that brings the gang here and not my dancing. Butting in on us! Well, shoot the works. Spill it. The whole story. Why me?"

"You said a moment ago that you were a public character."

"Well?" demanded Curlew.

"I've read about you, I've heard people talk about you. And—you know the underworld, don't you? I mean——"

"Don't apologize," grinned Curlew, his anger at Gaston evaporated. "I'm a 'gun.' I know 'em all, yes."

"You should know Miss Darrell," said Bernard.

Curlew's upper lip closed over his lower. He made a further appraisal of his *vis-à-vis*.

'A dip, eh? Nicked you for the bankroll? Don't dare go to the police, because there may be publicity? Or has she got a letter too many, with a little too much mush in it?"

Dick shrugged. "Suppose you suit yourself about that. You find the girl, and I'll not bother you with reasons as to why I want her."

The Yellow Kid nodded. "Yeh, but when I find her? What happens then?"

"I talk with her," said Bernard.

"By yourself? Private dining-room and that sort of thing? That comes high, you know."

Against his will Dick reddened. And he knew that the leering eyes of the gangster saw his embarrassment. Also he knew that Curlew's furtive brain was figuring out ways of profit beyond the reward that Dick might pay.

"Let's get the dope straight," said Curlew.

"There's a girl named Nancy Darrell. You *know* she's a gun? Any dope that you can give me on her?"

"The bartender in the Elite Saloon might know something," said Dick.

"Near Chatham Square. Then that's O. K. If that bird knows anything he'll spill it. Or I'll spill him. And all you want is a talk with the girl, eh?"

"And silence," amended Dick.

"Oh, yes. That'll cost five hundred more. Fifteen hundred all told. One third down. A check will do."

But Dick Bernard was not giving checks with his signature attached to people like Matty Curlew. Instead, five one-hundred-dollar bills slipped across the table. The dancer pocketed them. He rose, and his jaundiced face wrinkled in a smile as he glanced at the expectant Miss Whitson, awaiting her afternoon dancing lesson.

"You're Richard Bernard—Arm-chair, Travelers' and other clubs. You'll hear from me—soon."

And without further talk he joined Miss Whitson.

For a moment Dick stared after the man. Then, shrugging faintly, he reclaimed his coat and hat and left Gaston's.

In the cool air of the late afternoon, walking down the Avenue toward his rooms, he wondered what sort of an ass he'd made of himself. However, five hundred dollars was not a fortune. And the fact that Matty Curlew, the Yellow Kid, was so guarded by his friends that a stranger could not inquire for him without sending almost automatic warning to the dancer, was in a measure proof of the dancer's power.

It was degrading, somehow, that Nancy Darrell's name should be uttered by him to a notorious denizen of the underworld. But Nancy Darrell was of the underworld herself. Bitter as the truth might be, Bernard must recognize it as the truth. This Nancy Darrell of the brave gray eyes, the glinting brown hair, and the boyish but rounded figure, was a crook more dangerous than the Yellow Kid, for all his newspaper advertising, had ever dared to be.

Furthermore, Nancy Darrell's crookedness jeopardized the reputation, the liberty perhaps, of Dick Bernard. And so he had taken measures to find her.

Possibly the other members of the Arm-chair Club were content to trust that fortunate chance would expose that member of the club who was a criminal. But not Dick Bernard. The twelve members of the ancient and exclusive organization had jestingly signed an agreement to commit twelve crimes, wagering a small fortune apiece, the total to be divided among the winners. And then—the agreement had been stolen. The police inspector who had drawn up the list of crimes that they were to commit was dead. That list had been written down upon the agreement by the inspector. None knew what was on that list, save the member of the club who had turned crooked.



"I want Miss Nancy Darrell," said Dick.

Three crimes had been committed, and each time, rather than let the police know, the club had paid blackmail. To-morrow would be three months since the agreement had been signed. Undoubtedly the club would learn that another crime had been committed. It would have to stand blackmail or exposure.

Exposure! Dick sighed. One of the members was a thief. He had stolen the agreement. Exposure did not mean that this man would be found out. It meant that the public would learn that twelve wearers of honored names suspected each other, that one of those wearers was a criminal. Exposure meant damnation socially to twelve men. It meant more than that: it meant that the public would distrust the business sagacity and acumen—as well as honesty—of the twelve men who would enter into such an agreement. It meant ruin.

Yet that was no reason why they should sit tremblingly, while crime was wrought, awaiting notification from the cunning criminal who had rightly judged that, rather than be at the disadvantage of explaining that eleven of them were honest and had taken no part in the rascality that they had jokingly agreed to commit, they would pay blackmail.

To go to the police had been out of the question. It meant publicity. Yet to do nothing . . . Nancy Darrell, lovely, alluring, was the accomplice of that member of the Arm-chair who had stolen the agreement signed by them all, was committing the crimes mentioned therein, and was playing upon their fears of public scandal to gain immunity for himself.

And the net of crime had been widespread. Evidence had piled up that while one man directed the operations, there were several members of the gang. It took little brainwork to reason out that men cannot be professional criminals without being known, if not to the police, to co-workers in the fields of illicit endeavor.

And so Bernard had gone to Matty Curlew.

A youth who had not been spoiled by an indulgent father, Dick had seen "life," as extensively as it is well for a young man to see it. But he had seen it with clean eyes. As proof thereof many keen matrons, when gossip concerned itself with the doings of the younger set, pointed out the almost awkwardly-reverential attitude of the young man toward themselves and their daughters. The underworld, even that fringe of it that has insinuated itself, with the growth of the cabaret, into the social orbit of a class that thinks of the Avenue as home rather than as a promenade, was hardly more than a newspaper name to Dick.

But the house detective of the Hightower Hotel was a former boxing instructor. And he had told Dick, in answer to a question that had not been entirely candid, that the man best-informed in the personnel and ways of New York's underworld was the Yellow Kid. In common with the rest of the newspaper-reading public, Dick had heard of Matty Curlew. He could, of course, have asked the house detective the present habitat of the Kid, but that, lest curiosity be aroused, he had not dared to do. So it was that by a roundabout method of inquiry, he had reached the Kid and an agreement with him.

For if the gangster-dancer really knew his underworld, and could really find Nancy Darrell . . . Well, it was a long chance! But worth five hundred. For if he once met Nancy Darrell again he would get the truth from her

At least, so he told himself as he went to bed, later that evening. He kept repeating it to himself, after the fashion of one whistling to keep up his courage. For a certain voice

seemed to whisper to him that, much as he wished to discover and expose the criminal of the Arm-chair, he wished even more to see Miss Nancy Darrell for the sake of the glint in her hair, the light in her eyes, the mockery in her voice and smile.

However that may have been, it was with a certain sense of superiority that he entered, shortly after noon the next day, the dining-room of the Arm-chair Club. The usual sense of tension, of suspicion, of tempers controlled with difficulty, was in the room to-day.

But three short months ago no kindlier-seeming group of men could have been found. But that was before a certain betting agreement had been signed. Friendliness had vanished. Where a glass of wine or a cocktail had inspired mirthful loquacity then, it seemed now to tighten lips, and to render harsh voices that had been merry. Faces that not long ago would have turned welcomingly toward Dick now frowned their greetings.

Cranahan, as usual, sat at the head of the table. He nodded perfunctorily as Dick sank into the heavy chair that a steward placed for him. The telephone rang at the moment and another servant answered it.

"All present and accounted for," said the big, grizzled man. His eyes ran around the table. "This is the day, gentlemen. It's three months since we decided that it didn't take brains to commit crime, and proceeded to prove our contention by agreeing to commit some crimes ourselves. Of course, there were a million other ways that we could have proved our long ears by, but——"

A waiter deferentially leaned over and whispered in his ear. Another person, in this time of tension, thought Bernard would have resented the interruption. But one of the most attractive things about Cranahan was his kindly attitude toward servants.

"Thank you, Frank," he said. He rose and walked to the telephone, where he listened a moment. Then he turned, still holding the receiver.

"For you, Sewall," he called. "Frank made a mistake." He relinquished the telephone to the timid-seeming little man, whose stern frock-coat and important side-whiskers both failed to lend him that dignity for which he strived.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the waiter, "I said that there was a telegram outside, sir, and the boy was waiting for you to sign."

"Oh," grunted Cranahan. "Devilish important if you can't sign for me."

Nevertheless he walked to the hall, where the boy was waiting. Thus it was that he did not hear Sewall's cry of anger. And on his return to the dining-room he was too engrossed in the message that he had just read to note the wild panic that had gripped the head of the great Metal Process Corporation.

"Gentlemen," cried Cranahan. "This is the day, as I just now warned ye. Listen to me! 'John Cranahan, Arm-chair Club, New York,'" he read aloud. "'The fourth item has been attended to. You may settle the matter among yourselves in such fashion as you may choose.'"

He glared around the room. "And the beggar lets it go at that. Sewall, what's ailin' ye? Sure, ye knew all along that the spalpeen would never stop at the third crime, didn't ye?" His brogue was more accentuated with each word that he spoke.

But Sewall tore at his collar, ripped away the broad scarf that covered his shirt bosom. His white whiskers moved up and down grotesquely as his mouth opened and closed. But no speech issued from the parted lips.

"'Tis apoplexy ye'll be having, little man," said Cranahan. "Give him a drink of water, some one."

But Sewall waved away the glass that Bernard held out to him.

"The—the fourth crime," he gasped. "And you, John Cranahan, you sent him to me! You're responsible, and——"



"We meet again, Mr. Bernard."

The broad face of Cranahan reddened. "Easy, little man," he said. "The fourth crime, you say; and I'm responsible, eh?"

"Didn't you send Merkle to me? Didn't you telephone me this morning and—" He reached now for the glass of water that he had refused a moment ago. Greedily he drank, careless that some of the liquid spilled upon his immaculate shirt-bosom. The glass dropped from his shaking fingers to the floor, and he pointed the hand that had held it at the president of the club.

"Two hours ago—you telephoned me, Cranahan. You told me that a friend of yours—Samuel Merkle you called him—wanted to invest in Metal Process stock. You wondered if I had any to spare. I offered to sell five hundred shares at two hundred. But I asked why your man didn't buy through his broker. And you said that he was a queer sort of fish—preferred to do all his business privately. Didn't care to buy in the open market. And it was none of my business if the man wanted to pay two hundred for what he could possibly get in the open market at one ninety-eight."

His whiskers seemed to bristle with anger now, and the hand that he pointed at Cranahan grew steadier. "You said that he'd pay me cash—that was more of his queerness, and—I endorsed the certificate over to him and took his money—only an hour ago—and my secretary just telephones me that the bank tells him that the cash is counterfeit, and—I suppose you'll deny telephoning me, John Cranahan! But it won't do you any good. I'll sue——"

"Be quiet, man," cried Cranahan. "Deny it? Of course I deny it! I niver phoned ye to-day." He lifted the message that he had just received. "Does this mean anything in your young life, Sewall?"

A gasp came from Sewall. Around the table ran a murmur of comprehension.

"Then why talk of holding me responsible, Sewall?" demanded Cranahan. "Yourself it was a minute ago that said it was the fourth crime. Settle it among yourselves, the beggar notifies us. H'm!"

Sinsabaugh's quiet chuckle sounded strangely in the tension.

"It seems to me," said the exquisitely-groomed director of the affairs of Generator Power, "that our fellow-clubman, the criminal, has over-reached himself this time. All that Sewall needs do is send out a general notification, to the press and police and the banking and brokerage news services, that the certificate was obtained by fraud, and——"

"Bright lad," grunted Cranahan. "I've always suspected your good looks were nine-tenths of ye, Sinsabaugh. I've done ye an injustice: they're ten-tenths of ye. Don't ye suppose this man Merkle has disposed of the stock by now to an innocent purchaser?"

"Rather quick work, if he's got rid of property worth two hundred thousand in a couple of hours," said Sinsabaugh tartly.

"It *was* quick work," cried Cranahan. "If a man has a perfectly good stock certificate, with a bona-fide signature of the secretary of the company on it—and he brings it to a man that's quietly buying up stock in the concern—myself for instance——"

Sewall's whiskers lost their (*Continued on page 56*)



The Body and the
The Vital Message – III

THE physical basis of all psychic belief is that the soul is a complete duplicate of the body, resembling it in the smallest particular, although constructed in some far more tenuous material. In ordinary conditions these two bodies are intermingled so that the identity of the finer one is entirely obscured. At death, however, and under certain conditions in the course of life, the two divide and can be seen separately. Death differs from the conditions of separation before death in that there is a complete break between the two bodies, and life is carried on entirely by the lighter of the two, while the heavier, like a cocoon from which the living occupant has escaped, degenerates and disappears. It is a vain thing to urge that Science has not admitted this contention and that the statement is pure dogmatism. The Science which has not examined the facts has, it is true, not admitted the contention, but its opinion is manifestly worthless, or at the best, of less weight than that of the humblest student of psychic phenomena. The real Science which has examined the facts is the only valid authority and it is practically unanimous. It is possible to write down fifty professors in great seats of learning who have examined and endorsed these facts, and the list would include many of the greatest intellects which the world has produced in our time. Flammarion and Lombroso, Charles Richet and Russell Wallace, Myers and Lodge and Crookes. Therefore the facts have been indorsed by the only Science that has the right to express an opinion. I have never in my thirty years of experience known one single scientific man who went thoroughly into this matter and did not end by accepting the spiritual hypothesis. Such may exist, but I repeat that I have never heard of him. Let us then with confidence examine this matter of the "spiritual body," to use the term made classical by Saint Paul. There are many signs in his writings that Paul was deeply versed in psychic matters, and one of these is his exact definition of the natural and spiritual bodies in the service which is the final farewell to life of every Christian. Paul picked his words, and if he had meant that man consisted of a natural body and a spirit he would have said so. When he said "a spiritual body" he meant a body which contained the spirit and yet distinct from the ordinary natural body. That is exactly what psychic science has now shown to be true.

When a man has taken hashish or certain other drugs, he not infrequently has the experience that he is standing or floating beside his own body, which he can see stretched senseless upon the couch. So also under anæsthetics, particularly under laughing-gas, many people are conscious of a detachment from their bodies and of experience at a distance. I have myself seen very clearly my wife and children inside a cab while I was senseless in the dentist's chair. Again, when a man is fainting or dying, and his system in an unstable condition, it is asserted in very many definite instances that he can and does manifest himself to others at a distance. These Phantasms of the living which have been so carefully explored and docketed by Messrs. Myers and Gurney, run into hundreds of cases. Some people claim that by an effort of will they can, after going to sleep, propel their own doubles in the direction which they desire and visit those whom they wish to see. Thus there is a great volume of evidence—how great no man can say who has not spent diligent years in exploring it—which vouches for the existence of this inner body which contains the precious jewels of our mind and spirit, leaving only gross animal functions in its heavier companion.

MR. FUNK, who was the compiler of the Standard American Dictionary, narrated a story in point which could be matched from other sources. He told of an American doctor of his acquaintance, and he vouched personally for the truth of the incident. This doctor in the course of a cataleptic seizure in Florida was aware that he had left his body, which he saw beside him. He had none the less preserved his figure and his identity. The thought of some friend at a distance came into his mind, and after an appreciable interval he found himself in that friend's room, halfway across the Continent. He saw his friend and was conscious that his friend saw him. He afterward returned to his own room, stood beside his own senseless body, argued within himself whether he should reoccupy it or not, and finally, duty overcoming inclination, he merged his two frames together and continued his life. A letter from him to his friend explaining matters crossed a letter from the friend in which he told how he had seen him. The incident is narrated in detail in Mr. Funk's "Psychic Riddle."

I do not understand how any man can examine all these instances coming from various angles of approach without recognizing that there really is a second body of this sort, which incidentally goes far to account for all stories, sacred or profane, of ghosts, apparitions and visions. Now, what is this second body and how does it fit into modern religious revelation?

WHAT it is is a difficult question, and yet when Science and imagination unite as Tyndall said they should unite, to throw a searchlight into the unknown, they may produce a beam sufficient to outline vaguely what will become clearer with the future advance of our race. Science has demonstrated that while ether pervades everything, the ether which is actually in a body is different from the ether outside it; "bound" ether is the name given to this, which Fresnel and others have shown to be denser. Now, if this be applied to the human body the result would be that if all that is visible of that body were removed there would still remain a complete and absolute mould of the body formed in bound ether which would be different from the ether around it. This is more solid than mere speculation, but it shows that even the soul may come to be defined in terms of matter and is not altogether "such stuff as dreams are made of."

It has been shown that there is some good evidence for the existence of this second body apart from psychic religion, but to those who have examined that religion it is the center of the whole system, sufficiently real to be recognized by clairvoyants, to be heard by clairvoyants, and even to make an exact impression upon a photographic plate. Of the latter phenomenon, of which I have had some opportunities of judging, I have no more doubt than I have of the ordinary photography of commerce. It had already been shown by the astronomers that the sensitized plate is a more delicate recording instrument than the human retina, and that it can show stars upon a long exposure which the eye never has seen. It would appear that the spirit world is really so near to us that a very little extra help under correct conditions of mediumship will make all the difference. Thus the plate instead of the eye may bring the loved face within the range of vision, while the trumpet acting as a megaphone may bring back the familiar voice where the spirit whisper with no mechanical aid was still inaudible. So loud may the latter phenomenon be that in one case of which I have the record the dead man's dog was so excited at hearing once more his master's voice that he broke his chain, and deeply scored the outside of the séance-room door in its efforts to force an entrance.

Now, having said so much of the spirit body and having indicated that its presence is not vouched for by only one school of thought, let us turn to what happens, according to the observation of clairvoyants on this side and the posthumous accounts of the dead upon the other, at the time of death. It is exactly what we should expect to happen granted the double identity. In a painless and natural process the lighter disengages itself from the heavier, and slowly draws itself off until it stands with the same mind, the same emotions, and an exactly similar body, beside the couch of death, aware of those around and yet unable to make them aware of it, save where that finer spiritual eyesight called clairvoyance exists. How, we may well ask, can it see without the spiritual organs? How did the hashish victim see his own unconscious body? There is a power of perception in the spiritual body which does give the power. We can say no more. To the clairvoyant the new spirit seems like a filmy outline. To the ordinary man it is invisible. To another spirit it would no doubt seem as normal and substantial as we appear to each other. There is some evidence that it refines with time and is therefore nearer to the material at the time of death, or closely after it, than after a lapse of months or years. Hence it is that apparitions of the dead are most clear and most common about the time of death, and hence also no doubt the fact that the cataleptic physician already quoted was seen and recognized by his friend. The meshes of his ether were still heavy with the matter from which they had only just been disentangled.

HAVING disengaged itself from grosser matter, what happens to this spirit body, the precious bark which bears our all in all upon this voyage into unknown seas? Very many accounts have come back to us, verbal and written, detailing the experiences of those who have passed on. The verbal are by trance mediums whose utterance appears to be controlled by outside intelligences. The written from automatic writers whose script is produced in the same way. At these words the critic naturally and reasonably shies with a "What nonsense! How can you control the statement of this medium who is consciously or unconsciously pretending to inspiration?" This is a healthy scepticism and should animate every experimenter who tests a new medium. The proofs must lie in the communication itself. If they are not present then, as always, we must accept natural rather than unknown explanations. But they are continually present and in such obvious forms that no one can deny them. There is a certain professional medium to whom I have sent many mothers who were in need of consolation. I always ask the applicants to report the result to me, and I have their letters of surprise and gratitude before me as I write. "Thank you for this beautiful and interesting experience. She did not make a single mistake about names and everything she said was correct." In this case there was a rift between husband and wife before death. but the medium was able unaided to explain and clear up the whole matter, mentioning the correct circumstances, and names of every one concerned, and showing the reasons for the non-arrival of certain letters, which had been the cause of the misunderstanding. The next case was also one of husband and wife, but it is the husband who is the survivor. He says: "It was a most successful sitting. Among other things I addressed a remark in Danish to my wife (who is a Danish girl), and the answer came back in English without the least hesi-



Spiritual Body

By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

tation." The next case was again of a man who had lost a very dear male friend. "I have had the most wonderful results with Mrs. —— to-day. I cannot tell you the joy it has been to me. Many grateful thanks for your help." The next one says: "Mrs. —— was simply wonderful. If only more people knew, what agony they would be spared." In this case the wife got in touch with the husband, and the medium mentioned correctly five dead relatives who were in his company. The next is a case of mother and son. "I saw Mrs. —— to-day, and obtained very wonderful results. She told me nearly everything quite correctly—a very few mistakes." The next is similar: "We were quite successful. My boy even reminded me of something that only he and I knew." Says another: "My boy reminded me of the day when he sowed turnip-seed upon the lawn. Only he could have known this." These are fair samples of the letters, of which I hold a large number. They are from people who present themselves from among the millions living in London and about whose affairs the medium had no possible normal way of knowing. Of all the very numerous cases which I have sent to this medium I have only had two which have been complete failures, and yet she asks no questions and does not fish for information in any way. On quoting my results to Sir Oliver Lodge, he remarked that his own experience with another medium had been almost identical. It is not an exaggeration to say that our British telephone systems would probably give a larger proportion of useless calls. How is any critic to get beyond these facts save by ignoring or misrepresenting them? Healthy scepticism is the basis of all accurate observation, but there comes a time when incredulity means either ignorance or else imbecility, and this time has been long past in the matter of spirit intercourse.

IN my own case this medium mentioned correctly the first name of a lady who had died in our house, gave several very characteristic messages from her, described the only two dogs which we have ever kept, and ended by saying that a young officer was holding up a gold chain by which I could recognize him. I had lost my brother-in-law, an army doctor, in the war, and I had given him a spade guinea for his first fee, which he always wore on his chain. There were not more than two or three close relatives who knew about this incident, so that the test was a particularly good one. She made no incorrect statements, though some were vague.

I have dwelt upon these results, which could be matched by mediums, to show that we have solid and certain reasons in many cases to say that the verbal reports are not from the mediums themselves. Readers of Arthur Hill's "Psychical Investigations" will find many even more convincing cases. So in the written communications I have in a previous paper pointed to the "Gate of Remembrance" case, but there is a great mass of material which is a channel of communication, fitful and evasive sometimes, but entirely beyond coincidence or fraud. These, then, are the usual means by which we receive psychic messages, though table tilting, ouija-boards, glasses upon a smooth surface, or anything which can be moved by the vital animal-magnetic force already discussed will equally serve the purpose. Often information is conveyed orally or by writing which could not have been known to any one concerned. Mr. Wilkinson has given details of the case where his dead son drew attention to the fact that a curio (a coin bent by a bullet) had been overlooked among his effects. Sir William Barrett has narrated how a young officer sent a message leaving a pearl tie-pin to a friend. No one knew that such a pin existed, but it was found among his things. The death of Sir Hugh Lane was given at a private séance in Dublin before the details of the *Lusitania* disaster had been published. On that morning we ourselves in a small séance got the message, "It is terrible, terrible, and will greatly affect the war," at a time when we were convinced that no great loss of life could have occurred. Such examples are very numerous, and are only quoted here to show how impossible it is to invoke telepathy as the origin of such messages. There is only one explanation which covers the facts.

THEY are what they say they are—messages from those who have passed on, from the spiritual body which was seen to rise from the deathbed, which has been so often photographed, which pervades all religion in every age, and which has been able under proper circumstances to materialize back into a temporary solidity so that it could walk and talk like a mortal, whether in Jerusalem, two thousand years ago, or in the laboratory of Sir William Crookes in Mornington Road, London.

Let us for a moment examine the facts in this Crookes episode. A small book exists which describes them, though it is not as accessible as it should be. In these wonderful experiments Miss Florrie Cook, who was a young lady of 17 or 18 years of age, was repeatedly closed up in Sir William's study, the door being locked on the inside. Here she lay unconscious upon a couch. The spectators assembled in the laboratory which was separated by a curtained opening from the study. After a short interval through this opening there emerged a lady who was in all ways different from Miss Cook. She gave her earth name as Katie King, and she proclaimed herself to be a materialized spirit, whose mission it was to carry the knowledge of immortality to mortals. She was of great beauty of face, figure and manner. She was 4½ inches taller than Miss Cook, fair, whereas the latter was dark, and as different from her as one woman could be from another. Her pulse rate was markedly slower. She became for the time entirely one of the company, walking about, addressing each person present, and taking delight in the children. She made no objection to photography or any other test. Forty-eight photographs of different degrees of excellence were made of her. She was seen at the same time as the medium on several occasions. Finally she departed, saying that her mission was over and that she had other work to do.

Now, what can the fair-minded inquirer say to such a story as that—one of many, but for the moment we are concentrating upon it. Was Sir William Crookes lying? But there were very many witnesses, as many sometimes as eight at a single sitting. And there are the photographs, which include Miss Cook, and show that the two women were quite different. Was he honestly mistaken? But the objections still hold. Read the original narrative and see if you can find any solution save that it is true. Finally ask yourself whether any religious manifestation in the world has had anything like the absolute proof which lies in this one. Cannot the orthodox see that instead of combating such a story, or talking nonsense about devils, they should hail that which is indeed the final answer to that materialism which is their really dangerous enemy. Even as I write my eye falls upon a letter on my desk from an officer who had lost all faith in immortality and become an absolute materialist. "I came to dread my return home, for I cannot stand hypocrisy, and I knew well my attitude would cause some members of my family deep grief. Your book has now brought me untold comfort, and I can face the future cheerfully." Are these fruits from the Devil's tree, O timid orthodox critic?

Were there ever any conscious blasphemers upon earth who have insulted the Deity so deeply as those extremists, be they Calvinist, Roman Catholic, Anglican, or Jew, who pictured with their distorted minds an implacable torturer as the Ruler of the Universe?

The truth of what is told us as to the life beyond can in its very nature never be absolutely established. It is far nearer to complete proof, however, than any religious revelation which has ever preceded it. We have the fact that these accounts are mixed up with others concerning our present life which are often absolutely true. If a spirit can tell the truth about our sphere it is difficult to suppose that he is entirely false about his own. Then again, there is a very great similarity about such accounts, though their origin may be from people very far apart. A series of books which have attracted less attention than they deserve have drawn the coming life in very close detail. Looking over the list of my reading I find besides half a dozen very interesting and detailed manuscript accounts such published narratives as "Claud's Book," purporting to come from a young British aviator; "Thy Son Liveth," from an American soldier, "Private Downing"; "Raymond," from a British soldier; "Do Thoughts Perish?" which contains accounts from several British soldiers and others; "I Heard a Voice," where a well-known K. C., through the mediumship of his two young daughters, has a very full revelation of the life beyond. "After Death," with the alleged experiences of the famous Miss Julia Ames, and many others. Now, the point which must strike any impartial mind is the extreme agreement of these various accounts as to the conditions of spirit life. An examination would show that some of them must have been in the press at the same time, so that they could not have been each inspired by the other. "Claud's Book" and "Thy Son Liveth" appeared at nearly the same time on different sides of the Atlantic, but they agree very closely. "Raymond" and "Do Thoughts Perish?" must also have been in the press together, but the scheme of things is exactly the same. Surely the agreement of witnesses must here, as in all cases, be accounted as a test of truth. They differ only, as it seems to me, when they deal with their own future, including speculations as to reincarnation, etc., which may well be as foggy to them as it is to us.

OF all these accounts the one which is most deserving of study is "Raymond." This is so because it has been compiled from several famous mediums working independently of each other, and has been checked and chronicled by the man who is not only one of the foremost scientists of the world but has also had a unique experience of the precautions necessary for the observation of psychic phenomena. The bright and sweet nature of the young soldier upon the other side and his eagerness to tell of his experience is also a factor which will appeal to those who are already satisfied as to the truth of the communications. For all these reasons it is a most important document—indeed, it would be no exaggeration to say that it is one of the most important in the world's history. It is, as I believe, an authentic account of the life in the beyond, and it is often more interesting from its sidelights and reservations than for its actual assertions, though the latter bear the stamp of absolute frankness and sincerity. In a later article I will define more precisely what this teaching is, and show how amazing an addition has been made to our knowledge.

THE STORY: Jocelyn Thew, who has consistently fooled the Secret Service of two continents [illegible] to Secret Service men at Halifax, stealing the box with broken seals, which is supposed to hold [illegible] papers. So he lures with a fake message James Crawshay, of the English, and Hobson of the American Service, to Chicago, where they learn rather late of the fake. At that very hour Thew is in New York, planning to leave his companion conspirator, Norah, behind and to sail for England in less than twenty-four hours. In [illegible] Katharine Beverley, making the strange request that she sail the next day on Thew's ship, the *Cast Iron*, to accompany a certain dying man to England as his special nurse. She is under obligations to Thew and consents. Thew, with the sick man, attended by Katharine and a doctor, is safely aboard ship and out of sight of land, when a seaplane appears and puts Crawshay aboard. The detective begins at once to investigate Thew's activities, and discovers him using the wireless to get in touch with the German [illegible]. Crawshay leaves the ship, but the German leaves in sight and pursues them till they make good their escape. Katharine's patient dies. Crawshay has every one on board searched, and finds, to Katharine's own surprise, a sealed box in her trunk. When the box is opened, it reveals only blank papers. Crawshay follows Thew to London, where he learns that the documents have been smuggled in with the dead man. Norah reappears. Crawshay calls in more secret service men and settles down to a new campaign, which begins with a dinner invitation to Katharine.



The Box with

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

KATHARINE BEVERLEY'S table was in a quiet corner, and she sat with her back to the window, but even under such circumstances the change in her during the last few days was noticeable. There was a frightened light in her eyes, her cheeks were entirely colorless, her hands seemed almost transparent. Such a change in so short a time seemed almost incredible. Crawshay found himself unable to ignore it.

"I am very sorry to see you looking so poorly," he observed sympathetically. "I am afraid the shock of your voyage across the Atlantic has been too much for you."

"I am terribly disturbed," she confessed. "I am disappointed, too, in Mr. Thew. One hates to be made use of so flagrantly."

"You really knew nothing, then, until those things were discovered in your stateroom?"

"That question," she replied, "I am not going to answer."

"But the main part of the plot?" he persisted, "the bandages?"

"Doctor Gant never allowed me to touch them. That is what I found so inexplicable—what first set me wondering."

"The whole scheme was very cleverly thought out," Crawshay pronounced, "but if you will forgive my repeating a previous speculation, Miss Beverley, the greatest mystery about it all, to me, is how you, Miss Katharine Beverley, whose name and reputation in New York stand so high, were induced to leave your work, your social engagements and your home, at a time like this, when your country really has claims upon you, to act as ordinary sick nurse to a New York clerk of humble means who turns out to have been nothing but the tool of Jocelyn Thew."

"I am still unable to explain that," she told him.

He realized the state of tension in which she was and suddenly abandoned the whole subject. He spoke of the theaters, asked of her friends in town, discussed the news of the day, and made no further allusion of any sort to the mystery which surrounded them. It was not until after they had been served with their coffee in the lounge that he reverted to more serious matters.

"Miss Beverley," he said, "for your own sake I am exceedingly unwilling to leave you like this. I may seem to you to be an inquisitor, but believe me, I am a friendly one. I cannot see that you have anything to lose in being frank with me. I wish to help you. I wish to relieve the anxiety from which I know that you are suffering. Give me your confidence."

"You ask a very difficult thing," she sighed.

"Difficult but not impossible," he insisted. "I can quite understand that your discovery of the fact that you had been made use of to assist in the bringing to England of treasonable documents is of itself likely to be a severe shock to you, but, if you will permit me to say so, it is not sufficient to account for your present state of nerves."

"You don't know all that is happening," she replied, in some agitation. "There is a very astute lady detective who has a room near mine, and a man who shadows me every time I come in or go out. I am expecting every moment that the manager will ask me to leave the hotel."

"That is all very annoying, of course," he acknowledged sympathetically, "and yet I believe that at the back of your head there is still something else troubling you."

"You are very observant," she murmured.

"In your case," he replied, "close observation is scarcely necessary. Why, it is only four days since we left the steamer, and you look simply the wreck of yourself."

"A great deal has happened since then," she confessed.

He seized upon the admission.

"You see, I was right . . . there is something else! Miss Beverley, I am your friend. You must confide in me."

"It would be useless," she assured him sadly.

"You cannot be sure of that," he insisted. "If this espionage gets on your nerves, I believe that I have influence enough to have it removed, provided that you will let me bring a friend of mine to see you here and ask you a few questions."

She shook her head.

"It is not the espionage alone," she declared. "I am confronted with something altogether different, something about which I cannot speak."

"Is this man Jocelyn Thew connected with it in any way?" he demanded.

She winced.

"Why should you ask that question?"

"Because it is perfectly clear," he continued, "that Jocelyn Thew exercises some sort of unholy influence over you—an influence, I may add, which it is my intention to destroy."

She smiled bitterly.

"If you can destroy anything that Jocelyn Thew means to keep alive," she began.

"Oh, please don't believe that Jocelyn Thew is infallible," he interrupted. "I have had a long experience of diplomatists and plotters and even criminals, and I can assure you that no man breathing is possessed of more than ordinary human powers. Jocelyn Thew has brought it off against us this time, but then, you see, one must lose a trick now and then. It is the next step which counts."

"Oh, the next step will be all right!" she replied, with a hard little laugh. "He has brought his spoils to England, although there must have been twenty or thirty detectives on board, and you won't be able to stop his disposing of them exactly as he likes."

"I don't agree with you," he assured her confidently. "That, however, is not what I want to talk about. You are in a false position. In the struggle which is going on now, your heart and soul should be with us and against Jocelyn Thew."

Her eyes were lit with a momentary terror.

"You don't suppose for a moment," she said, "that my sympathies are not with my own country and our joint cause?"

"I don't," he replied. "On the other hand, your actions should follow upon your sympathies. There is something sinister in your present state. I want you to tell me just what the terror is that is sitting in your heart, that has changed you like this. Jocelyn Thew

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"What licks me, is finding you two over here. Whatever brought you across?"

Broken Seals

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

has some hold upon you. If so, you need a man to stand by your side. Can't you treat me as a friend?"

She softened at his words. For a moment she sat quite silent.

"I can only repeat to you what I told you once before," she said. "If you are picturing Jocelyn Thew to yourself as a blackmailer, or anything of that sort, you are wrong. I am under the very deepest obligations to him."

"But surely," he protested, "you have paid your debt, whatever it was?"

"He admits it."

"And yet the terror remains?"

"It remains," she repeated sadly.

Crawshay meditated for a moment.

"Look here, Miss Beverley," he said, "I have a friend who is chief in this country of a department which I will not name. Will you dine with me to-night and let me invite him to meet you?"

She shook her head.

"It is a very kind thought," she declared, "but I am engaged. Mr. Jocelyn Thew is dining here."

Crawshay's face for a moment was very black indeed. He rose slowly to his feet.

"I know that you mean to be kind," she continued, "and I fear that I must seem very ungrateful. Believe me, I am not. I am simply faced with one of those terrible problems which must be solved, and yet which admit of no help from any living person."

Crawshay's attitude had grown perceptibly stiffer.

"I am very sorry indeed, Miss Beverley," he said, "that you cannot give me your confidence. I am very sorry for my own sake, and I am sorry for yours."

"Is that a threat?" she asked.

"You know the old proverb," he answered, as he bowed over her fingers. "'Those who are not on my side are against me.'"

"You are going to treat me as an enemy?"

"Until you prove yourself to be a friend."

AT a quarter to eight that evening, a young man who had made fitful appearances in the lounge of Claridge's Restaurant for the last half-hour, went to the telephone and rang up a certain West-End number.

"Are these Mr. Crawshay's rooms?" he asked.

"Mr. Crawshay speaking," was the reply.

"Brightman there?"

Crawshay turned away from the telephone and handed the receiver to the detective.

"What news, Henshaw?" the latter inquired.

"Miss Beverley dines at her usual table, sir, at eight o'clock," was the reply. "The table is set for three."

"For three?" Brightman exclaimed.

"For three?" Crawshay echoed, turning from the sideboard, where he had been in the act of mixing some drinks.

"You are quite sure the third place isn't a mistake?" Brightman asked.

"Quite sure, sir," was the prompt reply. "I am acquainted with one of the head waiters here, and I understand that two gentlemen are expected."

"Anything else?"

"Nothing, sir. Miss Beverley sent away two parcels this afternoon, which were searched downstairs. They were quite unimportant."

"I shall expect to hear from you again," Brightman directed, "within half-an-hour. If the third person is a stranger, try and find out his name."

"I'll manage that all right, Mr. Brightman. The young lady has just come down. I'll be getting back into the lounge." . . .

Brightman turned around to Crawshay, who was in the act of shaking the cocktails.

"A third party," he observed.

"Interesting," Crawshay declared—"very interesting! Perhaps the intermediary. It might possibly be Dr. Gant, though."

The detective shook his head.

"Three-quarters of an hour ago," he said, "Doctor Gant went into Gatti's for a chop. He was quite alone and in morning clothes."

Crawshay poured out the amber-colored liquid which he had been shaking into a frosted glass, handed it to his companion and filled one for himself.

"Here's hell to Jocelyn Thew, anyway!" he exclaimed, with a note of real feeling in his tone.

"If I thought," Brightman declared, "that drinking that toast would bring him any nearer to it, I should become a confirmed drunkard. As it is, sir—my congratulations! A very excellent mixture!"

He set down his glass empty and Crawshay turned away to light a cigaret.

"No," he decided, "I don't think that it would be Dr. Gant. Jocelyn Thew has finished with him all right. He did his job well and faithfully, but he was only a hired tool. Speculation, however, is useless. We must wait for Henshaw's news. Perhaps this third guest, whoever he may be, may give us a clue as to Jocelyn Thew's influence over Miss Beverley."

The telephone rang a few minutes later. Crawshay this time took up the receiver, and Brightman the spare one which hung by the side. It was Henshaw speaking.

"Miss Beverley has just gone in to dinner," he announced. "She is accompanied by Mr. Jocelyn Thew and a young officer in the uniform of a flight commander."

"What is his name?" Crawshay asked.

"I have had no opportunity of finding out yet," was the reply. "I believe that he is staying in the hotel, and he seems to be on very intimate terms with Miss Beverley."

"On no account lose sight of the party," Crawshay directed, "and try and find out the young officer's name. Wasn't he introduced to Jocelyn Thew?"

"Not a bit of it," was the prompt reply. "They shook hands very much like old friends."

"Go back and watch," Crawshay directed. "I must know his name. The sooner you can find out the better. I want to get away within a few minutes if I can."

They left the instrument. Crawshay, who seemed a little nervous, took a cigaret from an open box which he passed across to his companion, and strolled up and down the room for a few moments with his hands in his pockets.

"A young officer," he remarked, "presumably English, known to both Miss Beverley and Jocelyn Thew, seems rather a puzzle. He may be the connecting link. I hope to goodness your man won't be long, Brightman."

"Are you in a hurry?" the detective asked.

Crawshay nodded.

"I want to get round to the Savoy," he announced.

Brightman smiled slightly.

"Were you thinking about the young lady, sir?" he asked.

"I thought it might be useful to renew my acquaintance with her," Crawshay explained, a little laboriously. "I shouldn't think she'd go out alone."

"She has probably made some friends by this time," Brightman observed.

Crawshay dropped his eyeglass and polished it.

"From my experience of the young lady," he said,

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"Are you a spy?" Beverley asked him hoarsely. "Your sister," Jocelyn Thew replied, "is waiting for us."

a little stiffly, "I should think it improbable. I happened to meet her twice in New York and she struck me as being an extraordinarily well-behaved and, in her natural way, very attractive person."

"Do you suppose that she came to Europe after Jocelyn Thew?" Brightman asked.

"Oh, confound Jocelyn Thew!" Crawshay replied. "I should think it most unlikely. You and I have both seen the man's *dossier*. Most cold-blooded person alive."

The telephone broke in once more upon their conversation. Crawshay took up the receiver. It was Henshaw speaking.

"I made a mistake about the uniform, sir," he announced. "The young man is in the Canadian Flying Corps and he is the young lady's brother. He is called Captain Beverley."

"Her brother!" Crawshay exclaimed.

"The connecting link!" Brightman murmured.

MEANWHILE the little dinner at Claridge's, of which sketchy tidings were being conveyed to the two occupants of Crawshay's flat by Henshaw, was settling down, so far as the two men were concerned, into a cheery enough meal. There had been a little strangeness at first, but Jocelyn Thew's hearty welcome of his young friend, and his genuine pleasure at seeing him, had quickly broken the ice. Katharine, however, although she had a shade more color than earlier in the day, had sometimes the air of a *Banquo* at the feast. She listened almost feverishly to Jocelyn Thew whenever he seemed inclined to turn the conversation into a certain channel, and she watched her brother a little anxiously as the waiter filled up his glass, unchecked, every few minutes. The likeness between the two was apparent enough, although marked by certain differences. Beverley was tall, of exceedingly powerful build, and with a fresh, strong face, which would have been remarkably attractive but for the weak mouth and the slightly puffy cheeks.

"I can't conceive anything more fortunate than this meeting," Jocelyn Thew declared, as he inspected the cigars which had been brought round to him with the air of a connoisseur. "Quite an extraordinary coincidence, too, that you should turn up in London on five days' leave, the very day that your sister arrives from the States. Tell me, are you right up at the Front?"

"Right beyond it, most days," was the cheerful reply. "We spend most of our time over the German lines."

"Lucky fellow!" Jocelyn Thew sighed. "You are getting now what a few years ago one had to defy the law for—real, thrilling sensations. It's a life for men, yours."

The young man's hand shook a little as he raised his glass. He looked toward Jocelyn Thew almost appealingly.

"It's a splendid life," he assented, talking rapidly and with the air of one who wishes to stifle conversation. "I had hard work to get my wings, but I guess I'm all right now. The engine part of it never gave me any trouble, but I suffered from a kind of sickness the first few times I went up. It is a gorgeous sensation, flying. The worst of it is we never know when those cunning Germans aren't coming out with something fresh. They stung us up last week with a dozen planes of an entirely new pattern, two-hundred-and-fifty-horsepower engines on a small frame. Gee, they gave some of our elderly machines a touching up, I can tell you!"

"So you fly over the German lines most days, eh?" Jocelyn Thew ruminated.

"We dropped a few thousand copies of the President's speech last Monday," the young man told them. "That ought to give them something to think about. They only know just what they are told. The last batch of prisoners that were brought in firmly believed that one of their armies had landed in England and that London was on the point of falling."

"All war," Jocelyn Thew said didactically, "is carried on under a cloud of misconception."

The young man stretched himself out. He had dined well and his courage was returning. He asked a question which up till then he had felt inclined to shirk.

"What licks me," he declared suddenly, "is finding you two over here. What ever brought you across, Katharine?"

There was a brief silence. Katharine seemed uncertain how to answer. It was Jocelyn Thew who took up the challenge.

"A little over a fortnight ago," he explained, "I called upon your sister in New York. I begged her to perform a certain service for me. She consented. The execution of that service brought her across from New York on board the *City of Boston*."

"But have you two been seeing anything of one another, then? You never mentioned Thew in any of your letters, Katharine?"

"Your sister and I have not met since a certain memorable occasion," Jocelyn Thew replied.

The young man shivered and drained his glass.

"What was this service?" he inquired.

"Your sister played sick nurse upon the steamer to a person in whom I was interested, and who was operated upon in her hospital," Jocelyn Thew explained. "He was an Englishman, and very anxious to reach his own country before he died."

"I can't quite catch on to it," Beverley admitted.

Jocelyn Thew glanced carelessly around. His manner was the reverse of suspicious, but he only resumed his speech when he was sure that not even a waiter was within hearing.

"It happened to form part of an important plan of mine," he said, "that a man who was dangerously ill should be brought over to England without raising any suspicion as to his *bona fides*. I made use of your sister's name and social position to ensure this. There has been, as I think you have often acknowledged, Beverley, a debt owing from you to me. Half of that debt your sister has paid."

"You haven't been getting Katharine mixed up in any crooked business?" her brother demanded excitedly.

"Your sister ran no risk whatever," Jocelyn Thew assured him. "She performed her share of the bargain excellently. It is just possible," he continued, with a glint of fire in his eyes and a peculiar, cold emphasis creeping into his words, "that it may fall to your lot to wipe out the remainder of the debt."

Beverley moved in his chair uneasily.

"You will remember," he (*Continued on page 58*)

Red and Yellow

What Would You have Done?-III

By Frederic Arnold Kummer

Illustrated by Clarence F. Underwood

THE tawdry music of the dance-hall drifted over the beer-soaked tables and their occupants, acrid and ill-flavored as the tobacco smoke through which it pulsed.

In the center of the room a girl was dancing—a young girl, with thin white shoulders and neck, heavily rouged cheeks and a set, ironic smile. Her costume did not extend very far in either direction from her slender waist; and, despite its tinseled finery, was painfully tawdry.

She danced alone, a wriggling travesty upon some savage invocation, the raw, sensuous appeal of which was intensified, rather than diminished, by the wisps of clothing which hung about her fragile figure.

Many men, a few women, sat about the room, applauding her efforts to appeal to their jaded passions. In spite of the near-beer and other supposedly "soft" concoctions which were being served, most of the patrons of the place were not as sober as might be hoped by any earnest worker for National Prohibition.

At one of the tables a man sat alone, watching the girl with dull yet admiring eyes. He was a young man, with a strong jaw, a great shock of red hair and a splendidly muscled torso. His face, ruggedly handsome, bore no kinship to the drink-sodden countenances of the men and women about him. His clothing was faded, his shoes worn, and yet he seemed out of place among these creatures of the underworld. As he watched the girl he puffed a succession of cheap cigarets.

Presently the dancer stopped, amid a crackle of applause and came slowly down the row of tables. The spirit which had upheld her during the dance was gone; she seemed tired, listless. As she passed, many of the men addressed vulgar compliments to her, which she appeared not to hear. There was no effort on her part to avoid hearing them; apparently they were as usual, as unescapable, as the raw tobacco smoke which choked the room.

The young man with red hair gave her a pleasant nod.

"Sit down, won't you," he said, "and have a drink?"

At almost the same instant a man at an adjoining table also addressed her. He was thin-faced and pale, with oily black hair and eyebrows like crescents of jet against his pallid skin. On one of the fingers of his left hand he wore a large yellow diamond.

"Come here, kid," he commanded. "I got something to say to you."

The girl stopped, hesitated for a moment, then sat down at the table occupied by the young man with the red hair. The latter signaled to a waiter. The man with the diamond reddened slightly, and those about him became suddenly silent.

"Say—didn't you hear me—youse?" he demanded, his voice like thin-drawn wire.

The girl, who sat with her back to him, made no reply. Only by a slight upward movement of her shoulders did she indicate that she had heard. Her companion, busy with the waiter, did not realize that a sudden vacuum had been created about him by the drawing back of those nearest at hand. A woman at his left upset her chair as she rose.

"Beat it!" she shrilled. "Duck, everybody! Benny's pullin' his gat!"

The man with the diamond had risen to his feet with a quick, feline bound. One of his hands closed roughly, crushingly, upon the girl's thin shoulder; the other fluttered to his hip.

"Come over here, damn you!" he snapped. "When I speaks to a skirt——"

The girl's companion raised his reddened eyes. A look of comprehension dawned in them. He pushed back his chair, stumbled to his feet, his gaze fixed upon the woman's quivering shoulder. The dark young man's hand shot forward, in it an automatic pistol. His glance played about his opponent's face like quicksilver.



"What would marriage be like with such a woman?"

The latter, in rising, had betrayed a certain clumsiness, a drunken stolidity, which was deceptive. Without warning his left arm leaped up with the speed of an express train, and the young man with the diamond spun backward clear across the table he had just left. The pistol was discharged; a trickle of plaster from the ceiling showed where the bullet had struck.

There was a tangle of oaths, a quick forward surge of the crowd. A beer bottle in the hands of a waiter splintered dully upon the young man's red head; it was crimson by the time he had sprawled across the table beneath him. The girl spread protecting arms and shoulders above his own.

"Let him alone!" she cried fiercely. "Let him alone!"

WHEN "Red" Kennedy came out of the fog he found himself gazing straight upward at a cracked and dirty ceiling across which the afternoon sun was spreading hesitating flecks of gold. He watched the rippling sunlight stupidly for a long time, wondering at the grinding pain that wrapped his head and shoulders in a mantle of fire. From some remote point beyond the brown wooden footboard of the bed came sounds—the tinkle of china and glass, soft footfalls, the plash of running water. Slowly the shreds of memory began to knit themselves together; there had been a woman, a man with a pistol—he painfully raised his head until he could peer across the footboard of the bed. A girl, slender, almost thin, wearing a frayed dressing-gown, stood with her back to him, apparently cooking something on a gas stove. There was a fragrance of coffee in the air.

"Hello!" he gasped, and fell back on the pillow.

The girl swept to his side with a glad cry.

"You've come to, have you?" she exclaimed. "Cheers! I was getting worried about you."

"Who are you?" asked Red, with a faint smile. He remembered vaguely having seen her somewhere before.

"Me? Oh, I'm Mamie—Mamie Jones. Don't you remember—last night?"

"I—sort of." Again he essayed to smile.

"Well, you'd oughta. Benny Tonino—'Benny the Wop,' they calls him, he's head of the Sullivan Street gang—tried to get fresh with me and you hit him—say, kid, that sure was some uppercut—and then Flatfoot Sam, the singing waiter, soaked you on the bean with a beer bottle, and—here you are."

"But—how did I get here?"

"Clancy—he runs the joint—threw you out. There was a cab in front—yours, maybe, so I got the cabman—he was all right, that cabman—to drive you here and help me get you upstairs. Some job, too. You ain't any lightweight." She gazed admiringly at the young man's arms and shoulders.

"Where's here?" he inquired, feeling his head.

"My apartments at the Pazazza." She swept him a mock bow. "The servants is all out for the afternoon, so I'm doing the housework myself for a change. Have some eggs?" She went to the gas stove.

"I wouldn't mind some coffee," replied Red, heaving himself to a sitting position in spite of his pain. "Wonder if my skull is fractured?"

"It is not. I got the dago doc. who's tending the

kid across the hall to give you the once-over. He fixed you up. 'Scalp wound,' he said, 'with a slight concussion of the brain.' Nothing serious, with an ivory dome like yours. Here, drink this." She brought him a cup of coffee.

"Say," said Red, after a satisfying gulp, "you're mighty good to me. What's the idea?"

"Why wouldn't I be? Look what you did to the Wop." She gazed at him with quizzical eyes. "What was you doing in Clancy's, anyway? That ain't no sight-seeing joint."

"You wouldn't understand." He sipped his coffee reflectively.

"Try me and see. It ain't all bone." She mockingly rapped her knuckles against the side of her head.

"All right," he laughed. "Here goes for the story of me life. Once I was a clerk in a grocery store."

"No." She laughed at this. "With them shoulders? Come again."

"Fact." He gazed down at his muscular arms. "I didn't know I had 'em, until I got drafted into the army. Just weighing out tea and crackers, pickles and cheese, all day long. Some life." He grunted disgustedly.

"Kinda got on your nerves, eh?"

"It didn't use to. Not before I was drafted. Everything seemed all right, then. I'd never been anywhere, seen anything. Just went to the store, every day, and played pool, evenings, took in the movies, called on a girl. You know—just the way we all did, before the war. Took life easy, I guess. I wasn't worried. Everything just sort of slid along. Then came camp, and the work and all, and after that, going across—England—France—I began to see things. Out in the open. Everything big. Everybody doing big things. Began to put on weight, too—got strong as a horse." He held up a brawny arm. "Never had any muscle to speak of, before. Flabby. Well, a year of that—year and a half, nearly, all together, and I felt as if I'd been born over again. Felt as if I could lift the Woolworth Building. Got to be a corporal, too. Say, you ought to see me drive those guys, trench digging, cleaning up busted villages—all that. I got so doing things like that was meat and drink to me. Just came natural. Never knew there was so much fun in it before. And then—back to the grocery store. Yes, they kept my job open for me. Weighing out that darned butter and cheese all day. Two months, I stood it, and then one day I blew up. Just took a deep breath, pitched the starch scoop into the pickle barrel and walked out. They thought I was crazy, I guess, but—my God—I couldn't stand it any longer—couldn't get my breath. I was suffocating—had to have air. Well, I got it."

"I see." The girl nodded her head sagely. "I was raised in the country myself. What did you do then?"

"Went out to look for a job." The young man frowned. "I'm still looking."

"You mean you couldn't find one."

"Sure I couldn't. The Government people wouldn't do anything. Said I had my place kept for me and if I didn't choose to hang on to it, it wasn't their lookout. Maybe they were right, at that. So I went around to contractors, builders—heard they were looking for men. Well, they weren't. Laying 'em off. Wages too high, they said. I tell you it's hell—half the people in town so rich they have to sit up nights thinking how to spend their money—the other half starving. No wonder they're talking this Bolsheviki business—Reds. I'm thinking about joining them. That's what they always called me—Red." He felt his mop of ruddy hair.

"Nonsense." The girl poured him another cup of coffee. "There ain't nothing in that stuff."

"Why not?" His expression became suddenly grim. "Didn't I go over there and fight—offer my life—go through hell, just so these rich ducks over here'd have their money to spend, and a place to spend it in? Didn't I help make the world safe for democracy? Well, that means me, don't it, along with the rest? What do I get out of it? What if we made it safe for aristocracy, instead of democracy? I'm not looking to grab anybody's roll. All I ask is a chance to work, and I can't get it. And I've got a right to it. Some day, when a lot of us fellows get together, we'll stop begging for jobs and take 'em, take 'em the way we took them German trenches—with the bayonet. What right have those fat grafters got to sit back here, safe as a church, making money out of this war, sticking up prices so a poor man can't get food to eat, while they ride around in silk-lined limousines and get fat? You think I went over there to fight for them? Not much. I got to eat, too."

The girl sat on the side of the bed. The ironic smile in her eyes had disappeared.



"A girl was dancing—a young girl with thin white shoulders."

"Sure you have," she said, "but what's all that got to do with your being in Clancy's?"

"Don't you see? I was down to my last couple of dollars, so I just started out to—oh, just to raise hell, I guess. Got sort of disgusted with life. You know."

"Yes—I know. I get that way myself, sometimes. Dancing in Clancy's ain't no bed of roses. That Wop's been after me for a couple of weeks." She grew suddenly serious, a queer wisp of a figure, her eyes preternaturally large against her unpainted cheeks. "Swore he'd get me, just because nobody else down there could, I guess. I ain't much on mixing with that bunch at Clancy's. Take a drink sometimes, yes, when I'm tired. Ginger ale—that sort of stuff, but that lets me out. You see, I had a husband, not long ago. He got blown up in that big explosion down near Amboy. The shell works—you know. I was on the stage, once, before we got married. Knew how to dance a little. Just drifted down to Clancy's."

Red's expression hardened.

"So your husband lost *his* life, did he, working for that 'safe for democracy' thing? And that's all *you* get out of it. Dancing in Clancy's. I should think you'd be a Red, too."

The girl turned to him, her eyes glowing. The sunlight touched her tumbled brown hair with flecks of gold, revealed an ethereal, almost Madonna-like purity in the pale curves of her cheeks and throat. When she spoke her voice trembled.

"You got this thing all wrong, boy," she said. "Nobody can give you work if there ain't any work to give. That 'Red' stuff is bunk, take it from me. You can't make things right that way. If you think you can, look at Russia. I ain't no shark on these things, but I can see what's wrong, all the same. Prices can't come down till labor comes down, and labor can't come down till prices come down, and a blind man could see they've both got to come down, before things get right again. I know there's a lot of grafters soaking the public for food and clothes and all that, and you got a right to be sore, but it's the Government's job to fix those things, and if the Government can't do it, then everything you've been fighting for's a lie, and the good old U. S. A. and the flag and all the rest of it goes into the discard. The way I look at this democracy thing, it means a government by the people, the way Lincoln said, but it don't mean anarchy. You make the mistake of thinking labor's the whole show. It ain't. All the labor in the world couldn't build the Brooklyn Bridge if there wasn't the brains to plan, direct it. I know you think the Government can do that, but what difference does it make, whether your boss is a Government official or a private one? He's got to get paid, just the same. And he's got to be smarter than you, or he wouldn't be there. When I hear this bunk about all men being born free and equal it gives me a laugh. They're not. Some are smart and some are boneheads, some have got pep and some are dead ones, and you can't change it by making laws about it. Might as well pass a law that all the apples in a barrel should be good ones, when you know a lot of them are bound to be rotten. Just grew that way. Everybody can't be at the top, and believe me, boy, it would be a bum sort of a world if everybody was pulled down to the bottom the way you fellows want to do. Civilization ain't right—it's sick—I know that—let's try to cure it, not kill it. You just forget this Red stuff—it won't get you anywhere—and pitch in and do your part to get things straightened out again. Don't worry about what the other fellow is doing, or isn't doing—just do your part. Get me?"

"I only wish I knew what my part was," said Red, sullenly.

"Well, for one thing, you got to get a job, and work at it. Not just enough to get by—really work—make yourself needed, so they'll have to pay you good money, whether they want to or not. That's the kind of a man that wins out. You say you want to work out in the open. Why don't you get away from New York? You'll have a better chance." A wistful smile crossed her face. "I wouldn't mind trying it myself, for a change. Guess if I stick around here that Wop'll get me—with his gun, I mean. That's the only way he could."

"Why don't you go back home?" Red asked. "You say you were raised in the country."

"Maybe I will. I got a sister, married, lives in a little one-horse town up the river. She's all I got. It ain't a bad town. I was born there. You know the kind—one long street, with a bank and a drug store, and a bum hotel, and a big shale-brick works that keeps the place going. My brother-in-law—that's my sister Katie's husband—works there. Runs a steam shovel. Maybe he could get you a job."

Red Kennedy felt the strips of sticking-plaster on his head.

"Say, kid," he exclaimed, with a boyish smile, "what's the matter with you and me beating it for that tank town and trying our luck? Don't know how I'd get there, though," he added ruefully. "I'm busted. Haven't even got enough to pay for that cab and the doctor."

She brushed his objections aside.

"Forget it," she said. For a time she gazed wist-

fully at the sunshine as it struggled through the dusty window-panes. Suddenly she turned with an air of decision. "I'll go you," she said. "I'll put up the money and you can pay me back. No reason why we shouldn't take the boat to-night, if you're feeling strong enough to travel."

"Me?" Red stuck one of his feet slowly and painfully out the side of the bed, blushing as he realized that he wore only his undershirt and its accompanying nether garment. The remainder of his outfit lay piled neatly on a chair. "Don't look around," he said. "I'm going to get dressed."

"Go as far as you like," laughed the girl, turning to her dishes. "I took 'em off you—if you need any help to get 'em on, just ring the bell."

THE main street of the village, straggling crookedly up from the steamboat landing, was far from inviting, in the dim morning light, but Red was enthusiastic. The smell of the country pleased him, the rows of brick kilns with their towering stacks, lining the bank of the creek for a quarter of a mile, fired his ambitions. This looked like a place where men did things. He wanted to do things, too, and hoped he might have the chance.

Katie, busy with her husband's breakfast, received her sister without enthusiasm. The latter explained Red in a few succinct words.

"My friend Mr. Kennedy," she said, "just back from France. He's looking for a job. Maybe you can do something for him, Tom."

Tom Morrison, he of the steam shovel, rose from his sausages and coffee and gravely shook hands.

"I'll see," he said. "We need a foreman at the shale bank. Farrell's been on a bat for three days. You come along with me, Mr. Kennedy. I'll introduce you to the superintendent."

The shale bank, a great reddish-brown gash through the middle of a low hill, interested Red tremendously. Tom Morrison explained how the steam shovel, with its ponderous arm, ate into the side of the hill like some hungry giant, loading the crumbling rock on to a row of dump cars. The stripping gang went ahead, removing the brown top soil in preparation for the shovel's steel teeth. Half-a-dozen men, foreigners mostly, were standing around, leaning on their picks and shovels. Mr. Hammond, the superintendent, arrived a few moments later and Red was duly presented to him. The two shook hands with the gravity of men engaged in a serious business, and Red explained his mission.

"Ever handle any laborers?" Mr. Hammond asked, sizing up his man.

"In France," Red replied. "I was a corporal. Did a lot of trench work—cleaning up villages—that sort of thing. I got results."

Mr. Hammond allowed his gaze to travel reflectively over the waiting group of laborers. Then he turned to Red.

"I'll try you," he said. "Five a day. Make these wops work." He waved his hand toward the waiting group. "Your job is to keep the breast of the bank clean, ahead of the shovel. And clear up, after it. Twenty cars a day of good fresh rock. Less than that and the dry-pans have to shut down. We got to run to capacity. Government order, for a big foundation job. Hey, Tony"—he called to a muscular Italian who stood leaning against the steel bucket of the shovel—"here's your new boss, Mr. Kennedy. On the job, now." The whistles of the factory, a mile away, boomed up the valley. Red took off his coat and approached the bank ahead of the shovel.

"Dig, you terriers!" he shouted, drawing a great breath of the clean sharp air. They dug.

MAMIE had no intention of living on her sister as an idler. Before a week passed, she had secured a position as waitress in the village hotel. She boarded at her brother-in-law's house, and the few dollars thus added to the family exchequer sensibly increased the warmth of her welcome. Red secured a room across the street.

The anarchistic ideas he had expressed in New York fell from him now that he had work to do. He attacked his problem of twenty carloads of clean rock a day with simple but relentless directness. At the end of the second week Mr. Hammond complimented him. Not only had the dry-pans been amply supplied, but the reserve stock in the mill yard had increased. The stripping gang worked in sullen silence, casting many sidelong glances at the big red-headed foreman, trying to size him up. They did not like him, and Red knew it, but it did not worry him. The gang under him was the nerve-center of the mill; it pleased him to think that unless the steady stream of shale flowed down to the dry-pans, with their ponderous steel grinding wheels, the barges of red-brown brick could not leave the creek on their way down the river in the tow. And the company was under contract to deliver so many thousand brick a week, to keep the busy masons a hundred miles away supplied with material. Talking this phase of the matter over with Tom Morrison, Red began to understand how each unit in the complex industrial fabric depended on every other unit; it awed him, at times, to realize that unless Tony and his gang did their daily task effectively, hundreds of men, so many miles away, would be obliged to throw down their tools. A sense of responsibility grew upon him; he drove his men with a firm hand, determined that in his department, at least, there should be a full day's work for a full day's pay.

He saw Mamie nightly, after supper. There was nothing to do, in the queer little town, but go to a third-rate picture show; they usually preferred to walk along the river, discussing the problems of life, as they saw them, which, in effect, meant discussing each other. Mamie had acquired a new shyness with her red-headed friend. She did not like life, as she now found it—the work at the hotel was hard, the hours long, yet there shone in her face a new happiness, although Red, absorbed in his work, did not perceive it.

She had not returned home uncriticized. There was much talk of her and her affairs among the young men of the village, much wagging of heads among the older ones. A girl who had vanished from her home town to dwell in that sink of iniquity, New York, for four years, only to return with an admirer in her train, could not possibly be a good woman. Perhaps Mamie was not a (*Continued on page 65*)



The dark young man's hand shot forward, in it an automatic pistol.

Why Worry about July 1st?

Most of U.S. has been "Dry" for Years

By Willis J. Abbot

WHEREVER the people have been able to get the real truth about the liquor question they have usually voted to adopt prohibition, and wherever prohibition has had a fair test it has proved successful. The best evidence, and it is conclusive, is the refusal of any prohibition State to go back to license since the passage of the Webb-Kenyon Act allowing the States to pass adequate enforcement measures.

The Anti-Saloon League, which is merely a name for the federated Churches and moral forces united without regard to party or creed, and which was the real driving power that put through prohibition, has no intention of spreading over into other fields.

Having spent a quarter of a century in achieving prohibition, the League will be busy for the next quarter of a century with its program of "Enforce Prohibition in America—Redeem the World from Alcohol."

The Anti-Saloon League, therefore, not only has no intention of undertaking to prohibit tobacco, tea, coffee, etc., but warns the public that the statements to the effect that it entertains such intention are merely a part of the propaganda designed to discredit prohibition of the beverage traffic in alcoholic liquor and calculated to interfere with the enforcement of such prohibition.

The supporters of prohibition who for years submitted to the liquor traffic because it was buttressed in the law which seemed to be supported by a majority, intend, now that the liquor traffic is clearly in the minority, that prohibition shall be enforced and that those who seek to nullify the Prohibition Amendment shall be punished in the same orderly manner that marked the enactment of the Amendment.

William H. Anderson

State Superintendent, Anti-Saloon League of New York.

"THE United States Government," said Attorney-General A. Mitchell Palmer, "is in the habit of enforcing its statutes. We are prepared to enforce the war-time prohibition law if it remains on the statute-books July 1st unaffected by the court proceedings in New York. The Federal amendment becoming effective next January will undoubtedly be enforced by this Department. There is ample time for all necessary legislation before that period."

Opponents of the dry conditions which Congress and the legislatures of forty-five States have decreed shall rule in this country after July 1st profess the utmost confidence that the law will never be enforced. The attitude is a curious one. Neither the fact of prohibiton nor the difficulty of enforcing it is new. Nothing could be stupider than the simulated astonishment of the opponents of prohibition over the ratification of the Federal amendment. Nothing is more fatuously foolish than the complaint that something was "put over" on the people, that a great majority of the citizens of this country are opposed to prohibition, or that it has been put into the Constitution of the United States after wholly insufficient discussion and consideration.

NO great reform or change in the public policy of the United States has ever been discussed so thoroughly and for so long a period of time as national prohibition. In the presence of such an assertion men's minds naturally turn to the anti-slavery agitation. But the discussion of slavery extended over no such period of years as that of the destruction of the liquor traffic. Nor was the issue ever so clearly joined, nor the debate so specifically directed to a definite end. Anti-slavery agitation was always complicated with the States Rights issue and it was as a step for the destruction of Secession that the slaves were finally made free.

There is nothing of "snap action" about any law for the prohibition of liquor in the United States. In 1808 liquor was recognized as an evil and the first society was formed to combat it. In 1832 Congress prohibited the selling or giving of intoxicants to the Indians. In 1849 Maine first went dry. In 1853 New York itself voted dry, but the law was knocked out in the Court of Appeals. Since then every five years has seen some new milestone on the progress toward national prohibition. Let us discard the theory that anything untried or revolutionary has come upon us.

Nevertheless the problem of enforcement is not going to be an easy one. Prohibition will not be wholly effective for a decade, even if it can ever be made 100 per cent. efficient. The amendment itself is not without ambiguity. The burden of its enforcement is not specifically laid upon any department of the Federal Government. The provision for "concurrent legislation" by Congress and the States leaves room for conjecture as to what would happen in any State that might stubbornly refuse to concur. Federal officials upon whom the duty of enforcing the law falls are earnestly "passing the buck," one to the other, until a dazed public can scarcely tell who shall be held responsible for failure, if failure results. Supplementary and remedial legislation must be had of Congress, but Congress is proverbially dilatory and the moment prescribed by law for making the nation dry is at hand.

And yet intelligent and unprejudiced observers must foresee that the end of it all will be the enforcement of the law. The present opposition to it takes the form either of endeavor to defeat the Constitutional Amendment in the courts, or plans for the violation or evasion of the law or crippling the agencies for its enforcement by means more or less lawless. The former attack, entirely proper in method, will be met entirely by judicial decision. The opponents of the law have financial means to make a determined fight under most expensive counsel. It would be improper to attempt any forecast of the result. But I cannot refrain from citing as pertinent to this effort to declare unconstitutional an amendment ratified by forty-five out of the forty-eight States of the Union this dictum of Mr. Dooley, renowned justice in the Court of Common Sense:

"We don't know, Hinnissy, whether the Constitution follows the flag or not, but we do know that the Soopreme Court follows the election returns."

THE adjudication of the law may safely be left to the courts. What of its enforcement if the courts uphold its constitutionality at every point, and the necessary complementary legislation is generally enacted?

I think it may be accepted as an axiom that the United States Government usually enforces its laws. A Federal indictment is a terror to wrongdoers. Indictment by a State grand jury arouses no such dread. But it may be urged that the Treasury Department has not entirely suppressed smuggling, nor has the Bureau of Internal Revenue put a complete stop to the manufacture of moonshine whisky.

True enough. Individual travelers do constantly smuggle in small objects of foreign manufacture for their own use, and mountaineers still distil moonshine for their own and their neighbors' consumption. But neither smuggling nor illicit distilling is longer possible on a scale that would make it commercially profitable. The two offenses have one point of similarity. Though both are against the law, neither offends the moral sense of all law-abiding citizens. People who profess to revere the law wink at smuggling. People of the same sort now merely smile at the violation of the liquor law by their friends in dry States. Enforcement of the law can never be complete until this form of anarchism has been eradicated from the minds of the better classes by education.

But even while it persists the sale of liquor as a business can be suppressed as smuggling has been suppressed. It has been found that for a few months after the imposition upon a community of enforced abstinence in public, excess in private seems to be the rule. The respectable and prosperous classes among whom the application of the principles of anarchism to any laws affecting their bodily comfort is the rule, make no secret of their systematic and complacent violation of the law.

THE seemingly instinctive feeling that official efforts to detect evasions of a law constitute an unwarrantable invasion of personal liberty is a phenomenon which adds greatly to the difficulty of enforcing it. It is a psychological fact to be reckoned with. Men approving the prohibition law admit that it will be evaded and violated, but assert that all laws, even those against murder, are violated. The analogy, however, is not accurate. Murder, theft, crimes of violence offend naturally the moral sense of men. More than that the commission of one makes each man unconsciously fear that he may be the next victim. Accordingly, not merely the moral sense, but the instinct of self-protection demands the enforcement of the common criminal laws.

As yet the moral revulsion against the use of liquor is not general. Against its abuse in cases of intoxication that repugnance is almost universal, and the drunkard who was joyously hailed as a jolly good fellow a decade ago is barely tolerated now. Against the abuses of liquor selling the protest is widespread, and in those States like Michigan, Colorado and Washington, that have had a chance to vote on the ably advocated "light wine and beer" proposition the pronouncement has been adverse because no way could be found to bring back these largely innocuous beverages without bringing back the saloon at the same time. But even at that the hostility to the use of alcoholic beverages *per se* is not so deep-seated that the average good citizen feels any sense of indignation, or moral aversion, on learning that his neighbor has stocked up his cellar, or purchased one of those handbooks, lately become so popular, which give directions for manufacturing beverages intended to dispel the gloom of a life devoid of alcoholic stimulation.

In time, however, this moral sense will grow; this feeling that even the casual violator of the prohibition law is a menace to the safety of his neighbors even as is the thief or the thug, will be impressed on the consciousness of the community. The man with the well-stocked cellar will be regarded as one who had stocked up with T. N. T., or who, being abnormally deficient in the sense of smell, kept pet skunks in his backyard.

THAT sounds extravagant, exaggerated, I know, but I base this prophecy upon the observed experience of those communities in which prohibition has been in force for a period of years. There are now eighteen cities with populations exceeding 100,000 each—one city, Detroit, with more than a million—that are dry. Most of them had this arid condition forced upon them by the State legislature, or, where the issue was submitted to popular vote, the rural voters overrode the protests of the cities. But in every case, save one, in which a later opportunity was given to the city to throw off in some degree the rigor of the State prohibition law it has voted to stay dry. Denver, Seattle, Tacoma and Portland offer striking illustrations of this rule.

Detroit is thus far the sole exception. Though Michigan repudiated the wine-and-beer amendment, Detroit voted for it. For many reasons this great city affords the best place in which to study the difficulties which are going to attend the enforcement of prohibition throughout the country. A manufacturing city, with a population overwhelmingly of foreign birth or parentage, Detroit has been for a little more than a year under prohibition law.

Everywhere you will hear that even the measure of prohibition thus far enforced has been of enormous economic value. And everybody will tell you that the law is often evaded or violated. Nobody seems to resent these violations, as they would for example if striking workingmen tore up a street-railway track. Nobody apparently thinks less of the millionaire automobile manufacturers whose cellars are said to contain tens of thousands of dollars' worth of liquor. But everybody is wondering whether there will be a State administration plucky enough to enforce against notorious offenders who happen to be wealthy and powerful the recently enacted law which makes the mere possession of liquor a misdemeanor. Men boast of their ability to brew at home beer better than Busch's; domestic stills are openly offered for sale and are said to be steadily operating on the kitchen ranges of hundreds of the foreign-born workingmen. This is a violation of the national statutes of which the Federal Government will doubtless take cognizance. Only recently the Internal Revenue Bureau, moved no doubt by the wide notoriety which this practice of domestic distillation has gained, instructed local

revenue agents to give general currency to the following warning:

The schedule of penalties for various violations is as follows:

For failure to register still, $500 penalty, fine of between $100 and $1,000, and imprisonment of between one month and two years; for making liquor in a community where it is prohibited by local or State laws, tax of $1,000; for violating war-time prohibition, $1,000 fine or one year's imprisonment or both; for making whisky mash or a beer, fine of between $500 and $5,000 and imprisonment of between six months and three years. Beer making comes within the same prohibitions.

This law applies to all communities. It is in nowise dependent upon the Federal prohibition amendment. The machinery for its enforcement is in the hands of the Bureau of Internal Revenue. The responsibility for its enforcement rests upon the head of that bureau. And unless the well-established practice of our Government is at last going to be set aside this law of the United States will be enforced as all others have been. It is not probable that after a few arrests and convictions there will continue any very heavy demand for private stills or instructive handbooks.

THERE will be difficulty about the enforcement of the law, of course. It will necessitate espionage, the invasion of homes, the curtailment of individual liberty. But all these powers are already possessed by the revenue agents. To declaim against them now is merely to assert that because many more people are going to be tempted to violate the law in the immediate future, the provisions for its enforcement against which no one has hitherto complained are thereby made specially obnoxious and indefensible.

I am reminded of the attitude of a very distinguished Detroit Republican, a long-time and nationally prominent advocate of tariff protection, who complained bitterly that the baggage of passengers by boat from Cleveland to Detroit was searched for liquor. When reminded that the baggage of passengers from any Canadian port to Detroit was searched for dutiable articles, he had no better response to make than the assertion that to be suspected of illicit transportation of liquor is more ignominious than to be suspected of smuggling. The response does not carry conviction. Moreover, with national prohibition in force there will be no more "rum-running" from wet States into dry ones. Mexico, and such parts of Canada as may abandon war-time prohibition will be the neighboring centers of liquor manufacture.

For this reason the difficulties which have hitherto attended the enforcement of State prohibition laws cannot be taken as precisely illustrative of what is to be expected when the whole nation is dry, when supplies from outside will be stopped by customs officers, and when all domestic brewing or distilling will be unlawful and can only be conducted by stealth.

In the last few months there have been several occurrences incident to the enforcement of the prohibition law that have shocked public sentiment, and have been diligently exploited by the enemies of prohibition as indicative of the offensive espionage which would attend the operation of the national law. The inference is obviously unfair. National prohibition would avert the particular form of lawlessness for the defeat of which these obnoxious methods have been employed. A dry State surrounded by communities industriously making and eagerly selling intoxicants is in much the position occupied by the border slave States before the war. Slavery could not last when a dash across an imaginary line meant freedom to the slave. Prohibition can scarcely be enforced when it it perfectly legal to sell liquor, perhaps, as in Kansas City, directly across the street from the dry territory.

NONE the less, common decency has occasionally been affronted by the methods of the officials in attempting to enforce the law against the carriage of liquor from wet territory into dry. There is the frequently cited case of the funeral party entering Virginia and compelled by prohibition officials to open the casket and show that it actually contained a dead body. Every instinct of humanity is outraged by such barbarity. But it was to a great degree a case of carelessness on the part of the funeral party who failed to provide evidence of their good faith, and, perhaps over-officiousness on the part of the officials. The incident has been given much wider currency—as it was employed by the liquor interests to inflame public sentiment—than the many well-authenticated cases of the discovery of liquor in coffins being carried into dry States. In one State at least the authorities were incited by liquor agents to stop a *bona fide* funeral to make the law obnoxious.

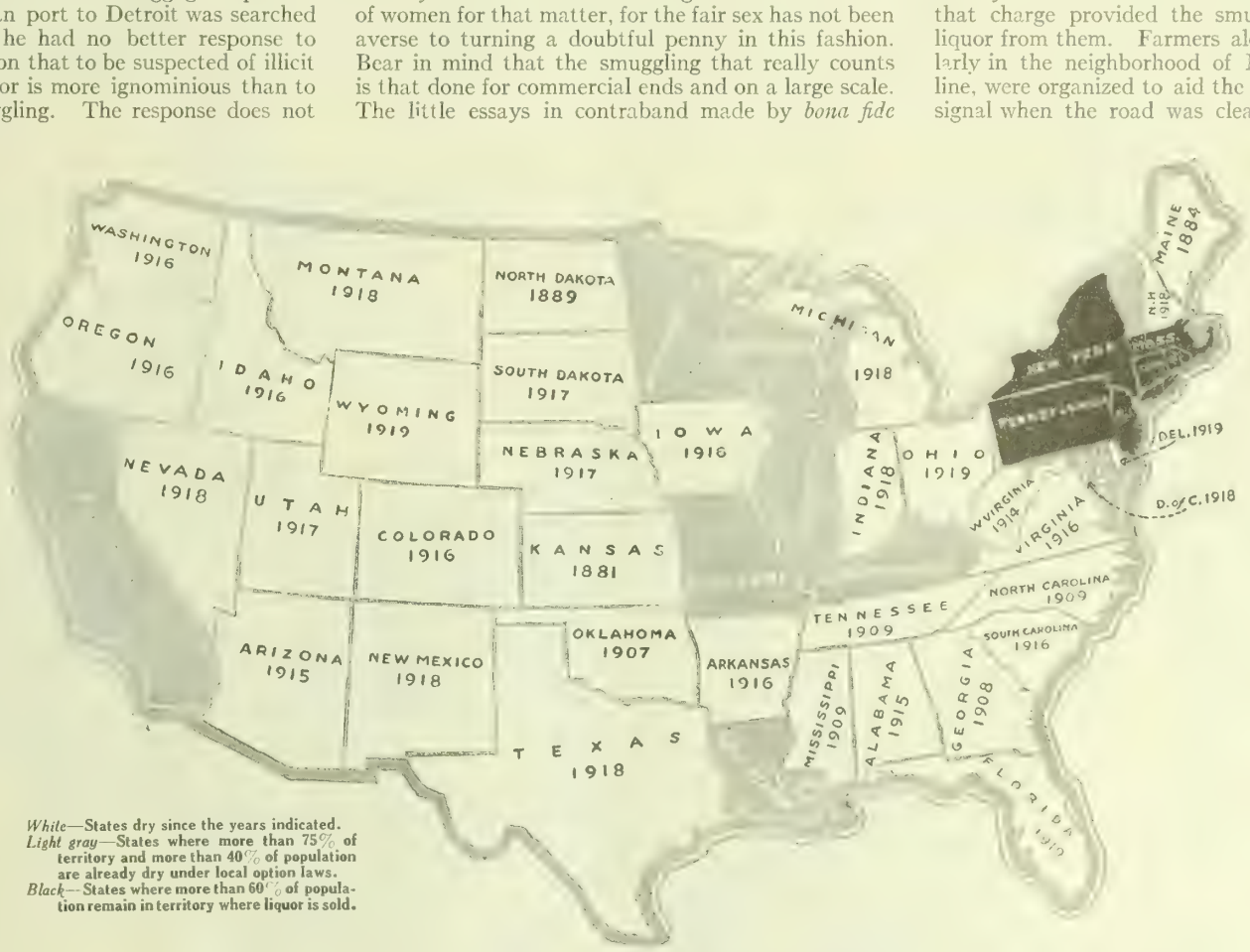
Talleyrand's maxim, "Above all, no zeal," is one that professional prohibitionists almost invariably ignore to their own high discredit. To capture a bottle or two of booze illicitly journeying in a traveler's bag they turn loose upon themselves the wrath of a world keenly responsive to petty invasions of its personal rights. The man living in a State under a prohibition law which he himself helped to enact will be more enraged over a demand that his baggage be searched than he would over the admitted violation of the law by a large part of the community, including his friends.

And the devices which were employed for smuggling whisky into dry States compelled an amount of espionage unknown in the enforcement of any other law.

They are as varied as the imaginations of man—or of women for that matter, for the fair sex has not been averse to turning a doubtful penny in this fashion. Bear in mind that the smuggling that really counts is that done for commercial ends and on a large scale. The little essays in contraband made by *bona fide* travelers to assuage their own or their neighbors' cravings are negligible, although foolish and officious endeavors to enforce the law offensively have usually been directed at the casual offender. The whole country was aroused a few months ago by the action of prohibition agents in Virginia who invaded the privacy of sleeping-car berths, directed the rays of electric torches upon sleeping women, and threatened perfectly law-abiding men with revolvers in their mad search for a bottle or two of contraband liquor. If these agents had been paid to discredit the law they could not have earned their bribe more fully. Relatives of prominent Federal and State officials were thus insulted, and the resultant outcry was heard in high places.

VIRGINIA by its proximity to wet Maryland had seen much of the more dramatic sort of rum-running. Pianos have been neatly filled with tin cans holding whisky; steam radiators have given forth a cheery flow of "budge" when their valves were opened, corpulent colored women crossing the Long Bridge from Washington to the Virginia shore have suddenly shrunken when the ruthless hands of prohibition agents stripped off flasks and rubber bottles concealed underneath their clothing. Innocent kegs of lard when probed have revealed cans of liquor embedded within; extra tires on autos frequently give up red liquor instead of compressed air; putting a keg of rum inside a barrel of vinegar defied detection for a long time as the barrel when tapped gave up nothing but the more innocent fluid at the bunghole.

Michigan being a great automobile State naturally led in adapting the auto to the needs of the rum-runner. A Ford, with an inner tank built into the gasoline reservoir and filled with whisky, was long the favorite device. Greed naturally made the whisky tank so big that there was little room left for gas. That necessitated relay stations along the road from Toledo, O., to Detroit which was the whisky highway. It cost money to fix up a Ford in this fashion, but benevolent whisky men in the Ohio town were willing to meet that charge provided the smuggler would buy his liquor from them. Farmers along the road, particularly in the neighborhood of Monroe, on the State line, were organized to aid the traffic. Some would signal when the road was clear. Others helped to send off the constables on fools' errands, or arranged trails through the woods by which the liquor would be carried over the line while an innocently empty car would be searched at the barrier, only to regain its cargo further along the line. The analogy to the history of slavery appears again. As there was an "underground railroad" in Ohio to help Kentucky slaves to freedom, so there has been an underground road in Michigan to carry Ohio whisky to thirsty throats. For a brief space of time, following a court decision favorable to the smugglers, the Toledo-Detroit road was equaled only in its volume of traffic by the famous highway which carried munitions to Verdun. Its borders were lined with wrecked autos, the highway itself was crowded with cars heavy laden with rum. Meanwhile the banks of both Detroit and Toledo reported that the Liberty bonds and thrift stamps held by workingmen were being thrown on the bargain counter in increasing quantities to furnish money for the purchase of liquor.



White—States dry since the years indicated.
Light gray—States where more than 75% of territory and more than 40% of population are already dry under local option laws.
Black—States where more than 60% of population remain in territory where liquor is sold.

"There are already 33 'dry' States in which the machinery for enforcing the prohibition law is operative; even in the 15 States classed as 'wet' a great part of the territory has been dry under local option laws."

Vigorously and unremittingly, for twenty years, the Hearst Organization, through its great newspapers, has opposed Whisky and strong drink. Most of all, it has fought for the abolition of the Saloon. At the same time, in the interests of the great majority, it has advocated always a temperate viewpoint in the matter of light wines and beers. But the time for any compromise has passed. Our country has embarked on the prohibition experiment, and, having done so, will give that experiment full and fair trial.

THE eagerness of the "rum-runners" to violate the law has resulted in cases of homicide both in Virginia and in Michigan. Smugglers operating high-power cars dash at a reckless pace along the highways, giving no heed to (*Continued on page 77*)

So I Married Dan

The "Wild Goose" of a Lonely Woman

OVER and over before my marriage I made the remark to my intended husband that "if ever there was any infidelity in the family it would not be my doing." Such was my faith in myself.

In a vague way I knew that I didn't love Dan in the way I had idealized from childhood. But after six years' contact with the world in earning my own living my ideals were somewhat shattered; I was in a chaotic state of mind and unable to work any longer without a rest. Also my family were constantly urging me to marry Dan, showing that they had no desire to give me the rest I needed.

At this time I was twenty-two. Dan had been in constant attendance for four and a half years, was really my first serious beau, and had given me no opportunity to meet other men.

Dan had a little money—several thousand in cash and as much or more in property. I had very high ideals about the financial standing between husband and wife and aired them freely before my marriage, Dan cheerfully agreeing with me on every viewpoint. My own father died when I was a child, so I had no one to whom I could go—my mother and brother showing only too plainly their anxiety to be rid of me.

So I married Dan.

On our wedding trip I was taught to "sit up and take notice."

I was his wife now.

At every turn I felt the cold hand of authority closing about me.

My husband is ten years older than I, has traveled everywhere, both in Europe and the Orient. I had always lived in a small town and my one dream was to go to the nearest city, several hundred miles distant from my home. And I thought that my husband, because he had traveled a great deal, was the one person to show me about.

I had just as well have remained at home. We stayed in a little second-rate rooming-house; I never saw the inside of a theater other than a picture show; nothing sweller than a basement restaurant, and I was dragged past every cabaret on the run, although he knew it was the one dream of my life to enter one. Nor did I get to take one of the sight-seeing trips, though I knew every place of interest in the city by heart, having read of them in the papers and magazines.

Please note here and now that I was a business girl and not the frivolous sort who cares for nothing else but a good time. But I had worked for years, had been practically deprived of "life," and I longed for it with all my heart and soul. For a very few dollars I could have seen everything I wished.

Then and there I mentally registered the fact that some day I would go to a city and when I did I wouldn't take my husband with me.

Upon my return home I entertained my friends in my husband's presence with a flowery account of all the wonderful places we had seen and visited.

The first suit I bought after my marriage I paid for in bitter tears. I hated it ever after.

The end of six months' married life brought me the knowledge of coming motherhood. I was very happy, because I adore children. Upon sharing my secret with my husband, he flew into a rage saying "we could not afford a child."

I was miserable.

Please don't misunderstand—my husband loves me passionately and I really think he was afraid something would happen to me and he was afraid to face the ordeal.

A few days later he informed me that he had made an appointment with a certain old doctor for me to come for an examination. I went; he caused me terrible pain and which I could see no need for. A few days later, I lost my child and very nearly my life.

My heart turned cold.

Still I continued to do my work to the best of my ability. I was industrious and ambitious. We lived in a large house, and, as there were only two of us, I kept roomers and helped along with the expenses in that manner.

I became possessed with an inexplainable restlessness that no amount of work or action could overcome.

About this time my husband had an opportunity to trade some practically valueless property in another city for an old derelict of a house and a lot on the most desirable street in our town.

With a few months' study and work and a very few hundred dollars I turned the uninhabitable house into a modern dwelling that rivals the four and five thousand dollar homes on either side.

My husband is very proud of his home and of the fact that he has been offered two thousand dollars more than he invested.

After our home was finished the old restlessness returned.

I am naturally a good-natured person, but the one thing that fills me with uncontrollable anger is to have to ask for money. Yet I have to do it regularly and then only receive a few cents at a time. I have explained to my husband that I cannot!—simply cannot!—ask for money—and he always promises to reimburse my bank account—yet he never does.

I had a few hundred dollars of my earnings at the time of my marriage, but somehow almost without my knowledge, I let it slip into his keeping, and today I haven't a cent to my name.

One day I tested him out by saying, "Dan, do you know that I am a pauper; that I haven't a cent to my name?" He assured me, in a much-injured tone, that half of all he has is mine. Is it mine, I wonder, when I can't touch a cent of it?

From then on I began to rebel—there must be some way out—some way in which a woman could have enough money to be able to keep her self-respect, because I loathed myself every time I went cringing and begging to him for money.

I was economizing in every possible way. I can sew beautifully and for many a neat little gown made from things I had possessed in my maiden days I was "blessed out" for just as much as if I had cost him a neat sum of money.

The time came when Dan absolutely refused to take me to a picture-show, our only form of amusement, and refused to give me the money to go with girl friends. He also took to spending all his evenings at the club, and as he raved every time he found a magazine in the house, I was left all alone with the long evenings before me and nothing to do but think.

This at the end of two years of married life.

My one object was to find a means of overcoming these conditions in my life. I thought of every means of obtaining money, therefore independence of everything or kind of work I had liked since childhood.

My husband owns a small business, we have a nice home, people know he has some money, and I take my part of the social life of our town—so I could hardly weaken my prestige by going to work again in a public place.

One thing I decided on—I must have some modern literature to read. Some means of keeping up with the topics of the day. So, regardless of Dan's expostulations, I ordered several magazines from the bookstore every month, among them Hearst's. This caused a family quarrel every month, but for once I remained firm.

About this time there was such a shortage of labor, because of the army needs, that I began helping my husband in his work, and from then on I saved him the price of an extra man; did all of his correspondence and kept his books of evenings. And I received no wages, but had to beg for every penny, as always.

But I did study and study hard.

Every magazine and newspaper I could obtain I read from cover to cover, with my brain wide awake watching for its opportunity. (*Concluded on page 67*)



"If your wife, Wambolt," Manners asked, "fell in love with another man, what would you do?"



Manners opened the window. "If you really hate your husband and really want to leave him and your children, go ahead—throw yourself out!"

The Wild Goose

By Gouverneur Morris

Illustrated by Arthur I. Keller

MRS. HERRIOT did not confine herself entirely to putting the rest of Frank Manners's apartment to rights. As a matter of fact, she went straight to the little table at the head of his bed and pulled open the drawer at the top. This contained three one-cent pieces, an automatic pistol, a broken rubber band and the little bottle of quarter-grain morphine tablets of which he had once told her. She drew a long shuddering breath of relief. The morphine was snugly sandwiched between two layers of absorbent cotton. She pulled the cork from the bottle, picked out the upper layer of cotton with a hairpin, and shook a dozen of the tablets into the palm of her hand.

All but one of them she hid in an accessible place, and then she went to the dining-room to mix the drink that she had promised to bring him.

That first drink of Mrs. Herriot's mixing did not affect him much, but the second did. He became much calmer. He noticed this himself. He imagined, he said, that pain could only reach a certain point of intensity, that when that point was reached the nerves that received the impression of pain simply struck. . . . "And," he added with sleepy gallantry, "you've had a lot to do with making things easier to bear. Come and sit down on the edge of this sofa, and tell me what I can do to show that I am grateful."

"If you'd go to sleep, and stay asleep, God knows I'd feel fully thanked, Frank dear. Couldn't you?"

He shook his head, or rather he rolled it slowly from side to side.

"Elaine," he said, "I don't seem to care much at all now. . . . And so the dashing lover, the housebreaker, has badly knocked knees?"

Mrs. Herriot nodded. And smoothed back the stray hair from his forehead. It was more than half gray now.

"Frank," she said, "she had no real good reason to do what she did, had she?"

THE STORY—Francis Manners, a successful artist, is still in love with his wife, Diana, after ten years of married life. But Diana no longer cares for her husband; she refuses to have more than one child, Tam; although very pretty and capable, she is selfish, extravagant, "temperamental," and simply crazy for social excitement. To help pay her heavy bills, Manners accepts a commission to decorate the house of a rich Californian; the task takes him West for three months. Before the job is done he has a "hunch" that he ought to return home. On arriving at their little flat in New York he finds Diana away; she had been lunching with a new man, Ogden Fenn, to whom she introduces her husband, who naturally resents the situation. Diana confesses that she is in love with the "new man," Ogden Fenn, and wants Manners to divorce her. In his perplexity Manners confides in his mother-in-law, Mrs. Langham, who is all against her daughter, and he also consults Mary Hastings, an old and valued friend of both parties. The latter advises him very strongly never to divorce Diana—for Tam's sake; she also pleads unavailingly with Ogden Fenn to break off the intrigue. Then Diana and Ogden Fenn elope to Combers in the Catskills, pursued by Frank Manners and his cousin Peter. Advised by the latter, Frank Manners consents to give Diana grounds for a divorce. He finds an "affinity" of his own, and both go their own ways: she to her love, he to dissipation and Mrs. Herriot. But he is in love with Diana all the time, and even begs her to come back to him. On the night of her marriage to Fenn he goes through hell, although Mrs. Herriot tries to help him bear his trouble.

"No basic reason, Elaine. I had a chance to keep her love and make her happy, and somehow I couldn't use it."

"You don't feel a bit bitter against her any more, do you?"

"Not any more. Just loving and sorry."

"Well, I feel bitter against her, I can tell you!"

"You? Why?"

His drowsy eyes became quite round with wonder.

"Oh," she snapped. "For being such a silly fool. She ought to be punished."

And then and there Mrs. Herriot made up her mind to punish the woman who had so wounded her poor Wild Goose.

"Frank," she said, "I'm the last person in the world to recommend strong drink. But that last one seems to have done you a world of good. How about one little touch more?"

She did not wait for his answer but drifted off smiling with a long, empty glass in her hand. Soon after that third drink he fell grimly asleep. It was dark when he partially awaked. He said he was very thirsty, "water thirsty," his mouth was dry as plaster. If it wasn't for that he thought he could go to sleep again.

Mrs. Herriot smiled triumphantly in the dark.

"Suppose you go and get into bed," she said. "That's the place to sleep, and I'll bring you a long glass of good Croton with lots of ice in it."

She turned on the lights, and watched him shamble sleepily off to his bedroom. When she thought that he had had sufficient time to undress she carried the tall glass of ice-water to his door and knocked.

He was lying on his bed fully dressed. He could hardly lift his eyelids. After a few swallows of water he fell sound asleep.

The drug seemed to have erased many of the lines from his face which suffering had put there. His breathing was easy and natural; he had the expression of one who has been pleasantly and innocently amused.

The hands of a traveling clock on the dressing-table pointed to eight.

"There goes my ten thousand a year for keeps," said Mrs. Herriot. She drew one long sighing breath, and forthwith dismissed all her own private trouble from her head, and with the most gratified and tender solicitude took Frank Manners's feet in her lap and began to unlace his shoes. Somehow or other, for he was a big man and she was little and not very strong, she got him into a fresh suit of pajamas and into his bed. Then she opened as many windows as there

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were and put out the lights. But she left the door ajar so that she could go in and out without disturbing him.

She found some note-paper in a drawer of the writing table, and she sat for a long time with an occasionally reinked pen poised over it and ready to write. Finally she made a beginning, and pausing only when more ink was needed she wrote the following note, sealed it in an envelope and addressed it to Mrs. Ogden Fenn, with the remark, "A note like that is sure to find her."

My Dear Mrs. Ogden Fenn:

I am the woman who helped to furnish you with the grounds upon which you indignantly and righteously divorced your husband. I am writing to you for several reasons: (1) To ask if you know the difference between a salmon and a carp? Between an eagle and a puddle-duck?—and to tell you that if you don't know the difference, I do. (2) To say that you needn't have taken the trouble to find out for yourself, as I could have told you if you had asked me, that the puddle-duck has knock knees and adenoids. When he is sleeping and you are trying to, the latter are distinctly audible. (3) To inform you that hell is full of women like you, and that I hope from the bottom of my heart that you suffer all the unhappiness you deserve in this world and the next.

Elaine Herriot.

WHEN the bell rang and Mrs. Herriot opened the door she expected to see Peter Manners. It was not Mr. Manners, however, whom, to her fear and astonishment, she found herself facing, but Delancy Stairs. She had for a moment the ridiculous belief that he had turned Sicilian and had come to murder her. Her heart beat like that of a wild bird that has been caught in the hand. But his slow, deliberate utterance and the fact that his expression, though grave and troubled, was not stern, brought the color back to her face.

"I couldn't rest," he said, "until I had seen you again. Could you come on the landing a minute and talk with me?"

"You'd better come in. And I'm glad that you have come. It's lonely work now. Frank has gone to bed and to sleep, thank God."

He followed her into the big studio.

"If I have done you an injustice," he said, "I want to know it."

"You have," she said, "but it's all right. I don't blame you. I'm so *glad* you came."

"I had to fight myself hard. I am mighty jealous by nature, and I jump at conclusions."

"Take your coat off and sit in that brown chair. It's ugly, but very comfy."

"To hear is to obey," he said; and when he had sat down she told him something of her experiences in giving first aid to Frank Manners.

"*Three* hours!" she repeated, "I kept ringing that darned bell for three hours. And when he did open the door he looked murder. But when he saw it was only me he seemed sort of dazed, and somehow or other let me in. I could see at once that he'd been drinking hard—not drunk, the next stage—saturated—preserved. And God, what a face!—the color of oak before it's oiled, a whitey gray; and his eyelids twitching and jumping. . . . Just the same I made him laugh—it almost turned into hysterics, though. . . . Well, it was evident that he'd locked himself up here, and that nobody had been allowed in to tidy up. His bed hadn't been made, his clothes hadn't been hung up, his shaving-brush was still fresh of lather, the bath-towels hadn't been picked up. He'd cooked himself some bacon and eggs, early this morning probably, and he'd dropped one raw egg in front of the stove. I promised him a drink if he'd lie down till I'd finished tidying up. He consented to that, and then, of course, I beat it for the morphine."

"The *what?*"

"He never touched morphine in his life, but I knew he had some, and it's the kind of thing you'd keep near you if you happened to have it, and were in trouble. Well, I thought I might have to hunt high and low, but I took a chance on the drawer of the table by his bed, and there it was—*luck!*"

"How much did you give him?"

"A quarter of a grain at first. Three-quarters altogether. And now he doesn't know that there's any trouble in the world."

"He'll know to-morrow. . . . I think I'd better look at him. Three-quarters of a grain might hurt some men."

When they returned from Manners's bedroom Stairs had the bottle of morphine in his hand.



"What *would* they think if I told them I divorced my husband because I wanted a different one?"

"I shall take the liberty," he said, "of having something harmless substituted for these things. A man in his state ought not to have morphine lying around loose. If he ever finds out what made him feel sleepy and serene he'll want more. And if he finds out to-morrow when he wakes up and feels the way he is going to feel, he'll want a lot more."

"Will he be very sick?"

"A big dose of morphine on top of two or three days' hard drinking ought to make him so sick that he won't care how many wives divorce him. . . . I sha'n't be long. And by the way, are you going to spend the night here?"

"I intended to, but it doesn't seem as if there was anything more that I could do."

"Feel like a little spree?"

"If you say so."

He leaned suddenly toward her, and patted her shoulder.

"You'll be happier staying right here," he said. "Won't you?"

"Yes," she said, and with a magnanimous impulse, "I never liked you as much as I do this very minute. You are big and generous."

"If that's so," said he, "I am very thankful that I did some hard thinking after I left you this morning. I'll get this stuff changed and come back and sit with you a while. You're a good girl, and I'm crazy about you."

DIANA'S determination to suffer all things in her new life without flinching was tested before she had been Mrs. Ogden Fenn an hour. Matrimony worked immediate wonders in the shy and self-effacing Mr. Fenn. The poor fellow felt doubtless that being now the head of a family he must show himself self-reliant and develop initiative. Or it may be that he was not without that palæolithic instinct of the conquering male to show off. To be brief, Diana found that the hero, the divine lover, to whom she was now irrevocably married, was a little mite pompous. He made it a little too obvious to persons who could not have been in the least concerned that he was her husband.

In due time Diana received the letter which Elaine Herriot had written to her. And it had upon her the effect which Mrs. Herriot had intended that it should have. For though Diana destroyed the substance of the letter by fire, its spirit she could not destroy. She never mentioned either the letter or Mrs. Herriot to her husband. But they both gnawed at her pride and her heart.

It has been said that Diana had a good eye for fitness and for proportion and that she was, when in her right mind, exceedingly fastidious. The fact therefore that her new husband's legs were very badly knock-kneed actually helped to undermine the love and admiration that she had for him; that and the pompousness which he had developed—a trick of clearing the throat before saying important things—a conclusion in his manner toward servants, instead of that perfect simplicity and naturalness which marks those who are really well-bred.

It developed also that he was very jealous of her old friends, especially of the men. It gave him no pleasure to learn that she had had lunch with Peter Manners, or had met Delancy Stairs just outside of Altman's and walked a few blocks with him. And of course all that was very natural. When a man wins another man's wife he wins a woman who, no matter whose wife she is, can be won. Diana having been false to one set of marriage vows was not to be trusted quite so implicitly in a new set as a woman of similar beauty, breeding, and temperament who was trying them for the first time. By telling her a little too often how completely he trusted her, Mr. Fenn proved to his sensitive bride that his trust in her was as much policy as instinct.

The poor fellow was desperately in love, desperately anxious to please, and desperately anxious to increase his income so that there should be no great descent for her in the scale of living. From the beginning things went badly for him. He did not please her as a husband nearly as much as he had pleased her as a lover. And he suspected this to be the case



"When I think what that pore woman must-a gone through!" sighed Mrs. Van Buren.

without being sure of it. He could not but feel that at times she was making unfavorable comparisons in the back of her head. That he should only have suspected these things is to praise Diana's nerve and power to keep good resolutions to the sky. For almost she would have killed herself sooner than let the world or Fenn perceive that the mad, foolish, selfish thing she had done was a failure from the start. Fenn might well have trusted her utterly. She had learned her lesson. She would never again indulge in one of those harmless flirtations, or any other kind of a flirtation. She was a married woman in all the best meanings of that expression. But in her heart she soon wished that she had not been so long in mastering her lesson. It would have been so much easier and so much more distinguished to have been a good wife to Frank Manners.

The first thing to make itself felt as a definite issue between Diana and Fenn was money; and the next thing was Tam. It was during the first winter of their marriage that Fenn, who was quite desperately hard up, hinted that some of the handsome allowance which Diana received from Frank Manners should be used for the common good. But Diana proved deaf to the suggestion.

"I insisted," she said, "that I wouldn't use one penny of his money for anyone's benefit but Tam's. And I won't. I'll starve first. As it is, I sometimes think that her savings-bank account is smaller than it ought to be and her contribution to our joint expenses larger. You were sure that there would be no difficulty about money. There mustn't be. I'll take some more thin parings off the cost of living, but that is all that I can do. We are nearly at the core as it is. Don't think that I mind. I don't. We always said that love was the only thing that mattered. I'm game to make that good if you are."

Of course he was. And the conversation dissolved into warm embraces and protestations of eternal love.

Somewhere deep down in Ogden Fenn there was engendered, however, a feeling of resentment against Tam. She paid her way and she had money in the bank. He had nothing that he could call his own in the bank and was running a little into debt. Furthermore, although the child seemed to like him well enough he could not win her confidence. She had inherited reserve from her mother and the power not to speak what was in her mind. She wasn't happy. Very pleasant ways of life had been changed for ways that were not nearly so pleasant. It would not be fair to say that she was unhappy. As she grew older, though, she would make an idol of her father and judge the man who had separated her from him very sharply. Already she knew in some vague way that he had been grossly outraged and wronged.

The little apartment which they inhabited was smart and attractive, as was everything that Diana touched. It was as much like a home as an arrangement of hat-boxes can be. And it was never just the right temperature.

Soon after Christmas the Fenns began to worry about the summer. Diana would have preferred to remain in the city; but for Tam that was out of the question. It was decided finally that Diana and Tam should inhabit the little house at Combers, and that Fenn should come to them for the week-ends and for two solid weeks in August. To facilitate the somewhat difficult commuting and marketing he decided to buy a second-hand jitney. He felt that he had a bent for mechanics and that he was just the kind of man who by a little weekly tinkering could keep a motor in good running order.

It was already hot when Diana and her little daughter left the city for good. They had made several previous trips to Combers in the jitney, fatiguing all-day affairs, to put the house to rights and to get their luggage moved without troubling the railroads about anything but the big trunks, and during these trips had become closer and dearer to each other than they had ever been before.

In almost every way Combers was a change for the better; the surrounding mountain scapes seized, filled and satisfied the eye. Unless the atmosphere itself chose to be articulate the nights were as still as they were cool and fresh.

Of course there wasn't much to *do*, and there were no neighbors of the kind to which Diana had been accustomed; but since she was gregarious she soon began to make acquaintances among the villagers, and in some instances to lay the foundations of real friendships. Some of the older women who had known great troubles and weathered them were especially delightful and wise. And it occurred to Diana for the first time in her life that the higher virtues, loyalty, steadfastness, willingness to bear children, and cheerfulness are not only their own reward, but the greatest reward to be had in the world.

The more familiar she became with the history of this woman or that, the less pleasant she found it to appear before the tribunal of her own conscience. There were women in Combers who, through thick and thin, had stuck to the worst kind of husbands, and had done right so thoroughly, patiently and unflinchingly as in the end to shame their worse halves into decent human conduct.

Diana's history became more or less known, and the women of Combers took it for granted that since she had divorced her husband the wretchedness and cruelty that she had had to put up with must have been far worse than anything ever openly known in that neighborhood, and among themselves they surrounded her beautiful head with a halo of martyrdom.

"When I think what that pore woman must-a gone through!" sighed Mrs. Van Buren, who be it said had borne her husband nine children, and more than once had been knocked down by him and severely beaten. Beatings and knockings down she took for granted in Diana's case, and her imagination strove to conceive of those infinitely worse things which had driven the lovely matron into the divorce court. Horrible, unspeakable things, they must have been. The kind of things that most people don't even know anything about.

Diana felt the sympathy, for it was hinted rather than spoken, and at times she longed to make a clean breast of her real claims to sympathy and stop sailing under false colors.

"What *would* they think of me," she wondered, "if I told them that I divorced my husband for no better reason than that I thought I wanted a different one, and that, God help me, I didn't really want the different one nearly as much as I thought I did, and had every reason to be contented and happy with the other."

For Tam and Diana the jitney worked overtime. The little girl's legs were not yet long enough to reach the foot-pedals, but she learned to steer the car and to work the throttle. They explored the surrounding country most thoroughly, and as friendships developed often carried two or three village children and a picnic lunch in the back seat.

The house being badly in need of a garden, Diana hired a man to clean a favorable patch of ground of rocks and brush so that it could be spaded, leveled, and put into flowers and vegetables another year. She would have liked to do all this work herself, a little at a time, and ordinarily she would have had the necessary strength and energy. But at this time Diana, who was beginning to look thin in the face and thick through the waist, spent most of her spare time in sewing.

(*Continued on page 75*)

Whistler Paints my Portrait

The Tellings of Henry E. Dixey—VII

DURING the run of "Adonis" at the Bijou many wonderful things happened. I ought to have been very happy. I was very thankful and very grateful to God for my success so young in life, and, at times, I think I gave really inspired performances. But there were, on the other hand, many mortal temptations to combat. I was very weak at times, but no one ever felt so badly about it or suffered more than I did.

I was, as a matter of fact, really very unhappy. Instead of going home every night and living a quiet life, I allowed myself to be at the beck and call of almost anyone. Fearful that my professional and private friends would think I had the big head over my success, I overdid entertaining them whenever I met them, squandering my time, health and money on them only to wake up the next morning jaded and discontented.

I am glad though now to remember the many opportunities I had for doing good during my run of "Adonis." I played for more than a hundred benefits. I would go around to the hospitals and children's homes and entertain them. I loaned thousands of dollars to poor devils. To a friend who asked me why I would stake everybody who asked me for money, I replied, "I know I'm getting defrauded by some swindlers, but I might miss some poor devil who really needs it, and that's why I take a chance on everybody." I buried three women; gave them good Christian burials when I knew their fate would be the Potter's Field or the morgue or the dissecting-room. And I gave enough money to my relations, week after week, to assure them, if they had only saved it, a sizable income in after years, but they thought only of spending it, thinking that I, the Golden Calf, would always bring it in.

One of my pleasant recollections of those days was the old Lambs' Club. The Club was then a long parlor, a long room, with tables on both sides, on Twenty-sixth Street. Lester Wallack was the President; I was Vice-President. We had monthly dinners. At these dinners the brightest minds would make speeches; the greatest singers would sing.

I remember one night I had as my guest at my right a stupid-looking fellow. After the speech-making I arose and said:

"An Italian friend of mine, who is studying for the opera, is present and I would like to have him sing before you—you, the most critical audience he could possibly sing before—and then I am going to ask you to tell me what you think of him, because I honestly believe he has a promising future."

Dear John Stowe, who was in the secret with me, sat down to the piano, played the prelude of an aria from one of the great operas. My friend, the Italian, rose and gave forth in song. When he struck some high notes, all the plates and dishes on the tables jumped, the windows rattled, the walls shook. The members of the Club roared. They leaped to their feet applauding wildly.

On and on he went. Thrilled them! Stirred them! For the Italian singer was none other than Tamagno himself.

How different in some clubs nowadays! When they call upon a person to sing, it's generally some Ikey Gazinski, the Syncopated King, or Hi Sloppy, the Boy Without a Palate.

Washington Irving Bishop also was my guest at the Lambs' Club the very night he met his untimely death. He was what was called a "mind-reader"—the greatest that ever lived. It was a trick, but a great trick. He was highly sensitive, gentle as a girl. I was ill that night, and after dinner I went to Bishop, who knew everybody, and said, "You are in good hands, and you will pardon me if I leave you, as I must get some rest. I'm not feeling well." The dear boy patted me on the back and said, "All right, Harry; I know everybody." So I left him. Imagine the next morning when at breakfast I picked up the papers and read that he was dead, that he had died at the Lambs' Club!

The day of the three hundredth night of "Adonis" I was sitting in Delmonico's, when Charles Delmonico dropped in.

He said, "Well, we are all going to be there tonight!"



"As graceful as the willow twig that sways to touch the water."

I said, "Charlie, I'm going to give the stage-hands, the orchestra and the company a little banquet behind the scenes, and I want you to tell your head man to do the best he can without putting me into bankruptcy."

Calling the head-waiter over to him, he whispered something. The waiter nodded his head. So that night, after the performance, down in the smoking-room of the Bijou, fifteen of the best waiters of Delmonico's appeared with cans, champagne baskets, and everything else, all crowded full of food.

It was a great night! A scene-shifter with a quail in one hand and a bottle of champagne in the other trying to put both in his mouth at the same time was very funny.

Dear old Charlie Delmonico overdid himself in generosity. He not only brought my original order, charging me only a nominal amount for the wonderful spread, but he had told the head-waiter to send everything in the entire larder that night.

Charlie Delmonico was a fine man. On my departure for Europe in '86 he gave me a heavy, beaten silver flask. On one side was an etching of me in the blue and white dress of "Adonis," and on the other side three cats hanging with their paws around a lamppost, underneath them the words and music—"We won't go home till morning."

At the time we first produced "Adonis," Rice had made a verbal contract with me that he would not enter into any other production, and would give me his entire time in managing my affairs. Had he kept his word we both would have been millionaires today. I had the most artistic ideas in regard to my future, and would have carried them out but for Rice's entering into outside plays.

Rice, regardless of his contract with me, put on "Evangeline" at the Fourteenth Street Theater, and I not only was fool enough to give him one thousand dollars to help him do so, but rehearsed the company every day until I lost my voice, much to the detriment of my own performance. Eventually I had to give up this extra strain or close my own show. Rice, of course, boomed "Evangeline" for all he was worth. One would suppose it would have hurt the receipts of "Adonis," but it did not in the slightest.

Rice had his finger in other things at the same time, and of course did not give me all his time by any means. He attended to my routine business, and did not seem to neglect anything; but at the same time, if he had given his entire attention to looking after me, I would not, I am sure, have committed the boyish indiscretions that I did at the time. I was only twenty-five years old, and with the great success that had come to me I needed an older man, one not only to control my business affairs, but to guide me in my private matters. This, of course, would have been hard for Rice even if he had taken the time, for his disposition was so much like mine. But I loved Rice and always shall. He has a nature like a woman, and is a great man behind it all. I know lots of good deeds he has done, and the American people owe to his genius a store of entertainments that has never been equaled.

We entered into a contract with George Edwards of London to play at the Gaiety Theater, May 31, 1886. We took the entire company, property men, carpenters and dressers. I even took my two dogs. We opened to a big house. The play made a great success up to the time the acrobats went out. Then the public commenced to hiss and yell, "Take it off." As for my own part, it never went so well in America as it did that night. I was not nervous about my imitation of Irving, but felt that it was so good that they would have to recognize its merit; they did; they applauded so that it was some minutes before I could speak, and when I bowed they yelled with delight. Then the music struck up "But it's English, you know." I was, I admit, a bit fearful how they would take that, but after the first verse the applause was even greater than I had ever achieved before. I played one hundred nights in London.

Just before I opened "Adonis" at the Gaiety, John Hollingshead and George Edwards, then managers, gave me a banquet.

Among those present were the United States Minister Phelps; Augustus Harris; Wilson Barrett; Charles Hawtrey; John Hare; D'Oyly Carte; Charles Wyndham; Cecil Raleigh; Harry Furniss; Joseph Knight; S. B. Bancroft; Maurice Barrymore; Beerbohm Tree; Arthur Roberts; M. Marius; Arthur Pinero; Howard Paul; Oscar Wilde; David James; Fred Leslie; Fred. C. Penfield; Colonel Frederick Wellesley; Dion Boucicault; Henry E. Abbey; Charles Brookfield; Captain Shaw, C.B.; Bronson Howard; Honorable J. G. Bigelow; Viscount Dungarvan; Sidney Grundy.

It was at this banquet I met Oscar Wilde. He was kind enough to say he enjoyed my little speech. I replied that among so many great minds I must have proven myself a bore. "Oh, no," retorted Wilde, "Adonis of old was killed by a boar, but the modern Adonis could never be killed for being a bore."

A few days after I had opened in "Adonis," I received the following letter from Wilde, dated 16 Tite Street, Chelsea:

> My Dear Adonis:
>
> "I am delighted to see that, though the critics do not like your play, they all recognize the charm and grace of your acting. For myself, I wish you were a wave of the sea, that you might always be dancing. Every movement and gesture that you make is instinct with natural beauty and expressive of the loveliness of mere life. Some afternoon I will come and sit with you if you will let me, while you are dining.
>
> You have all my best wishes and congratulations.
>
> Yours very truly,
>
> Oscar Wilde."

In the London "Dramatic Review" of June 12, 1886, an article signed "The Man in The Pit" went on to say:

> "I went the other night to the Gaiety Theater, attracted thither by the accounts I had heard of Mr. Dixey's wonderful imitation of Mr. Irving, and confess that in that particular respect I was not disappointed.
>
> "What shall I say of his parody upon Mr. Irving? Well, it is marvelous, simply marvelous! I have seen lots of clever people, Mr. Royce and Mr. Henley, for example, burlesque our leading tragedian, but they naturally exaggerated his peculiarities of tone and gesture. (*Continued on page 70*)



THE BIGGEST MAN IN THE ARMY.

Drawn especially for Hearst's Magazine by Lucien Jonas, the famous French war artist.



PHOTO BY ABBE.

Neri (**Lionel Barrymore**)—**Come, bantam, to a soldier's arms!**
Giannetto (**John Barrymore**)—**No, that is too much.**

The Jest

ALL the fires of love and hate and the Latin temperament are alive in the new Broadway production, "The Jest," and they should be, for the author is an Italian, a leader of the modern Italian theater—Sem Benelli. Fittingly, for such a steaming dish of vengeance, he has placed his romantic drama back in medieval Florence, in the day of Lorenzo the Magnificent, in the hour of a certain love affair—*Giannetto's.*

"Into the gutter of whose life there dropped a rose. She was the daughter of the fishmonger near the Roman Gate, Ginevra. I never told you, sir. There isn't much to tell. We loved each other. She was good and beautiful. I painted her as the Madonna in my 'Annunciation.' We were to marry. And then in the night before the banns were published, they—they came. The soldier brothers Chiaramentesi. They had found us out. They paid her father fifty ducats and carried her away. Neri, as elder, claimed her for himself. At first I thought I should go mad. At last, sir, I wrote to her—begged to see her just to say good-by. She answered telling me to come at sundown to her garden gate beyond the city walls. I went. That, sir, was yesterday. I was crossing the Ponte Vecchio and singing—for I was happy, sir—when, just by the Greek jeweler's, on the further side, they sprang on me."

Tornaquinci—The jade betrayed you to her keepers! But the Chiaramentesi?

Giannetto—One held my hands, the other stripped me of my hose, and then they laid me on an empty wine-cask and with their dagger points—I fainted, I remember, hoping it was death. But no, I came to life again beneath the cold, black, river-water—strangling, fighting, drowning—I think I had sunk twice when the current drove me against an anchored rowboat, where some men were fishing. They hauled me in.

Tornaquinci—The saints be praised! They told me you were drowned last night and I was mourning you when, close to noon, the order came——

Giannetto—From The Magnificent.

Tornaquinci—Exactly. To give a supper in your honor here to-night, leaving the invitation of the other guests to you.

Giannetto—I have invited them. They will be here soon.

Tornaquinci—Is it the Roman poet from the Villa Medici and young Del Sarto?

Giannetto—No poets, sir, no painters, Soldiers to-night. Brave mercenaries with a sense of humor, too. In fact, the very ones who played the joke on me.

Tornaquinci—What? Not the Chiaramentesi? Not Neri and Gabriello?

Giannetto—The Magnificent has so commanded.

Tornaquinci—How comes it that Lorenzo the Magnificent, the Lord of Florence, the man of letters, the patron of the arts——

Giannetto—Should bid me grovel at the feet of two base Pisan mercenaries? Ah, do not blame him, sir. Never was The Magnificent more worthy of his name! Such tact! Such taste! (*the guests are announced; enter Neri and his brother and Ginevra.*)

Neri—Hail, noble host! Three hungry gadabouts salute thee! (*sees Giannetto*) Ha, body of God! Behold our little friend! What? Still alive? A miracle! (*looks closer*) Bah! Soul of a cat, he sweats with fear (*takes Giannetto by the arm*). Come, wren, be happy. We've brought the jewel of your twittering heart, your little birdship's dream of wedding bells. Come, lick-pot, present her with a kiss. On the hand! No lady gives her lip to mice (*to Ginevra*). Come, give the little fish your hand!

Giannetto (*kissing her hand*)—Madonna, you betrayed me yesternight, but I understand. We are two birds caught in the same net. They have broken our wings. We shall never fly in God's blue heaven again. Yet, bleeding, mangled creatures though we be, I love you still.

Neri (*mimicking*)—He loves her still (*as Giannetto kisses her hand again*). Scum, would you beslime my food?

Tornaquinci—Come, softer names and gentler manners, sir! The Magnificent himself has had you meet here for the sake of peace.

Neri—A word that I am ill acquainted with. War's my trade!

Ginevra (*coaxing*)—Say peace, love, for my sake!

Neri—So be it. Peace it is.



PHOTO BY ABBE.

Ginevra (**Maude Hanaford**)—**Take care! If Neri should appear— I am afraid——**

By courtesy of

Giannetto—Your hand, good friend.

Neri—What? Shivering still? Poor jelly, calm yourself. Neri forgives you. Come, bantam, to a soldier's arms!

Giannetto (*drawing back*)—No, that is too much. I will embrace *you*, Gabriello.

Gabriello—And why should I alone receive your favors.

Giannetto—Because, though you are Neri's brother; though, like him, you have torn my body and destroyed my soul—because, in spite of all, in spite of everything, we are united by a bond of pain.

Gabriello—Of pain?

Giannetto—I watched you here to-night. You love Ginevra.

Neri—Ho, ho! What's this?

Ginevra—Darling, he lies! (*Neri throttles Giannetto, but the host drags him off and hurries his company to the supper-table, for they have just made peace, have they not? But Gabriello turns to Tornaquinci.*)

Gabriello—I think, sir, I will not stay to sup with you. I—I am not well.

Neri (*amazed*)—Not well?

Gabriello—You know I planned to start for Pisa at the break of dawn. Well, I shall start now.

Neri—Sweet chuck, forget the chatterings of that crack-brained ape. But if, by any chance, the cheese-faded rogue has put his itching finger in a wound (*Gabriello hangs his head*). Go without shame, then, brother. All that I ask you is to come back healed. I love you, little brother. I love you best of all things in this world. You know my feelings for that wench! Forget the woman and stay here with me.

Gabriello—I cannot, Neri. No, do not fret, I beg you. I shall come back cured. (*Exit Gabriello.*)

Neri (*savagely to Ginevra*)—That's your fault, hussy!

Ginevra—My fault, beloved? May God forsake me, love, if I could so much as name the color of his eyes!



PHOTO BY ABBE.

Neri—They've played a joke on me! Oh, when I think how I have been betrayed—

Arthur Hopkins, producer.



PHOTO BY ABBE.

Maude Hanaford as *Ginevra*—"an' what matter if those lips tell lies?"

Neri—Well, honey-pot, I'll believe you—for to-night. (*Takes her into his arms.*) What matter if those lips tell lies? They are so warm and soft—Ah, mouth like the pomegranate flower! Red enemy of men that never sleeps! Kiss me again. (*She lifts her head seductively so that her lips may meet his.*) Ah——

Giannetto—Perhaps she pierced his heart, good Neri, when she aimed at yours. But look, dear Neri, you are not drinking. Surely one bumper never is your limit?

Neri—One? Bacchus triumphant! I drink enough to drown a gnat like you. Hey there! Boy! More wine!

Giannetto (*when Neri had drunken himself mad*)—I'll wager twenty golden ducats you dare not go to-night, this very moment, now, to Ceccherino's wine-shop in the Vaccherecia!

Neri—What's that!

Giannetto—You know. The favorite lounging-place of half of Florence. Where all the young rips meet to gossip and shake dice. You need not touch them, though. A joke's a joke! But, clad in steel, a weapon in your hand, crying out your fatal name in thunder tones, stride through the crowd to where old Ceccherino sits, tweak his nose, walk out—and the wager's won! (*Neri accepts the wager, sends his Ginevra home, and swaggers out, roaring drunk, to win his wager. The moment he is gone Giannetto turns to his page, Fazio.*) Run to the fencing-master's in the Via Nuova. There'll be a crowd there. Push your way in. Tell them your news—that Messer Neri suddenly has gone mad! That he's killed his brother, thrown his money in the well, and came home howling like a dog, dressed in full armor, with a two-handed sword, and, when the servants shut the door on him, he started for the Vaccherecia, swearing he'd turn it to a slaughter-house! I'll go myself to Ceccherino's shop and warn them there. (*To Tornaquinci.*) You, sir, to The Magnificent. Say that my vengeance has begun! (*By next morning the news of Neri's madness is abroad.*)

Lapo—Yes, yes, I tell you, everybody knows it! Last night, when he had wrecked the shop—Saints! If you could but see the place!—they gagged him with an old shirt, trussed his arms, and locked him up in Baldassari's stables. Mad? Why, the devil's in him! (*And meanwhile Giannetto is improving each shining hour making love to Ginevra.*)

Ginevra—Take care! If Neri should appear——

Giannetto—That madman? Tied up in a horse's stall? Why do you think of him, madonna? Come!

Ginevra—I am afraid

Giannetto—They say fear whets the razor-edge of love. I wonder! Come! My saint, my church, my altar-candle——

Ginevra—Thief!

Giannetto—My ruin, my hell, my black damnation——

Ginevra—Thief! (*Concluded on page 64*)



"Unforgetable visions of youth rollicking on the cloud-kissed heights of our own beautiful American hills."

A Painter of American Girlhood

Charles Courtney Curran

By Gardner Teall

WE Americans like to believe that there is something peculiarly national in our art expression. We are happy in the knowledge that, no matter how many of our artists may have studied and have developed their art in foreign lands, American art, the best of it, on the whole is not the product of mere imitators of the originality of those of other lands. Our own painters have their own spiritual messages to convey, their own viewpoint, influenced and moulded by American ideals, their own landscape and their own portraiture. A man's love for his native land, as Chapin said, lies deeper than any logical expression, among those pulses of the heart which vibrate to the sanctities of home, and to the thoughts which leap up from memories that are a sacred heritage. It does not seem possible, then, that in a great nation, among whose sons are many distinguished artists, its art could fail to bear the impress of definite nationalism, no matter how international its appeal.

Youth, life's beautiful moment, youth, everywhere in place,—it might seem that the spirit of youth would be the same the world over; perhaps it is—I like to think so. But is the attitude toward youth the same the world over? Is youth interpreted the same the world over? I know of no nation whose artists, when they have essayed such subjects, have given a lovelier, tenderer interpretation of youth than have those American painters who have concerned themselves with the young-heartedness of life.

One of these painters, Charles Courtney Curran, might well be called Court-painter to Youth on the Hilltop—not that hilltop subjects are his exclusive domain, but because such of his pictures as that which we see here leave with us the unforgetable visions of youth rollicking on the cloud-kissed heights of our own beautiful American hills, hills the like of which are not to be found the world over, despite Alps, Appennines, Pyrenees or Himalayas. The graceful maids Curran paints are not insipidly pretty, consciously beautiful, or posed as artificial Graces. They remind one of Young's words—"Beautiful as sweet! and young as beautiful! and soft as young! and gay as soft! and innocent as gay!"

These joyous young goddesses of the Golden Age reflect a healthful, normal, happy existence, an existence which is too preoccupied with the affairs of youth to concern itself with sophistication. The attributes with which the girlhood subjects from Curran's brush are invested are such as never present frivolity. He gives us, instead, pictures of joyous girlhood as we love to see it, shorn of silliness, free from affectation, unspoilt, unvain. In other words, an ideal, moreover an American ideal. The fresh charm of Nature's setting and the charming freshness of these beloved children of Nature, these are the things it means much to have portrayed as Curran has portrayed them, in the manner that is spiritually attuned to the American ideal of girlhood.

One would miss Curran's canvases were they to be absent from the exhibitions where we go, year after year to look for them, to look for them not as a habit but as a perennial pleasure. This need not be taken as a measure of greatness, but it may be taken as a recognition of the fineness of Curran's work, of its sincerity, of the truth of its beauty, and of the beauty of its truth. I suppose this is just another way of saying we *like* Curran's pictures, and I do not see why liking a picture should be pounced upon by those prophets who so entangle themselves in theorization, in the intricacies of tactile values and all the other paraphernalia of pedantic criticism that robs a picture of almost every shred of human appeal. True it is, I will grant, that many unlovely things have been liked by the undiscriminating whose intellect might be described as "just comfortable," but I doubt if any normal soul would be found who would not like Curran's pictures,—and he is an excellent painter!



The Mastery of the Far East

By Arthur Judson Brown

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"TO the thoughtful of human life," writes Arthur Judson Brown in his new book "The Mastery of the Far East" (Charles Scribner's Sons), "to one who would understand the deep undercurrents of international life, and to one who would observe that most wonderful thing in the world, the spiritual transformation of a people, Korea is a deeply interesting land. It is a small country compared with mighty China, which it adjoins; and yet it is of no inconsiderable size, having a length of 600 miles, a width of 150 miles, and an area of 84,173 square miles, or nearly one-and-a half times that of New England.

"The latest Japanese census places the population of Korea at 17,406,645, of whom 18,972 were Chinese, 597 American, 223 British, 107 French, 57 Germans, and 303,659 Japanese. All of the difference of a dozen millions between the Korean and Japanese counts should not be charged to the mendacity of the native officials, for the population has really increased rapidly during recent years. The Japanese census of 1910 reported 12,934,282 people, so that reliable data indicate mounting numbers. The influx of Japanese is about offset by the exodus of Koreans to Manchuria, so that the native birth-rate is apparently rising and the death-rate falling under the better physical conditions of Japanese rule.

"The language of Korea differs from both the Chinese and the Japanese, although it is more closely related to the former than to the latter, for Korean learning originally came from China. The character used in the written language is the Chinese, and Chinese words are largely employed in the conversation and literary essays of the higher classes. The pronunciation is quite different from that heard in China, and the characters themselves have undergone some modifications.

"One who is familiar with the innumerable temples in Japan, China and Siam is at first disposed to regard Korea as a land without a religion. A closer study will show that, while there is no outwardly established religion, with its temples and prescribed observances, there are religious customs which have great power over the lives of the people. Indeed, Korea may be said to have three religions. Buddhism entered from China as far back as 371 A.D.

"Confucianism is generally considered one of the religions of Korea, coming, of course, from China, from which Korea received its literature and civilization. Confucius would probably be as much surprised as Gautama would be if the two sages could visit Korea and see what passes for their respective religions. The Koreans have departed more widely from true Confucianism than the Chinese, for their temperament is not so practical and materialistic, and they craved a faith more emotional and mystical.

"The dominant religion of Korea, or rather the dominant superstition, is Animism. Indeed, Animism is the heavy substratum of faith in practically all non-Christian lands except those in which the monotheistic creed of Islam prevails, and even there traces of it may be found. It is the primitive religion outside of the pale of revelation.

"THE territory of Japan proper is smaller than that of California, but its population is twenty-one times larger. If we imagine half the people of the United States packed into California, we shall have an idea of the density of population in Japan. The situation is analogous to that of the British Islands, which, with an area of 12,633 square miles, have 45,370,530 inhabitants. The combined area of Japan and all its dependencies is less than that of Texas, but the population is sixteen times greater.

"Modest in size as Japan is, it possesses some special advantages which make it more formidable as a fighting nation than its numerical strength and financial resources might suggest, and as they are important factors in the consideration of Japan as a world-power, it may be well to mention them:

"First: A political organization able to act quickly and decisively. Highly centralized monarchical governments can prepare for and wage war more readily and effectively than democratic governments. This is one of the grave indictments against war—it gives the advantage to those forms of government which allow the least liberty to the individual and concentrate the most power in a few men. Such governments can adopt war measures secretly without the necessity of consulting congresses and parliaments, whose members demand unlimited freedom of debate and who are sensitive to a public opinion represented by myriads of inquisitive and outspoken newspapers. A democracy acts slowly and cumbersomely in comparison.

"Second: A martial spirit pervading the entire population. The typical Japanese is a born soldier, and he takes naturally and with avidity to the profession of arms. The annual calling of young men to the colors is made an occasion of festivities. Their houses are decorated with flags, and processions of friends and neighbors accompany the recruits to the station with every demonstration of honor. Military ardor and love of the beautiful are seldom united, but they are in the Japanese. It is true that they do not fight except under provocation; but, given the provocation, they are ready to meet it with a swiftness that is apt to be disconcerting to their enemies. Their temperament is the opposite of the temperament of the Chinese. The latter are peaceful in disposition, despising the profession of arms, and, until the aggressions of Western nations compelled them to adopt a different policy, filled their regiments and warships with the offscourings of their population. The Japanese are militant in disposition. They have a genius for war.

"Third: An extraordinary national unity, inspired by the most intense and self-sacrificing loyalty. I have referred in another chapter to the solidarity of the Japanese people. The whole nation becomes a fighting machine in time of danger. The war with Russia illustrated this on a startling scale. The civil, military, and naval departments of the government acted in absolute accord. The spirit of patriotic determination actuated not only every soldier and sailor, but the entire population. Wives proudly saw their husbands march away, and mothers committed suicide in grief and shame when their sons were pronounced physically disqualified.

"Fourth: Thorough preparation. This preparation begins with the boys in the public schools. There is a parade-ground in connection with each one that I saw, and a spacious hall for drill in bad weather. Light rifles are provided and a dark-blue uniform with brass buttons. The training is far from superficial. Drills are a regular feature of the curriculum. In several cities that we visited our hosts happened to live near public-school buildings, and every day I heard the bugle-calls and saw the platoons of boys marching and going through the manual of arms in businesslike fashion. The Japanese believe in universal military service, and every physically qualified man between the ages of seventeen and forty is potentially a soldier. Provision is made for a few exemptions and for alternative service for university students; but the general rule calls for two years of active service with the colors, four years and four months in the reserve service, and ten years in the dépôt service. Japan therefore does not need as large a standing army as some other nations, for practically every man receives military training, and, after his return to civil life, is amenable to his country's summons. The number of men actually under arms at any given time is, therefore, not important. The entire able-bodied population of the country is available on instant call.

"Fifth: Maximum strength at the front was another element in Japanese success. The Russian General Kuropatkin lamented that 'at the end of March, 1905, when we had carried out a very energetic preparation of the theater of warlike action as far as the River Sungari, the fighting element in the Manchurian army consisted only of 58 per cent., in some sections, of the troops. . . . In April, the percentage of bayonets in the First Manchurian Army constituted 51.9 per cent.' But the Japanese succeeded in keeping their sick and special-detail lists so small and the health of their troops so good that they usually had more than 90 per cent. of their men in action.

"Sixth: Sanitation and prophylaxis must not be overlooked in studying the causes of Japanese success. Disease is often a greater danger to an army than the living enemy.

"WHILE Korea is a national possession of the Japanese, their policy in dealing with it is of international concern.

"Chinese ascendency in Korea dates from an early period. We have already seen that the history of Korea begins with an immigration from China, and that Kija, who is supposed to have been the first ruler of the country, was a Chinese. Korea received from China two of her religions, Buddhism and Confucianism; her written language, her literature and philosophy, her dress, and many of her customs. Trade, too, was largely from China. Thrifty Chinese shopkeepers settled in various parts of the country. They formed a considerable colony in Seoul and speedily gained control of the business of the capital.

"The Chinese claims to Korea were disputed at every point by the Japanese. They, too, could point to numerous historical precedents. As far back as 202 A.D., the Empress Regent Jingu of Japan had led an expedition to Korea and received the submission of the Korean court. For eleven hundred years after that, the Japanese claimed, and the Koreans with varying degrees of reluctance admitted, allegiance to Japan.

"The Russians were not satisfied with their gains in Manchuria. There was but one place to which the Russians could turn, and that was southward, where lay the spacious and admirably located harbors of Korea, finely adapted to Russia's ambitions.

"RUSSIA felt, too, that Korea was essential to her for other reasons. It borders the Manchurian frontier for about five hundred miles. Control of the Korean side of that frontier was therefore necessary to Russia's security in Manchuria, since a hostile Power in Korea could easily cross the border and break the north-and-south lines of communication. Moreover, the Korean peninsula lay between the two Russian fortifications of Vladivostok and Port Arthur, and dominated their connection by water.

"Another reason for Japanese opposition to Russia involved the far-reaching question of the resistance of Asia to the encroachments of Europe. The yellow race was beginning to view with alarm and irritation the aggressions of the white race, which controlled vast and populous regions in Asia, and had unmistakable designs upon others. Manchuria was already Russian. The great province of Shantung, China, was virtually German, and if Korea also were to fall into the hands of the Slav, the consequences to Japan would be dire. A formidable barrier would be erected between the Japanese and the Chinese, and Japan would be shut into the narrow confines of her islands with no possibility of expansion.

"Not only freedom to expand but self-preservation was believed to be involved. Said an intelligent Japanese: 'Korea is an arrow pointed at the heart of Japan.' A strait only 120 miles wide separates southern Korea from Japan, and Japan, too, at the vulnerable point of entrance to the Inland Sea, the heart of the Sunrise Kingdom. The Japanese, therefore, felt that the possession of Korea by any other Power would be a grave menace to their own safety. This is the key to Japan's policy in Korea.

"The Japanese found themselves in Korea, in the course of the Russian war with Japan, in circumstances roughly analogous to those in which the Americans found themselves in the Philippine Islands in the war with Spain. Military necessity had brought them in, and once in, civil as well as military obligation confronted them. The (*Concluded on page 71*)



The water-wheel as a most economical contrivance, propelled by power which Nature supplies, never went entirely out of vogue.

Scraping the Moss off the Old Mill-wheel

By Henry Smith Williams, M.D., LL.D.

IF a philosophical — or shall we say a whimsical?—historian were to attempt to trace the causes that led up to the great war he would be led back through a multitude of social and economic channels, that, like the spokes of a wheel, would converge and ultimately would direct him to an event seemingly having no relation whatever to war. The event in question took place as long ago as the year 1789. It consisted of the perfecting of the steam-engine. The man who accomplished this feat, and who therefore becomes—according to such a philosophical or whimsical analysis as that suggested—the ultimate culprit in predetermining the World War, was James Watt.

The attorneys for the famous man thus brought under indictment might very properly claim that he had coadjutors who must not be overlooked. They might justly contend that Watt opposed the application of his steam-engine to purposes of transportation, and was overruled by Fulton of steamboat fame and Stephenson, the devisor of the locomotive. They might show that Hargreave, with his spinning jenny, and Arkwright, with his power loom, and McCormick with his reaper, and a score or so of lesser inventors, had each a significant share in transforming industrial conditions and thus setting the stage for future conflict.

But the fact would remain that the salient potentialities of the industrial and economic revolution that prepared the way for the world conflict were inherent in the conquest of steam as accomplished by James Watt. It was a foregone conclusion that the apparatus he perfected would presently take the place of those clumsy antique devices, windmills and water-wheels and horse-power and man-power, in doing the world's work of manufacture and transportation; and that, by magnifying the productive power of human hands, the new device would make possible an enormous expansion of the population of Christendom. And thereby hangs the tale, as will appear in a moment

The inevitable expansion took place, and assumed staggering proportions. Populations doubled in a generation, and continued to advance at a geometrical ratio. For example, the population of our country at the census of 1790 was less than four million; it doubled four times in the ensuing century. Our population to-day is more than eleven times the population of a century ago.

As to the population of Europe, suffice it to recall that when the destinies of the world were supposed to be settled there at Waterloo, when Napoleon had summoned every soldier he could muster, and the Allied forces under Wellington were similarly augmented to meet the crisis, we read of Napoleon's army advancing with a right wing of 48,000 men, a center of 28,000, and a left of 48,000. We read that Wellington had mustered 95,000 English and Dutch troops in Belgium, and that there were 124,000 Prussians under Blücher. We read that Wellington had 150 cannon and Napoleon the astounding number of 240. We read that Napoleon's army was weakened disastrously by the detachment of 34,000 men and ninety-six guns to go in pursuit of Blücher; that the French forces actually engaged at Waterloo were 72,000, against 115,000 Allies. We note that losses of 20,000 men, or even of 10,000, are recorded as "immense" and "stupendous."

Contrast these puny figures with the records of the culminating battle of the present World War, with its four hundred miles of battle line; with men on the firing line in numbers comparable to the total population of Europe of the Napoleonic era; with cannon numbered in tens of thousands; and with casualties running high into the millions.

Such contrast gives us a vivid realization of the stupendous change in the population of Christendom that has taken place within the past century.

But what, it will be asked, has all this to do with James Watt and the steam-engine? I answer that it has everything to do with it. I repeat that it was primarily the invention of Watt that multiplied the productivity of human hands, and facilitated the transportation of commodities in such quantities as to make possible the clothing and feeding of multitudes such as could not otherwise be maintained.

Stated in the most general terms, the cause of the World War was a social and economic maladjustment primarily due to transformed industrial conditions associated with new applications of practical science and the enormous populations thereby made possible.

My object in making this brief analysis of the situation at the moment, however, does not concern the war itself but rather the post-bellum social and industrial conditions that now confront us. War is over, for the moment, at any rate, but the conditions that precipitated the war still obtain and must long continue; and it would be a blind or foolish optimism that could believe that the disturbing influences of the recent past were annulled and made inoperative by the great conflict. Indeed, such a contention would be nullified in the mind of the least observant by the reports of Bolshevism rampant and menacing in many parts of Europe, and industrial unrest, unemployment and the dissatisfaction of organized labor manifested in this country and in England.

We Americans have been fortunately placed, and are still fortunately placed, in this era of unexampled growth of population, in that we have had almost inexhaustible territories within our own boundaries for expansion. The broad prairies of the Middle West and the inviting slopes of the Pacific have welcomed the immigrant from the overcrowded East. Our own place in the sun has thus been assured us without danger of crowding our neighbors, near or remote. Our population of more than a hundred million leaves many parts of the country still but sparsely settled.

Can American manufacturers compete with Europe under the new conditions? That depends! The wage paid to labor in America is about double the wage paid to labor in Europe. This means that our workmen must be made twice as productive as foreign workmen. And to do that, American manufacturers must get more motive power—and get it cheaper. This article tells how.

Nevertheless we cannot avoid seeing that if the population were to increase in the next two or three generations as it has in the past, we must begin to experience a sense of crowding even in our relatively gigantic territory.

Moreover, in the meantime, we find ourselves forced by recent developments into new world-relations, fundamentally affecting our industries. Our manufacturers must think more and more in the terms of world-commerce. In the immediate future we shall find ourselves in active rivalry with the revived nations of Europe for the sale of our merchandise in distant markets.

And the mere conception of this condition brings vividly to mind a realization that we labor under a salient disadvantage in that the scale of living in America is totally different from that in Europe. Thanks to our isolation, our unexampled natural resources, and the energy and ambition of our people, we have developed a social and industrial civilization in some ways fundamentally different from that of Europe. In particular, we have developed a price-scale of our own, applied to labor in the first instance, and as a consequence, applying ultimately to all commodities.

It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that, in the days before the war, the wage paid to labor in America was twice that paid anywhere in Europe. The disparity still holds. It is obvious, then, that unless American labor is or can be made something like twice as productive as European labor, we cannot hope to compete with European manufacturers in the world-market.

I refer in particular to the possible utilization of almost inexhaustible supplies of power or energy supplied by Nature within the radius of the chief manufacturing districts of America which hitherto have been in a measure neglected; namely, the water-power of the region from New England to Virginia, extending westward into New York and Pennsylvania.

It is an amusing reminiscence that when the steam-engine was first developed it was used only as a pumping apparatus; and it is recorded that on occasion water was pumped by a steam-engine from below a dam and discharged above the dam, that it might generate power by flowing back over a waterwheel. It required a fresh inventive impulse to conceive the idea of attaching the steam-engine piston-rod to a crank and transforming a direct thrust into rotary motion. Once that had been accomplished, however, the new industrial era began, and the waterwheel was apparently obsolescent.

As a matter of course, water-power never went entirely out of vogue. But it became to assume an entirely subordinate position in contrast with coal-

power. Moreover, in recent years multitudes of small water-power plants, in New England for example, have been put out of business by the coming of the portable gasoline engine. Water-mills that were centers of local industry twenty-five years ago now stand idle because it is far simpler to haul a gasoline-driven saw into a woodland than to haul logs to the mill. The water-wheel was a most economical contrivance, propelled by power supplied by Nature; but the fact that it was not profitable proved its undoing.

In recent years, however, scientific discoveries have been made that presage the rehabilitation of the discredited water-wheel. In the first place, came the invention of the dynamo, teaching us how to transform mechanical motion into electrical energy; and then methods were devised for transmitting this electrical energy without extravagant loss to almost indefinite distances. This being accomplished, the water-wheel came into its own again.

As a matter of course, the new application of water-power was made almost extensively in mountainous regions where there was a paucity of coal fields. In the States of our Pacific border, for example, it is a familiar sight to observe lines of relatively enormous wires stretched high above the earth on powerful poles extending for miles across country from some reservoir up in the mountain to the cities of the Coast land. Equally familiar are the similar lines directing the electric current from the wonderful power-plants at Niagara Falls.

The great manufacturing regions of the East, being located in or within relatively easy reach of the coal fields, have hitherto neglected their natural water resources. This neglect, it must be understood, has been relative rather than absolute; for of course there are many, indeed numberless, regions where water-power is utilized on a small scale. But it is now proposed to make an elaborate and concentrated effort to develop and utilize water-power in this great industrial region. It is planned to develop hydro-electric plants at a score of sites in or near this region, connecting these by so-called trunk lines of electric currents, associated with branch lines indefinitely extended and spreading out to supply power for numberless factories and the public utilities of the cities throughout the region.

Moreover, the plan for conservation of natural resources and economical utilization of power as detailed by Franklin P. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, contemplates the erection of other generating plants at the mouths of various coal mines, that the energy stored in the coal may be transformed into electricity and distributed along the wires, thus effecting a large saving on the cost of hauling the coal itself.

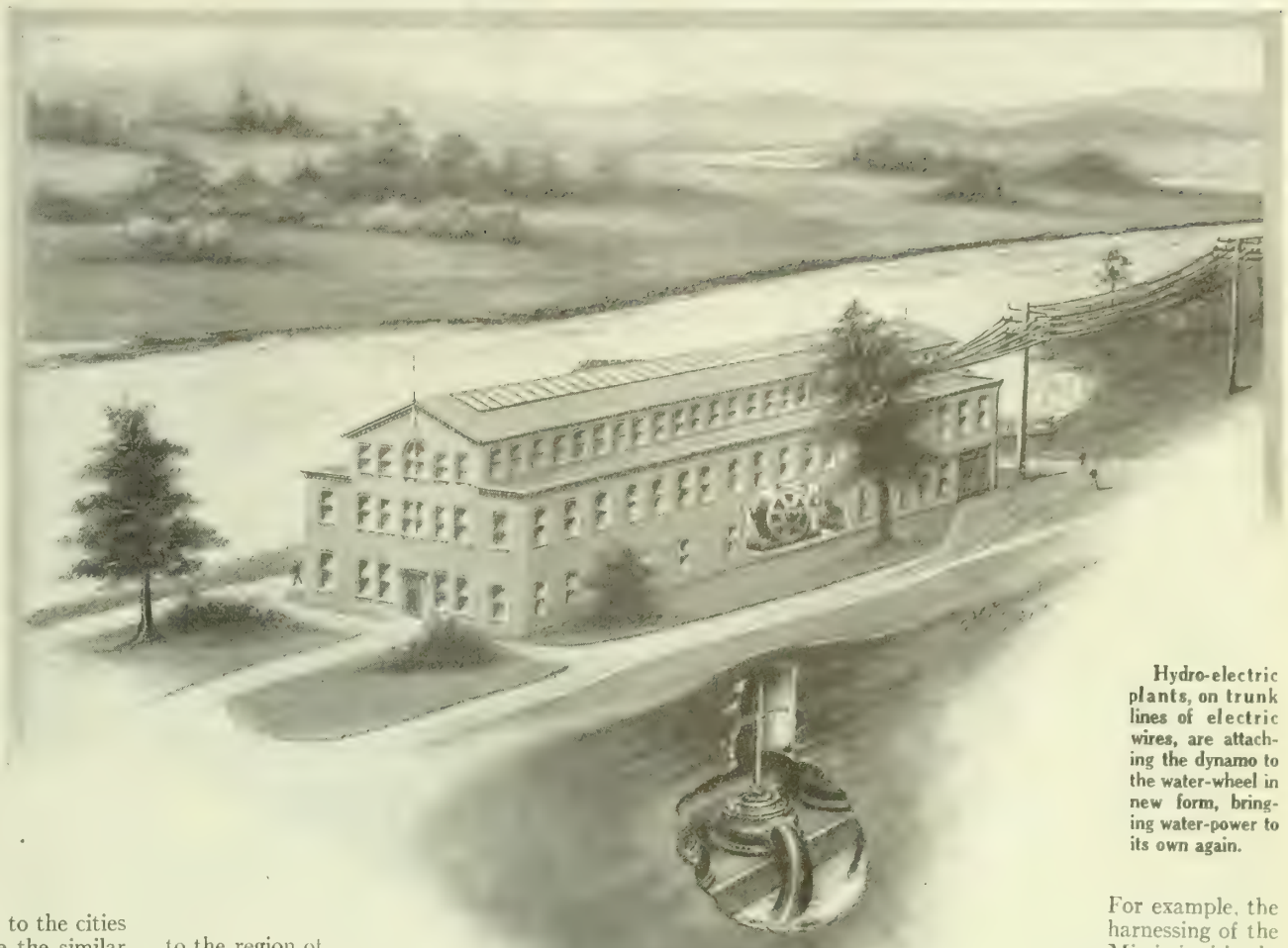
Not only will this plan greatly lessen the burden of the railroads, but a further conservation would be effected in that the bituminous coal would be made into coke before being burned to generate electricity, thus saving very valuable by-products, including materials for the making of dyes, sundry chemicals, and fertilizers for the land. Of course there is loss of electricity in transportation over long lines; but this is, in part at least, compensated by the saving effected when electricity is generated at large plants in comparison with the relative wastefulness of operation of small local plants. It is believed that ultimately all the railroads of the districts can be effectively and economically electrified. At present five per cent. of all the coal mined is used as fuel for transportation, under conditions that necessitate a loss of perhaps not less than twenty per cent. of the power that should be available.

The centers for the development of water-power selected in the preliminary survey include two locations on the Hudson north of Albany, three sites on the Connecticut River, three on the Delaware in northern New Jersey, at least two on the Susquehanna River, and the great Falls of the Potomac. There are, of course, numerous lesser plants already in operation or under contemplation. The main electric trunk line, as projected, would extend from Boston across the State of Massachusetts, thence to the Hudson near Poughkeepsie, and then take a southwesterly direction through eastern Pennsylvania and to the region of Baltimore and Washington. The main steel towers supporting this "trunk line" of copper wire will be built at intervals of about one mile. The lines will run at an elevation of about one hundred feet.

To give a tangible conception of the scope of the project, it may be noted that the cities and manufacturers in the districts under consideration now generate and utilize a total horse-power of four and a half million for public utilities and four million horse-power for industries. Yet there is a shortage of power, and the demand for new equipment ranges from half a million to a million horse-power annually.

It should be recalled that the energy represented by one horse-power is equivalent to the labor of about ten men. The total horse-power now utilized in doing the work of America represents about one-and-a-half horse-power for every inhabitant. Yet even this falls far short of our needs if we are to expand and fulfil our destinies as a manufacturing and commercial nation.

As a matter of course, it is not the northeastern district of the United States alone in which such a new utilization of electrical power may be feasible and advantageous. The project must ultimately be extended to the entire country, with modifications to suit the geographical and topographical conditions.



Hydro-electric plants, on trunk lines of electric wires, are attaching the dynamo to the water-wheel in new form, bringing water-power to its own again.

For example, the harnessing of the Mississippi is obviously a different problem from the harnessing of Niagara at the Falls. Yet the essential principles involved are the same, and the possibilities of the economical utilization of the natural supplies of energy are almost inexhaustible. Money will be required to develop it, as a matter of course; but in the end there must obviously be an effect in lowering the cost of living.

However fully the water-power of this manufacturing region of the Northeast is developed, however, it can never adequately meet the needs of the region with its growing population and expanding industries. But fortunately, there is another source of natural power, practically inexhaustible in quantity, that will ultimately be available. This is the power exerted by the water of the ocean in the rise and fall of the tides.

The familiar phenomena of the tides have excited interest from time immemorial, and thoughtful persons of a mechanical turn of mind have perennially contemplated utilization of the power which has hitherto gone to waste. Numerous so-called tide-mills have been constructed, and numberless others conceived but not made tangible. The subject has almost the allurement of the old quest for the perpetual-motion machine, because the tides never cease rising and falling in response to the tug of the moon as the earth rotates.

But it is also clear to the least observant that the problem presents enormous difficulties. In most localities the rise of the tide compasses only a few feet, so it would be necessary to utilize long stretches of coast lines in order to secure power of real significance. Meantime, the action of the waves becomes periodically so boisterous as to test the stability of any float or other structure designed to "harness" the power now going to waste.

There are regions, to be sure, where the tide rises to much greater height, notably the Bay of Fundy, in which, owing to the funnel-shaped contour, the water oscillates through an altitude of about sixty feet. The suggestion has been made that artificial funnels may be constructed on the Eastern coast line that will similarly exaggerate the natural rise of the tide, and it is obvious that reservoirs in connection with such funnels could be made to give opportunity for the storage of water to operate turbine wheels comparable to those utilized at Niagara Falls and in numberless other water plants.

The Tangled Web

By Bruno Lessing

Illustrated by Irma Dérémeaux



"All I know about coal bills—if the bills is katuminous or ankosite."

IT all came about in the simplest way imaginable. Bodinsky, head-cutter of the Excelsior Cloak and Suit Co., went down-stairs to the office for the purpose of asking permission to quit work an hour earlier than usual because it was his wife's birthday. When he reached the office none of the officials of the company was in sight. Milton Cohen, son and heir of the president, however, sat in his father's chair with his hat tilted over his eyes and his feet on an extended leaf of his father's desk.

"Hello, Bodinsky!" cried the young man, cheerfully. "What's the good word?"

"I just came down to ask to get off," explained Bodinsky. "My wife got a birthday."

"Sure," exclaimed young Cohen. "I'm waiting to get some money from the old gentleman. You just run along. I'll fix it all right."

Bodinsky grinned, bowed respectfully and withdrew. In the cutting-room he put on his hat and coat. Had he left immediately there would have been none of this narrative to chronicle. Fate ordained it, however, that two of his cutters should have a quarrel at that particular moment. Bodinsky remained just long enough to settle the dispute—it required fully fifteen minutes—and then went down in the elevator.

In front of the building stood an automobile in which sat two good-looking young women of the unmistakable East Side type.

"Hey, Bodinsky!" cried a voice behind him. "Want to come for a little ride?" Bodinsky turned and beheld young Cohen emerging from the building, lighting a cigar.

"I got to go home," said the cutter. "My wife got a birthday."

"All right. Hop in and I'll take you home," said young Cohen, seizing Bodinsky's arm and half leading, half dragging the embarrassed cutter to the automobile in which the two girls sat. Having wheedled the money that he wanted from his father, the young man was in high spirits and felt kindly to all the world.

"Girls," said he, "this is Mr. Bodinsky, my father's head-cutter. He don't cut my father's head—he just bosses the other cutters. This is Miss Dolly Leffler and this is Miss Sophie Levy."

As Bodinsky seated himself in the tonneau the girls exchanged a glance of dismay. This middle-aged, solemn-visaged, black-bearded passenger did not seem a promising addition to a party bent on hilarity.

"Is this the gentleman you telephoned to?" asked one of the girls of young Cohen, who was now driving the car slowly through the congested traffic of Canal street.

"No," said he. "My friend Harry is going to meet us for dinner. Mr. Bodinsky says he's got to go home."

"My wife got a birthday," explained Bodinsky with a beaming smile at his companion. Miss Dolly Leffler, greatly relieved, instantly became polite.

"I'm sure she must be a fine woman," said she. Bodinsky shrugged his shoulders.

"She's all right," he said. "She cooks good. Only she wants me to go in the coal business."

"Indeed?" asked Miss Dolly, surveying her nose in a tiny hand-mirror. "You don't say!"

Bodinsky, encouraged by the young woman's apparent interest, unfolded to her several chapters of the story of his life. The longest one dealt with Mrs. Bodinsky's desire that he should go into the coal business.

"She says everybody got to have coal," Bodinsky explained, "and she thinks maybe I could get rich handling it. She made me write a letter to Lubarsky, the big coal-man, but he didn't answer it. Anyhow, I'm glad!"

Throughout his recital his eyes were fastened upon the pretty face of his companion who now turned and encountered his eager smile. His story had been rather graphic and had unconsciously revealed the exact relation of husband and wife in the Bodinsky household. The girl could not forbear smiling in return. The other girl, seated in front, nudged young Cohen and the two of them exchanged a smiling glance which Miss Dolly intercepted.

"I think Mr. Bodinsky is perfectly right," exclaimed Miss Dolly. She laid her hand upon Bodinsky's and he kept his perfectly still for fear that she would draw it away. Then, with a sudden, startled look around him,

"Hey!" he exclaimed. "I don't live up here. You went too far up-town."

"Gosh! I forgot all about your going home," said young Cohen. "You might as well ride up as far as the Yonkers Inn with us, and I'll send you back home. My chauffeur is going to meet us there."

Before Bodinsky could utter a word of protest—and with Miss Dolly's warm hand resting upon his the protest would have been very mild—Cohen pointed to a rather gaudy-looking house which they were passing.

"Know who lives in there?" he asked. "That's Lubarsky's house. The coal-man you were talking about."

"You don't say!" exclaimed Bodinsky. "Once I wrote him a letter, but he didn't answer it."

"You wrote because your wife wanted you to go into the coal business, didn't you?" asked his companion.

"Quit joshing him, Dolly," said Cohen. But Bodinsky was eager to talk, and for the next fifteen minutes he re-told the story of Mrs. Bodinsky's ambition in various forms. It was a new experience for him to talk to a sympathetic listener, and he made the most of it.

Arrived at the inn, Bodinsky was easily persuaded to remain long enough to partake of some refreshments. Then Cohen was called to the telephone, and, upon his return:

"I've got to send the car down for Harry," he said. "If you're ready, Mr. Bodinsky——"

The cutter, conscience-stricken, hastily rose to his feet. He had quite forgotten that it was his wife's birthday. Miss Dolly's hearty handclasp upon leave-taking brought a smile to his face. But the homeward ride was gloomy. It was getting dark and Mrs. Bodinsky would want to know what had delayed him. He looked up and his eyes fell upon the Lubarsky mansion. Yes, there would probably be a quarrel and he would hear the coal story all over again. Instinct told him that she would not approve of young Cohen and the automobile ride, while Miss Dolly was, of course, entirely out of the question.

Bodinsky was a simple-minded, truthful soul, entirely devoid of imagination. It is usually the person lacking in imagination who may be depended upon for truthfulness: it is the mind of lively fancies that is more frequently tempted to improve upon the truth. Nevertheless the situation was grave and Bodinsky dreaded to meet it.

The moment he opened the door of his apartment he beheld his wife, her arms akimbo, confronting him.

"Where have you been?" she asked.

What chance had Bodinsky? Not a single moment in which to temporize or even think or even to hesitate. And, worst of all, Fate willed it that the face of Miss Dolly Leffler should, at that instant, come to his mind.

"I went to see Lubarsky," said Bodinsky. The words had hardly left his tongue when he felt appalled at his own barefaced mendacity. His wife's whole attitude became transformed; she clasped her hands and beamed upon him. And then Bodinsky knew that it was too late to recall the spoken word.

"Oh, what did he say?" cried his wife.

"He—he thinks I better stick to the cutting business," said Bodinsky. "Is supper ready? I'm tired."

Mrs. Bodinsky's countenance fell.

"Maybe you didn't talk to him right," she said. "Did you go to his office?"

Bodinsky, remembering in time that he did not know where Lubarsky's office was, shook his head.

"I went to his house," he said, with a gulp. "It's a fine house."

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Mrs. Bodinsky, eagerly. "He let you call on him? And he don't think you ought to go into the coal business? What kind of a man is he?"

"He's—he's a kind of a dark man," stammered Bodinsky. "Say, ain't supper ready?"

The memory of that evening was for many years

a nightmare with Bodinsky. To answer his wife's questions it was necessary to pile one lie upon the top of another. Had he refused to answer, her suspicions, he knew, would instantly have been aroused. Never in his life had he been so glad when bedtime came.

Nor was his reception in the shop the next morning of a nature to cheer his mood. He found the elder Cohen waiting for him.

"Say!" cried his employer. "What d'ye think this is, a bank? You got a grand nerve quitting work so early when we got rush orders in."

"I—I—didn't your son tell you I asked about getting off?" stammered Bodinsky.

"He didn't tell me nothing," snapped Cohen. "And if he did, what difference does it make? Ain't I got enough trouble with him without his butting into the business?"

All that day Bodinsky dreaded his home-coming. He knew that his wife's mind would dwell upon Lubarsky all day long and that she would have endless questions to ask. The thought of making a clean breast of it all occurred to him several times, but, each time, the recollection of Miss Dolly Leffler and the automobile ride—upon his wife's birthday, of all days—immediately banished the thought. He found his wife in great good humor.

"Mrs. Simkovitch thinks you ought to go and see Lubarsky again," was the first thing she said. "She used to work in his house before she was married, and she says when he likes a man he will do anything for him."

"What does Mrs. Simkovitch know about it?" demanded Bodinsky.

"I told her how he invited you up to his house," explained Mrs. Bodinsky. Her husband's heart sank. Simkovitch, a loose-tongued gossip, would have the story all over the East Side.

"Mr. Lubarsky didn't want anyone to know about it," he cried, angrily.

"That's queer," said Mrs. Bodinsky. "Why?"

"Never mind why," retorted her husband. "The less I talk about business with you the better if you're going to tell everybody about it. I got good reasons for what I do."

"I can ask Mrs. Simkovitch not to say anything about it," suggested Mrs. Bodinsky.

But it was too late. That very evening Bodinsky, attending a meeting of his lodge, knew that it was too late. Ordinarily none of the lodge members would have paid the slightest attention to the arrival of Bodinsky—not that he was at all unpopular, but because his quiet, unobtrusive personality was not of a kind to command enthusiastic recognition. Now, however, he found himself the cynosure of many eyes.

"Hello, Bodinsky!" cried Simkovitch, greeting him with outstretched hand. "How is your friend Lubarsky?" Many an ear hung upon Bodinsky's reply.

"He was all right the last time I saw him," said he, brazenly.

"Some day maybe you could introduce me," suggested Simkovitch. "I got a good idea for him."

"Mr. Lubarsky don't like to meet strangers," said Bodinsky, attempting to edge away from his unconscious tormentor. Simkovitch, however, was interested in Lubarsky and insisted upon remaining at Bodinsky's side throughout the evening. When the meeting broke up one of the officers called Bodinsky aside.

"We was talking about running you for some office on the next election," said he. "We got to have men who know all the rich bugs and can get them to join the lodge. Think it over, will you?"

Bodinsky promised to think it over, and he kept his promise. In fact, he was unable to think of anything else but the mess he had fallen into through his one initial lie. A few days later, upon reaching home, he found his wife, in the gayest humor imaginable, refurbishing an old gown.

"You couldn't guess what's the news," she cried. Bodinsky felt a chill moving slowly up his spine; he could not guess the news, but he was willing to swear that, in some form or other, it was related to Lubarsky.

"A letter came for you from Mr. Rosen, the *parnas* of the synagogue," said she, "and I opened it. He's giving a party to-night and he wants us to come. Ain't it lovely for a rich man like him to take notice of us? He says you can invite any friend you like. Maybe Mr. Lubarsky would like to come. Couldn't you go out and telephone him?"

"No, I couldn't," cried Bodinsky, "and what's more, I'm getting sick and tired of always hearing about Lubarsky. Couldn't I —er, what d'ye call it—just meet a man once without everybody making such a fuss over it? I ain't going."

"You got to go," said his wife. "I got all your clothes fixed up and my dress is nearly ready."

Bodinsky went. Sick at heart, filled with remorse and with a troubled mind, he went to Rosen's party. Some of the guests came in automobiles, all wore fine clothes and Bodinsky felt like a fish out of water. And, as he had expected, Rosen led him aside.

"I was hoping," he said, "you might ask your friend Mr. Lubarsky to come. We need him in our synagogue."

"He's a very busy man," said Bodinsky. Rosen nodded, impatiently.

"So am I," he said. "Look here, Bodinsky. Couldn't you fix it up so we can have a little dinner together? Just you and me and Mr. Lubarsky? I'll pay for it and we can all have a nice little talk."

A sudden inspiration came to Bodinsky.

"Mr. Lubarsky's got indigestion," he said. "It's a secret and he don't want anybody to know about it. He don't like to go out to dinner."

Rosen seized Bodinsky by the lapel of his coat and smiled at him.

"You tell him," said he, "that I got the greatest cure for indigestion what ever was discovered. I had a terrible stomach once, and I bet if your friend knows I can fix him up so he'll be o. k. he'll be glad to come."

"I'll—I'll speak to him about it," said Bodinsky. Throughout the remainder of the evening Bodinsky sat gloomily in a corner, silently cursing Rosen, young Cohen and even Lubarsky.

The degrees of sensation that lie between profound apprehension and despair have never been accurately catalogued, but, should any one ever undertake the task of classifying them he would find Bodinsky a valuable source of authority. Bodinsky went through every degree. During the week that followed Rosen's party he found himself invited to a dozen affairs on the strength of his intimacy with Lubarsky. Acquaintances whom he had forgotten recalled themselves to his memory and told him how much Lubarsky could help them. Even the political leaders of the district in which he lived took the trouble to look him up in the hope of enlisting the support of his influential patron, Lubarsky. All day long Bodinsky thought of Lubarsky and all night long he dreamed of him. He avoided conversation with all who were interested in the coal merchant as much as he could, but, when he found himself cornered and compelled to give an answer, he lied glibly. Lying had become a habit with him so far as Lubarsky was concerned, and he had become reconciled to maintaining this habit for the rest of his life. Sooner or later, he knew, exposure would come, but he was weary of dreading it. He had become callous: he "would not trouble trouble until trouble troubled him." And then, with its customary unexpectedness, Trouble turned up.

"What do you think?" exclaimed Mrs Bodinsky upon her husband's return from work. "Mrs. Simkovitch got us an invitation to Miss Friedman's wedding. They got a big hall and an orchestra and everybody's going."

"Not me," said Bodinsky.

"Oh, yes you are," declared his wife. "I told her that we would sure be there. They got to know how many people to order supper for. Who do you suppose is going to make a speech after the wedding? Your friend, Mr. Lubarsky!"

Bodinsky felt himself face to face with his fate. All that night he strove to solve the problem, to determine upon some course of action that would disentangle him from the web he had woven. But the more he thought of it the more hopeless the situation appeared. He tossed through a sleepless night.

"What's the trouble, Bodinsky?" asked young Cohen, the following morning, as he encountered the head-cutter entering the building of the Excelsior Cloak and Suit Co. "You don't look well."



"I've got to send the car downtown. If you're ready, Mr. Bodinsky"

How the World Wags

By Ben Liston Taylor

SHOULD SHE HAVE LAUGHED?

DEAR B. L. T.: I visited a jewelry store in San Francisco in search of a birthday present for friend husband, who has just resigned a lieutenant's commission. I didn't know exactly what I wanted, and sought the aid of an intelligent-looking clerk—they often are, you know.

"A present for a young man," said I.

"Is he in the service?"

"No."

"Does he smoke?"

"No"—reluctantly.

"Perhaps our new sterling-silver cocktail shakers would be suitable."

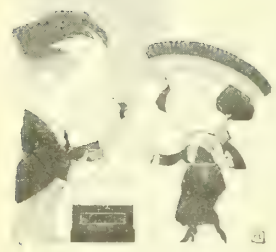
"He doesn't drink."

He looked at me without a smile, but indicated the toilet articles.

"How would a powder puff do?"

What should a lady, in those circumstances, do? I laughed but maybe I'm not a lady.

HELEN.



WHY NOT A SYRUP PITCHER?

[From the Cedar Rapids Republican]

THE Methodist choir Friday night presented Miss Fern Waffle with a cut-glass vinegar cruet. Miss Waffle has been organist at the Methodist church.

A PARTICULARLY KNOTTY PROBLEM OF CONDUCT

DEAR B. L. T.: A young gentleman becomes engaged to a beautiful young lady. Some little time before their proposed wedding he learns that she has a wooden leg. Should he break it off?

CALCULUS.

WHAT fitter time than now, dear friends, to resurrect Colonel Bob Maxe's tribute to water? It was at the meeting of a bar association in Arkansas, we believe, that some of Colonel Bob's friends thought to confuse him by proposing that he respond to the toast, "Water." Dashing off a bumper of the world's greatest liquid, he spilled this:

"Mr. Toastmaster, ladies and gentlemen, you have asked me to respond to the toast, "Water," the purest and best of all the things that God created. I want to say to you that I have seen it glisten in tiny teardrops on the sleeping lids of infancy; I have seen it trickle down the blushing cheeks of youth, and go in rushing torrents down the wrinkled cheeks of age. I have seen it in tiny dewdrops on the blades of grass and leaves of trees, flashing like polished diamonds when the morning sun burst in resplendent glory o'er the eastern hills. I have seen it trickle down the mountain sides in tiny rivulets with the music of liquid silver striking on beds of polished diamonds. I have seen it in the rushing rivers rippling over pebbly bottoms, purling about jutting stones, roaring over precipitous falls in its mad rush to join the mighty Father of Waters, and in the mighty Father of Waters I have seen it go in slow and majestic sweep to join the ocean. And I have seen it in the mighty ocean, on whose broad bosom float the battle-fleets of all nations and the commerce of the world. But, ladies and gentlemen, I want to say to you now that as a beverage it is a dam failure."

"FOR SALE—Icebox. Suitable for summer resort."—*Rhinelander, Wis., News.*

Just the thing. Why leave home?



JULY

Hail, month of Caesar, whose historic clay
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away!
On Clio's page you claim another place
To notch an epoch for the human race;
At least that part of it that here abides,
Between Atlantic's and Pacific's tides.

King Booze is dead, nor all his men can raise him!
(We come, of course, to bury, not to praise him.)
He is deposed. But is it understood
That he who follows will be "just as good"?
Like his contemporary, Old King Cole,
Booze was, with all his faults, a merry soul.

Old Booze is dead! To quote the pensive Dane,
We shall not look upon his like again.
Who is to reign instead? Ah, there's the rub!—
A spiritless, a wishy-washy dub.
King Booze is dead! King Pop we now salute.
Farewell the "toot!" Bring on the substi-toot!



"COME JUST AS YOU ARE"

[From the Lyons, N. Y., Republican]

A PAIR of trousers to finish out a coat and vest that you have is a thing to consider. At least we can select a pair of trousers to go with any coat and vest. Wear your coat and vest and come in and try it.

WILLIAM HOLLOWAY AND SONS.

THE Georgia Historical Society is the recipient of a remarkable gift. The "Cannon-Ball House," a Savannah landmark which has long been the property of the Kent family, has been sold, but with the understanding, according to the Savannah *Press*, "that the cannon-ball hole (shown in the picture by the pointing arrow) is to be preserved and turned over to the Historical Society." The society has not decided where it will keep this singular relic. It will fit very nicely in a section of stovepipe, and a container somewhat on that order will be provided.



THE OPERA IN FLORIDA

[From a Sebring paper]

THIS was followed by one of the loveliest numbers on the program, three parts taken from Handel's grand old opera, "The Messiah and Elijah."

WITH the return of our overseas lads the summer resort is exhibiting a larger percentage of Adams. "We get two males a day," writes a Michigan resorter.

ONE VIEWS AN EYEFUL

[From a Colorado postcard]

"HERE one views an ensemble of indescribable grandeur, at once a chaos of massiveness, a wild profusion of cyclopean incompleteness, a confusion in repose, a wilderness of sublimity."



A NEAT distinction is made by a Chicago dentist. Announcing a new office, he expresses his prospective pleasure in meeting "his many friends and patients."

AFTER July First, there will be a decrease, we conjecture, in the number of banquets. Without the soothing and sustaining influence of what was poetically called the grape, who will suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous oratory, not to mention the filet mignon and the flashlight man? Once on a time we scribbled the following on the back of our menu:

I can stand the Lynnhavens,
For which I've no cravin's,
The clear consommé and the fish;
I stand for the filet,
Tho' leaden and chilly,
And utter no more than a "Pish!"
I suffer the pallid
And watery salad,
The stringbeans that taste of the can;
But an absolute nuisance
Breaks down my insoosance—
The pestilent flashlight man!

JOSEPH CONRAD'S latest yarn is the essence of romance. But what is romance? For years we have sought a definition in ten words; but while romance is easily recognized, it is with difficulty defined. Walter Raleigh came the nearest to it in a recent essay. "Romance," said he, "is a love affair in other than domestic surroundings." This would seem also to be the opinion of a West Virginia editor, who, reporting a marriage, noted that "the couple were made man and wife while sitting in a buggy, and this fact rendered somewhat of a romantic aspect to the wedding."

THE PHONE IS SILENT AS IN "MAINE"

IT is a question whether the advantages of aridity will not outweigh its seeming disadvantages. For one thing, we (by "we" we refer in a general editorial way to those persons who, from necessity or choice, have their desks in newspaper offices) will not be called to the telephone every ten or fifteen minutes to decide a bet as to the pronunciation of "decorum," or the population of Des Moines, or the birthplace of Jake Kilrain, or the distance from Duluth to New Orleans. A large percentage of these inquiries used to come from saloons.



"Larboard watch ahoy!
Just watch this *Campbell's* boy
Sailing free o'er the bounding sea
On a tide of health and joy."

Keep at "high tide"—it pays

You know the difference. You can neither feel right nor work right unless you're in top-notch physical condition.

With vitality at high tide you don't have to "lay off" every little while. You don't have to go to the shore or the mountains to recuperate. Work or weather doesn't take it out of you.

Good appetite and good digestion come first of all. They are your one sure means of health and vitality. To be certain of these you should eat a good soup every day. Begin today's dinner or luncheon with

Campbell's Tomato Soup

It is an unfailing appetizer, a true natural stimulator, a wholesome food—all at once.

It supplies important food-elements which cannot be overlooked in building up health and vigorous condition.

It not only produces energy in itself but it so strengthens the digestive powers that other food yields you more energy, too.

Serve it as a Cream of Tomato when you want it especially rich and nourishing.

Don't think of this as only an "extra" or a cold-weather dish. All authorities agree that good soup is an essential food all the year round.

Order it from your grocer by the dozen or the case, so you will always have it at hand.

Try the new Campbell's Vegetable-Beef Soup

We have blended high-grade vegetables with selected beef and a nutritious stock to make this soup extra hearty and substantial. You could make a meal of it any time.

21 kinds **12c a can**

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

The Flashlight Picture

Continued from page 29

aggressiveness. "You, John?" he whispered.

"Why not?" demanded Cranahan. "The certificate is made out to bearer, and—is there any by-law of this club that prevents a member from investing in another member's business?"

Sinsabaugh's face lost that mildness of expression that so frequently deceived strangers into thinking him weak of character. His eyes took on an expression of alertness.

"That message that you received, Cranahan; it advised us to settle the matter among ourselves, eh?"

"Well?" Cranahan's tone was challenging.

"Nothing—much," said Sinsabaugh. "Only—a slick crook deceived you and Sewall. I don't see how the matter interests the club. The previous crimes have been committed against outsiders. For good and sufficient reasons the club has stood for the losses incurred. But this time—" He glanced around. Nods of approval met his inquiring gaze.

The red had left Cranahan's face now. "I get you," he said quietly. "Supposing that this counterfeit business *is* the fourth crime—and I take it that we all agree that it is—you think, because it's aimed at members of the club, the members affected should bear the loss, and not expect the club to share it."

"Exactly," said Sinsabaugh.

"Suits me," said Cranahan. "I'm an innocent purchaser. The law protects me."

"Does it?" Sewall's whiskers were aggressive again. "A thief can not pass a clear title. One who gives counterfeit money is a thief! You don't own that stock, John Cranahan!"

Cranahan shrugged his bulky shoulders. "Let's not argue it here, Sewall. Let our lawyers fight it out."

"You mean to say," Sewall sputtered, "that I'm to be swindled of two hundred thousand dollars, when— Look here, Cranahan! My secretary knows your voice pretty well. And he'll testify that you phoned me this morning."

Cranahan lighted a cigar. He tapped the paper that the messenger-boy had delivered to him. "Well, if you're going to court about it, Sewall, you may bet your sweet life that I'll meet you there." He glared about him. "And don't you gentlemen think for a moment that I'll surrender Sewall's stock to him without a scrap. You can guess what that means, of course."

"You mean to say," snapped Sinsabaugh, "that this matter must be assumed by the club? That we must reimburse Sewall—or you?"

"The matter doesn't seem any different to me than any of the others that have gone before," countered Cranahan.

Sinsabaugh struck the table with a well-manicured hand.

"We've suspected Dick Bernard," he stated. "I've been suspected. A minute ago I suspected John Cranahan. If you had been willing to settle this thing yourself, John——"

"But I'm not, you see," said Cranahan, gently.

"So I notice," commented Sinsabaugh. He took a checkbook from his pocket. He opened it, and unscrewed the fountain pen that he carried in a waistcoat pocket "The stock goes back to Sewall," he announced. "Or—do you want the money, Sewall?"

"The money," said the little whiskered man.

"And Cranahan keeps the stock. Fair enough. Twelve of us split the losses. Twelve into two hundred thousand makes—step up, gentlemen, and settle with Sewall. Once again we can't go to the police. And if Sewall took the matter to court—the same thing." He sighed. Ten other men did the same thing. Sewall groaned. He had not lost two hundred thousand. But his share was over sixteen thousand, and he did not lose money easily

But to Dick Bernard. . . . In his office he looked gloomily over his bank account Despite the fact that his father had not left nearly the fortune that he was supposed to have possessed, Dick was very far from being a pauper. But, if the depredations of the mysterious criminal continued much longer, he *would* be a pauper.

His lips tightened. Some one of the eleven other men who had shared the loss of this latest crime was a thief. Which one? He shook his head wearily. Inspiration did not come to him. It might very well be old Sewall, the man who had surrendered the stock certificate for counterfeit money. Counterfeit money! How had Sewall's secretary been deceived? Was it plausible that he had been fooled by the counterfeit money? But then, he must take psychology into account. Some one who imitated Cranahan's voice had recommended the purchaser, Merkle. That some one had accentuated the fact that Merkle was a bit odd. With Cranahan's supposed recommendation it would not seem particularly strange to Sewall or his secretary that Merkle should pay cash. And the thought of scrutinizing the cash. It was undoubtedly an excellent counterfeit. No, there was no particular reason why Sewall should be suspected. A rather elaborate plot, with always the chance that the club would balk at payment. No, Sewall was no more worthy of suspicion than John Cranahan.

And, if you came right down to it why exempt Cranahan from suspicion? Suppose that Cranahan *had* telephoned and recommended Merkle? But that was ridiculous! Cranahan was not the sort. . . . But wait a bit! *Nobody* in the Arm-chair Club was the sort to commit crime. *But some one of its members was nevertheless committing regularly the scheduled one crime a month!*



"You mean to say that we must reimburse Sewall—or you?"

Bernard's head spun. Right on schedule, one month apart, the evil genius of the Arm-chair was breaking the law. Inspector Burke, who had drawn up the list of crimes to be committed, must have had a bizarre sense of humor to include fraud of men who were actually members of the club. If only the inspector's shade would come back from the beyond! . . . Speculation on this possibility was interesting. What a furore he would create if he could walk into the next meeeting of the Arm-chair and denounce the criminal. . . . Only, he mustn't be a damned fool! If he were to create any such furore it would be because of the lead that he had endeavored to open up yesterday gave results.

And inevitably this train of thought brought him visions of Nancy Darrell. Beneath his breath he swore. Not because he suddenly beheld a lovely mental picture, but because beside that picture was another—the grinning face of Matty Curlew, the Yellow Kid. For the moment he hoped that the dancer-gangster would not find the girl. For if he did the Kid and the girl would inevitably be coupled in his thoughts, and . . . He was grateful for the ring of the telephone that brought him out of his silly musings. But only to send him back into them, for it was Curlew who spoke.

"Located the doll, governor," said the dancer.

"W what?" gasped Dick.

"Cinch," boasted Curlew. "Put the screws to the Elite barkeep. Not," he went on, "that it would-a been easy for any one else. I don't believe any one else could-a done it for you. But you done right to come to little Matty, the Find-'em Kid. How soon do you want to lamp the lady?"

By an effort Dick suppressed excitement. "Right away," he replied.

"All right! Café des Poetes. Know the place?"

"Yes"

"I'll be near the checkroom. Bring your money with you."

But the bank, as a glance at his watch assured Dick, was closed. A thousand cash might be obtained from some business friend, but he preferred not to delay Curlew would undoubtedly take Dick's check for the balance of the money due him. Moreover, payment in advance did not suit Bernard's ideas.

So it was that, as he approached the Yellow Kid as he stood by the entrance to the coatroom of the Café des Poetes, Bernard had upon his person less than fifty dollars in cash

The Kid greeted him with a leer. "Got the kale with you?" he asked

"I haven't met the lady yet," Dick reminded him.

Curlew eyed him "This is a cash business, you know," he said

"I have my check-book," retorted Dick.

The dancer's thin mouth hardened He looked at the wall

"There's been guys tried to flimflam me," he said "They're resting in peace now, most of them."

"The check will be good," said Dick.

"It better be," said Curlew "Write it."

Bernard hesitated But, if the dancer were deceiving him, it would be easy to stop the check. On the counter across which persons who sought alleged Bohemian atmosphere handed their outer clothing, he wrote a check to the order of Matthew Curlew

The dancer looked at it. "Fair enough," he announed. "In room number twenty-two—third floor. Just walk right in. The lady's there. The rest is up to you."

Dick nodded. He was too excited to make any reply. He merely mounted the stairs toward which the dancer pointed. And on the third floor he paused opposite room twenty-two.

It was, he judged, a private dining-room. That meant, probably, that Nancy Darrell was not alone. Well, he didn't care if a dozen men were with her. He'd take a chance . . . He opened the door.

It had been an absurd adventure from the start. To suppose that a person like the Yellow Kid could locate a girl like Nancy Darrell! Still, everything that had happened, since the members of the Arm-chair had signed their insane agreement, had been absurd, incredible. And when one is being blackmailed out of thousands, it is not so ridiculous to risk fifteen hundred on the chance that the blackmail will be stopped

Well, he had not been made ridiculous! Nancy Darrell was there! And alone!

In the blue tailormade that she had worn on the first occasion that he had seen her, two months ago, a jaunty toque crowning her glorious brown hair, she sat at a table in the center of the room. A tea-cup was lifted halfway to her lips. Half a buttered muffin was on the plate before her.

Whatever else of character she possessed, one thing she certainly owned: courage. For the hand that held the

tea-cup never faltered. It rose steadily to her lips, and as she drank her eyes glistened with recognition; with mirthful recognition, if Bernard knew anything of the language of the eyes.

Gently Bernard closed the door behind him. No, he had not been mistaken. She was alone. No chance for anyone to hide behind those flimsy—and soiled—white curtains.

The girl put her cup down. "We meet again, Mr. Bernard."

In her voice was the same mockery that had been there on another occasion when he had talked with her. No hint of fear, of shame; nothing but the blithe merriment of youth.

He bowed. "This time not to part, Miss Darrell."

"You'd arrest me?" Her pantomime of fear was so plainly assumed that he marveled at her. "Or," and she leaned forward with mock eagerness, "do you mean something more than that? Am I honored with a proposal, Mr. Bernard?"

"A proposal," he said, "that you return several hundred thousand dollars and tell me the name of the man for whom you work."

She reached for her buttered muffin; a healthy set of teeth bit into it. "Concise, to the point, terse. You know what you want, Mr. Bernard. Point number one: what chance is there of getting what you want?"

"I wanted to find you, Miss Darrell. I've accomplished that much."

"As I've noted, Mr. Bernard. And yet—perhaps it was not so much your cleverness, as—my willingness to be found."

He smiled grimly. "You will show the same willingness, of course, when I ask you the name of the man for whom you work?"

Her brows wrinkled prettily. "I wonder if that would be quite fair—to him."

Her self-possession hit him in a weak spot. Like all youths, he prided himself on being at ease in any situation. But now, in his very struggle to seem master of the situation, his voice broke.

"Fair? To him? To the man who has robbed his friends, who has used you, a girl, to do the work that—that——"

He wheeled as the door opened; but not quickly enough. The Yellow Kid had his arms before he could land a blow, and the two other men who followed the gangster into the room subdued Dick's struggles.

The girl lifted her tea-cup again. Over the rim of the cup her eyes appraised Bernard. She was as cool as though the quick assault had not occurred.

"You see," she said, quietly, "how useless it is? You know, I was afraid that—you might not be willing to let me go."

Bernard no longer struggled. He was young enough to feel cheapened because a woman saw him overpowered by superior strength.

"I'll not hinder you," he stammered.

The girl nodded at Curlew. Immediately Dick was released. In a moment the door closed behind the gangster and his two followers.

"You see," said Nancy Darrell, "how well I am protected. Curlew went to the Elite Saloon, and—learned things. However, as I wished to see you, this meeting was arranged?"

"To humiliate me?" snapped Bernard.

She shrugged. "Have you been humiliated? Because three men held you? Don't be childish." She paused. He was a distinctly sulky-seeming young man. But she repressed the smile that made her lips tremble and her eyes dance.

"Listen," she said crisply. "You know how well we have succeeded thus far."

"Who is 'we'?" he asked.

"Never mind. But—why not share success with us?"

"Turn thief, you mean?" he asked bluntly.

She shrugged. "If euphemism does not appeal to you—yes."

He laughed. "I think you know better than that, Miss Darrell."

Her lips pursed. "Still, it might be discussed. Won't you sit down and have some tea?"

He hesitated. He had given his word that he would not hinder her departure. That meant that the purpose for which he had engaged Curlew to find her must be abandoned. And she was a thief, a thief who tried to tempt him to knavery. He ought to leave the room at once. And so, of course, because she was so lovely, he sat down and accepted the cup of tea which she poured for him.

And because her eyes held his, he did not look around. Because her personality was so compelling he did not hear the door softly open. Reluctantly, yet truly, he was smiling at her when the room was filled with a flash of light.

He was on his feet immediately. But a chair was thrust toward him and he fell over it. Behind him he heard the door slam and the lock click.

He did not easily lose his wits. Quietly he walked to the window and opened it, letting out the thick smoke. He knew what had happened and no panic assailed him. A flashlight photograph of himself and Nancy Darrell had been made. The note that was handed to him by a waiter who unlocked the door ten minutes later was an explanation quite unnecessary. Nevertheless he read it. It was signed by Matty Curlew. Also the envelope held five hundred dollars and the check that he had just given the dancer.

"Sorry, Mr. Bernard," said the note. "but when I took your money yesterday I didn't know what I was up against. And the lady says I've got to give it back. And she says that it'd be a pretty good idea for you to give over chasing her. This picture of you and her at tea might not look good to your friends. And don't try looking for me, for you can't find me. Matty Curlew."

Silently he walked down stairs and out upon the street. What a brilliant idea he'd had! That he'd locate and force confession from a girl so clever that she was aiding in the commission of crimes that must tax the ingenuity of the greatest criminal genius of the age. Well, he was an ass. Let it go at that. But he needn't always be an ass. He'd find out yet. . . . Meantime, there were eight more crimes hanging over the heads of the members of the Arm-chair.

A sturdy traffic cop snatched him almost from beneath the wheels of a heavy truck.

"Whyn't you look where you're goin'?" roared the cop.

For a moment Dick was tempted to argue. But he laughed. In a blind daze he had walked across the street, unmindful of the traffic signal. Well, that was how he was proceeding against the criminal of the Arm-chair. He must look for signals. Every criminal must give some sort of signal, leave some sort of clue. Nancy Darrell might think that her possession of a photograph of the two of them having tea together might estop him from action against her, but . . . Then his brows knitted. Suspicion had been aroused against him once; it only slumbered now. He could not expect his fellow-members, ready to suspect their oldest friends as they were, to believe too readily his explanations. He'd say nothing of his adventure of to-day. He remembered that he had been smiling when the flashlight had been taken.

Smiling! Well, darn it, she might be a thief and all that, but she certainly could wring a smile from a graven image. He smiled now as he thought of how easily she had discovered that he had engaged the Yellow Kid to find her. The cleverest woman in the world! But, and he sobered, the crookedest!

Another crime for the helpless Arm-chair Club by Arthur Somers Roche. They lose out again—"In Gloucester Harbor—Hearst's Magazine for August.



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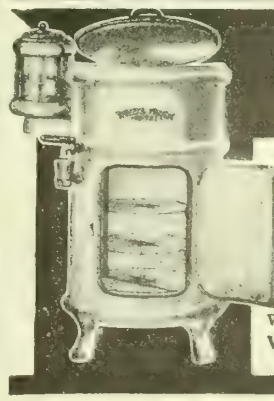
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The Box with Broken Seals

(Continued from page 34)

said, "that things have changed. I am not a free agent now. I entered upon this fighting business as an adventurer, but, by gad, Thew, it's got into my blood! I've seen things, felt things. I don't want anything to come between me and the glorious life I live day by day."

Jocelyn Thew nodded approvingly.

"That's the proper spirit, Beverley," he declared. "I always knew you had pluck. Quite the proper spirit! Your sister showed the same courage when the necessity came."

"Oh, don't bring me into this, please!" she interrupted.

"You seem to have been brought into it," her brother observed grimly, "and I'm not sure that I am satisfied. I can pay my own debts."

There was a note of rising anger in his tone. Katharine laid her fingers upon his hand.

"Don't imagine things, please, Dick," she begged. "It is my own foolishness if I am disturbed. I really had nothing to do. Mr. Thew has been most considerate."

"In any case," Jocelyn Thew went on, "I think that the matter had better be discussed another time when we are alone. We might have to make reference to things which are best not mentioned in a public place."

For a moment the young man's eyes challenged his. Then they fell. He shivered a little.

"Why ever speak of them?" he demanded.

"Ah, well, we'll see," Jocelyn Thew observed. "Now what about an hour or two at a music hall? I have a box at the Alhambra."

Katharine rose at once to her feet. They all made their way into the lounge. While they waited for her to fetch her cloak, Beverley swung round to his companion.

"Look here," he said, "for myself it doesn't matter—you know that—but what game are you playing? I don't know much about your life, of course, before those few days, but on your own showing you were out for big things. Are you known here? Is it anything—anything against the law, this business you're on? I don't care for myself—you know that. It's Katharine I'm thinking of."

Jocelyn Thew knocked the ash from his cigar. He smiled deprecatingly at his companion. Certainly there was no man in that very fashionable restaurant who looked less like a criminal.

"My dear Beverley," he expostulated, "you must remember that I am an exceedingly clever person. I am suspected of any number of misdemeanors. I will not say that there are not one or two of which I have not been guilty, but I have never left behind me any proof. I dare say the English police over here look on me sometimes just as hungrily as the New York ones. They feel in their hearts that I am an adventurer. They feel that I have been connected with some curious enterprises, both in the States and various other countries of the globe. They know very well that where there has been fighting and loot and danger I have generally followed under my own flag. They know all this but they can prove nothing against me. They can only watch me, and that they do wherever I am. They are watching me now, every hour of the day."

"It isn't," the young man commenced, with a sudden break in his tone——

Jocelyn shook his head.



"I don't mind confessing that it depends a great deal upon what brand of champagne you fancy."

"No, my young friend," he said, "the curtain fell upon that little episode. I doubt whether there is even a police record of it. It isn't the lives of individuals I am juggling with to-day. It's the life of a nation."

"Are you a spy?" Beverley asked him hoarsely.

"Your sister," Jocelyn Thew pointed out, "is waiting for us."

CRAWSHAY, having the good fortune to find, as he issued from his rooms, a taxicab whose driver's ideas of speed were in accordance with his own impatience, managed to reach the Savoy at a few minutes before eight. He entered the hotel by the Court entrance. An insignificant-looking young man, with a fair moustache and watery eyes, touched him on the shoulder as he passed through the Court lobby. Crawshay glanced lazily around and assured himself that they were unobserved.

"Anything fresh?" he asked laconically.

"Nothing. We have searched Miss Sharey's rooms thoroughly, and two of our men have been over Thew's apartments again."

"Miss Sharey upstairs?"

The young man shook his head.

"Hasn't been up for some hours," he reported.

Crawshay nodded and strolled on. He left his coat and hat in charge of the attendant, and entered the grill-room. Here, however, he met with disappointment. The place was crowded, but his search was methodical. There was no sign there of Nora Sharey. He climbed the few stairs and entered the smoke-room. Seated in an armchair, reading a novel, he discovered the young lady of whom he was in search.

He crossed the room at a slow saunter, as though on his way to the bar, and paused before the girl's chair. She laid down her book and looked up at him. Her smile at once assured him of a welcome.

"I am glad that I am not altogether forgotten, Miss Sharey," he said, holding out his hand which she promptly accepted. "I suppose it still is Miss Sharey, is it? I hope so."

"I guess the name's all right," she replied. "Glad to see you don't bear any ill-will against me, Mr. Crawshay. You Englishmen sometimes get so peevish when things don't go quite your way, and you weren't saying nice things to me last time we met."

Crawshay smiled and glanced at the seat by her side. She made room for him, and he subsided into the vacant space with a little sigh of content.

"A man's profession," he confided, "sometimes makes large and repugnant demands upon him."

"If that means you are sorry you were rude to me last time we met down in Fourteenth Street," she said, "I guess I may as well accept your apology. You were a trifle disappointed then, weren't you?"

"We acted," Crawshay explained, with studied laboriousness—"my friends and I acted, that is to say—upon inconclusive information. America at that time, you see, was a neutral power, and the facilities granted us by the New York police were limited in their character. My department was thoroughly convinced that the—er—restaurant of which your father was the proprietor was something more than the ordinary meeting-place of that section of your country-people who carried their enmity toward my country to an unreasonable extent."

She looked at him admiringly.

"Say, you know how to talk!" she observed. "What about getting an innocent girl turned out of a job at Washington, though?"

Crawshay stroked his long chin reflectively.

"You don't suppose——" he began.

"Oh, don't yarn!" she interrupted. "I'm not squealing. You knew very well that I'd no call to take a post as telephone operator, and you did your duty when you got me turned off. It was real smart of you," she went on, "to tumble to me."

Crawshay accepted the compliment with a smile.

"If you will permit me to say so, Miss Sharey," he declared, "you are what we call in this country a good sportsman."

"Oh, I can keep on the tracks all right," she assented. "I guess I am a little easier to deal with, for instance, than your friend Mr. Jocelyn Thew."

Crawshay frowned. His expression became gloomier.

"I am bound to confess, Miss Sharey," he sighed, "that your friend Mr. Jocelyn Thew has been the disappointment of my life."

"Some brains, eh?"

"He has brains, courage and luck," Crawshay pronounced. "Against these three things it is very hard work to bring off—shall I say a *coup?*"

"The man who gets the better of Jocelyn Thew," she declared, with a little laugh, "deserves all the nuts. He is a sure winner every time. You're up against him now, aren't you?"

"More or less," Crawshay confessed. "I crossed on the steamer with him."

"I bet that didn't do you much good!"

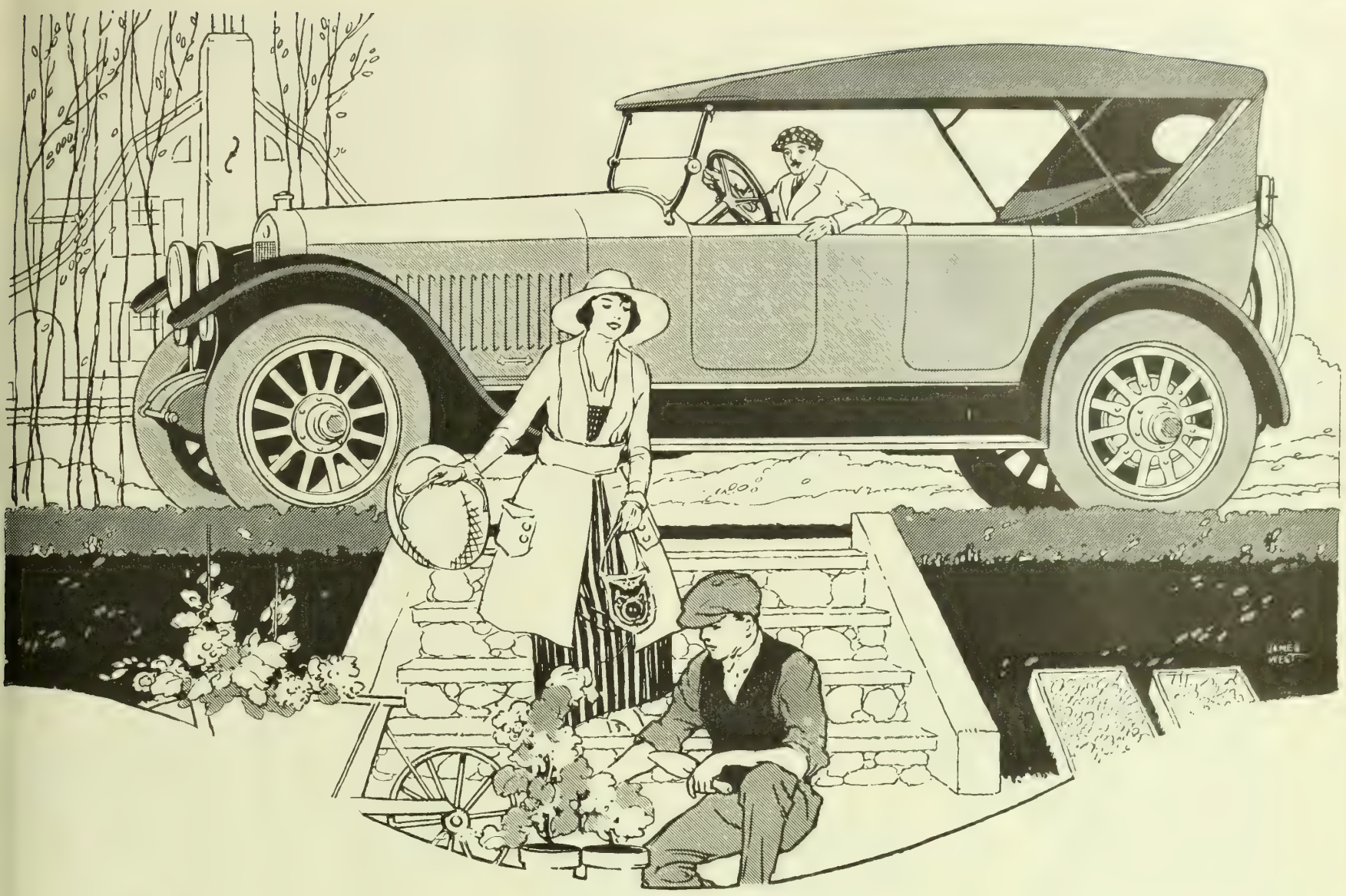
"I lost the first game," Crawshay confessed candidly. "I see that you know all about it."

"No need to put me wiser than I am," the girl observed carelessly. "Jocelyn Thew's no talker."

"Not unless it serves his purpose. It is astonishing," Crawshay went on reflectively, "how the science of detection has changed during the last ten years. When I was an apprentice at it—and though you may not think it, Miss Sharey, I am a professional, not an amateur, although I am generally employed on Government business—secrecy was our watchword. We hid in corners, we were stealthy, we always posed as being something we weren't. We should have denied emphatically having the slightest interest in the person under surveillance. In these days, however, everything is changed. We play the game with the cards upon the table—all except the last two or three, perhaps—and curiously enough, I am not at all sure that it doesn't add finesse to the game."

Her eyes flashed appreciatively.

"You're dead right," she acknowledged. "Take us two, for instance. You know very well that Jocelyn Thew is a pal of mine. You know very well that I shall see him within the next twenty-four hours. You know very well



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that you're out to hunt him to the death, and you know that I know it. Every question you ask me has a purpose, yet we talk here just as chance acquaintances might—I, a girl whom you rather like the look of—you do like the look of me, don't you, Mr. Crawshay?"

Crawshay had no need to be subtle. His eyes and tone betrayed his admiration.

"I have thoroughly disliked you ever since you were too clever for me in New York," he confessed, "and I have been in love with you all the time."

"And you," she continued, with a little gleam of appreciation in her eyes, "a very pleasant-looking, smart, agreeable Englishman, who looks as though he knew almost enough to ask a poor girl out to dinner."

Crawshay glanced at his wrist-watch.

"It is you who have the science of detection," he declared. "You read my thoughts. Do you wish to change your clothes first, or shall we turn in at a grillroom?"

She rose promptly to her feet.

"I'm all for the glad rags," she insisted. "I bought a heap of clothes in Bond Street this afternoon, and I don't know how many chances I shall have of wearing them. I am a quick dresser, and I sha'n't keep you more than a quarter of an hour. But just one moment first."

Crawshay attentively stood by her side:

"I am at your service," he murmured.

"It's all in the game," she went on, "for you to take me out to dinner, of course, but I guess I needn't tell you that there's nothing doing in the information way. You've fixed it up in your mind, I dare say, that I am mad with Jocelyn Thew. I may be or I may not, but that doesn't make me any the more likely to come in on your side of the game."

Mr. Crawshay's gesture was entirely convincing.

"My dear Miss Sharey," he said softly, "I am going to take a holiday. Business is one thing and pleasure is another. For this evening I am going to put business out of my mind. The sentiment at which I hinted a few moments ago has, I can assure you, a very real existence."

"Hinted?" she laughed. "Guess there wasn't much hint about it. You said you were in love with me."

Her eyes danced joyously.

"You shall tell me all about it over dinner," she declared. "I've got a peach of a black gown—you won't mind if I am twenty minutes?"

"I shall mind every moment that you are away," Crawshay replied, "but I can pass the time. I will telephone and have a cocktail."

She leaned toward him.

"I can guess whom you are going to telephone to."

"Perhaps—but not what I am going to say."

"You are going to telephone to that chap with the dark mustache—Brightman, isn't it? I can hear you on the wire. 'Say, boys', you'll begin, 'I'm on to a good thing! Everything's looking lovely. I'm taking little Nora Sharey, of Fourteenth Street out to dine—girl who came over to Europe after Jocelyn Thew, you know. Good business, eh?'"

Crawshay laughed tolerantly. The girl's humor pleased him.

"You wrong," he declared. "If I told them that, they'd expect something from me which I know I sha'n't get. You are right about the person, though. I am going to telephone to Brightman."

"What are you going to say?" she challenged him.

"I am just going to tell him," Crawshay confided, "that Jocelyn Thew is dining with Miss Beverley and her brother, more red roses and a corner table in the restaurant, and ——"

"Well, what else?"

Crawshay hesitated.

"Perhaps," he said, "if I went on I might put just one card too many on the table, eh?"

"We'll let it go at that, then," she decided. "After all, you know, I am not coming exactly like a lamb to the slaughter. There are a few things you'd like to get to know from me about Jocelyn Thew, but there are also a few things I should like to worm out of you. We'll see which wins. And, Mr. Crawshay."

"Miss Sharey?" he murmured, bending down to her as he held the door open.

"I don't mind confessing that it depends a great deal upon what brand of champagne you fancy."

"*Madam Cordon Rouge?*" he suggested.

She made a little grimace as she turned away.

"I'm rather beginning to fancy your chance," she declared.

ABOUT half-an-hour later Crawshay piloted his companion to the table which he had engaged in the restaurant, with all the *savoir faire* of a redoubtable man about town. She was, in her way, an exceedingly striking figure in a black satin gown on which was enscrolled one immense cluster of flowers. Her neck and arms, very fully visible, were irreproachable. Her blue-black hair, simply arranged but magnificent, triumphed over the fashions of the coiffeur. The transition from Fourteenth Street to her present surroundings seemed to have been accomplished without the slightest hitch. She leaned forward to smell the great cluster of white roses which he had ordered in from the adjoining florist's.

"The one flower I love," she sighed. "I always fall for white roses."

Crawshay's eyes twinkled as he took his place.

"Do you remember your English history?" he asked. "This is perhaps destined to become a battle of red and white roses—red roses at Claridge's and white roses here."

"Which won—in history?" she asked indifferently.

"That I won't tell you," he said, "in case you should be superstitious. At the same time I am bound to confess that if we could both of us hear exactly what Jocelyn Thew is saying to-night across those red roses, I think perhaps that I should back the House of York."

"So that's the stunt, is it?" she remarked coolly. "You want to make me jealous of Katharine Beverley?"

"The cleverest and hardest men in the world," Crawshay observed, "generally meet with their Waterloo at the hands of your sex. So far as I am concerned, I am myself in distress. I am jealous of Jocelyn Thew."

"You're bearing up!"

"I am bearing up," Crawshay rejoined, "because I am hoping that with kindness and consideration, and with opportunity to prove to you what a domestic and faithful person I am, you will perceive that of the two men I am the more worthy."

"Think something of yourself, don't you?" she observed.

"I have cultivated this confidence," he told her. "In my younger days I was over-diffident."

"Guess you're older than I thought you, then."

"I am thirty-seven years old," he declared, "and I was well brought up."

"Jocelyn Thew," she said reflectively, "is forty."

"I did not bring you here," he declared, "to discuss the age of my unworthy rival. I brought you to tell me whether you consider that this *Lobster Americaine* reminds you at all of Delmonico's, and to prove to you that we can, if we put our minds to it and speak plain and simple words to the *sommelier*, serve our champagne as iced even as you like it."

Nora was not wanting in appreciation.

"It's the best thing I've had to eat since I left New York, and for some time before that," she assured him. "There hasn't been much Delmonico's for me during the last few months. Too many of your lot ratting about Fourteenth Street."

He nodded.

"After all," he said, "that was bound to come to an end when America declared war. You people did the only wise thing—brother to San Francisco, eh, your father to Chicago, and you over here?"

"You do know things," she laughed.

"I am a perfect dictionary as to your movements," he assured her.

"Have you anything to do with the fact that my rooms have been searched by the police?" she asked abruptly.

"Indirectly I fear so," he confessed. "You see, up to the present we haven't the least idea as to what has become of all those documents and plans which Jocelyn Thew so very cleverly brought over to this country."

"Don't know where he's tucked them up, eh?" she inquired.

"That's a fact," Crawshay confessed. "We discovered, a trifle too late, how they were brought over, but what has become of them since Jocelyn Thew's arrival in London we do not know. Every one concerned has been searched, no deposit has been made at any hotel or in any of the ordinary places where one might conceal securities. They have momentarily vanished."

The girl's eyes twinkled.

"Well," she exclaimed, "he does put it across you, doesn't he? I wonder whether you think I am going to be any use to you—that you'll trap Jocelyn Thew through me?"

"Not now," he answered. "I used to think so once."

"Why have you changed your mind?"

"Because," he told her bluntly, "I used once to think that you and he cared for one another."

"And now?"

"I have changed my mind," he admitted. "You know him so well that I need not remind you that where women are concerned he seems to have shown few signs of weakness. Personally I have a theory that the time has come when he is likely to go the way of all other men."

She leaned across the table. Those wonderful brown eyes of hers were lit with an indescribable interest. Crawshay for a moment lost the thread of his thoughts. They were certainly the most beautiful eyes he had ever looked into.

"You think there is anything between those two—Katharine Beverley and him?"

"The consideration of that point," Crawshay continued, resuming his usual manner, "although it lies off the track of my present investigation, presents some points of interest. She can be of no further use to him in his present scheme. She certainly would not aid him in the concealment of any of his spoils, nor could she become an intermediary in forwarding them to their destination. Yet he has sent her roses every day she has been in England, and dined with her two nights following. You, who know him better than I do, will agree that such a course is unusual with him."

"But Dick Beverley is with them to-night, you told me," she reminded him.

"That scarcely alters the situation," Crawshay pointed out, "because his coming was quite unexpected. If anything it rather strengthens my point of view. Beverley is very much a young man of the world, and he probably knows Jocelyn Thew's reputation. He certainly would not consent to meet him in this friendly fashion, in company with his sister, unless the latter insisted."

"She doesn't need to insist," Nora said, watching the champagne poured into her glass. "Unless you're kidding me, you don't seem to be able to see much further than your nose. Katharine Beverley didn't come across the Atlantic for her health, and Dick Beverley didn't join that little dinner-party for nothing to-night. They both of them did as they were told, and they had to do it."

"This, I must confess," Crawshay murmured, smoothly and mendaciously, "puzzles me. Your idea is, then, that Jocelyn Thew has some hold on them?"

She laughed at him a little contemptuously.

"You are not going to make me believe," she said, "that you are not wise about that. It isn't clever, you know, to treat me as a simpleton."

"I am afraid," he confessed humbly, "that it is I who am the simpleton. You think, then, that the red roses are more emblematic of warfare than of love?"

Nora shrugged her shoulders and was silent for several moments. Her companion changed the subject abruptly, pointed out to her several theatrical celebrities, told her an entertaining story and talked nonsense until the smile came back to her lips. It was Nora herself who returned to the subject of the Beverleys, reopening it with a certain abruptness which showed that it had never been far from her thoughts.

"See here, Mr. Crawshay," she said, "you seem to me to be wasting a lot of time worrying round a subject, when I don't know as a straightforward question wouldn't clear it up for you. If you want to know what there is between those three, Jocelyn Thew and the two Beverleys, I don't know as I mind telling you. It's probably what you asked me to dine with you for anyway."

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Thew meets old friends who endanger him. But he is too busy putting suspicion on the wrong person – in Hearst's for August.

The Tangled Web

(*Concluded from page 53*)

"I feel rotten, if you want to know it," replied Bodinsky bitterly. "And if anyone asks you why, you can tell him it's all your fault."

"My fault?" exclaimed the young man im amazement. "What the dickens have I got to do with it?"

"I didn't want to go in the automobile," he concluded. "I wouldn't have thought about Lubarsky if you hadn't pointed out his house. I—I—oh, it ain't no use! I guess it's only my own fault!"

Young Cohen's face had become very red. The misery of Bodinsky was so sincere and so apparent that, for all the world, the young man would not have laughed at him. Nevertheless his mouth twitched curiously, and several times he was compelled to avert his face.

"What's your address, Bodinsky?" he suddenly asked. The cutter gave it to him.

"I just want to think this thing over," said Cohen. "Maybe it ain't as bad as it looks."

When Bodinsky reached home that night he found his wife radiant with happiness.

"You don't want to go into the coal business, hey?" she cried, merrily. "Just read this!"

It was a letter that had been delivered by messenger.

"My dear Mr. Bodinsky," it ran. "If you haven't anything else to do this evening after dinner it would give me great pleasure if you could drop up at my house again. Sincerely yours, J. Lubarsky."

The word "again" was underlined. Bodinsky stared at the letter. His lips were dry. He read it and read it again. His mind was a total blank; his brain had ceased its functions. Mechanically he began to don his best clothes.

"Don't you want to eat first?" asked his wife.

"'Eat?'" echoed Bodinsky. "I couldn't eat." And then there came a sudden thought into his mind which filled him with assurance. Whatever happened he would really meet Lubarsky.

"Look here," he said. "When I got important business with Mr. Lubarsky it comes before eats. And, number two, don't go around telling everybody what I'm doing."

Lubarsky's letter had, in some mysterious manner, shaken Mrs. Bodinsky's confidence in her ascendancy over her husband. It was one thing to have him tell her that he knew Mr. Lubarsky and another to have ocular proof of his intimacy with the great man.

"I won't say a word," said she, submissively.

How Bodinsky reached Lubarsky's residence, what route he took, what his thoughts were during his journey—all these and many other incidents are blank in Bodinsky's memory of that night. His first distinct recollection is that Lubarsky was a stout, good-natured individual with bright, twinkling eyes, who greeted him with outstretched hand.

"Glad to see you again, Mr. Bodinsky," the coal merchant exclaimed upon greeting him. Bodinsky blinked his eyes a great many times.

"'Again?'" he asked in bewilderment. Then Lubarsky burst into laughter.

"I love a good joke," he said. "Your friend, young Cohen, told me the whole story this morning and I've been enjoying it ever since. Sit down, Mr. Bodinsky. I want to hear the whole thing from you. I think it's rich."

Bodinsky, his whole being expanding with a new sense of comfort, began to grin. He told the whole story from beginning to end. When Lubarsky had ceased laughing he laid a friendly hand upon the cutter's shoulder.

"What's your idea about going into the coal business?" he asked.

"It ain't my idea!" exclaimed Bodinsky, in alarm. "It's my wife's."

"Do you know the difference between anthracite and bituminous?"

Bodinsky stared at him. Slowly a smile crept into his face.

"All I know about coal is coal bills," he said. "If the bills is katuminous or—what d'ye call it—ankosite, I only know it takes a lot of my wages to pay it." Lubarsky laughed heartily.

"Cohen tells me," said he, "that you're a good cutter. Take my advice and stick to cutting."

Bodinsky sprang to his feet.

"That's just what I told my wife you said," he exclaimed, and, dropping his voice, "when you didn't said it," he added.

"What did Mr. Lubarsky have to say?" asked Mrs. Bodinsky the moment her husband returned.

"Nothing," said Bodinsky, firmly and laconically. He appreciated thoroughly the advantage that he had obtained and he meant to maintain it. The next evening, however, he relented.

"I ain't going into the coal business," he said, "and I don't want to hear a single word about it no more."

"Ain't it a good business?" asked his wife falteringly. Bodinsky stared at her.

"Do you know the difference," he asked, "between aluminous and rankosite?" Mrs. Bodinsky looked dazed.

"When you do," said her husband, firmly, "we'll talk about coal, and not before. Maybe, pretty soon, I'll have some good news, but I ain't going to say anything about it to-night. Let's go out to a restaurant. I feel like celebrating."

Mrs. Bodinsky, meek, happy and grateful, arrayed herself in her best clothes. They went to a popular restaurant on Grand Street, where, after a long wait, they were escorted to a table near the center of the room.

"Look!" said Mrs. Bodinsky. "That girl behind you. Ain't that a lovely hat she got on?"

"Good evening, Mr. Bodinsky!" the girl exclaimed, holding out her hand. "How are you?"

Bodinsky felt himself choking. Mechanically he held out his hand and received a warm, friendly squeeze. The girl bestowed just one quick glance upon his companion, nodded comprehensively and smiled.

"Have you seen Mr. Cohen lately?" she asked.

"I seen him yesterday," said Bodinsky, with a forced grin.

The girl nodded pleasantly and turned to her party.

"Who is it?" asked Mrs. Bodinsky. Her husband gazed at her in amazement.

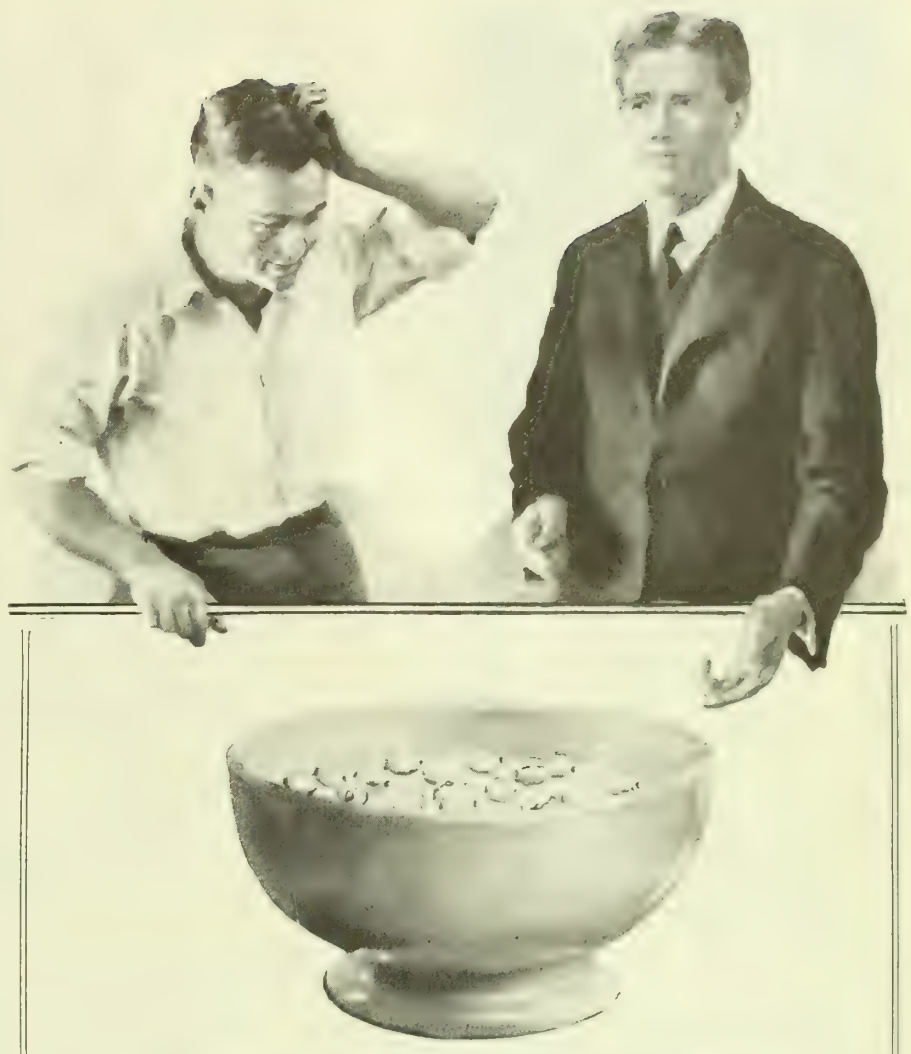
"Do you got to yell so loud?" he asked. Mrs. Bodinsky, abashed by her husband's assurance, tried hard to smile.

"I only asked," she said, "who is it? I didn't know you knew any girls like that."

Bodinsky leaned back in his chair and surveyed his wife with great calmness. His hand began to stroke his beard.

"Her name," he said, slowly, "is Miss Leffler. She is a friend of Mr. Lubarsky. Do you want to ask any more questions or do you want to order something to eat?"

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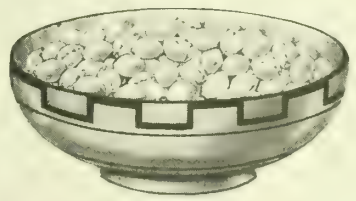
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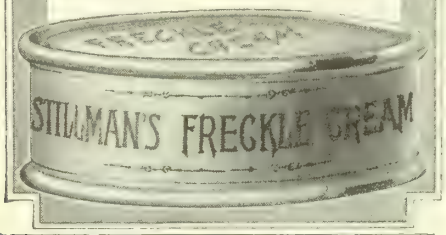
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"Why We Won't Go Back in the Navy"

(Continued from page 21)

crime for an officer and an enlisted man to go into a restaurant together, or to eat at the same table—nor can he see what damage is done the Navy if an officer and an enlisted man happen to attend the same social function. He is perfectly willing to bow to superior wisdom. He recognizes that being an officer is a distinct honor, but he does expect the officer to be a human being and recognize his being such. What your "gob" really does expect is an unbending on the part of officers, a recognition by them that he, too, is a two-fisted, red-blooded American, a man and not a truant child.

What is needed is a few more officers of the type of Captain Moffett, formerly Commandant at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. Thanks to the new Reserve officers and some few Annapolis men who never did believe in the old system, Navy caste has been partially leveled during the war. It was not an altogether uncommon sight in New York to see officer and gob walking along the street or eating together in a café, but the practice was not general enough to stamp out the old tradition, and now that the war is over, there seems to be an immediate tendency toward the old *régime*.

There is really no need for caste in any organization. In a modern business corporation the head of a big firm is generally a potentate unto himself. The office-boy knocks on the door before he enters, and he respectfully says "sir." The lesser lights of the office do likewise. It is an acknowledgment, an appreciation, of this man's position and the ability necessary to occupy it. But that does not prevent this same "boss" from inviting his entire office force out to his home and showing them genuine hospitality where everyone, for the moment at least, is on equal footing. Nor, on the following day, does it injure the office efficiency and discipline or change the relative importance of the different members of the office force. Nor would it in the Navy. The best-liked officers in the service were often the hardest task-masters, but they were also men capable of unbending into human beings. They could reach down among their men and make them feel that they were men *together*, and not master and mastered. That is what counts with men.

This question of caste naturally leads to a discussion of discipline, and there you have another reason why your young friends have no desire to stay in the Navy. There is too much discipline for its own sake, rock-bound discipline, the kind of discipline that leaves scars on a man's soul and takes out of his eyes the fine old American "I'm as good as you are." True enough, there must be discipline in every large organization, and unquestionably a military body does require more discipline than any other. Your enlisted man realizes this, but he realizes also how easy it is to have too much discipline; so much that the life is not worth the trouble.

It is hard to explain what I mean so that a person who has never been in the Naval Service will get the right viewpoint. I do not wish to give the impression that the Navy is a Prussianized organization, for it is not. There probably have been cases of unfairness, but they are the exception and not the rule. It is simply that discipline is so rigid, so exhaustive, that a man is never free from it. It tags at his heels day and night. It follows him to mess, it goes to bed with him, gets up with him, works with him, plays with him. He eats, sleeps, and drinks by rule. He is never free, never thinks for himself. He can make no plans without asking permission to carry them out. There is a rule for everything, and if he breaks one he is punished; and let me say right here that the severity with which many men have been punished for simple infractions is responsible for a great deal of the ill feeling on the part of the enlisted man. He is simply a cog in a machine, his individuality is merged into a common whole until as a sensitive, spirited human he ceases to exist.

As I have said, discipline is necessary, but the truth of the matter is that human nature can not and will not be hemmed in by a hundred and one rules of living. You can't confine free spirit by too many rules without bad results. Either the rules get broken or the man does. Usually both.

A very prominent secretary in one of the largest Naval Y. M. C. A.'s in the country, one of the fairest and most broad-minded men I know, remarked to me not long ago that he did not see how the Navy kept any *real* men at all. This man has talked with thousands of men and officers since the war started and he knows their attitude.

Naval officials, on the other hand, will tell you that the Navy must have this unbending discipline. Maybe so; I am not an authority on either discipline or naval efficiency, but I do know that the men are leaving, and it seems to me, at least, that a Navy without men will be less efficient than one with a little less discipline.

Too much discipline and too much caste are unquestionably the biggest reasons why men dislike the Naval Service, but there are a host of others, some of them ridiculously petty in themselves, but taken together they sum up quite a total on the wrong side of the ledger.

For one thing, your young salt has but little liking for a hammock. Ask him about it and he will probably tell you that it is the finest bed ever invented, but privately he detests it. Personally I think a hammock an abomination. Suffocatingly hot in summer, it is the best substitute for a Turkish bath I ever saw. Draughty and cold in winter; your feet freeze unless you are an expert in bundling them up—and keeping them bundled; a breeze blows down the back of your neck in spite of every effort to keep it out. Some old salts have the knack of making quite a comfortable bed out of a hammock, but the average recruit seldom acquires the knack. And under no circumstances is it a suitable substitute for a bed.

One of the big drawbacks to a hammock is that it crowds too many men into one compartment. Men like companionship during their waking hours, but have no inclination to be packed in like sardines after they have retired. That is about what happens on board ship. The hammocks are swung so close together that it is advisable to have the men alternate, one man having his feet pointed in the same direction as his next neighbor's head, in order to make the best use of the available room. With fifty to seventy-five men in one compartment this does not make any great hit with the men.

I do not know whether there is a remedy for the hammock or not. I am inclined to believe, however, that, like many other features of the Navy which are but handed-down customs, it can be eliminated. And I do know that more comfortable quarters for the men would be a big asset to the Navy.

Another bone of contention, and a question which I am loth to bring up, is the sailor's uniform. The enlisted man hates it. If you ask him how he likes it ten chances to one he will praise it to the skies, for of all things your sailor is proud. Many Navy officials and quite a few civilians would, I know, consider it a sacrilege to do away with the present regulation uniform. It is a tradition, a custom, a heritage of the Navy. Two or three generations ago it was, perhaps, the best outfit for the kind of service they had in those days, but ours is no longer a Navy of rigging, yardarms, and topsails. It is a Navy of mechanics, of specialists, and a uniform is demanded in keeping with the service to be performed.

First of all, the uniform is not dignified; and one of the first requisites of a military uniform is dignity. It should add to a man's bearing instead of detracting from it. When a man has donned a Navy uniform he feels like a small boy dressed up; he knows he looks rather ludicrous and feels it keenly. Nor is the uniform practical. If it fits perfectly it is all right, otherwise it is anything but comfortable. If a pair of Navy trousers do not fit, you might as well attempt to sit down in a plaster cast.

Then again, there is little excuse for the "whites." They are work clothes, and who in civil life would think of wearing *white* clothes to work in, even in a place so easily kept clean as a modern battleship? Why in the Navy then? Warm weather means to a "gob" one continued nightmare of scrubbing whites. Dark working clothes would not only be more suitable and serviceable, but also less expensive, which, considering the small pay of our Navy, is no small item.

Then again, the regulation hats are about as impracticable as headgear can be. The flat hat will not stay on in a wind, and offers no protection whatever to the eyes. The white hat stays on in a wind, but does nothing else. The need of eye protection at sea during warm weather is great. There are not only the direct rays of the sun in the eyes, but also the reflected rays, which are even worse on the eyesight. The white hat offers no protection to the eyes at all, since only in the very brightest weather is it permissible to pull the brim down. The blue watch-cap worn in winter is the most practical of the lot. It is warm and comfortable, but it, too, has the disadvantage of lacking eye protection.

There is no real need, it seems to me, for this anachronistic uniform. The army doesn't stick to its Civil War uniforms. It changes whenever practical conditions change. A sane, practical outfit for the Navy could easily be devised, both dignified and suitable. Straight trousers, probably, a jacket or coat, and cap with a visor. This in itself would go a long way toward making the Navy a more attractive service. The average man not only wants to feel like a he-man but he wants to look like one. It can't be done in the present Navy uniform. The Coast-Guard Service, by way of contrast, has probably more need for a uniform that allows perfect freedom of the body than any other branch of the military service, yet their uniform conforms to present-day standards of dress. It is dignified, serviceable, neat and attractive.

There are scores of other minor indictments which one enlisted man or another has returned against the Naval Service, but the foregoing, I believe, are the real reasons for his generally adverse attitude. And they are the ones which

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should be seriously considered by the authorities. With these taken care of, the smaller matters would soon adjust themselves and be forgotten. The big point is that with three or four real grievances, every trivial disgruntlement takes on the aspect of either mistreatment or tedious monotony.

But something ought to be done. Properly to man our fleet at least a hundred thousand men must be enlisted during the following year, and a steady stream thereafter to man the new ships and take the place of those men who will naturally be continually returning to civil life after their enlistment has expired. True, right at present, enlistment is fairly brisk. This is but a natural war aftermath. It has happened before, but the spirit has always diminished within a short time. It is sure to be so again. A year from now, when the war is past history, the Navy will be back on the old footing, looking for men, needing them badly and in all probability having difficulty in getting them.

The truth of the matter is, the Navy, as now operated, not only has unpleasant features; but even worse, it really has little to offer the kind of men it needs most. Advancement is slow, far too slow to suit the youngster with real ambition. It takes six months to advance in rating and at least seven years to gain a warrant rank. To rise to a commission means twelve to fifteen years of hard, earnest effort, and even then there is considerably more honor than remuneration to the position.

The number of enlisted men recommended for Annapolis each year is small; it takes a high-honor man to have any chance at this plum. And surely no man ever enlists in the Navy because of the pay offered, for in comparison to present wage rates it is pitifully small. Any husky young fellow, without even an ordinary education, can make more money at any one of a half hundred common laborer's jobs than he will receive in the Navy.

But, what is worse than any of these, a man learns but little in the Navy that will be of use to him in civil life, that will contribute to his future success. If he gets engine-room work or becomes an electrician, he comes out of the Navy with a fairly good trade, but otherwise he has gained but little. In reality he completes his four years but little better off than when he enlisted.

One of the chief features of a "Talk to Enlisted Men" in the Blue-Jacket's Manual, in which the advantages of the Navy are set forth, is the fact that the Navy offers a man a *job for life*. Ye gods! what a torch of ambition to hold up to red-blooded Young America! A hammock, a ditty-box, and a sea-bag for life! A different type of young man from one who will be satisfied with a "job for life" is needed in the Naval Service, and of all institutions the United States Navy should be the last to encourage such an ambitionless spirit.

After carefully inquiring into the real sentiment of hundreds of sailors and ex-sailors, I believe I can state, with a tiny suggestion of authority, that just a few radical changes would assure the Navy a constant supply of good men and make it really popular.

First: Offer the prospective "gob" a few real inducements. Choose at least half of the officer candidates each year from the enlisted personnel. Show the man in the ranks that there really is a place at the top.

Second: Establish trade schools where the men can learn a trade that will be widely useful in civil life. This has already been done to some extent, but there are not enough of these schools.

Third: *Guarantee* each man at least one cruise in foreign waters during his enlistment—and then give him plenty of shore liberty when he is in foreign ports. There is no better education than foreign travel, and the cost of such cruises would be but little more than keeping the ships in home waters.

Fourth: Shorten the enlistment to two years. A four-year enlistment looks too long to about 99 per cent. of our young men. I know that Naval officials will say that it can't be done, that it takes almost that long to make a good sailor. But the war proved them wrong. Moreover, the Navy of to-day is a Navy of specialists, and any ordinary boy can be taught all the seamanship he needs in six weeks in a training-camp. Then put him aboard ship among experienced men and in a surprisingly short time he is a veteran. There are thousands of boys who would absolutely refuse a four-year enlistment who would gladly go in for two. Four years out of a young man's life means a great deal; it's about the best four years he'll ever see, and there have got to be real inducements for him to make the sacrifice. Yet a two-year enlistment, with foreign travel, would be a good investment for any young man.

Fifth: Lessen the discipline somewhat. Make the man more of an individual and less a mere cog in a weary, grinding wheel.

Sixth: Lessen the Naval caste. Keep the gap between officer and man as deep and wide as you like—but make it an *intellectual* and *professional* difference, not a social difference.

Seventh: Discard the present uniform and design one that is dignified and practical. Put the enlisted man in an outfit that he can be proud of, and one that expresses the worth and the importance of the Naval Service.

These seven suggestions I believe to be eminently practical. Unless something is done to make the Naval Service more attractive I am convinced that the Navy must go begging for men. And our Navy wants men—more men—good men!

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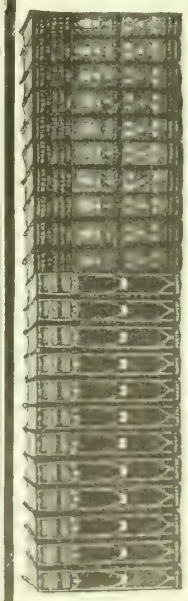
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[illegible] Revenge. My beautiful revenge.

[illegible] Dear thief.

Giannetto—I love you! Kiss me! Hold me close. (*She is in his arms in surrender when Neri appears, escaped from his captors; but in a few minutes of wild struggle he is a prisoner again, bound and gagged. Surrounded by jeering men who think him really mad.*)

Giannetto—There lies your lover.

Ginevra—Poor Neri! Ugh! How hideous he is!

Giannetto—This, dear friend Neri, is the last time you will ever look upon her face. I swear to you by all the saints, poor friend, I'll do my best to cheer and comfort her!

Neri—Your hands—take them off her—she belongs to me!

Giannetto—Fear not, dear Neri, I am in your place! I shall console her! Watch me! I begin! (*He kisses Ginevra, as her head falls back so that their lips may meet.*) (*Neri is taken away to a dungeon, where, in the theory of medieval medicine, the evil spirits are tortured out of crazy people. Giannetto visits Neri there a few days later. Needless to say, Neri is trussed and tied against a stone pillar.*)

Giannetto—Well, I bring good news.

Neri—I'll none of it!

Giannetto—To-day, when fair Aurora with her rosy fingers drew back the sable curtains of the night——

Neri—You toad! You sewer rat!

Giannetto—Tut, gossip! Have you no heart for poetry? To put it plainly, then, dawn found our young friend raised upon one elbow, teasing my nostril with a lock of hair.

Neri—God where are you?

Giannetto—God can not help you, Neri. You must call on me. On me—your gull, your game, your laughing-stock, for years the butt of all your bloody jokes! On me, who bear upon my unhealed back the shameful wounds of your vile cruelty! (*Women's laughter on the stairs interrupts him; he listens and turns to Neri.*) Do you hear, dear heart? Youth, beauty, pleasure floating down the stairs. Women, Neri. Each was like an orange. You bought it, sucked it, wiped your mouth, and tossed the skin away. So from the gutter, where you flung them, I have picked up three—the foulest, muddiest, and the most abused. Three specters from the past, three hissing snakes, three mildewed rags that once were clean as snow (*as the women enter*). My friend, these goddesses have come to comfort you. (*Suddenly he bends to examine the youngest woman more closely.*) Why, this is not what's-her-name the harlot of the Borgo Santa Croce! Come, come! Speak up! Who are you?

Lisabetta—She sent me in her stead.

Giannetto—Why, curse the jade——

Lisabetta—Oh, sir, believe me, I can take her place!

Giannetto—Aha! You, too, are one of Messer Neri's playthings? (*hands her a scourge*) Take this. He is securely bound, you know. (*as he turns to leave*) Ladies, I leave him to your gentle hands. Prickle him, tickle him, for he is sick of love!

Lucrezia (*one of the women, taking the scourge*)—Let me try him first. Do you not know me! Do you, remember? Do you understand? (*wildly*) If, like a beast, you can not speak to me, then you must suffer like a beast, dear sir. Here is the dagger that my husband wore—(*taking it from her garter*) Do you feel that—and that? (*she pricks him on the breast*) Bleed, satyr, bleed! (*pause*) Holy Madonna, how my hand is shaking! Why do you stare at me? (*pause*) Stop! Stop, I say! What are you doing, you witch, you sorcerer? (*in a strange voice*) I could have sworn I hated you, but now—(*she stops. Then, in a burst of emotion*) Oh, Neri! Splendid one! My beautiful! May God forgive me, but I love you still! (*and she sinks down, kissing his feet, in a flood of passionate tears. This*

The Jest

(*Concluded from page 47*)

enrages the third woman, who would stab out Neri's eyes to make him blind like herself, but Lisabetta interposes)

Lisabetta (*to Lucrezia*)—Take her away. Leave him alone with me!



"This Ginevra, late the daughter of a fishmonger; now an orient pearl." *Photo by Abbe*

Lucrezia—You swear you will not kill him?

Lisabetta—I swear.

Lucrezia—Yet make him suffer, child. But not too much. Oh, saints above, why must I pity him? (*She forces the blind woman away with her.*)

Lisabetta (*alone with Neri*)—I wonder if you heard me lie to them. We never knew each other, did we, sir? You never even saw me till to-night. (*sighing*) Poor soul, they tell me you are mad and can not understand. And yet my voice may soothe the troubled brain. It was like this: I met the woman of the Borgo Santa Croce in the street. She was my friend before she—well, you know. "Whither away?" I said. "To cure a fool," she answered, and she laughed and cursed you, sir. "I would that I could cure him, too!" said I. "How much would you give to take my place?" "Twelve crowns." I paid her from my stocking, sir. It was my dowry, but I did not care. Here was my chance to meet you face to face—the hero of my heart, my soul's anointed! This is the moment I have prayed and longed for! How shall I use it, dear? Shall I pretend that you are not mad, but love me? Yet granny says that love's a sort of madness. (*passionately*) Then I am mad, for oh! I love you so! You never guessed? How could you ever guess, my lion? But oh, your eyes! One glance, one careless glance as you rode by me on that horse of yours—and all day long I heard the harps of God! And though you never saw me as you passed, my soul shone in the light you left behind!

Neri—I see you now—and you are beautiful—put your mouth to mine—(*she lifts her head. They kiss desperately*)

Lisabetta—Hush! If they are cunning, you must be cunning, too. Why not pretend that you are really mad, as if this joke of theirs they are so proud of had in truth addled your poor brains. I will swear that I still love you, and that I want to take you far away and nurse you as I would a little child. And as I plead for you, you'll seem, by word, by look, by gesture, everything, to be the booby that I claim you are. No raving madman, howling threats of doom, but a poor dunce, a harmless simpleton—one of those moon-calves whom the street-boys mock. If you but act this part—and act it well!—they will not fail to put you in my charge—(*Giannetto and a doctor enter; Neri plays the fool so well he takes in the doctor*)

Doctor—Look, sir! He is as meek as peppermint! His wits are gone. Which, being the case, shall we not set him free? He drivels, but he is not dangerous, sir.

Giannetto—I offer him his liberty—if he will only pledge his word never to hurt or frighten me again. (*with a broken gesture*) There! I have said it, Neri. I have stripped my soul. You see me as I really am—in all my weakness and my vanity. Your joke had lasted for so many years and I had suffered so—ah, was it strange that when the moment came I struck at you? Have pity on me! If I went too far, remember that I am not used to triumph. But now—please God! the dreadful game is ended. Give me your word and I shall set you free. Your word, dear Neri! I am waiting! Speak!

Neri—If ever a dog begins to say his prayers——

Lisabetta (*indignantly*)—There, sir! See what all your talk has done! His eyes are bulging out like some great crab's!

Giannetto (*fiercely*)—You lie! You both are lying! You know it, girl!

Lisabetta—I beg you, sir, to be merciful! Unchain the poor thing, put him in my care, and I will take him far away from you!

Giannetto—Oh, Neri, as you hope for heaven, have mercy! (*clinging to Neri like a child*) Come, bend your head and whisper in my ear, "I am not mad! Let there be peace between us!"

Neri—Too late! Too late! Creation is a-burning!

Giannetto—Think, Neri, think! There is a moment left, but once the die is cast your doom is sealed. Now let me warn you! If you still refuse to take my offer and to be my friend, I shall no longer keep you here in chains! I shall release you! Do not smile! Because the first thing that you do when you are free will be to walk again into my web and this time—this time you will be destroyed! Oh, Neri, keep me from that mortal sin! I am so young! I want so to be good—Oh, I would rather never pray again than ask forgiveness for such wickedness!

Neri—Ah, what a swarm of cowardly little stars!

Giannetto—I humbly beg you in our Saviour's name—(*Neri mocks him idiotically.*) For the last time—(*pause*) God's will be done. Doctor—set free this idiot. I am convinced that he is harmless as the babe unborn. (*Neri is released, but Giannetto sends him with a warning*) But now a parting word. You have not hoodwinked me! I know you're shamming, Neri! To-night, at my accustomed hour, I go to a certain house that you know very well. Yes, to Ginevra's! For I love her so to save my life I could not stay away! Come there, my friend, and kill me if you can! Oh, have no fear! I shall be alone! Yet say a prayer before you cross that threshold! Sharpen your wits! Keep all your senses keen! For in some corner of that house of shame, in some dim passage or behind the door, there is a red shape waiting for its prey—(*when we see Neri again he is calling the wife of his bosom to account for her defection to Giannetto.*)

Ginevra—Neri, I am not to blame. I was—deceived!

Neri—I know you were. And yet these arms have twined themselves about my enemy. This breast—this snowy breast that he has soiled! What was it but the altar of my love? So now love's altar must be purified, and blood alone can wash the stain away!

Ginevra—Be merciful!

Neri—If not your blood then his. That's fair enough—I leave the choice to you.

Ginevra—Not [illegible]

Neri—Yes or no?

Ginevra (*hysterically*)—Yes! Kill him if you must! But let me live—I can not help it! I'm too young to die!

Neri—You love him, then, as much as you loved me! Saints, what a rag you are! (*flings her to the floor*) Now listen, trull (*he forces from her the hour of Giannetto's coming; sends her to her room; and waits. In the dark a man enters stealthily; Neri stabs him to death*). At last, oh saints! At last I am revenged! (*as he looks down at the body*) Well, Giannetto? And did death taste sweet? Sweet as the taste of love—or sweeter still! (*suddenly a step behind him; he turns; there in the light of the moon stands Giannetto in the life*) Not—you——?

Giannetto—Yes, Neri! I! Your hands are wet with blood. Whom have you slain? My friend, I fear you have revenged yourself too hastily! We two are not Ginevra's only lovers. A wench of her sort keeps the stable full.

Neri—Who was he?

Giannetto—Guess, my friend!

Neri—I can not! Speak!

Giannetto—It was your brother! Gabriello!



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Red and Yellow

Concluded from page 37



good woman; whether she was or not, they decided against her. It was not long before the matter came to Red's ears.

Sam Markell, head of one of the brick-loading gangs, was unfortunate enough to remark, in the hearing of half-a-dozen of his cronies, that Mamie was no better than she should be.

"Some little chicken," he sai . "I could get her myself, if I wanted her. Maybe I will, just to show that red-headed guy he ain't so much."

Red, the boast duly reported to him, sought Sam out. The discussion between them was short and decisive, and was conducted in accordance with certain rules laid down by the Marquis of Queensberry, with local variations. Sam, with a broken nose and a split lip, had admitted his error an promised not to repeat it. Red did not mention the matter to Mamie, but she heard of it.

"How do you know I'm not everything they said about me?" she asked, with quivering lip.

"I know *you*," he said. "You're one of the best women I ever met. You've done everything for me. I don't know where I'd been if you hadn't pulled me up. And I'm not going to forget it, either." He took her hand, held it, unconscious of the emotional storm into which his simple action threw the girl. For a long time there had seemed to her but one thing in life worth while, and that was to put her arms about Red Kennedy's neck and draw his fiery head upon her breast. She dreamed about it of nights.

Red was oblivious to all this. Alice Hammond appealed to him as a charming, attractive girl. Sometimes he found himself wondering what marriage would be like, with such a woman to share his struggles, his cares. Mr. Hammond had been a laborer himself, once, and had raised himself to a position of authority by hard, intelligent work. His wife, Alice's mother, had helped him at every turn. Red watched her with admiration, as she superintended the affairs of her little household. Such a woman, he thought, often made a man. Such a woman, and work, That was the way to rise above the ruck. Mr. Hammond had done it, why shouldn't he? When he spoke of his hopes, in the superintendent's sitting-room, it seemed to him that Alice encouraged him with her eyes.

A feeling of sullen discontent had been growing for some weeks among the laborers at the plant; there were many meetings, at night, at which the debt owed by capital to labor, the iniquity of owning property, were discussed. No apparent reason existed for this feeling; the men were extravagantly paid, most of them had money in the bank, and would have been astonished had anyone suggested that they, too, were property owners. Agitators had come up from New York, however, and convinced them that they, not the capitalists should own and operate the plant; the thought pleased them mightily, it suggested a system under which they would get more money for less work, and that was their primary desire.

A brief order from the New York office precipitated matters. It stated that, owing to the considerable reduction that had taken place in foodstuffs, as well as to the fact that the company was now taking orders on a lower schedule of prices, a general reduction in wages of twenty per cent. would go into effect the following week.

Red shook his head. Tony and his followers would have something to say about this, he felt, and they were more likely to speak in actions than in words.

On the day after that on which the new wage scale was announced, all the laborers at the plant went on a strike. The skilled men did not join it, doubtless realizing that wage reductions to keep pace with reductions in general commodities were inevitable. Most of them had been with the company a long time, and felt a pride in its success. When Red, with Tom Morrison, arrived at the shale bank that morning the stripping gang was nowhere to be seen. Mr. Hammond and Red had a long talk.

"They're up to some mischief," the latter said, knocking the ashes from his pipe. "I'm going to stick around the plant to-night. You and Morrison might join me, if you haven't anything better to do. I don't trust that bunch. There's been a fellow up from New York, talking to them, filling them with the idea that they ought to take over the plant and run it themselves. Or, if they can't do that, to prevent anybody else from running it. I've been a worker myself, Kennedy—my sympathies are all with labor—but when I see a lot of riffraff like that come over here to a free country, earn ten times as much as they ever saw in their lives, at home, and then begin to preach their devilish Bolshevism just because they don't own the whole works, it gets my goat. Why should they own it? Not one of them has ever done more than a day's work in his life—wouldn't do that if somebody didn't make 'em. I did, and more, or I wouldn't be where I am. Do you think, when I was earning two dollars a day, fifteen years ago, that I spent my evenings hanging around saloons, talking anarchy. I did not. I studied, tried to make something of myself. And thank God I succeeded. It was hard work, but who has got the right to say I don't deserve it? I've saved up a little, too—own the house I live in. That makes me a criminal, in those fellows' eyes." He spat upon the ground. "Red! Why, they're yellow—yellow all through. Their idea of advancing themselves is to pull down the other fellow, who happens to have a little more brains, or guts, or industry than they have. Well, they can't pull me down. I'll see 'em in hell first." He strode off.

Red had a talk with Mamie that night on his way back to the plant. She was just leaving the hotel, after her work. She was very quiet; her old courage seemed to have deserted her.

"I'm thinking about going back to New York, Red," she told him.

"Going back to New York? What for?"

"Oh, I don't know. Guess I don't just fit into things, up here. Kinda lonely for the old town."

"Don't think about going away, Mamie," he said, "I'll be 'round to see you to-morrow night, early. I want to talk to you." He smiled down at her. "Miss Hammond and I were speaking of you last night. She's fine—fine as they make 'em. Wants to help you get something better, if she can. I'll tell you about it when I have more time—I'm on my way down to the plant now." He bade her good-night and left her, a small, rather pathetic figure, staring after him through the gloom.

EVERYTHING was very quiet around the big grinding and mixing house. Red stood in the shadow of a doorway and waited for Tom Morrison, who was to join him later. He had been there for perhaps twenty minutes when he heard a faint splash from the direction of the creek, some forty feet from where he stood, and presently discerned through the gloom a trio of shadowy figures climbing over the stringpiece. They came toward him. One of them looked like Tony, the head of the strippers' gang.

Unseen, Red watched the three men. Tony, who appeared to be in command, made a signal to the other two and they gathered about him, talking in whispers. A moment later they stepped into the shadow of the large building, not ten feet from where Red stood, then struck off to the left, still keeping in the shadow, toward a small structure which stood between the main building and the power house. Instinctively Red divined their purpose. They were headed for the oil house, in which were stored dozens of barrels of the oil used in lubricating the columns of clay in the brick machines. Once this was set on fire the entire plant was doomed. With a snarl of rage Red realized that the guards placed about the works were all on the land side; the possibility of approach by water had been overlooked.

They were three against one, but Red did not hesitate. The same courage inspired him that he had felt one night when a dozen Germans invaded the section of trench in which he and two other men stood on guard. After all, was he not fighting the same fight now? It was not the plant, or its New York owners, that he was defending, but the sacred institutions of his country, the democracy that governed by law, and not by violence, that aimed to protect the rights, not of a single class, but of all the people. Property, the very property these men sought to destroy, was the product of labor, had been built up by it. Many of the older employees, Mr. Hammond had told him, owned stock in the company. At least three hundred men looked to their daily work here to provide themselves, their families, with a livelihood. He clenched his fists and sprang straight for the center of the group, just as a clear flame flared up against the oil-house door.

One of the men took to his heels. The second, turning with upraised hands, Red sent down with a terrific blow on the jaw. The third, who proved to be Tony himself, swung about and with lightning like movement snatched a knife from his pocket. By the light of the fire, which had now begun to burn briskly against the oil-soaked door of the building, Red saw his antagonist's knife flash up in a long, brilliant curve. Then he closed in, feeling for the other man's throat.



It was a month before Red was able to leave his bed, and during that month Mamie nursed him, hovered over him day and night, until her eyes seemed like two great glowing holes in her pinched and careworn face. Other things than Red's illness had set the hollows in her cheeks; in his delirium he rambled confusedly about Alice Hammond. To Alice, who came every day with flowers, delicacies she had made, Mamie said nothing of all this, but in her mind there was crystallizing a great decision.

On the morning of the day on which he was to get up, Miss Hammond came in with a huge bunch of roses. Mamie put them in a jar of water.

"Gee, it's fine to see you well again, Red," she remarked, as she put the flowers beside him. "I don't know what we"—she included Alice Hammond in her rather wan smile—"would have done without you. You're sure you feel all right?"

"Sure." He nodded, but his smile was for Alice, who stood looking down at him. Mamie was putting on her hat.

"I—I got to go now, Red," she said, then seized his hand and kissed it. There were tears in her eyes, but she restrained them. "Good-by." Before they realized it she was gone.

The next morning Red received a letter, in a woman's handwriting. He tore it opened, puzzled.

"DEAR RED," the letter began, "I guess we won't see each other again. You've got the right sort of a girl now, and I guess I never was, even if you did beat up Sam Markell on my account. It's back to Clancy's and the bright lights for me, I guess, but I want you to know that there's one woman in the world that's wishing and praying for you and your happiness, every hour of the day and night. Good-by, Red, and God bless you. MAMIE."

Red Kennedy gazed out of the window, but it was not the things outside that he was, but the smoke-wreathed back room at Clancy's, with a thin figure, in a soiled and scanty dress, dancing between the tables. It seemed to him that he wanted that figure in his arms, wanted it more than he had ever wanted anything in his life. Away off, across the river, he heard the whistle of a train. "New York—York," it seemed to say. Then Alice Hammond and her mother came into the room, fresh and wholesome as the flowers they brought. Red glanced down at the letter. The fussy little alarm-clock on the mantel ticked noisily, importantly. "What shall I do—what shall I do?" it seemed to repeat, over and over.

Mr. Kummer's next story is about the girl who does two things she might not have done. Her surprise is in "Enchantment" in August Hearst's.

All Men are Babies

Concluded from page 19

But into this atmosphere of the Ober & Glenn main office had come Dick Melvin. And almost at once he noted the sharp coldness of its occupants; the incisiveness, the freedom from all such weaknesses as human feeling. Indeed, from time to time, when the door of the inner office was open, he could study at will the model and fountainhead of this hardness; Mr. Michael Ober, peerless Captain of Industry. And—as Dick was at an age when a man is as impressionable as a monkey or a schoolgirl—it sank in.

Almost unconsciously he began to note his own assets of fresh trustfulness and friendly clean living; as a beggar, in Peacock Alley, might regard his rags. He grew ashamed of the qualities which were inborn within him. If he was to be a business success—as he swore he would be—he must cast away his excess luggage of unsophistication and impulsive warm-heartedness, and must become even as these his mentors—must become if possible a second Michael Ober.

He took to talking in grudged monosyllables at the office; to smiling in pitying derision at the recital of kindly deeds which cost their doer anything; to sneer grimly at the news of a fall through human weakness. He even practised, before the glass, a pose of polished world-weariness; which became him almost as naturally as an old-fashioned bartender's mustache would have become the flower face of Mavis Bayne.

Yet he felt he was making progress. And when, at times, he forgot himself and relapsed into the clean and friendly youngster of yore, he was always quick to resume his pose with a twinge of shame.

And here—now that he was budding so promisingly into a polishedly soulless man of affairs, Mavis and his mother insisted on babying him and on treating him as though he were still the ingenuous cub of other days! It was horribly annoying. It was as though a newly appointed Supreme Court judge should be chucked under the chin by an aged lawyer who had known him in child hood.

Imagine any living woman presuming to "baby" Michael Ober! How could Dick hope to establish his pose if a couple of petting women were forever upsetting it and refusing to take him seriously? It must be stopped!

By the time Dick reached the office, next day, this resolve had crystallized. And a happening, that very morning, turned it to adamant.

Michael Ober's private secretary, he learned, had just thrown over his three-thousand-dollar job with the concern for a five-thousand-dollar sales-manager position with a rival company. Whereat, mild confusion reigned in the icily efficient inner office for a few hours.

At the end of that time, Dick Melvin was curtly bidden to "sit in" as acting private secretary, during the week or so which must elapse before Ober could sift through the throng of super-competent applicants who were clamoring for the vacant job, and could make deliberate choice of a new private secretary.

The honor, though temporary, did things to Dick's head. He was making thirty dollars a week; and the brief tenure as private secretary to the boss would carry no increase of pay. But it would bring him to Ober's personal notice; and it would let him study, at first hand, the workings of the sacred inner office. So Melvin tackled his "sit-in" duties with a zest which made his ice-hard manner more and more difficult to retain.

But, in such close touch with Ober, the pose reasserted itself, and became a suddenly-acquired second nature. The study of Michael Ober at point-blank range was a liberal education to Dick.

Swift, unerring, merciless, troubled by not one human trait or natural softness, the man was a revelation to Melvin. Here was the ideal Successful Business Man; the man to follow to fortune; to copy in every tiny detail.



Dick frustrated an effort on Mavis's part to ruffle his hair.

Bit by bit, during the next few days, Mavis Bayne noted a great and terrible change in her peculiarly babyable lover. A change which she tearfully reported to his mother; only to find that that sadly puzzled old gentlewoman was also a lachrymose sufferer from it. Neither could understand what had come over the man they adored. For example:

Two evenings after he became acting private secretary to the boss, Dick frustrated an effort on Mavis's part to rumple his hair and to trace an imaginary pencil mark down his semi-Greek nose; by drawing back coldly and snapping forth in icy tones the repellent monosyllable:

"*Please!*"

Imagine, for instance, Michael Ober's wife daring to rumple her husband's august hair or making pussycat faces at him! There was sacrilege in the very thought. If something, away down in Dick's soul, craved unspeakably for the dear, foolish old-time evenings with Mavis, he was strong enough to crush the unworthily babyish yearning.

Then, on the afternoon of the eighth day, Michael Ober slipped on the veneered floor of the inner office, fell, and broke his ankle.

Still imperturbably efficient, Ober let Dick lift him into a chair and support his anguished foot on another chair, and unlace his shoe from the swelling ankle. Meantime, the boss was giving calm orders to the stenographer to telephone to his house that he was coming home, hurt; to his doctor to be there with the right appliances on his arrival; and for the instant summoning of his car from the garage. Melvin gave mute homage to the sufferer's icy nerve.

When the car was announced, Ober glanced down at Dick, who had forgotten his own mantle of heartless Napoleonism in the effort to make the injured man comfortable.

"Better run up home with me, Melvin," he said curtly; yet with something of the half-smile one might accord to the well-meant attentions of a child. "The pain makes me a bit dizzy. If I keel over, it'll be handy to have someone there, to right me again. Come along."

After a long and practically wordless ride, they reached the too-garish Ober home; in the Seventies—about two million dollars east of Fifth Avenue. With the aid, now, of the chauffeur and the butler, Dick helped his employer up the front steps.

At the vestibule, he hesitated, and made as though to turn back. His mission was accomplished. But Ober, reading his intent, said curtly:

"Come in!"

And Melvin, a little uncomfortable, obeyed. His hands again under Ober's shoulders, he turned toward the front door.

At that moment the door flew wide. A decidedly pretty woman ran out and threw her arms about Ober. Close behind her followed a stately old lady, who looked ridiculously like the injured homecomer.

The two women flung themselves on Ober; helping him indoors and into the nearest room that held a couch.

There was an unmistakable maternal tinge to the voices and actions of both women. It was as though they were seeking to comfort a child who had cut its finger. Melvin looked and listened with jaw a-droop from sheer bewilderment.

The dumfounded Melvin actually caught a whispered phrase of baby talk from his employer's austere lips, as Michael's pretty wife bent over the recumbent man.

Glancing up, presently, Ober met Dick's bulging-eyed gaze; and laughed, actually laughed, aloud, as a happy boy might have laughed.

"Melvin," he said, in a most unoffice-like voice, "stop looking so shocked! It's the thing you've been used to all your own days. I saw that, by the way you handled my ankle down at the office and in the car. No chap who hadn't always been fussed over by women could have done it as you did. That's why I asked you in here. I knew you were an initiate."

"An—an initiate?" babbled Dick dazedly.

"In petting," said Ober, and added: "There's no man living who doesn't love to be babied by the women God has given him. Though not all of them are lucky enough to get such babying. Every man is a baby, at heart. It's the one thing that makes business life bearable—to be able to lay off one's armor at home, and be fussed over and petted. It's the only thing that keeps us going. Did you ever stop to think of that?"

"N-no, sir," faltered Dick, ashamedly.

Ober had turned to his wife and his mother.

"I forgot to introduce him," he explained to them. "I'm sorry. This is Richard Melvin. He's my new private secretary. He's been my *acting* private secretary for eight days; and I've had my eye on him for months. But he didn't become my permanent private secretary till I saw, just now, that he was used to being petted by his home women. And I knew that a man who is worth being coddled by such women is the man I want. . . . Run along now, Melvin, and call it a day. If you dare tell those icebergs in the office that you saw my wife kiss that swelled place on my ankle, I'll—I'll—I'll raise your pay. I like to have them envious of *all* my good luck."

Out of the house, like a sleepwalker, strayed Dick Melvin. Through no conscious effort of his own, he kept walking; until at last he found himself on the doorstep of Mavis Bayne's home. After which, of course, there was nothing for him to do but to go in.

And, anyway, he wanted to tell her the incredible news; news of the job which would permit them to marry, now, with no more dreary delay.

The girl came downstairs to greet him; with that same new timid unhappy look in her eyes—the look which gave him a mighty yearning to kick himself.

"Mavis!" he sputtered. "We're—we're going to be married, Miss Sweetheart! And—and—oh, I want to get forgiven for being so rotten! If I—if I wasn't too big, I'd—I'd kind of like to sit in your lap, while I'm getting forgiven. I—I suppose, of course—I suppose, *maybe*—I *am* too big. Am I?"

Coming: Another story by this writer, Albert Payson Terhune. Look for his "By-Products of Babylon" in an early issue of Hearst's.

So I Married Dan

(Continued from page 40)

At last I selected my vocation, the one thing I felt that I could fit myself for, that I could find the time for and could do in my own home, then I studied everything I could along that line of work.

At the end of my third year of married life I was worn out. Keeping my home, roomers, doing my husband's work, and my share of Red Cross work, aside from my studies, placed me in a position where I had to have a rest.

Dan grudgingly sent me to a little city on the coast, thinking I would feel better there. And I did. After the first week I was wide awake to my surroundings. Soon I met some old acquaintances, who asked me to some parties. My soul was starved for such things, and I entered into the gaieties with abandon.

At my Second party I met Him.

He was in the Service; tall, handsome, dark and Southern, possessing both youth and money. My ideal in every way. I had dreamed of him a thousand times from childhood up. It was the same with him.

During that first evening we fell madly in love. I, myself, had ridiculed that old idea of "love at first sight," but then I had never before met anyone for whom I really cared.

In our first few words I told him I was married.

He is not to be blamed. I was there without my husband, having a good time—he naturally drew his own conclusions regardless of what I told him, while I was in the most receptive mood possible to fall in love. My poor little soul was starved for the gaieties and pleasures of which I had been deprived all my life.

I met him again. Later we went to the theater several times, and one evening, after a couple of months' acquaintance, as I gave him my hand to say good-night, he put his arms about me, kissed me twice, and said: "Babe, I love you—nothing on earth can keep us apart, because God made you for me."

Shortly afterward it was time for me to return home, and as he was still in the Service, not knowing when he would be released, there was nothing for me to do but to go. We bade each other a heart-breaking good-by, with my final promise to free myself as soon as he was safely out of the Service.

My home was never more beautiful. The flowers were blooming luxuriantly, as my husband had given them the best of care during my absence. It only added to an already overburdened heart.

Dan knew there was something wrong at the start. At the end of two months I was in a position where I was forced to tell him. I expected him to kill me. Instead, he was heartbroken, and the two of us cried all night. When he was calm, however, he promised to divorce me in the quickest and quietest possible way, since my happiness depended on it.

Intuition and past experience told me that he would never give me up, and that he was only playing for time.

He immediately wrote my mother and brother telling them all. When I heard from them I gave up all hope. It was the same "combination" against me as of old.

My mother wrote that "if I wanted to divorce Dan it was all right, but to do it because I loved another would be committing the most terrible sin." She said "in her estimation I was worse than the women of the streets. That she deeply regretted having tried to save my life when I was ill when a child."

In another letter she wrote asking, "Are you reading 'The Wild Goose' in Hearst's, or do you prefer to skip it?" I replied, "Yes, mother dear, I'm reading every instalment of 'The Wild Goose,' and wouldn't miss one for worlds." Somehow I think the story meant more to me than to her. And though I have no idea what the outcome of the story will be, whichever way it ends will be decidedly true to life.

My brother wrote that "he was going to marry a sweet, clean girl some day, and when he got his home I wouldn't be welcome in it. That any woman who would divorce her husband because she loved another man was the vilest of all vile creatures." I read these letters in a numb sort of way, and then sat down to try and study out just what I had done that was so terribly wrong.

I felt no sense of guilt as when I did the first wrong thing I remember doing. When a small child I poured out the contents of a bottle that was sitting outside half full of rain water, as I thought, only to discover by the odor that it was coal oil. I hid in an outhouse and cried myself to sleep, where my parents found me long after dark.

My husband insisted that I remain at home until we decided it was time to get the divorce. He wrote to the man I loved exacting his promise to take the best of care of me and give me every possible protection. He responded nobly. I'm sure Dan secretly hoped to find him wanting.

Once more I made a fatal mistake, when my husband plead for my confidence, by sharing with him my plans for the future to a degree.

Dan took to remaining home evenings and frequently took me to shows. Every evening we had a little talk about our existing conditions. I did my work as usual, and helped him, as always.

One day a neighbor returned a Hearst's which she had borrowed from me, with the remark, "I don't believe any man living would act like that Mr. Manners is acting in 'The Wild Goose'." I merely smiled. My own husband was acting almost exactly in the same manner. By turns he wept, raged, threatened or cuddled me in his arms and comforted me. Then, by accident, I discovered what they, my husband, mother and brother, were planning to do: Expose the man I loved to the military authorities as a home breaker. I realized it would prove a grave charge if presented while he was in the army.

Frantic, I accused my husband, and he acknowledged that such were their intentions. Also that he had had a detective watching his every move and that he had obtained several letters of his and some of mine—sufficient proof.

At last I realized the strength of the dominating wills that had moulded my life. The only condition upon which the charge would be withdrawn was by me consenting to remain, and I knew they meant it.

To their proposition I replied, "You may force me to give him up, but you never can stop me from loving him."

I was forced to comply with their wishes. He thinks I turned him down.

A few days ago I received a little note telling of his discharge; that he had no idea where he would go, and saying good-by. In my heart I feel that I have done wrong. I have no children, no one to suffer but the man who deprived me of all companionship, children, and even the slightest of earthly pleasures.

Now that it is all over my husband again spends his evenings at his club—and I spend mine studying—alone.

I have not spared myself. Who is to blame? Shall I ever again see the man I love?

May God help me in my endeavor to overcome the existing conditions in my life.

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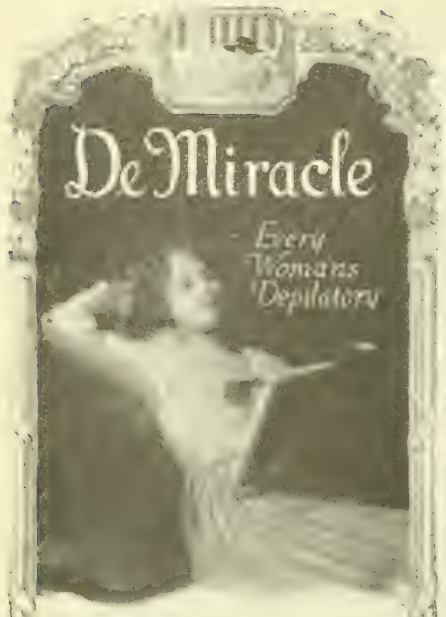
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His Honor the Mayor

(*Concluded from page 15*)

of some of these highly respectable gentlemen because of his quite apparent indifference to the high positions occupied by them. Somehow Ole seemed unable to comprehend that they were vastly superior to the ordinary run of beings.

The reader will understand therefore that when Seattle awoke on the morning after election day to find that Ole had become its chief executive there were those in the community who feared for the future of the city. They were afraid Ole was a radical of most pronounced type. And to be perfectly frank they were justified at times in gaining such impression. Ole did talk a lot. For instance, many times in campaigns in which Ole and I worked together, just before some important meeting at which Ole was to speak, he would walk up and down the room—wherever it happened to be—and proclaim his intention of saying in his address certain things which I knew would injure rather than help our cause. And knowing him I would just sit back and smile and let him rave. In all the time I have known Ole I have never known him to make a foolish or rash statement from a platform. Convinced of the righteousness of his cause—and Ole always was—he never drove away a vote and never failed to bring repentant sinners down the sawdust trail. But if you didn't know Ole he might scare you at times.

And that was the situation in Seattle, in so far as Ole was concerned, on the day I bade him good-by and went on my way. I had told those who attended the meetings at which I spoke that if they should elect Ole Hanson mayor that on the day he took office they could go on about their personal affairs with full assurance that their community affairs would not suffer in the slightest degree. I told them that Ole Hanson was the "surest" man I had ever known, which sounded extravagant perhaps, but which was true then and is still true to-day.

One year later I returned to Seattle. It was just one week before the strike that threatened to turn Seattle over to Bolshevism. I found an atmosphere of nervousness. Each day additions were being made to the list of unions that had voted to cease work. Pamphlets were being distributed declaring that what had been done in Russia could be done in the United States. One newspaper office was boarding up the windows of its pressroom—great plate-glass windows that stood level with the street. Citizens were laying in stocks of canned goods and coal-oil lamps and candles. Homes in which gas was used for cooking were acquiring oil burners and oil.

I found a thriving city of 400,000 men, women and children apparently at the mercy of a little band of labor leaders—some of them misled, but all of them in deadly earnest in their efforts to prove that without their sanction Seattle's industries, private and public, must cease to function.

And up at the City Hall, apparently the least disturbed of all the men I met, I found my old friend Ole Hanson at his desk and on the job. Three days before the strike I spent an entire day with him. Strangely enough we didn't talk so much of the strike as we did about a lot of other things. Mostly we talked of Ole himself and his experience as mayor.

"It's a thankless job," he told me. "When I took office I went out of private business. Since last March when I became mayor, I have worked only at being mayor. I think I have worked more hours than any other man in Seattle. I have seen that every pledge I made during the campaign has been fulfilled. On December 18 last I had spent all of the money that Seattle will pay me for my two-year term, which won't expire until one year from now. I have, of course, the satisfaction of knowing I have done my best, but sometimes I wonder if it is worth it all."

About the strike, Ole wasn't quite sure what he was going to do. All he knew was that while he was mayor of the city he was going to run the city. The seat of government was going to be wherever he happened to be and he was going to use whatever means necessary to the protection of the city and its law-abiding citizens.

"If soldiers, with guns and bayonets and bullets are necessary," said Ole, "then we will send for the soldiers. So long as I am on the job I am going to see that this city remains an American city and that every resident herein shall conform in his acts to the Constitution of the United States, the laws of the State of Washington and the ordinances of the city of Seattle. I am confident, however, that when the union men of Seattle awake to a full realization of what their leaders are trying to do with them that at that very moment the trouble will be over."

Then Ole and I talked of the East and its opportunities. He had a feeling, he said, that he would like to come East, and this is what I told him:

"Forget that East stuff and stick to your work out here. It will be time enough to come East when the East sends for you. One of these days there will come into your life an opportunity to do something big, so big that it will attract the attention of the East. It may be in politics or it may be in something else. But whatever it is, just stay here and wait for it."

And I really believed what I said. From the time I first learned to really know Ole Hanson I had always believed that in some way he would become a national figure. And always I have had an abiding faith that sooner or later every hard-working, conscientious individual will reap reward in fullest measurement. I must admit, however, that I had no thought that the strike which was to come a few days later should offer the predicted opportunity.

Two days before the date set for the strike I left Seattle for California and two days after that I was out on a ranch where newspapers arrived days late. About a week later I came into town and took a train for San Francisco. The first newspaper I purchased had a picture of Ole Hanson and in the smoking compartment of the car the conversation turned to Ole Hanson. Everybody seemed to know him. And when I modestly informed my traveling companions that I knew Ole very well I became at once the hero of the occasion. I told them Ole's history from the time he was a boy in Wisconsin, and in the vernacular of the streets they "ate it up." Altogether it was a very pleasant three-hour journey for me.

In San Francisco I found Ole's name as familiar as that of the mayor of San Francisco. There were editorials about him in all of the newspapers and in the motion-picture houses I saw him on the screens. And everywhere I went I boasted of my long and intimate association with Ole. And then the Eastern papers began to arrive and there was more of Ole, and I knew then that his opportunity had at last arrived and had found the latchstring out.

Some weeks later I was in Santa Barbara at the Belvedere Hotel and one morning the word was passed around among the guests that a telegram had been received reserving rooms for Mayor Ole Hanson and Mrs. Hanson and two of their nine children. The local papers carried the story below prominent headlines, and once again I was permitted to bask in the reflection of the glory that had come to Ole. I was even interviewed by the two daily newspapers of Santa Barbara. As a friend of Ole Hanson's I was a personage of importance.

Ole arrived in Santa Barbara at 6.5[illegible] in the morning and I was there to meet him. And right away Ole recalled our conversation about the opportunity that was to come. And later in the morning we had our picture taken together, Ole and I. And then we had a group picture of our families, Ole's four and our two. And then the press agent of the hotel had his picture taken with Ole and me—which wasn't exactly what he wanted, but as I was right there in front of the camera he couldn't ask me to step aside.

Ole's first day at Santa Barbara was my last day there. We spent it together. I found Ole's hat measurement just the same as it had been during all the years that I had known him. Together we read newspaper clippings that mentioned him as a possible candidate for the Presidency of the United States and in front of the hotel press agent and the girl at the cigar counter he promised me that if he ever got the job he'd let me pick out a nice, lazy island somewhere in the South Seas and send me there as the American consul.

I haven't chosen the island yet, but if there are any more opportunities running around loose you never can tell what Ole will do.

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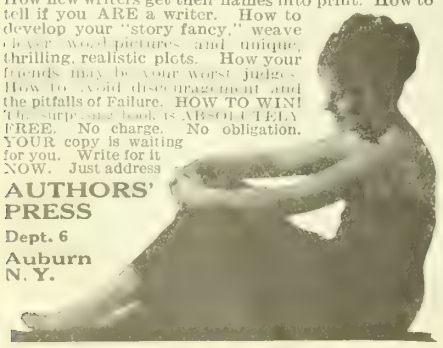
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Whistler Paints my Portrait

(Concluded from page 44

"Mr. Dixey indulges in no exaggeration whatever. He simply *is* Mr. Irving for the time being. Without doubt this is the most wonderful caricature ever seen, and although the business lasts only a quarter of an hour, it is well worth one's while to sit out the rest of the performance in order to see it."

"Funny Folks," "Fun," "Punch," "Judy," all wrote poems, funny caricatures of me during my run in "Adonis."

In the "Court Circular," London, July 31, 1886, appeared the following:

"A young lady, who says she is seventeen, sends me the following poetic tribute to Mr. Dixey, the American actor:

"As graceful as the willow twig
  That sways to touch the water
As fair as him the goddess Love
  The sea-foam's beauteous daughter.
Then rightly should he thus be called,
  So graceful he alone is,
This sprite far cousins send to us,
  Their Dixey as Adonis.
Like some Greek god he stands alone
  On pedestal so stately—
Descends, becomes another man
  From what he seemed so lately,
A fairy or a butterfly
  Could scarce (whose art well known is)
Skim o'er the stage more gracefully
  Than Dixey as Adonis."

The "Pall Mall Gazette" also had a poem on me.

"The Referee," London, July 4, 1886, says:

"The Prince of Wales and son, and the Duke of Connaught, went to see "Adonis" at the Gaiety on Thursday night. Since then the R. H.'s have been whistling, 'It's English, You Know' all over their respective palaces."

WHILE I was playing in London, I met Henry Ward Beecher at breakfast, by the invitation of his manager, Major J. B. Pond. Leslie Ward, "Spy" of "Vanity Fair," was also a guest. Mr. Beecher was toothless on this occasion, as his teeth were at the dentist's being fixed.

He said he never cared much for teeth except to talk with. And that pleased his wife, who, by the way, was present.

She was a very peculiar sort of a home body—very straight backed and seemed quite of the ordinary type of woman. He, on the other hand, was full of fun, told many good stories. I asked him how he compared England with America. He replied, "One is a thoroughbred horse and the other is a thoroughbred ox." How fine! The horse, America, all fire and spirit; and the ox, England, slow and slower.

I turned to Leslie Ward and said, "Why don't you make a drawing of this great man?" He said he would like to but his paper would not print it for fear it would be looked upon as an advertisement.

Mr. Beecher remarked that he would like to see me as *Adonis* but that some of his church folks might object to his going to a play where the women appeared in tights.

I told him I would make them all wear pants the night he would come, which nevertheless didn't seem to satisfy Mrs. Beecher.

James McNeil Whistler and Julian Storey stood behind me one night in my dressing-room at the Gaiety Theater, London, while I was making up my face for Irving

"He makes up with his thumb!" said Whistler.

"Marvelous!" said Julian Storey.

"Look at that shade under his cheek-bone," said Whistler.

"And that eyebrow is perfect," said Storey.

"And to think a moment ago he was the beautiful *Adonis*," said Whistler.

"A fresh youth," said Storey, "and now a cadaverous Irving."

Whistler exclaimed, "Oh, I must paint your picture! When can you come?"

Well, I felt so elated over a great man like Whistler wanting to paint me that I said:

"I'll be at your studio to-morrow morning at six o'clock."

He laughed and said, "Oh, but first I must get a canvas."

THERE and then commenced my acquaintance with Whistler. A very great man!

At last I visited his studio. I put on my blue-and-white dress and stood on a pink mat with a pink background.

He said, "Now, strike some attitude."

You must know I handled a foil very well in "Adonis;" also I carried a long cane. I picked up the cane first, struck two or three poses.

He said, "Wonderful! I don't know which one to choose. But take the foil."

I struck some attitudes with the foil. He sat down.

Then he said, "You got me all befuddled. I don't know which one to do."

At last I decided on one for him. He went to his canvas.

Now, you have heard of Whistler in private, with his white lock of hair sticking up, with his eyeglass and with his little butterfly ways. This is what happened:

He took the glass out of his eye and put on a big pair of rimmed spectacles; he brushed his hair back, eyeing me all the time; put his paint out on a table, took the brush, mixed his paint—he was talking all the while, more to himself than to me, saying:

"Oh, yes; this will be fine. We will do very well with this. Yes, we will. This will be very fine, very fine."

Then, with a large brush with paint on it, he seemed to smash the canvas. Of course, from the position I was in, I couldn't see what he was doing on the canvas.

He made a big sweep on the canvas and worked for about ten minutes, slapping it, as I thought. Then he sat down and looked at it, and I, in my boyish way, said;

"Can I look?"

He said yes, and I went around and looked. I thought he had almost finished it from watching what he had done to the canvas; but to my surprise there was hardly anything on it; but looking closer I saw the entire sweep of my body faintly indicated on the canvas. It was from my shoulder down to my heel.

He said, "You will notice that I commenced at your back and work out."

He took no measurements whatever. He never made a mark on the canvas; he just went at it. I asked why he didn't make marks.

He said, "Oh, yes, some painters do that." But he depended on his eye entirely.

HE went back to work, and at one o'clock a French peasant-looking woman came out of a side room and said something to him in French. He answered her back in French. She got very angry, and he got very angry. Then she went to him and deliberately took the brush out of his hand, put it on the table, put her arm around him and said, "Come."

He laughingly said, "This is my cook, Mr. Dixey; she's the boss here when lunch is on, and she doesn't like to let it get cold. Come!"

And I went in with Whistler and had luncheon. A delicious ragout and glass of light wine.

After I had given him several sittings I received, one day, a telegram:

"Be at my studio to-morrow at two o'clock."

I thought this was strange because, from my arrangement with him, I was not to go until the day after. However, it was a sort of command, anything from him to me, and I jumped into a hansom cab and went out to Chelsea. His studio was closed.

"Oh," I said, "He's late, I'll wait."

So I waited outside. I noticed a very gorgeous equipage; two horses, a very beautiful carriage; and in it a very lovely woman. I just glanced at her and walked up and down the street. Finally, after waiting until half-past two, I said to myself:

"He's probably detained somewhere, and I'll go back to town." So I wrote a note on my card and stuck it under the door, writing on the card that I would be at such-and-such a place. Then I went away.

That night I received a telegram saying "Will explain telegram when I see you."

The next day at the sitting he said: "You got a telegram?"

I said "Yes."

He said "I didn't send it; somebody else did. It's quite a long story and I'll tell you later. Did you see a lady in a carriage at the door?"

I said "Yes" and he chuckled to himself.

He said "Dixey, you have at least one lady in London very much impressed with you."

AT my last sitting—or standing—Whistler had the portrait all finished except the lower part of one of my legs and the upper part of one of my arms. He wasn't one of those painters who commence at the top of the head and work down to the feet. He worked peculiarly—here and there and all over. When I had to leave at once for America and could not give him any more sittings he seemed to feel very sad over it; but not as much as I.

He said "Oh, well, I'll fix that—there is nothing much here—I can fix it."

I didn't see him again until five years later—the summer of 1901. I asked him about the portrait.

He said "I'll tell you about it when you sit for me again. You must sit for me again."

I fixed up an appointment with him; but found he had to go to Paris for quite a stay.

My London season closed in the meantime and once again I came back to America.

I tried to find out what became of the portrait when I was in London, but no one knew. I have had several people try to find out where it is located. It certainly was not destroyed. I have every reason to believe that it is in the possession of the lady who was in the carriage at his studio the day I called on him and found he was not in.

Henry E. Dixey has had all the ups and downs of a theatrical career. His "My Mornings with Edwin Booth"—in Hearst's for August.

Exit Queen Nurse!

(*Concluded from page 23*)

gs, cushions, and other "spy-like ops." The French driver was made put them all out as if they had the easles and beat it to Chaumont.

By this time the villagers were all but king our coat-buttons for souvenirs.

We were shown a little hostel across e way, by the bearded blue-eyed won-r, where we could dine. We did, and e some very nice, well-meaning *horse*, mouflaged as a steak.

When it came near train time, the po-e came for us, and we were escorted to e comic train by them—put into a car-.ge—our bags piled in on top of us, and nded our various papers. On every ie was written "Found in an automo-le without permission"—and every-ing else on them canceled.

I made a speech from the carriage door the Boss of Provins, and all his Staff—lling them that I didn't blame them it that inside of two weeks we would me back to Provins *with a blue passe*—st to prove we had not been shot at nrise or any other time.

We pulled out and left them standing th "what a pity, so young and yet so lse" expression lurking under their ards, and to add insult to injury, they yelled "*Bonne chance!*"

We arrived in Paris just in time to hear e sirens announcing what turned out be about the worst raid we ever had, it death had no terrors for us after ovins. So we went to the hotel. On rival, Mother and I were both just out two inches away from hysterics—e have been arrested several times for eeding in America, but that was in ace time. Even then I never craved as a pastime, but take it from one who knows, being arrested in France in war time by people who, though they are charming, give no clue by their gestures or intonations whether thay are going to kill you or kiss you—is an experience that I would not even wish on the Kaiser. I have been known to wish they would hang him, but then hanging is so nice and speedy.

We crawled into bed that night vowing all sorts of vows to be revenged on the Young Christians, come what might, but I evidently got off the track, for I dreamed that I was a real spy and had lured the Crown Prince of Germany to supper with me. I was to fascinate him and then stab him with the butter-knife—but he walked into the room, and going directly to the table removed all the cutlery; he had evidently read that book, too.

The next morning the Y. M. C. A. called up to say that they were so sorry—it had all been a misunderstanding. We knew that, but felt we were more misunderstood than misunderstanding, and agreed to call off our feud with the Y. M. C. A., and pick on our Allies, the French, not because we did not like them, but because we did not like their not liking us. So we decided to tell our troubles to a policeman, and told them to the one who had some force under him, our "Big Boss" General, who from that time took us under his very splendid American Eagle Wings, and made the rest of our stay in France one long, winding French road of roses—and so, as is said by our best serial writers, "To be continued in our next chapter, which will be entitled:

"We Give Provins and the Bearded One Ze Beeg Ha! Ha!"—Miss Elsie Janis under Regular Army Orders, in Hearst's for August.

The Mastery of the Far East

(*Concluded from page 49*)

untry was in a chaotic condition, the ople were sullen or openly hostile, and nfusion and disorganization were on ery hand. The Japanese lost no time grappling with the situation. Their st thought was to take the direction of reign affairs into their own hands, but leave internal affairs in the hands of e Korean authorities, with Japanese sident 'advisers' to give needed unsel. The Japanese Minister to orea frankly said: 'Japan is confronted a most difficult problem—to maintain e fiction of Korean independence while actically establishing a protectorate, d yet to avoid assuming the responsi-ities of a governing power.'

"We should frankly recognize at the tset that the Japanese were handi-pped in Korea, not only by the chaotic nditions that prevailed, but by the fact at if domination by some foreign wer was inevitable the Koreans would ve been better pleased if that power d been some other than Japan. The o nations had been hereditary ene-ies for a thousand years. Japanese vasions had been numerous, and the e in 1592 had wrought such devasta-n that Korea has been a wretched and lapidated country ever since.

"A recent author, in his eagerness to fend everything that the Japanese ve done, refers to the Koreans as 'sea ieves' and 'semi-pirates,' whose con-rsion into peaceful citizens 'requires as uch skill and firmness as to domesticate vages.' He declares that 'gentle ethods, kindness, and diplomacy have en tried in both instances (Korea and rmosa), only to be requited by assas-nation, violence, and brutality. Then nat the Japanese ingeniously call a "stronger pressure" has been brought to bear, and it would be folly to deny that hard blows have been dealt alike to those who would despoil and assassinate. But when all milder measures fail there remains but one method of dealing with armed insurgents and bloodthirsty savages, and that is to shoot them.'

"Fair-minded Japanese will hardly relish that kind of a defense. A writer who does not have a juster comprehension of the situation than such words indicate should be followed with caution. There are thieving and brutal Koreans just as there are thieving and brutal Japanese, Americans, and Englishmen, but men of that type are no more common in Korea than in other lands. I have traveled through many parts of Korea without losing a penny's worth of goods or witnessing a single act of violence. I have seen more savagery in Glasgow and Chicago in a single day than I saw in Korea in two months.

"The sorrowful conditions in Korea have been largely due to injustice, oppression and superstition. With good government, a fair chance, and a Christian basis of morals, I believe that the Koreans would develop into a fine people.

"Every right-minded person must sympathize with the grief and despair of the better class of Koreans. Wretched as Korea was, it was nevertheless their native land. They had apparently cared little for it as long as they had it for themselves; but when an alien conqueror appeared, the patriotic spirit which had burned low suddenly flamed up. They might have adopted the words of Daniel Webster in his famous address to the jury a century ago: 'It is a poor little country, but there are those who love it.'"



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STORES IN LEADING CITIES

Green Isle

(Concluded from page 13

we come back I'll put everything asi le for years and we'll buy a big house on a green hill——"

She patted his big brown hands.

"Now, peaches, you go off without me, and tell them how deep the sea is, and how wet it is, and come right back. And we'll settle down in the big house on the green hill, away . . ." She grew hysterical for a moment—"away, away from New York, far away!"

Three months he spent in Europe alone, and then returned on the *Rochambeau*, canceling without warning his reservation on a smaller, slower boat. He wanted to take her by surprise, to know, by her actions on seeing him, whether she really cared any more—a thing he doubted. He walked into the lobby of his hotel.

"Mrs. Renous is not in," the clerk on duty told him with a white, scared face "A newspaper has been inquiring about something, too," he told Renous. "I think it's important."

He called up Park Row. "What the devil is it?" he asked savagely.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Renous," the answer came, "but your wife's had an accident . . . yes, a bad one. Fatal, I'm sorry to say . . . under unusual circumstances . . . Evidently been victimized . . . Is there anything you would care to say?"

What had happened in those two days he could hardly tell. He remembered his friend Grant hurrying helter-skelter to the hotel; his removal to another place; disillusion, agony, shame, the fear of madness; then Matthison . . .

He drew a sheet of paper toward him:

"Dear Inga Martin," he wrote. "I want you to know how utterly sorry I am for you in the loss of your husband, and how I wish I could say something that would be of help to you in the grief you are feeling—" not a word through all of it of himself or his own tragedy. "I am leaving on a long exploration trip immediately," he added in a manner of explaining why he would never call on her to offer condolence in person. He hesitated how to sign the set phrase. "Yours truly?" "Yours sincerely?" Those words seem so pointless. "I am dreadfully sorry, Inga!" he ended it, "G. Renous."

HE wished he hadn't come to see her, he told himself as he walked up the brownstone steps in Fifty-seventh Street —but what could he have done? Inga's note was such a clear call: "I must see you. I cannot very well go to your hotel to talk. Gilbert, please come."

They stood facing each other across the room, and looking at each other while, seemingly, minutes passed. Everything seemed to drop from them, clothes, bodies, room and all, and they stood looking at each other, soul-naked, as though they were dead.

"You never found Green Isle, Gilbert?" her voice came richly to him.

"No!"

She came toward him and took his hands. As she looked at him great tears coursed down her cheeks, like pearls.

"Poor Gilbert!" There was infinite compassion in her tones.

"I didn't come here, Inga, to talk about my affairs, but to sympathize with you in your loss——"

"Poor Gilbert!" she repeated, but there was a new tone in her voice, and there was a smile of agonized irony on her lips. He thought she was about to be hysterical.

"What is it, Inga?"

"Sit down." She motioned him to a couch and took a chair herself, a little in the shade, so that her face was dim to him. "I know you are going away somewhere heartbroken, with your life wrecked. And you are very simple, Gilbert, always on the sea. You don't know that everyone has tragedy somewhere, gentle and simple, either hidden or known. I want to tell you something. I want it to make you remember that these things are incidents. Everyone you meet, Gilbert, has something." Her tones were very restrained, very even.

"When you were down in the Malay Peninsula I married Colin Martin. I'll not say why. I just married. Just as you did. That's all." For an instant her voice grew staccato, hurried. "He was a very handsome, devilish man, dark as Apollyon—you have seen pictures in his obituaries—and a great genius. He was in love with me for a while, a month perhaps. Contrast, you see. And he wanted my money. He was poor."

She raised her head suddenly and looked at him. He could see her face dimly, her eyes shining at him, impressing him with her history.

"Gilbert," her voice had uncontrolled tears in it, "think of six years, six years of a woman's life, without harmony, without love, without children, life grown hideous strangely, through no fault of hers. Think of living with a person in the same house, who, you know, has done you the most terrible injury in the world, and you can say nothing to him because of your pride. But alone, alone all the time, you think of death, praying for it to come, by accident; by illness; somehow. And your continual temptation is to end it yourself, by an overdose of sleeping draught, by carelessness with a gas-jet,—and you shiver suddenly at the cowardice you were about to commit, and you set your shoulders, and you smile ghastily, and you struggle on."

"God, why didn't I know?" Renous was frantic.

"Gilbert, yours hasn't been the only tragedy in the world. Yours as been short and quick. Mine was six years' Gethsemane. Gilbert, when a peasant girl is betrayed, she can leave the scene of her tragedy, and time will make her forget the man, and will heal her. But what will time do for a woman like me, who cannot leave the scene, and before whose eyes the man always is, loathsome, terrible. A peasant girl, Gilbert, is betrayed for love, but I, Gilbert, Colin Martin betrayed me for money."

"Why didn't you leave him?" Renous' voice was harsh, cracked.

"You see, I couldn't, Gilbert. My father died nearly a year ago, and he was Ambassador of Sweden. For the sake of my nation I could not afford scandal. I had to stay in the road I had hewn for myself—and all the time, Gilbert, God forgive me!—I was thinking of you hunting for Green Isle—" a queer husky note came into her rich voice, as of unshed tears. "You were married, and I could picture you and your wife going up and down the world in the *Marco Polo*, the dolphins playing at the bows, and a strange dream in your eyes. And I had told you, the first, to fit out your boat and go search it." Her words came rapidly now, as though she were about to cry, "and I was jealous, Gilbert, jealous——"



"Listen, Gilbert," she would whisper, "never let me go. Promise me you will never let me go!"

"And after your father died, what then?"

"Then it was bad, Gilbert," there could no longer be kept from her voice the muted sobbing. "I was broken. I could do nothing. I couldn't go away. I couldn't even kill myself. And there was something queer in Colin's eyes, something that terrified me. He was as polite, as cold, as distant, as ever. But there was something in his eyes. I found out when he was dead, Gilbert, what it was—" her head dropped in shame—"he was planning to divorce me. He had hired detectives and an actress who would impersonate me." Her tones were hardly above a whisper now. "She was going with a man, somewhere and they were going to swear it was I——"

"Why didn't somebody kill him?" Renous was white with rage. "Why, in God's name, didn't somebody kill him?"

"You know how he died, Gilbert." Inga's voice grew hushed with awe. "You know how he died? He was out in his car toward Westchester one day when a storm came up, a storm hardly bigger than a handkerchief. A single bolt of lightning hit him, and took him from the face of the earth. I think that even God's mercy was through with Colin Martin, and He just struck!"

She rose unsteadily to her feet, and gave a laugh that was half a cry.

"So you see there is a great deal of trouble in the world, not only for you, Gilbert, but for all of us. . . ."

HE had come on deck unnoticed, and as he stood abaft the mainshrouds, leaning over the handrail, he could see the rim of the sun showing in the east. A few minutes, he knew, and it would shoot up like a pyrotechnic display. A fine breeze was blowing northward, bellying the close-hauled sails. He glanced about his boat, noting everything from the drowsy man at the wheel to the white combing of surf at the bows, where the flying fishes skimmed the waves in sudden terror. Above his head he could hear the mewing of gulls and the gurgle of the wake behind.

"Luff her a bit," he could hear the second mate direct the helmsman. "She'll stand it."

His wife had come on deck unknown to him, and leaning against the mizzen-mast she watched him looking eastward. The six days since they had left New York had put color into her cheeks, and taken the shadows from about her eyes. There was a smile on her lips as she stood there with the dawn breeze about her, in her white skirt and sweater, with her ruddy hair braided thickly about her head like a helmet of gold. A wave slapped the *Marco Polo* on the bows and shot spray over staysails and jibs.

"Ease her when she pitches!" the navigator growled to the man at the wheel.

She moved toward him from the mizzen-mast to the starboard rail, while he stood looking into the east. There was in her lips and her eyes a great radiance . . .

"What are you looking for, Gilbert?" she asked. One would have said she was about to tease him. "Green Isle?"

"No!" he answered her. His arm drew her close to the rail as the sun showed high above the water-line. "Not any more!" he told her. "No!"

Donn Byrne has several more good stories under way. They will all appear—every now and then—in early issues of Hearst's.

The Yezidee

(*Concluded from page 10*)

WHEN the young man named Sanang left the bed-chamber of Tressa Norne he turned to the right in the carpeted corridor outside and hurried toward the hotel elevator. But he did not ring for the lift; instead he took the spiral iron stairway which circled it, and mounted hastily to the floor above.

Here was his own apartment and he entered it with a key bearing the hotel tag. A dusky-skinned powerful old man wearing a grizzled beard and a greasy broadcloth coat of old-fashioned cut known to provincials as a "Prince Albert" looked up from where he was seated cross-legged upon the sofa, sharpening a curved knife on a whetstone.

"Gutchlug," stammered Sanang, "I am afraid of her! What happened two years ago at the temple happened again a moment since there in her very bedroom! She made a yellow death-adder out of nothing and placed it upon the threshold, and mocked me with laughter. May Thirty Thousand Calamities overtake her! May Erlik seize her! May her eyes rot out and her limbs fester! May the seven score and three principal devils——"

"You chatter like a temple ape" said Gutchlug tranquilly. "Does Keuke Mongol die or live? That alone interests me."

"Gutchlug," faltered the young man, "thou knowest that m-my heart is inclined to mercy toward this young Yezidee——"

"I know that it is inclined to lust," said the other bluntly.

Sanang's pale face flamed.

"Listen," he said. "If I had not loved her better than life had I dared go that day to the temple to take her for my own?"

"You loved life better," said Gutchlug. "You fled when it rained snakes on the temple steps—you and your Tchortcha horsemen! Kai! I also ran. But I gave every soldier thirty blows with a stick before I slept that night. And you should have had your thirty, also, conforming to the Yarlig, my Tougtchi."

Sanang, still holding his hat and cane and carrying his overcoat over his left arm, looked down at the heavy, brutal features of Gutchlug Khan—at the cruel mouth with its crooked smile under the grizzled beard; at the huge hands—the powerful hands of a murderer—now deftly honing to a razor-edge the Kalmuck knife held so firmly yet lightly in his great blunt fingers.

"Listen attentively, Prince Sanang," growled Gutchlug, pausing in his monotonous task to test the blade's edge on his thumb—"Does the Yezidee Keuke Mongol live? Yes or no?"

Sanang hesitated, moistened his pallid lips. "She dares not betray us."

"By what pledge?"

"Fear."

"That is no pledge. You also were afraid, yet you went to the temple!"

"She has listened to the Yarlig. She has looked upon her shroud. She has admitted that she desires to live. Therein lies her pledge to us."

"And she placed a yellow snake at your feet!" sneered Gutchlug. "Prince Sanang, tell me, what man or what devil in all the chronicles of the past has ever tamed a Snow-Leopard?" And he continued to hone his yataghan.

"Gutchlug——"

"No, she dies," said the other tranquilly.

"Not yet."

"When, then?"

"Gutchlug, thou knowest me. Hear my pledge! At her first gesture toward treachery—her first thought of betrayal—I myself will end it all."

"You promise to slay this young snow-leopardess?"

"By the four companions, I swear to kill her with my own hands!"

Gutchlug sneered. "Kill her—yes—with the kiss that has burned thy lips to ashes for all these months. I know thee, Sanang. Leave her to me. Dead she will no longer trouble thee or us."

"Gutchlug!"

"I hear, Prince Sanang."

"Strike when I nod. Not until then."

"I hear, Tougtchi. I understand thee, my Banneret. I whet my knife. Kai!"

Sanang looked at him, put on his top-hat and overcoat, pulled on a pair of white evening gloves.

"I go forth," he said more pleasantly.

"I remain here to talk to my seven ancestors and sharpen my knife," remarked Gutchlug.

"When the white world and the yellow world and the brown world and the black world finally fall before the Hassanis," said Sanang with a quick smile, "I shall bring thee to her. Gutchlug—once—before she is veiled, thou shalt behold what is lovelier than Eve."

The other stolidly whetted his knife.

WHEN Sanang left the hotel one of two young men seated in the hotel lobby got up and strolled out after him.

A few minutes later the other man went to the elevator, ascended to the fourth floor, and entered an apartment next to the one occupied by Sanang.

There was another man there, lying on the lounge and smoking a cigar. Without a word, they both went leisurely about the matter of disrobing for the night.

When the shorter man, who had been in the apartment when the other entered, and who was dark and curly-headed, had attired himself in pajamas, he sat down on one of the twin beds to enjoy his cigar to the bitter end.

"Has Sanang gone out?" he inquired in a low voice.

"Yes. Benton went after him."

The other man nodded. "Cleves," he said, "I guess it looks as though this Norne girl is in it, too."

"What happened?"

"As soon as she arrived, Sanang made straight for her apartment. He remained inside for half an hour. Then he came out in a hurry and went to his own rooms, where that surly servant of his squats all day, shining up his arsenal, and drinking koumiss.

"Did you get their conversation?"

"I've got a record of the gibberish. It requires an interpreter, of course."

"I suppose so. I'll take the records East with me to-morrow, and by the same token I'd better notify New York that I'm leaving."

He went, half-undressed, to the telephone, got the telegraph office, and sent the following message:

"RECKLOW, *New York:*
"Leaving to-morrow for N. Y. with samples. Retain expert in Oriental fabrics. VICTOR CLEVES."

"Report for me, too," said the dark young man, who was still enjoying his cigar on his pillows.

So Cleves sent another telegram, directed also to

"RECKLOW, NEW YORK:
"Benton and I are watching the market. Chinese importations fluctuate. Recent consignment per *Nan-yang Mara* will be carefully inspected and details forwarded. ALEK SELDEN."

In the next room Gutchlug could hear the voice of Cleves at the telephone, but he merely shrugged his heavy shoulders in contempt. For he had other things to do beside eavesdropping.

Also, for the last hour—in fact, ever since Sanang's departure—something had been happening to him—something that happens to a Hassani only once in a lifetime. And now this unique thing had happened to him—to him, Gutchlug Khan—to him before whose Khiounnou ancestors eighty-one thousand nations had bowed the knee.

It had come to him at last, this dread thing, unheralded, totally unexpected, a few minutes after Sanang had departed.

And he suddenly knew he was going to die.

And, when, presently, he comprehended it, he bent his grizzled head and listened seriously. And after a little silence, he heard his soul bidding him farewell.

SO the chatter of white men at a telephone in the next apartment had no longer any significance for him. Whether or not they had been spying on him; whether they were plotting, made no difference to him, now.

He tested his knife's edge with his thumb and listened gravely to his soul bidding him farewell.

But, for a Yezidee, there was still a little detail to attend to before his soul departed;—two matters to regulate. One was to select his shroud. The other was to cut the white throat of this young snow-leopard called Keuke Mongol, the Yezidee temple girl.

And he could steal down to her bedroom and finish that matter in five minutes.

But at first he must choose his shroud, as is the custom of the Yezidee.

That office, however, was quickly accomplished in a country where fine white sheets of linen are to be found on every hotel bed.

So, on his way to the door, his naked knife in his right hand, he paused to fumble under the bed-covers and draw out a white linen sheet.

Something hurt his hand like a needle. He moved it, felt the thing squirm under his fingers and pierce his palm again and again. With a shriek, he tore the bedclothes from the bed.

A little yellow snake lay coiled there.

HE got as far as the telephone, but could not use it. And there he fell heavily, shaking the room and dragging the instrument down with him.

There was some excitement. Cleves and Selden in their bathrobes went in to look at the body. The hotel physician diagnosed it as heart-trouble. Or, possibly, poison. Some gazed significantly at the naked knife still clutched in the dead man's hands.

Around the wrist of the other hand was twisted a pliable gold bracelet representing a little snake. It had real emeralds for eyes.

It had not been there when Gutchlug died.

But nobody except Sanang could know that. And later when Sanang came back and found Gutchlug very dead on the bed and a policeman sitting outside, he offered no information concerning the new bracelet shaped like a snake with real emeralds for eyes, which adorned the dead man's left wrist.

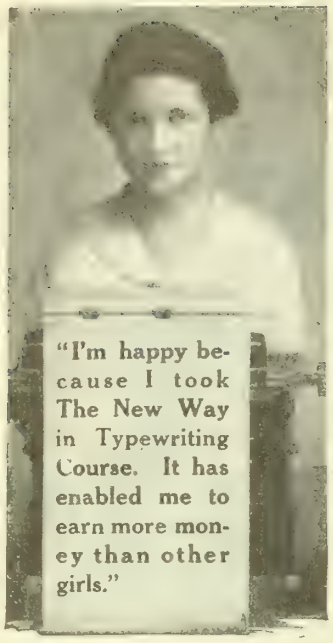
Toward evening, however, after an autopsy had confirmed the house physician's diagnosis that heart-disease had finished Gutchlug, Sanang mustered enough courage to go to the desk in the lobby and send up his card to Miss Norne.

It appeared, however, that Miss Norne had left for Chicago about noon.



"Does the Yezidee Keuke Mongol yet live?" demanded Gutchlug

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When the Light Came Up

(*Concluded from page 16*)

Miss Driven to seat herself within it. He covered her shoulders with a knitted shawl he had found folded on the sofa.

He seated himself almost comfortably on the sofa. "Now we'll continue our chat," he said.

The girl began to feel a warmth of good-fellowship arise within her, until reality was refuted—as dreams refute facts. Wolcott's life and temperament, of a varied restlessness, yielded ready pigment for the coloring of a mood to order. With a sharp effort he too threw off every trace of the heaviness.

"Really this isn't bad," he said cheerfully; "we're doing pretty well, I think."

"You do know how to keep things from being too awful," she admitted. "This is the third time I've set up in the last two weeks; and most of last night and night before last I stayed up with old Aunt Marthy Leavenworth across the river. She hasn't any fever symptoms; she seems to be just generally givin' out."

"How tired you must be!"

At the suggestion her eyelids were leaden a moment. She half closed them with a sudden drawn look about the cheeks. "You're giving out yourself," thought Wolcott, "but I shouldn't have reminded you that you were."

He caught quickly at a counter idea. "Apropos of my having traveled a little," he said, "did you ever hear anyone relate his especial story called 'when I was abroad'?"

"I guess not. I'm afraid I've heard only one story called 'when I stayed at home.'"

"Good! We'll play at opposites then—but mind you, no seriousness! We're going to take our stories lightly, as if we'd danced through them—as the ballet soloist dances an allegory! You've read of that?"

"Yes, I've read of it. I think I've read considerably. It seems to me I must have read of most things. It's funny, isn't it, how books may come to seem to us more natural than what actually happens."

"When it comes to that, I'm afraid most things *are* more natural than what actually happens."

"Yet things do happen," she interrupted quickly; as if at some loyal evocation of memory.

"Yes, strange enough, they insist upon doing just that."

Catching his concealed smile full in the face, she understood all at once. Some quality in his banter, infinitely delicate in her opinion, was producing a freshened consciousness and a temporary completer sense of personality.

"How easy it is," he ran on, "to find our exhilaration in anything if we but go about it rightly. There are, more often than not, short cuts to a dance-hall through a churchyard if we only don't mind the ghosts."

Her pleased sense of his pleasure in it moved him, as the clock ticked ahead, to keep a train of whimsicalities bubbling up to a surface of response where she found herself skimming along with him. The quarter and half hours flew by. . . .

And yet—the misgiving froze her—was there not selfish heartlessness—profanation? . . .

"We oughtn't," she urged.

"Why not?"

"Somehow you make me feel just as you do," she confessed. "It can't be right of us with her a-lyin' in there; and besides—" she reddened and hurriedly grasped back her first thought: "but somehow you make me feel we have the right."

"Do you know it's long past midnigh," he reminded her, "and we haven't yet raided the pantry? If you're as ready as I am, we'll carry those doughnuts by siege or by storm!"

She led the way into the basement. The kitchen had been half excavated into the steep angle of a hillside on which the house was located.

They had a short search for cups and saucers. Wolcott espied some large thick ones, probably not in regular use, high on a shelf, and brought them down triumphantly. They seated themselves at the kitchen table.

"Did it ever come over you how this house is a good deal like a hill tomb that has stayed a little below the buryin' ground?" she said.

"I hadn't thought of it," he admitted, "but just fancy our being sealed up in it! We wouldn't mind, as long as the coffee held out— You'll allow me?" He produced a cigaret.

"Let me shut the door first." There was a trace of a shiver in her voice "Hadn't you rather be buried than be shut up in a vault?"

He lighted his cigaret. "They no longer devote vaults exclusively to burials. They build them deeper, darker, tighter, if not damper, for coupons, securities and so forth. I can imagine comfortable hours even in them—under certain circumstances!"

"Don't you *ever* sober up?"

He sipped his coffee. "Never on a thoroughly enjoyable occasion."

The girl laughed, gratefully, relieved for a moment from tension. After all, could it be said that death made no concessions? More and more these moments accumulated their preciousness.

A delirious throb of realization caught her from the breath of the night. Yet the man wondered at her persistence. Against each effort he could make, speech moved her palpably toward the unspoken. It harried revelation. She lingered about the memory of the dead girl as one athirst at brackish water.

"There's a young feller in town I used to think Hope liked. Maybe I was wrong. Maybe she didn't more than tol'able. But he is one of our smartest young men. It was likely he'd be her preference if she had any."

He found an interest despite himself: "Do you suppose it was mutual——"

The girl colored, hesitating.

"For if it was," he went on, "it's odd he didn't watch with us, to-night."

She was silent.

"Still," he pondered, "I suppose anyone immediately concerned——"

"It wasn't anything like that," she interrupted quickly. "It hadn't ever gone so far that he'd a-minded comin'. I'm certain of that. Ben Lathrop didn't come only because he couldn't—he ain't well enough. He's been havin' a mild attack of the fever—'walkin' typhoid' they call it. Until to-day he wouldn't give up."

"Until to-day?"

"He took to his bed to-day which he ought to have took to days ago. Ben's mighty smart, but reckless. He won't give up until he has to, ever. That's why Sile Vaughn thought he'd better stay with him, though he'd made up his mind to stay with us."

"So it's that one—" Wolcott sighed. "Poor fellow!"

"Don't be a-pityin' *him*," she protested. "He's strong enough to stand lyin' still for a few days I reckon. Things don't go serious with Ben."

"Hadn't we better go back up-stairs?" she said finally.

They moved from the room in silence, back up the creaking stairway.

"I'm afraid I'm sometimes mighty wicked," she said finally. "But I sometimes wonder if it ain't just as it seems when people die: just nothing at all. It can't make any difference for anybody, in that way—in the end. The other way *might* make a difference."

It was not long before they stood beside the sleeper in the room across the hallway. Sally leaned forward, carefully folding the sheet back until the dead girl's hands were uncovered.

"How pretty her hands look, don't they," she said.

She moistened little linen squares in a goblet and pressed them gently over the eyes. A recoil went over Wolcott at the odor of the liquid. More vividly than by the motionless features uncovered before him was a stifling sense of ashes and dust conveyed in this heavy acid aroma.

"She had soft hair," he observed aloud, by way of diverting himself.

SLOWLY the night waned into morning. The flush, which sometimes dyed the girl's face so deeply at intuitions she could not conquer, had grown to a surging hotness—throbbing like a visible pulse. Constantly it heightened.

"Let me see your pulse," said Wolcott. "You're a sick girl. I'm afraid we ought to take you home."

He found a high fever. "You'd better lie down on the sofa," he commanded gently.

Her eyes were sparkling with the artificial light in them. "You don't think I'm going to give out this way," she exclaimed. "Why, I'm only beginning to feel what I'm capable of doing. You helped me to see things independent at first, and now you're tryin' to make me weak again. I've got to set up a lot more nights yet. Ben must be brought through this sickness of his. He's too promisin' a young man to be allowed to die off like this Hughes girl—Ben is! It was all right for her. She was a puny thing. She'd have always been in his way, if he'd 'a' let her. But Ben *mustn't* die. *He sha'n't, I say! I won't let him! I won't let him!*"

Wolcott watched in stupefaction as the delirium of her fever mounted, until the eyeballs were bloodshot, and glowed dull fire from scarlet, sunken hollows. He persuaded her to lie upon the sofa; and after a while she grew calmer.

"I want to tell you something," she said in a moment of quieter consciousness, "and it's on my mind to do it now. But talkin' with you has been like a revelation. You're the first one that's ever just *made* me see my own way and not mind. I want you to know that. I want you to know it from my own mouth. . . . *She was a pretty puny man's plaything and Ben may have liked her, but he'd 'a' got tired.*" . . .

The man deafened his ears against her delirium, raving again, in unsolved problems of death, and life, and love.

Dawn came, groping its way through the river fogs. Gradually they lifted. A first sunbeam, contesting place with the lamplight and the smell of kerosene, touched him like a message of deliverance. Already a heavy torpor, exhaustion which was sleep, or unconsciousness, had come upon the girl.

He opened wide the window. Moving toward the house down the curve of the hill road a figure was discernible in the thinning mists.

"Sh!"—Wolcott, at the outside door, put his finger to his lips as Sile Vaughn—he who had watched elsewhere—stepped upon the porch.

"I came down as soon as I could get off," he began in exaggerated whispers, "to tell you both how poor Ben Lathrop died this morning at three o'clock."

The Wild Goose

(*Continued from page 43*)

FRANK MANNERS'S grief, passion, jealousy, despair and dissipation soon wore themselves out. And for a long while he was not nearly as unhappy as he had expected to be. That was because through too much suffering he had temporarily lost his capacity to feel pain. It was as if his more delicate sensibilities had been treated with an ether spray and frozen. It seemed to him that he was no longer in love with his wife, that Tam was not indispensable to him, and that he had made a terrific fool of himself for nothing.

Gradually he got the idea that everybody thought that he had made a fool of himself and therefore despised him, and it became natural to him to avoid most of his old friends and to make no new ones.

During all the period of despair and general wretchedness his art curiously enough had made great strides. An extraordinarily successful portrait of Mrs. Hastings electrified the critics, who had thought of him as a landscape man and a decorator, and the public as well. It brought him a deluge of orders from rich women who wished to be painted by the same man who had painted the famous Mrs. Hastings. Since his own definite ambition was to provide well for his little daughter's present and future he accepted all the orders which he thought he could fill, and throughout the winter worked with great patience, energy and success. And he earned twice the money that he had ever earned before in the same length of time. His portraits became the rage

There was a Mrs. Tennant, who talked so much of platonic friendships, and insisted so hard that *he* was *different* from other men, that *she* was different from other women, etc., that Manners actually accepted her advances, and for some time actually believed that the ideal relationship she so admired was possible of achievement. He was of course led into this friendship, not by any aptitude that Mrs. Tennant had for friendship, but by her extreme charm and prettiness and her superficial friendliness. He felt very natural and at ease whenever she was in the studio; it was a pleasure to paint her. She asked his advice about many things, and took it.

One night about eleven o'clock she came to the studio, and told him that platonic friendships were against reason and nature, that she loved him, and that, like it or not, she had left her husband forever.

There was never in this world a more horrified or disillusionized man than Frank Manners. And he told her so.

"Oh, my dear child," he said. "Almost you might be my daughter, and you have three children of your own, and by your own account a perfectly satisfactory husband who loves and provides. It wasn't your beauty or your charm or your wit that has so attracted me to you, my mind to yours—it was your good old-fashioned common-sense."

"But I knew that the other things wouldn't attract you," she wailed, "so I tried the common-sense. And there is no such thing as platonic friendship. I felt sorry for you, because I knew you were unhappy. And I thought it would be good for you to be attracted to me—even very much. And you wouldn't be, and I was drawn to you more and more, and I hate my husband, and if you don't stand by me I'll kill myself. I'll throw myself out of that window."

Manners smiled very cheerfully, walked quickly to the window and opened it.

"If you really hate your husband, and really want to leave him and your children, and come to live with me instead," he said, "it's the very best thing you could do. As for standing by you in any campaign to break up a good home which an excellent man has provided for you—I'll do no such thing."

She made two or three desperate steps toward the window. If she had made two more Manners must have sprung forward to save her. But she couldn't help taking a hurried look at him, and she found that he had turned his back and was reaching his hand for a box of cigarets.

She sat down then in a chair and cried very bitterly.

"I hate you!" she said.

"You hate the discovery that what you thought to be one of the great eternal passions of history is nothing of the sort."

"Men are brutes!"

"For millions of years men have made the mistake of sympathizing with women when they are in the wrong. You love your children. Nothing that they can ever say or do can alter that. It's the one thing you can be sure of. Once you thought you were going to love your husband forever. A moment ago you thought you were going to love me forever. Already you hate me. . . . "

She rose and moved toward the door.

"Most men," she began, "would have had at least the courtesy——"

But he interrupted her.

"Many men," he said, "would have done your beauty and charm the compliment of letting you ruin yourself. I believe that timidity, embarrassment, and lack of *savoire faire* are largely responsible for the evil reputation that gets attached to some men. I believe the story of the apple and Eve and the serpent, and of poor Adam, who got so sheepish and embarrassed that he didn't really know what end he was standing on. . . . Please don't go away angry. . . . I think women were put into the world to tempt men. I think they were probably meant to tempt more than one man, whichever man happened to turn up at the right moment. . . . I think civilization has found it more practical and efficacious to insist on monogamy. I think the old world-peopling instinct survives in most women. In some so strongly that they have nothing with which to combat it. . . . You told me once that you and your husband had agreed that you could not afford to have more than four children, and leave a pleasant little fortune of thirty or forty thousand a year to each. You and he agreed. But Nature didn't. That's why Nature—not you—came here tonight. I don't blame you a bit. I'm sorry and unhappy. . . . When you started to throw yourself out of the window, Nature said, 'Hold on. He's not the only man in the world——'"

"I think you are a disgusting cad!" she exclaimed. "I don't wonder your wife divorced you!"

Manners flinched. He had already learned that Diana was going to have a child, and the numbness which had held his sensibilities in subjection was beginning to wear off. He bowed his head a little and said nothing.

"Tell me," she said, really quite a horrid, sneering look on her pretty face, "that *some* day I'll be glad that you insulted me and sent me home like a naughty whipped child."

From that moment his mind ran more and more on the fact that Diana was going to have a child and the longing for his own child grew upon him.

In May he wrote to Diana, asking her to let him have Tam at least for the summer months. Diana refused, almost curtly. She did not go into her reasons for refusing.

She had the impulse to tell him the

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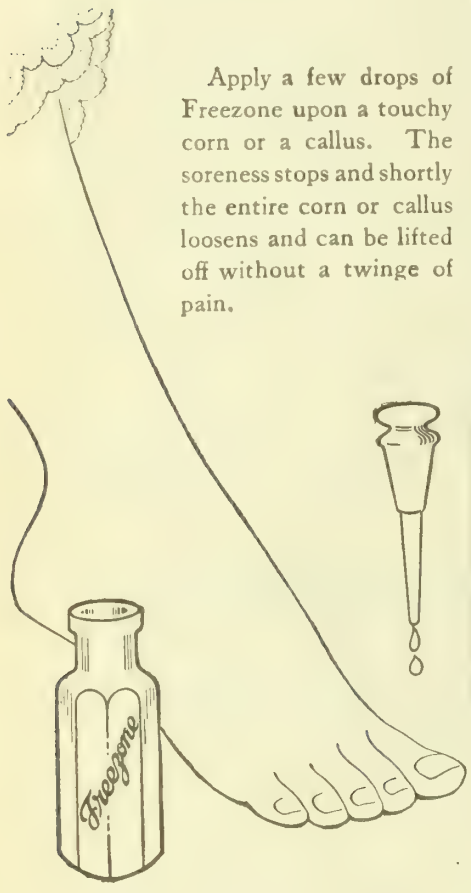


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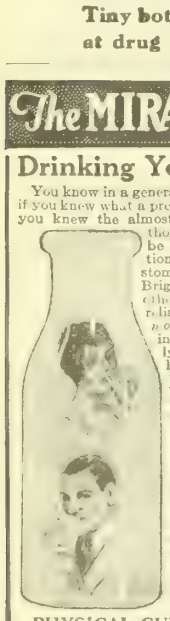
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truth. "I won't let you have her," she might have written, "because the happiness that I looked forward to is ashes. I don't love my husband. I am bowed to the ground with shame and humiliation. But I am not going to play this husband false. There is good in me, and I shall try to redeem my sins against you by doing right by him. I have only Tam to keep me going. Without her I should falter and fail. Somehow I have got to keep my head up. God means me to. I am going to have a baby. If my husband wants others I shall give them to him if I can. God cares more about the children than about the complex motives that bring them into the world and keep them out. . . ."

But Manners could know nothing of this.

"She is going to give him the children that she denied me," he thought. "And she has taken away from me the only child that she gave."

Once more those intolerable wounds made in his nature by injustice opened wide and the bile and gall gushed out of them. He wrote Diana one terrible letter. Then he left the city, and went for some weeks into the Canadian forests with a half-breed to guide him. He fished very little, eat very little, smoked a great deal, and asked a great many questions which the half-breed answered according to his experience of life in the backwoods and their settlements.

"If your wife, Wambolt," he asked, "fell in love with another man and wanted to leave you, what would you do?"

"Kill that man for sure, and beat her up good."

"If you wanted more children and she wouldn't have any more?"

"I give her good beating then."

"But suppose you fell in love with another woman and wanted to leave your wife? That would make a difference, wouldn't it."

"She beat me up then," said the half-breed. "Maybe she scratch her own face and shoot me down."

"In any case you wouldn't mess and fuss and wrangle and dispute and get bad and good advice from the neighbors?"

"Got no time," said Wambolt. "Too much trouble to buy food and shoes and keep warm."

Manners spent quite a busy week in Quebec.

He had begun now to think very seriously of spiriting Tam away to Canada. He felt that he could not do without her and ought not. "Diana," he thought, "has everything she wants. I have nothing. It isn't fair."

He inspected several houses that were for rent, and visited some elementary schools.

"Diana could come to see Tam when she liked," he thought. "But soon she will be so busy with her new family that she won't be able to come very often. Tam and I wouldn't have to stick in Canada. There's all Europe, and the wonderful Riviera."

And he determined finally that he must have Tam and that if necessary he would steal her.

Diana had no more been fair about Tam than about anything else. He could never love any woman but Diana. That was proved. Nevertheless the love that he had for her drew back as it were and hid all its brightness in some dark cavern of his heart.

How badly Diana might feel at losing Tam was no longer any concern of his. She had made her bed. Let her lie in it. Losing Tam would merely be one of the rough spots. Let Fenn comfort her.

HE could be happy if he had Tam. He could do fine work and leave her well off. Without her he felt that he had shot his bolt, and could not bend his cross-bow again. He had suffered too much, and his creative impulse needed someone to love all the time and someone to love him back.

"I will give Tam little responsibilities," he said. "And make her feel from the first that she is of definite practical use and importance to me. That will help to make her happy."

But Mary Hastings heard with mingled sorrow and alarm of Frank Manners's determination to steal his little daughter and take her out of the country.

"You haven't treated me fairly, Frank," she said. "You tell me that you have an important secret to confide in me, you make me promise that it shall go no further, and then you announce that you are going to commit a crime."

"Yes," he said, "I've been unfair; but this is life or death to me, Mary, and so I can't release you from your promise."

"And before I knew that there was *anything* in the wind," she said, "you made me tell you all about my visit with the Fenns at Combers, and which was Tam's room, and about the ladder leaning against the woodshed. . . . You have made me a party to the crime. I think I must tell you some more about that visit. Nothing that will help you. Things that might hinder you. Do you want to make Diana wretchedly unhappy? Somehow I think that she would be if she lost Tam. Somehow I think that Diana feels that she has lost everything that made life worth living *except* Tam. . . ."

"She said things to you like that? . . . Diana did?"

"She is too proud to confess that she has made a mistake. She will never confess it. She will never repeat it—or any of her old mistakes. She is greatly changed. All these things are in her face."

"Tired of him?"

"Not that. She never loved him, and now she knows it. She never loved anyone but you. She knows that now. She wishes that when that feeling for you died that she had been willing to make the most of her memories. She is trying very hard to be upright, considerate, unselfish and fine about everything."

She waited for her words to sink in and then went on:

"She feels that she has failed Tam terribly and that she must never fail her again. Oh, Frank, if you had wanted to punish her, you could not have so punished her as she has punished herself. If you take Tam away I think you will kill a soul which, having passed through great wickedness and besmirchment, is on its way to redemption."

But Manners did not melt into sympathetic admiration at this guesswork estimate of the new forces at work in the woman who had spoiled his life.

"What is the man like?" he asked.

"I think that he guesses what I guess, and that no man ever admired a woman more than he admires Diana. I think that he is a little trying about his money affairs, which do not march forward. And I think that deep down he has the horrible fear that some day Diana will get tired of being good and will serve him as she served you."

"Mary," he said, "perhaps this will surprise you. I would not take Diana back if I could get her and she wanted to come. There is no getting over the injustice she did me. There is no cure for it. There is no forgiveness for any one who committed the crime of separating Tam from me. Besides that I do not believe in divorce. It is not in my prayer-book. I believe that my wife is living in sin, that her child in the sight of God will be illegitimate. I do not choose to have my own child brought up in such an atmosphere."

"If you fell in love again, Frank, wouldn't you marry again?"

"I?" She had no need to probe the question any deeper.

"If Diana died, I might," he said. "But she is my wife and only death can end our marriage."

"Then why do you say that you would not take her back?"

"I am wrong to say that. I would. I'd have to. I meant that in my eyes she is utterly contaminated and soiled."

"But please—about Tam—you *must* change your mind. No man—not even you—is quite fit to bring up a little girl."

"As soon as there is another child in the house Tam will not receive impartial treatment from the man. It is better that Diana should die of grief than that Tam should grow up in an atmosphere of injustice."

"Oh, but Fenn is such a kind, really *nice* person. He wouldn't be unjust."

"Is he human?"

"Yes."

"Will he love his child more than he loves mine?"

"Of course, but——"

"Then in an excess of justice he will very likely favor my child at the expense of his own. That would be as bad for Tam as the other thing. My mind is all made up, Mary. And all the details are worked out. The elopement is for Saturday. I want Fenn to be on hand when Diana finds out that Tam is gone. She might do something foolish. . . . Tam's got good nerves. There won't be any disturbance. She sleeps with her window open of course. There won't be any noise."

At length Mary Hastings gave up trying to shake him from his purpose. She wanted him to have whatever it was that he wanted. The tragedy of his heart-break was all in his face now. She had never felt so sorry for any one. He only *thought* that he would be happy with Tam.

So a man dying of thirst believes that water will make him happy. It will not. It will perhaps give him some ecstatic moments, but in the ultimate it will only renew his short lease of opportunity in which to continue the pursuit of happiness.

"He'll run off with Tam," thought Mrs. Hastings. "And no sooner safe in Canada than the injustice which he has done to Diana will begin to prey on his mind. In a little while he will return the child to her mother."

"Frank," she said aloud. "Diana has made no mistake which you have not advised her against long before she made it. A dozen times she has hurt herself badly and you have been in a position to say 'I told you so.' Any person of average common-sense could have foretold that her reckless indulgence in excitements of all kind would get her into trouble. She would not listen to you. She seems almost to have touched the limits of perverse, blind unreasonableness and folly."

"She does," said Manners a little grimly.

"But you, Frank, you who were so wise for her, are you equally wise for yourself? Oh, I am not trying to make you leave matters as they are. By all means steal Tam if you must. But I tell you that you are doing as headstrong, as unreasonable, as blind, perverse, and foolish a thing as ever Diana did. And here am I, your good friend——"

"My best!"

"—— seeing clearly into the obvious future, knowing what is best for you, and powerless to hold you back from folly or to influence you in any way."

"What would be best for me, Mary? How can I find any peace or comfort or contentment in this world?"

Manners makes a prayer that vitally changes for once and for all the happiness that Diana thought she could find in her second marriage—in August Hearst's.

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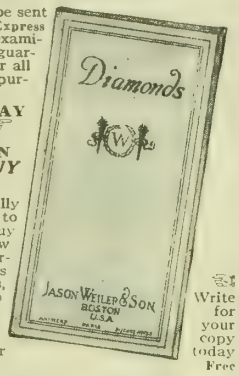
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Why Worry about July 1st?

(*Continued from page 39*)

the demands of revenue officers that they halt. How is that to be met? In Michigan they tried the expedient of lowering a heavy timber across the road in front of a car that had ignored the command of a constable to stop. The car flew high in air, and its occupants shot out surrounded by a barrage of bottles of whisky. They were stopped all right, and the evidence of the crime was all about them. Incidentally they were almost killed, and as squeamish officials thought the device of doubtful legality when applied on a public highway it was abandoned. Only a few weeks ago the trial of prohibition agents was begun in Virginia for having killed two men trying to "rush the line" with a car full of whisky. The evidence in the case is conflicting, the officers claiming that the smugglers fired first. But, despite the fact that Virginia strongly upholds the prohibition law, incidents attendant upon the trial leave no doubt as to the side upon which public sentiment was aligned. The officials narrowly escaped lynching upon their arrest, and when the trial came on a detachment of militia from Richmond was sent to the little county seat in which the trial was to be held to protect the prisoners against the wrath of the mob.

The witticism is an ancient one, but it is eminently applicable to prohibition legislation in most of the States to which that counsel of perfection has suddenly come—the people are for the law but against its enforcement. This fact is going to add enormously to the difficulty of enforcing the Federal amendment, and will unhappily but most certainly lead to much public dissatisfaction and criticism of officials intent only upon doing their sworn duty. But history shows that sentiment in favor of the law grows steadily and rapidly as it becomes more effective.

It is a curious fact that the prohibition law has been the reason for the conversion of many highly conservative people to the Referendum—many who hitherto have thought of that simple essay in democracy as something approaching Bolshevism.

"Why was not the Federal amendment submitted to a vote of the PEOPLE?" they ask. The Constitution, of course, provides its own method of amendment, and a vote of the States, not of the people, is the method prescribed. Nevertheless, those who prefer the more democratic method are fundamentally right. But one cannot help wondering how many of them would be equally willing to leave, let us say, the question of the government ownership of the railroads to a direct popular vote?

It is proper, however, to note in this connection that all the territory now dry under local option laws is so by direct popular vote, and that constitutional prohibition in existence in twelve States was adopted by the people, and that in three States, North and South Carolina and Washington, the dry statute passed by the legislature was ratified in a popular referendum.

IN confronting the problem of enforcing the law, either the war-time statute taking effect July 1st, or the Federal amendment which becomes operative next January, we find varying forces and conditions involved.

The Bureau of Internal Revenue and the Department of Justice are immediately charged with enforcing the war-time prohibition law, and no additional legislation is fundamentally necessary to this end. For the enforcement of the Federal amendment legislation is essential and will be one of the first duties of Congress when summoned by the President.

The State governments are also involved. But the situation in them is not nearly so menacing as the opponents of prohibition would make out. For there are already thirty-three dry States in which all the machinery for enforcing a prohibition law is operative, and has been in force for periods ranging from one to a score or more of years. Even in the States which are officially classed as wet, a great part of the territory has long been dry under local-option laws. All Delaware, for example, was long dry except the city of Wilmington. In Kentucky 107 out of 120 counties are dry. Illinois has 55 dry counties; Louisiana 35; Maryland 18. Massachusetts is two-fifths dry; Minnesota 60 per cent.; Missouri 53 per cent. It is evident that in States wholly dry, or largely so under local option, Federal prohibition will not come as a shock, nor will its enforcement entail novel or unusual official activity.

THE expressions of public officials of such States may be of interest:

The Attorney-General of Georgia says: "No special arrangements are made in our State for the enforcement of the Federal or State prohibition laws. The regular machinery of the courts, working through the prosecuting officers, is relied upon entirely. Prohibition is working with great satisfaction to our people, though of course there are isolated cases of defiance of the law."

The Attorney-General of Kansas holds that "the existing statutes of this State are ample to supply the need for the current [concurrent?] legislation intended by the Federal amendment to the Constitution."

The Attorney-General of North Carolina expresses the opinion that "assuming that the Federal amendment is self-executing, we think that the existing legislation is sufficient to all practical purposes until circumstances arising in the future may demand other legislation."

In West Virginia, "no special arrangements are being made, as our law already provides an adequate force to look after prohibition matters."

In Maine it is the position of the Attorney-General that so far as the Federal law is concerned it must be enforced by Federal authority. "The State officials can only act in the matter of enforcement of the prohibitory law under State statutes and have no authority or duty in the matter of Federal legislation."

It may be definitely asserted that in the thirty-three States already dry the enforcement of the Federal law will create no new or particularly difficult problems. The remaining fifteen States group themselves into two classes—those that have ratified the Federal amendment, and those that have refused. The latter class is small in number and in territory—though large in population in proportion to territory. In it are only Rhode Island, Connecticut and New Jersey—three States out of forty-eight and 5,010,054 people out of more than 110,000,000. In the States which have ratified, but which are not to-day wholly dry, all but Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania have the greater part of their territory, and from one-third to two-thirds of their people under local-option laws. Letters of inquiry to responsible officials of these States have without exception brought answers indicative of watchful waiting. Legislatures have in the main adjourned and without enacting that "concurrent legislation" prescribed by the Federal amendment. It is reasonable to say that in fifteen States,

"Hey, Tom!"



DO you remember when Tom Sawyer went swimming and had everything hidden so carefully so the Aunt Polly couldn't find out?

Aunt Polly had sewed up his shirt that morning.

But Tom had carefully re-sewed it, so he thought he was safe. But alas, alack, and alas, he used black instead of white!

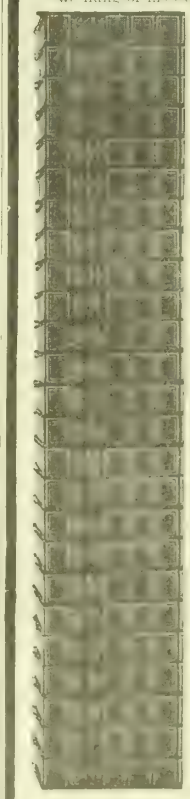
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INCLUDING most of the great manufacturing commonwealths, the brunt of the enforcement of the Federal law will fall upon the Federal authorities, at least until future sessions of the State legislatures shall take action.

The attitude of officials in the three States which have not ratified the amendment is apparently one of indifference or scarcely concealed hostility. The Attorney-General of New Jersey writes curtly that "no policy has yet been adopted on the subject." Connecticut reports that "our State legislature has enacted no law for the enforcement of prohibition, nor have any steps been taken for the enforcement of the same." Rhode Island stands pat on her present record with the largest proportion of wet territory of any State in the Union.

The Treasury Department now possesses in the agents of the Internal Revenue an expert force trained in the detection of illicit manufacture of whisky. It is argued that as this Bureau is concerned only with the collection of revenue from distillers and brewers it cannot be employed against them when no revenue is asked of them and their business is outlawed. But that is merely a quibble. In some way beyond doubt the services of this force will be enlisted in the work. In the last Congress a bill was introduced formally vesting the Internal Revenue Department with the duty of enforcing the prohibition laws, but it was held over at the request of the Secretary of the Treasury. It will undoubtedly be renewed and amended at the present session.

IN all the States the enforcement of the Federal amendment will be directly under the charge of the United States district-attorneys. At the Department of Justice in Washington general supervision over the work has been given to first Assistant Attorney-General Frierson, a native Tennesseean who has seen his home State progress slowly to complete and absolute prohibition, by a unique method of legislation which gave practically every community, down to units of 500 people, the determinative voice in its decision.

WAR-TIME prohibition may be temporary. Permanent prohibition will inevitably come under the Constitutional amendment next January. That can be defeated only by the overthrow of the amendment in the courts—steps looking toward which have already been taken—or by the resubmission of the amendment to the people, an operation which would require many years during which the nation would be under operation of the dry law.

To that overwhelming proportion of our people who are not interested in the liquor traffic, and who are ready enough to see the saloon go, the question of substitutes for the bar and brass rail is of interest. There are those—usually resident of long-time prohibition communities—who point out that the home is the best substitute. But we must recognize the fact that in our cities are hundreds of thousands of men without homes. The saloon afforded them convenient shelters, and social centers where they were sure of the company of men of their own type, and expenses need not be heavy—though they usually are. The United States is singularly deficient in such meeting-places other than saloons. In English cities innumerable tea-rooms are found and the cheering cup is served at prices little exceeding that of beer. French cafés have always served coffee at a trifling cost, and at the sidewalk tables in Paris you will see many Frenchmen drinking coffee or non-alcoholic grenadines. In the cafés of Vienna and Budapest the same fact is true. In New York City if two men wish to chat over a cup of coffee or tea they must go to a restaurant, pay a hat-check boy, a *couvert* charge, twenty-five cents a cup for their beverage and a tip to the waiter. Until such conditions can be remedied there will be many sighs for the cheap and social saloon. It is interesting to note that the Salvation Army is planning to save the saloons, bar, brass-rail, bartender and all but the booze. The organization purposes to rent many of the old places and maintain them for sociability *sans* the souse.

There has been much apprehension of a movement against the use of tobacco when prohibition has been fully installed. Prudent prohibitionists—there really are such—denounce this agitation as a species of fire in the rear devised by the liquor interests to make all reformatory crusades offensive. Unfortunately for this contention so many well-known and fanatical champions of "anti-cigaret crusades" and the like tempestuous assaults on other trifling human foibles, have issued proclamations on the subject that the sincerity of the agitation cannot be questioned, though its intelligence must be. Objections to the use of tobacco and those to the use of liquor can never rank together. A locomotive engineer enjoying a last pipe before pulling out the Limited presents to the intending traveler a very different appearance to one detected in taking a stiff swig from a black bottle. Mere man may be extravagant in indulgence in perfectos, yet not the most riotous orgy at the tobacconist's will impel him to go home and beat his wife.

Some may deplore it. Many will for a time evade it. Earnest attempts will be made to nullify it. But despite all protests prohibition has been legally ordained. The liquor trade can no more survive the 18th Amendment than slavery did the 13th. "Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyen" is no more.

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This Light Must Live

(*Continued from page 27*)

alone in the world as though a hemlocked wilderness lay about them. They seemed alone, yet all the while they kept thinking of that ghostly company which the same roof covered and the same walls harbored.

Storrow sat down in a high-backed wing-chair, with that sobering thought of death heavy on his mind. Torrie, without moving, watched him for a moment or two. Then she slipped out of her chair and crossed listlessly to where he sat. There she dropped to the rug at his feet, with her arms falling over his knees. She twisted her body, in a series of birdlike and nestling movements, until she was comfortably placed. He rested a hand on the dark mass of her hair, looking down at her bowed head. Slowly she looked up at him as he fell to stroking the heavy plaits.

"I can't stay alone to-night," she said whisperingly as her arms tightened about his knees.

He stared down at the shadowy face questioningly.

"I *can't*," she repeated, with vehemence. "I can't—with *those* in there, so close to me!"

He nodded his comprehension.

"It must be almost morning," he said in a voice heavy with fatigue. "Shouldn't you go to bed?"

Her hands relaxed and she rose slowly to her feet. "I suppose so," she said with a sigh. Languidly she reached over and switched out the lights, leaving only one small bulb half-hidden under the Ruskin-green arm of a Hebe in bronze on the console table beside her. Storrow in the half-light could see her untying the knotted girdle about her waist. He heard the soft fall of the bath-robe as she flung it across a chair-seat, the faint whine of covered metal springs as she sank on the low Russian bed of carved teakwood.

He rose slowly as she called to him, raising on one arm in the blue-green light so rich with shadows.

"By the way, there's a letter or something on the table there for you. I almost forgot."

Storrow groped his way toward the table.

"How did it get here?" he asked.

"Somebody's chauffeur or coachman or thing-um-bob brought it about an hour after you'd left for Brownie Tell's," was the casual-noted reply from the Russian bed. "I heard them at your door and said I'd deliver it when you got back."

Storrow found the sealed envelope, partly covered by an ash-tray, and opened it. He had to hold the tinted page close to the small light under the Hebe's arm before he could make it out. Then he saw that it was from Charlotte Kirkner.

"Mother is not at all well," ran the note, "and is anxious to see you. We've had to give up all thought of going South. Would it be too much to ask you to run out to-night with Munsell? It may be important."

Storrow put the note back in its envelope and crossed to the window. He stared out over the serrated skyline of housetops where a faint gray in the sky showed the earliest light of morning. The night was already over. Storrow pushed the note down in his dressing-gown pocket.

"You're not going to leave me?" asked a drowsily cadenced voice out of the heavier darkness of the room behind him.

Slowly Storrow turned and crossed to the Russian bed. He reached for the wing-chair and sank down in it. As he did so a hand was thrust into his, a warm hand, softly cushioned about the thumb-joint, passive only in its motionlessness. He held it, silent and thoughtful, as he sat there waiting for the daylight.

THE sound of gasps and wails, of pleadings and imprecations, echoed through the gloomy old building off Madison Square.

"Awful!" shouted a man's voice when the agony had come to an end. "Simply awful!"

"Then why can't you let me do it my own way?" demanded the tearful voice of a woman.

"That's just what's the matter. You haven't got any way. If you'd pull a few feathers from the wings of your imagination and stick them in the tail of your judgment, you might get somewhere."

"Then stop ridiculing me!"

"I'll ridicule you as long as you don't do things right. I'm the big ki-yi of this kennel, and you're going to do what I say."

"If you're claiming to be a dog, I agree with you," was the impassioned retort.

"Then we'll let it go at that and get back to our work. And just save a little of that pep, please for professional purposes!"

It was the labor-pains of Art, and the olive-skinned gentleman known as Herman Krassler come to coach Torrie Throssel in her new part. Storrow in the next room realized, during what became an incredibly noisy scene, that the fiery hearted little man of the stage was putting forth every effort to impart fire to the protesting and somewhat bewildered girl confronting him. It was an emotional "bit," apparently and the novice was neither sure of her way nor fully conscious of what was expected of her.

"Now, try that again, and for the love of Heaven get a little life into it!" Storrow could hear her all-but-exasperated coach demand.

"I tell you, Hermie, I can't! I can't do it!" was the almost sullen protest of the girl, in a voice already heavy with fatigue.

"You've *got to*," commanded the other. And he proceeded to goad and taunt her into renewed activity.

Storrow resented that arbitrary assumption of control over the mind and body of the girl. He began to comprehend what was taking place on the other side of the wall. He realized the domination, for the moment at least, of that quicker will over the less-adroit will of his pupil. Krassler was trying to empty a human body of its own personality and thrust an altogether different one, a make-believe one, into its place. He was taking possession of her, manipulating her, reassembling her to suit his own ends.

"No! No! No! Don't *whine* that! That's your big line and you've got to get some heart-break into it. Don't sing it like a parrot! *Feel* it, woman, feel it!"

"I can't feel it. It's a fool of a line, and you know it!"

"It's certainly a fool of a line when you read it that way," was the other's impassioned retort. "Any line would be. But the line's there, and you've got to squeeze the last drop of life out it. That's what God gave you a brain for. So go back and try it again. And don't swallow your voice as though you had a hot potato against your tonsils. Throw it out—straight out in front of you. Throw it out so it'll hit eight hundred people flat in the face."

It was tried again, and Krassler groaned aloud. Then still again came explanation, expostulation, the lash of mockery, the high-pitched curt commands. And again a voice which did not seem Torrie's voice pleaded and shook with its factitious emotions, rose and fell



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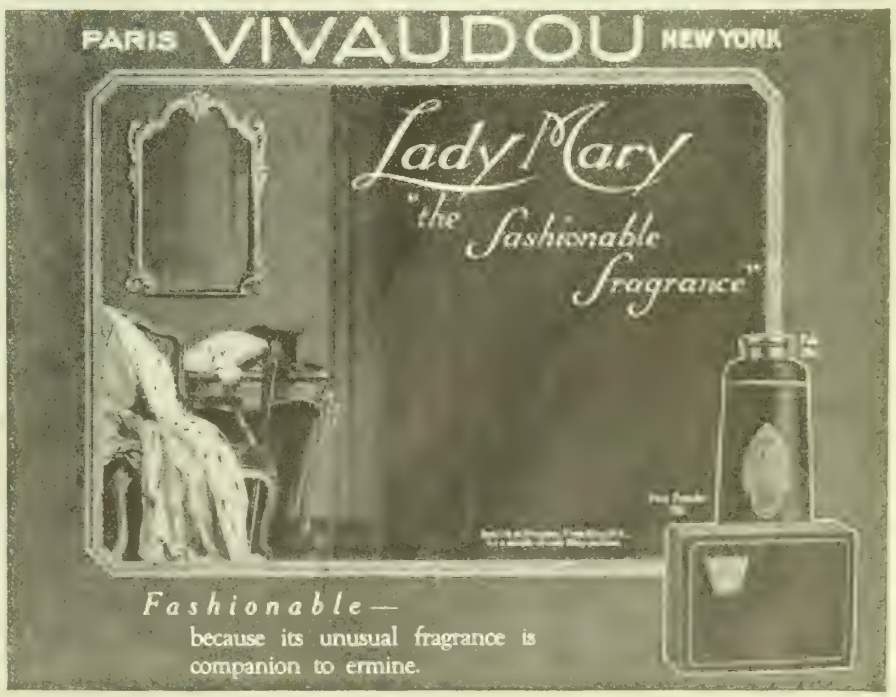
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with its waves of purely imaginary woe, choked in the frantically achieved imitation of a sob.

"You're getting it, girl, you're getting it," cried the excited voice of Krassler. "Now keep on and go through the whole scene. . . . Drop your voice on that, and don't move until you come to the words 'I never—never knew' . . . Keep your spine stiff. . . . No, no, you can't beat your chest-bone like a baboon. You can't do that on Broadway—they canned that twenty years ago. . . . Look, like this. . . . And freeze on that word 'Forever'—don't move a muscle until *Randolph* flings the letters in your face!"

Storrow overheard it all with a vague disquiet in his soul. He more and more resented this seeming appropriation of Torrie's personality, even in the name of Art. He resented the thought of her being exploited and swayed and harassed by even this professional exploiter of emotion. He paced his room, trying to think the thing out, trying to persuade himself that it was something more than sheer physical jealousy. His heart was still a parliament of these silent, debating voices when he heard Krassler saying good-night to Torrie. It was not Krassler the impresario but Krassler the man who spoke now, cordially and a little wearily, as he laughingly complained that even on Broadway you have to break your eggs before you can make your omelet. At almost the same moment, in the contentious forum of his own soul, Storrow suddenly perceived that there was only one way out for him.

Torrie would have to marry him.

Up to that time, indeed, he had given scant thought to marriage as marriage. He had been played on but lightly by the social forces about him, and the established covenant of mating seemed to him as essentially a social ceremony. Yet in his case, he felt, it was something distinctly more than a movement to legalize the illicit. He nursed a natural enough desire to be honest and above-board in his human relationships. Retreat, under the circumstances, was impossible. And since he could not go back, since what had been done had been done, he must now push through to the end of the tunnel. What he had taken must be made entirely and unquestionably his own. It would surely be a clarifying of the situation, he felt, that establishment of proprietorship. It would bring things down to earth. They would have to marry, if only to save themselves. The wild bird would become a tame one, but the music of life would be forever at his elbow. He felt the need of superseding all other claimants to Torrie's time and attention. She had spelled, and still spelled, wonder and rapture to him. And he was still youthful enough to demand that this same wonder and rapture of the passing moment should be made both absolute and permanent.

He crossed to the communicating door and seized the knob. Then, after a moment of hesitation, he inquiringly tapped on the panel.

"May I come in?" he asked.

"Of course," answered Torrie's voice, unnaturally quiet through the muffling panel of wood.

Storrow opened the door and stepped into her studio. She was partly undressed but this did not deter him.

"What is it, Honey?" she asked, arrested by the look of solemnity on his face, staring at him over her bare shoulder.

He stood with his back to the wall, with a dueller's space between them.

"I want you to marry me," he said more abruptly than he had intended to say it.

She looked at up him, wide-eyed with wonder. Then, still without speaking, she slowly continued to release the steel-banded cuirass of brocaded silk from her body, standing deep in thought as she dropped it on the chair beside her.

"What good would that do?" she finally asked.

"Every good in the world," he contended.

She reached, still thoughtful-eyed, for the tissue of silk and lace that lay within reach of her hand. He turned and walked to the end of the room, as though some new relationship had given rise to some new abashment in him, and stood with his back to her as she abstractedly proceeded with her disrobing.

He resented, without quite deciphering the reason for doing so, that offhanded intimacy of action. Yet it was both too unconscious and too characteristic to be set down as audacity. It was innocent, he reminded himself, because it was unstudied. But he remained resolutely turned away from the soft confusion of sounds behind him.

"Will you marry me?" he repeated. His ear caught the sigh that escaped her: it was almost one of forbearance.

"Wait until I crawl into my downy, Honey. I'm so dog-tired!"

He waited. He waited until he heard her fatigued little *coo* of subsidence, listening to the complaint of the burdened coil-springs with a sense of history repeating itself.

"Owen," she called out to him.

He swung about, nettled by a feeling of frustration. But he made no movement toward her. She lay with her hand supporting her head, studying him out of veiled eyes.

"Come here," she said in a strangely altered voice.

Slowly he crossed to her side, puzzling as to what unknown hand could be wringing the glory out of a situation from which he had once anticipated both rapture and triumph. She too seemed to feel that something was lacking from that encounter, something rare and indefinable, something already vanished and evaporated. She dropped back on her pillow, almost listlessly, and lay there for a moment or two without speaking.

"Do you love me?" she finally demanded.

"You know I do," was Storrow's retort.

"But are you sure?"

"I'm trying to prove it."

"How?"

"By asking you to marry me," he contended, wondering at the combative note which he could not keep from his voice.

"What difference can that make?" she demanded. "Having some old man mumble a few words and then poking a metal ring on my third finger? Would it change us one single bit?"

"It would change everything," he contended, amazed at what seemed sheer paganism in her. Once more she fell to studying his face. In it, apparently, she read all the arguments which his tongue had failed to utter, for her own milky brow was slowly clouded with a frown of thought.

"Krassler would kill me," she said, as much to herself as to the man beside her.

"What has Krassler got to do with it?" quickly countered the other.

That question appeared to be no easy one to answer. It seemed to involve a studious turning of the matter over and over in her mind.

"Can't you see, Owen, what Krassler's doing for me? He's trying to make me into an actress. He says he's giving me the chance of a lifetime. He says he'll pitch me head-first into Broadway if I'll only put myself in his hands. He even claims he can make me a star inside of two seasons."

"What do you mean by 'putting yourself in his hands'?"

She was, apparently, making it a point to be very patient with him.

Storrow finds that marriage is the way out of gossip—but hardly a wide road to happiness and success—in Hearst's for August.

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A Word on Disarmament

By G.K.Chesterton

THE vague fashion that calls war "an anachronism" is part of a perfectly senseless superstition that things must improve merely by time, or the ticks of a clock. The only thing that time does, under certain conditions, is to make things worse.

A clock runs down; and nobody has ever invented a clock that runs up.

But in truth there is a sense in which militarism may really be removed, not because it is anachronistic, but actually because it is appropriate. Armaments might be dissolved, not because they are ancient things, but, on the contrary, because they are modern things. Exactly in so far as they are as recent as a fashion, they might be as fugitive as a fashion.

But if anything practical is to be done with such peaceful proposals, we must understand what can ultimately be asked of humanity and what can not. And the beginning of the business might be stated by saying that if we could eliminate war, we could not eliminate fighting.

It is impossible to proclaim from a throne, even a republican throne, that there shall never be such a thing as a collision, any more than that there will be no such a thing as a coincidence.

You cannot abolish an accident; least of all an accident that has not yet happened.

You cannot disestablish an explosion; or pull an earthquake to pieces. Nor can you abolish the next human quarrel, when you do not even know what it will be about.

We might as well hope to abolish the next domestic quarrel; and the modern world is rather assuming than abolishing such quarrels by an elaborate machinery of divorce.

THE great peace principle for the modern world seems simply to be that all people should meet, except married people, and they should part. But even Henry VIII, whom I presume to be the progressive prophet and hero in the matter of divorces, did not thus escape completely from domestic differences.

The domestic and national problems are parallel here; and no sane man thinks a marriage or divorce law can always prevent a wife giving a curtain lecture, or a husband cursing over a bad dinner.

But there are quarrels and quarrels; and above all there are extravagant elaborations of quarrels. It would be an extravagant elaboration of a curtain lecture if the wife, to keep the husband awake, carefully trained an interminable chorus of cats, or still more if she drilled an orchestra of special professors of cacophony with tin cans. It would be an extravagant elaboration of a bad dinner if she artistically poisoned the dishes by collecting from the ends of the earth all the worst cooks, or all the best chemists.

If married people went on in this way, we should feel that a normal frailty had risen to abnormal and fantastic heights. We should not be surprised at people having troubles; but only at people taking so much trouble to have troubles.

IN the same way modern militarism does mean taking abnormal trouble about the old human trouble of fighting. Modern armaments do mean the frailty of fighting, if it be a frailty, risen to fantastic heights.

And there really is something crazy and even comic about such accumulations of arms; as if a man not only wore an overcoat over his coat, but more and more overcoats over his overcoat; or top-hats one on top of another, in a pagoda rising to the stars. If the common sense of Christendom could restrain this it would realize a human and not an inhuman ideal.

We hear of the romance of Robin Hood and the longbow; but not of the incessant invention of longer and stronger bows, till the bow is bigger than the tree from which it came. Medieval romance never drew so long a bow as that. We hear of robber lords retiring into high castles; but hardly into higher and higher castles, like the toppling towers in a drawing of Doré. Medieval common sense would have considered these in every sense as castles in the air.

I FOR one have never denied or dreamed of denying that the British Empire is heavy with more than one great injustice; and I should not even deny that the British Navy is a great anomaly.

But it is not an anomaly rooted in ambition; it is not an anomaly resulting in injustice; and it is not an anomaly that could simply be destroyed without injustice. The unique needs of an island state are obvious enough, to begin with; and I need not elaborately explain them. To complain that England has an unfair maritime equipment is like complaining that Venice has an unfair water supply, though it be only of sea water. There is a vast amount of very real objection to be made against both those mercantile aristocracies; but it is fairly obvious that if they were not built on the sea they would not have been built at all.

Foreigners naturally say that we talk as if the sea were an English back-yard; and we naturally retort that if it is not an English back-yard, it is rather an English grave-yard. And while I am an Englishman, and should invoke such memories of death and victory with as much exultation as another, I am also, I trust, a human being, and even a sane human being; and therefore I do not expect other nations to accept my emotions as arguments.

It is quite true that navalism, like militarism, has swelled into a mechanical monstrosity.

It is quite true that it will never be possible to make all national weapons identical, even if we could make them equal.

It is quite true, as has been suggested, that if the world loses scientific war, it may yet keep the war and only lose the science.

But even such a vision will make more visible the fact that a force may be unique only because it is natural. But even in that simpler and saner world the real differences will reappear; and the islanders will not entirely surrender their ships, any more than the mountaineers will make us a present of their mountains.

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Sense in

By Senator J. I. France

THE call to War aroused our half-sleeping, giant young Republic to heroic action and to a clearer social vision. To what definite ends shall we now direct these new-awakened capabilities, and by what means achieve them? With us, in the work of the world rebuilding, we find many men with many motives. To the well-intrenched reactionaries in business and in government there comes, of course, the deep desire that reconstruction may mean merely the restoration of past conditions. These backward lookers hunger for the high-savored fleshpots of the old Egypt from which this nation has forever fled.

The extreme radicals, on the other hand, without well-considered plan or definite aim, seek by a sudden revolution the destruction of all that is, in the vain hope that, out of the ashes of an utter ruin, may, by some chance, spring forth—like the fabled Phœnix—some novel social scheme of permanent equality and perfect liberty for all.

"IT is right," Edmund Burke once said, "that there should be a clamor whenever there is an abuse. The firebell at midnight disturbs your sleep but keeps you from being burned in your bed."

With this the reactionary disagrees. He dislikes clamor because he thrives on abuses. Consequently he resists all change, defends the existing conditions and seeks to discredit or persecute those who demand reform. He hates free speech because it disturbs and hurts him. He is not enthusiastic about plans to improve our educational system because in his heart he believes that thought, like talk, is somewhat dangerous in too-great quantities.

The truly liberal and progressive man, on the contrary, defends free speech and universal education because he knows and truly trusts the motives of the masses. The bitter battle for a better world fought on the crimsoned banks of the immortal Marne must still be carried on. In every forum, reactionary and liberal must contend until the cause of progress and equal opportunity shall have won a final victory.

Your blind and comfortable reactionary will not hesitate to tell you that these intolerable conditions, against which the liberals have declared so relentless a war, are all imaginary, that the liberals, like Don Quixote, tilt at windmills, and that in America every one now has his equal chance.

FREE government is the highest product of emancipated minds. Let us examine, therefore, our educational system. Liberty and illiteracy can not long dwell together. The superior education of the classes means the easier exploitation of the masses. The Bourbons naturally prefer that children labor rather than learn. The American ideal of equal opportunities to all is certainly not being realized unless all are being adequately educated. The child of to-day is not launched into the life of to-morrow with an equal chance unless he be furnished with training in body and mind adequate not only to fit him for useful citizenship, but to prepare him practically for the battle of life.

Yet the last census figures show that forty-four out of every one hundred of our American children do *not* attend school; that the average length of the school year for the whole country is only one hundred and sixty days, and that in forty States the school year lasts but one hundred days. They indicate moreover that seventy-six per cent. of



the Census of Maryland

our school children are under fifteen years of age, and that only one out of five continues his education after reaching fifteen.

Is it any wonder, then, that our latest Army records seem to indicate that out of every one hundred, nineteen adults are illiterate and that among the men called to the colors practically twenty-five out of every hundred are so ignorant as to be unable to intelligently read the newspaper or to write a letter home?

Think what this means! Twenty-five out of every hundred adults in our country are so lamentably uninformed as to be tinder for the flame for revolution or easy prey for the exploiters' plans.

OR, taking the matter from another angle, let us consider the thousands of bodies needlessly crippled and weakened and the millions of lives destroyed by our neglect of rational methods for health protection. Half a million men are injured annually in industry—and one-half of these without excuse. Typhoid, tuberculous and other preventable diseases cost us each year more than a billion and half of dollars alone. One-third of the men first drafted for our armies were found to be physically unfit.

Unemployment also is in a large measure the result of faulty governmental administration and inadequate employment systems. Almost a quarter of our working people suffer unemployment during some portion of each year. In thirty-three States, one-half of the heads of families were unemployed 9.43 weeks—more than two months in every year.

Illiteracy, preventable injury and disease and unnecessary unemployment, together with our wholly inadequate insurance systems, are the certain breeders of much poverty. From three to six millions of our people live in whole or part on charity. Ten millions of them live in actual poverty, lacking even the essentials for healthful life, while fourteen millions in all are miserably poor. Fourteen per cent. of all our workers, in normal times, and twenty per cent. in periods of depression suffer a real distress. One man in every ten who dies in New York is buried in the Potter's Field.

Poverty of such extent is inexcusable in a nation with such wide territory and such vast resources as would make it possible for five hundred millions of people to live here in comfort and in luxury under a proper administration of the Government's affairs.

We need mightily a definite and comprehensive plan for a Republic so reconstructed that it will measure up to the plans and purposes of our forefathers when they were laying its everlasting foundations.

THIS is the reason I contend that our senseless, century-out-of-date census methods must be abandoned for a continuous systematic survey of our population and of its problems. We should keep in a special community Building in every county in every State of the Union a card-catalog system, with a full record for every citizen, that would enable us to have at all times those vital, social, and industrial statistics without which we cannot establish efficient educational, health, employment, labor and social insurance agencies. Such a sensible census and national survey would lay the foundation for a true coöperative Republic where the good of all would be assured by the truest and highest cultivation of each.

Resurrection Rock

By Edwin Balmer

Illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer



The house on the island fastened itself upon Lucas Cullen as an ill omen. He would wander down to the shore and stare and stare.

"Spiritualism, so long the subject of sneers and ridicule, is absolutely the most important development in the whole history of the human race."

Arthur Conan Doyle.

ABOUT the clear, deep waters of Lake Superior, and bounding the northern sands of Michigan, lies a realm of forest and of heights, rugged, wild, alluring—rich in copper and in iron as few other regions of the world. Kingdoms, which won wide influence, have owned far meaner materials of power; empire has warred with empire for stakes half as great. Were this domain of the Old World, and so situated that nation might match demand with nation for it, innumerable times it must have made armies march; men by the thousand would have laid down their lives for these northern peninsulas.

IN fact, France and her Indian allies long ago garrisoned forest stockades in war with England over this territory; but the blockhouses protected only Jesuit missions and fur-trading posts. England defended the region—with few men, but bitterly—against the Colonists; but after Pitt surrendered it, half a century was yet to pass before men began to take the timber for the cargoes of the lakes; and it was the generation of the sons of these lumbermen who sank the copper pits and began to scale away the mighty mountains of red iron which ladened deep the ships for Chicago, Detroit, Toledo, Erie and Buffalo whence cars freighted the metal to the furnaces of Pittsburgh. By that time, there was no possible question what nation was to own this land. The strength of the United States guaranteed it against foreign aggression and confined the struggle for it to personal and individual contest of man against man—by right, by strength, by wit, by trick or by violence, open and secret—for the winning of power and wealth. While the Michigan hillsides, stripped to dead stumps of hemlock and pine, slowly reclothed with fluttering forests of second growth—maple, beech, ironwood.

Under the boughs—light green and bluish black—many-tinted Indians crept back to the woodlands. Chippewas and Ottawas raised rude shacks or roofed over and rechinked old walls abandoned by the lumberjacks. Deer and fox, mink, beaver and skunk increased; the Indians hunted and trapped, somewhat as they used to do before the pine forest vanished; they fished in stream and lake; they kept clear little garden patches and planted corn and beans and potatoes. The railroads through the forest remained; but they served chiefly the Sault or bore goods to St. Ignace for trans-shipment across the Straits. Other settlements on the shores at the point of the northern peninsula lapsed to fishing villages where ancient bells of Jesuit chapels tolled tolerantly, dreamily, and where French and words of the Chippewa tongue were to be heard. In the growing forests, the old milltowns bleached and cracked under the summer sun.

But here and there, where something had happened—for good or for evil—which a man might never forget, the ghosts drew back the living.

At least, men thus explained the return to St. Florentin of Lucas Cullen—Lucas, the younger of the two Cullen brothers with whose names everything "successful" in that section was once associated. More than a generation ago they had gutted St. Florentin township; so when they went almost everyone else went with them. No one thought that Lucas would ever return; but in 1896 suddenly he appeared and, upon the site of the cabin where he and his wife lived when they founded St. Florentin and bossed the building of the first sawmill, he now caused his great new dwelling to be erected.

LUCAS—who then was speaking of himself as "of Chicago"—called this a summer cottage; and he made it famous immediately by bringing there for a visit the French nobleman, the Marquis de Chenal—"a friend of my daughter Cecilia." The Marquis so well liked Cecilia and liked the place—not to mention, as did many of the enviously minded, Lucas Cullen's millions—that he remained all summer.

He married Cecilia that winter and took her—together with a million or so of Michigan forest money—to his château in Touraine; and neither of them ever returned to the peninsula. But Lucas and his wife and their younger daughter and their two sons came the next year when Deborah married a Westerner and moved to Wyoming; "Junior" Lucas and his brother John also married; but their wives preferred the more fashionable resorts of the East.

So, at the turn of the century, old Lucas and his wife, with their servants, were coming alone to the enormous frame house on the edge of the ruined old milltown above the shores of Lake Huron.

THEN, when Lucas's wealth and power and position seemed absolutely safe, the madness for assailing wealthy and successful men broke out; Lucas—more wilful and obstinate with his advancing years—received his share of the assaults; and he met them so characteristically that politicians forgot others in their hue and cry to "run him out." When, the next year, Lucas gave over his affairs to his sons and retired to St. Florentin, the politicians boasted that they had won; and Lucas—crafty and practical as always—let them say it, as that seemed to satisfy them and keep them from scrutinizing what his sons were doing.

The real reason for Lucas's retreat from Chicago—as the family and a few others knew—was his break with his brother John. They had always quarreled; but now they ceased to speak and the same streets could not hold both. So Lucas fixed up his cottage for an around-the-year home and, when he emerged and was interviewed by the press, he expounded upon the completeness of his content in surroundings such as those in which his own hands had toiled. He was still strong and huge and hearty to roam the woods on snowshoes and with a gun under his arm.

The purpose of the builder of the other great house near St. Florentin was far more puzzling. In the first place, the site was not upon the peninsula but upon a tiny island in Lake Huron, half a mile from shore—a rocky, precipitous islet locally known as Resurrection Rock. The name, a couple of centuries ago, was French—Isle de la Resurrection, the island of the rising again, a name won by some event long forgotten. No one had lived there recently but an Indian fisherman who had found Resurrection Rock too lonely and had departed. When Mackinac and Bois Blanc and other islands near the Straits came more and more in demand for summer homes, no one took enough interest in Resurrection Rock to inquire who might own it. But in 1905 someone bought the isle. The name of the purchaser—Marcellus Clarke of Chicago—meant nothing; and he never appeared. In his stead, came a small, alert, observant man of thirty, by name Halford, who built himself a cabin upon the rock and abode there for several months, fishing a bit, gardening a little, but most of the time waiting, doing nothing. He welcomed anyone who came to the island; he dined white man and red man; he encouraged conversation and confidences; but he confided nothing.

OBVIOUSLY he was there under orders; for regularly, at two-week intervals, he received at Quesnel, on the railroad, a letter from Marcellus Clarke, Chicago; regularly he dispatched an answer. After three months another man—taller, a bit slower in limb but quite as alert and keen-eyed—relieved him, likewise generous and keeping open cabin upon the island, welcoming acquaintance, silent as to his own business. Then he disappeared; he was not relieved and the island was deserted until the next summer when Halford returned for half a year alone. When he again departed, the cabin stood empty and the island abandoned until, in the summer of 1912, barges appeared and anchored in the smooth water between the Isle de la Resurrection and the shore; masons, carpenters, plasterers and artisans of a dozen trades—all from Chicago—lived upon the barges or camped on the island while they erected a large, handsome house, chimneyed, wide of roof, graceful and pleasing.

When furniture and china, rugs, hangings and draperies came—some new, some old—the neighborhood was certain that the purpose of the long watch upon Resurrection Rock was at last to be disclosed; but when the last draper followed the last carpenter away, no master of the mansion appeared. Instead, the newly completed house was closed; doors locked and barred, windows soundly shuttered. A white farmer, who lived a mile or so away upon the opposite mainland, was entrusted with the keys and was paid to inspect the premises periodically. He reported that the house was merely such a house as the rich city people had at Mackinac and Harbor Point, finished and furnished for occupancy; Marcellus Clarke of Chicago, who paid the taxes, paid him; that was all he knew. Yes; it was an ordinary enough house.



But, after a few inspections alone, he always took someone with him. Speculation and wonder in the neighborhood soon took weird and fantastic forms; the mansion had not been built for the living but for the dead; the windows, as seen from the shore in the moonlight, seemed to show lights of their own. Poor, pious people ceased to approach.

At first, old Lucas Cullen laughed at the stories; but, as time went on, they began to affect him. He offered himself, once, as escort for the farmer who had the keys; and after going through the empty house, Lucas journeyed to Chicago where he visited and peremptorily challenged Marcellus Clarke. But the interview only returned Lucas to St. Florentin without new information and more disturbed and uneasy than before. The house on the island fastened itself definitely upon Lucas Cullen as an ill omen. For months he would avoid mentioning it, avoid gazing toward it, avoid even the shores opposite; then he would speak of it in some manner every day—and at almost every hour of each day—to his wife or his servants. He would sit in his upper window, gazing from the hilltop over the trees to the Isle de la Resurrection; or he would wander down to the shore and stare and consider and stare. The thing obsessed him. He was an old man, now, over seventy—but hardy and strong, clear of eye, steady of hand, vindictive and merciless yet to all who opposed him. In all his long, violent life no one—and nothing—was known to have shaken him until someone, without apparent reason, raised that house on the islet locally known as Resurrection Rock and left the house in Lucas Cullen's sight, closed and untenanted.

THE Iron and Copper Country Express from Chicago for Lake Superior and Sault Sainte Marie—operated by the Government upon this January day, 1919—was nearing Escanaba almost on time in spite of the difficulty of making steam against a north wind and in a night temperature of twenty-two below zero. On time was four-forty in the morning.

There were two people in the Escanaba car who were in such a hurry upon this particular morning; accordingly the porter's alarm-clock went off at a quarter-past four, and the old negro sat up from his doze upon the smoking-room seat, shivering and feeling for the heat in the steam-pipes and scratching his gray poll while he recounted who were to be called.

"De captain—lo'ar nine; and Miss Ethel—dat's right; she said shore to wake her," he assured himself, as though his memory in her respect was to be questioned, "in lo'ar four," he muttered to himself.

He arose and brushed up, and proceeding to lower nine where his hand through the curtains grasped a lithe, firm, muscular leg. "De captain"—brevetted by the porter a full grade higher than the single silver bar on his coat claimed—had been sound asleep, but he roused to the touch as to reveillé.

A dark, well-shaped head looked out and a pleasant, vigorous voice, with that peculiar quality of maturity which comes to a young man who has been put in places of command, said:

"Hello! Oh; I remember. Thanks."

Ethel Carew was the whole name of the girl hidden by the curtains of lower four. She was a young lady of twenty-two now; but the porter, who had been on that "run" for many years, knew her when she was a child—a fair, violet-eyed, light-haired little girl from the West who traveled from Chicago with her uncles and aunts—Mr. and Mrs. John Cullen or Mr. and Mrs. Lucas Cullen—to visit her grandfather at St. Florentin.

She had no mother, it developed, and her father, for some reason, never made the trip from Chicago to Escanaba, but always was out home in Wyoming. Yet she seldom had passed a year without a journey north and south along the lake—accompanied always by one of the Cullens and always traveling in style, with a drawing-room and a section for every extra member of the party.

This trip, however, was different. For Miss Ethel had appeared entirely unaccompanied upon the platform at Chicago last evening; and she had been carrying her own handbag. The porter, greeting her and seizing the handbag, had made at once for the drawing-room, but only to find, as she followed him, that she had a ticket for lower four.

When he polished her stout, little tan boots in the night he observed that they were sound only by grace of resoling and mending; and her overcoat, which he had hung up for her, was of common, heavy wool. Vanished this year was the coat of luxurious soft fur which she had worn before in winter.

The porter tapped gently and unwillingly upon the wood partition at the head of the lower four. The girl within, who had been lying awake beside her black, uncurtained window looking up at the bright, winter stars, replied and instantly stirred herself; she drew down the shade, closed the window which she had left open at her feet and turned on her light. Whatever were the reflections and speculations which had been holding her the moment before, she dismissed them; and whereas she had scarcely been conscious of particularly observing the young man in section nine the evening before, this morning she noticed with interest that he also was getting up.

HE was on his way home from France, she had heard him say; they were in southern Wisconsin then; so Ethel had not thought particularly



"Big snow last night again. Nobody breaks road yet. Got to walk from here now."

about his destination. Last night, when she only casually considered him, she had classified him as much the same sort of young man as she usually met at her uncles' homes in Chicago, young men who had possessed from birth an assured place and definite advantages. But this morning, as the train neared Escanaba and she and the "captain" stood together on the platform of the Pullman, she received quite a different impression; others had not insured advantage to this young man; he had had to do for himself, she was quite sure; he had known hard work and meager living here in the north.

She watched him as he rubbed the frost from the glass of the door, and then after looking about to see if she minded and receiving her shake of head in return, he stooped and lifted the platform step and opened the Pullman door. The train was pulling into the station now and the porter appeared carrying Ethel's handbag and the captain's suitcase. The "Soo" train which was to continue the journey north was standing upon another track; and the porter immediately took the hand-baggage to it. But Ethel walked on the platform beside the cars. The dark-haired young man had started to get on board but, after a question to the brakeman, he got down from the step and came forward near Ethel in search of the conductor.

"St. Florentin?" she heard the conductor repeat. "No; never heard of it."

"They hadn't in Chicago either," the young man said. "But I told them it was near the Straits and they said that someone here would know."

"I can tell you about St. Florentin," Ethel offered. "It's the name of an old milltown which hasn't been on the map for twenty years, I reckon. It's near Quesnel; you take this train and get off there; then it's ten miles across country."

The young man bared his head and his pleasant gray eyes lighted with excitement.

"You know it! Thank you!" he said. "That's just what I wanted to know."

"If you're going to St. Florentin," Ethel continued to volunteer, impulsively, "you must be going to see my grandfather."

"Why?"

"Because he's the only man—except his servants—who lives there. It's a deserted village, except for his house."

"His name is Bagley?"

"No; Cullen—Lucas Cullen."

"Then there's no one named Bagley?"

"Not that I've ever heard of."

"Or Carew?"

Ethel started a little. "My name is Carew."

"It is! Then your father's there—or is going to be there, Miss Carew?"

"My father has not been in St. Florentin for more than twenty years," Ethel said. "And now—my father was with a regiment of engineers," she explained, more fully than she meant to a moment before. Knowledge about St. Florentin and about someone of her name seemed to be extremely important to this stranger. "He was killed last June."

The young man motioned quickly with a gesture of self-rebuke for his question. "I was stupid," he said, "thinking only about my affairs."

"You did not know about my father," Ethel returned in his defense.

"No; I didn't know he was your father; but his name—it was Philip Carew?"

"Yes."

"And is there a place called 'The Resurrection,' or some church called that, perhaps; or something like it? You will excuse me, Miss Carew; but I've been trying a long time to find someone who knows about St. Florentin. Is there any place with Resurrection in it—a cape or a bay, perhaps, or an island?"

THERE is an island," Ethel said, "about half a mile off shore and a few miles from my grandfather's called Resurrection Rock."

"There is, then!" he cried, this information so amazingly stirring him that Ethel volunteered:

"It's rightly called Isle de la Resurrection; that's the old name from Jesuit and Indian times. But it's not much of an island; just a few acres mostly rock."

"What is on the island; a town?"

"A house," Ethel replied. "Only one house."

"Do you know who lives there?"

"No one lives there. No one has ever lived in the house; it's been empty since it was built."

"That's strange!"

"It is—very."

"But surely you can tell me more about that."

"Why, I would if I could; but that's all I know about the house on Resurrection Rock. Just that it's there and closed."

"Let's see," he said, and he was breathing fast, she saw, as he gazed down at her; he opened his coat and was fumbling in an inner pocket when the bell of the engine and the call of the brakeman warned that the train was to start. They had wandered together half a car length from the step; and, as the train moved, he seized her arm to steady her while she ran; he half lifted her to the car step and he swung after her. She entered the coach and, proceeding up the aisle until she found where the porter from the Pullman had left her bag, she sat down beside it.

Ethel leaned back, still stirred from her share in the peculiar event which had so surprisingly agitated him. It was plain that the fact of there being a place on the peninsula called St. Florentin—and near it an island called Resurrection Rock had been, at the same time, incredible and of overwhelming importance to him. Also he possessed her father's name in some connection with that place—her father whom he had supposed to be living but whose name, he recollected, had been mentioned in a way which should have made him guess that her father was dead. His errand certainly might most powerfully affect the outcome of her own visit to St. Florentin this day.

A difficult visit that was, to be, even at its best, she knew; for she was bound to St. Florentin to ask her grandfather to do the thing which, of all conceivable acts, he was least likely to do—to advance her money to the amount of many hundred thousands of dollars without security and with little likelihood of receiving it back. Moreover, since her father's death, she realized that in a way she had become the inheritor of his quarrel with her grandfather.

What was the cause of the quarrel Ethel never knew; but she had known the fact of the trouble between grandfather and his brother John—and that her own father was on the side of the quarrel against grandfather—as long as she had known anything. That was as long ago as when she and her father used to live in the old, rough, low-roofed ranch-house near the north fork of the Powder River where, they told her, she had been born.

She must have been about five when she realized that the picture of "mamma" which was always in her father's room, represented someone who not only had loved papa and Ethel but who also had loved a papa and mamma of her own and a sister, a good deal like her, who was living far away in a meaningless place called France, and two brothers who had big houses in a city called Chicago which was as many times bigger than Cheyenne as Cheyenne was bigger than Buffalo. Ethel's interrogations as to when she might see that lady who was like mamma, and also mamma's papa and mamma, evoked only indefinite replies at first; but at last her father took her on a train and traveled with her many days till they came to New York, where Ethel had the unforgetable experience of living for a week aboard a huge boat while it carried her to a country not at all like Wyoming or New York, but which was called France and where she was told to call everything and everyone by strange, interesting names.

She lived in a most wonderful house called a château, with Aunt Cecilia and Uncle Hilaire. Her father did not stay there at all but returned at once to Wyoming. At the end of the year, Aunt Cecilia—who had no child of her own—brought her to New York where her father met her. Ethel remembered that first visit to France better than the second one three years later; Aunt Cecilia was so very pretty and kind and interesting but she had queer ideas such as that a little girl might be afraid of big horses and that boys—not girls—climbed trees, and that one should never go bareheaded into the sunlight. Ethel's later visit was memorable chiefly because it was at the château that she first met her Uncle Lucas, of Chicago, and Aunt Myra and her cousins, Julia and Bennet. They took Ethel back to America with them and brought her to Chicago; thus she met her Uncle John and Aunt Margaret and her grandfather and grandmother.

SHE was eight, then, and quite able to understand that such a delay in making the family acquaintance was not customary. And the separation of her father from her mother's immediate family was made more marked—rather than less so—by the circumstances that he was on terms of close friendship with her mother's cousin Oliver, who, like her father, had as little as possible to do with the other Cullens. Cousin Oliver had to have business relations with them, as the whole family owned land and mines together; but he and his wife never visited at Uncle Lucas's or Uncle John's.

The cause was not to be inquired about in Chicago, Ethel understood. But at home in Wyoming, she used to ask her father about it all.

"Why, we couldn't get along together, dearie; so we stopped trying," was all he ever would say. "But you mustn't have trouble with your mother's people, whom you love and who love you."

Ethel recognized this for an evasion; and she

(*Continued on page 61*)



"It's an old milltown that hasn't been on the map for twenty years. You take this train; then it's ten miles across country."

The Toys of the Gods

By Richard Washburn Child

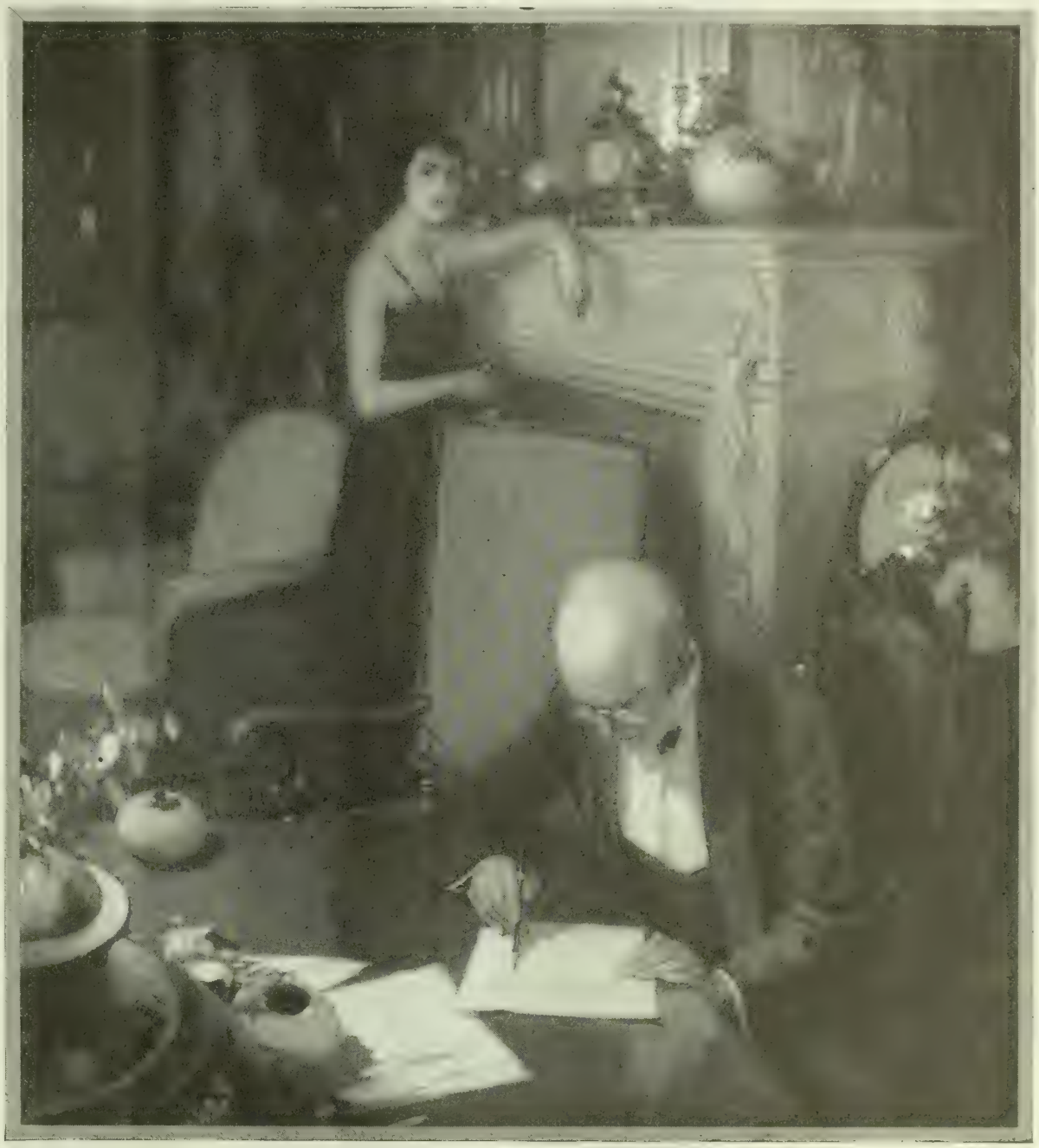
Illustrated by Walter H. Everett

THE Japanese Minister leaned forward into the circle of light from the six candles on the table as if he had been drawn into the conversation by the words "secret diplomacy" which had just fallen from the lips of our hostess.

His face, thrust forward over the gold-lacquer coffee cups, was in marked contrast to hers, also in the soft light.

She was not young—a woman of thirty-five, with a suggestion of the wrinkles of experience, humor and understanding around her clear green eyes, but the lips that had uttered the phrase were fresh with youth and health and one would say velvety, tender, graceful and as untouched by artifice as rose petals. Her skin was fair, her hair light brown. She was the almost beautiful representative of a race which seemed centuries younger than that of the Japanese diplomat

He might be no older than she, but as he leaned forward he suggested the calm one sees in the faces of house Buddhas who have watched without batting an eyelash the coming and going of endless human comedy and tragedy. His features indeed at the moment appeared as features upon a delicately carved metallic mask and this rendered all the more extraordinary the ease and flow of his words.



In the room there was no sound except the scratching of the Cabinet Minister's pen.

"WE who sit here while the Peace Conference is in session," he said, looking at the Sèvres clock on the mantel and nodding, "may speak easily of the end of secret diplomacy. I will be first to express the hope that much can be done to abolish the intrigue, the covertness of the diplomacy, Oriental and Occidental, which my experience has made familiar to me in many capitals But I confess to a love of the romance, the excitement of that gambling game with great stakes, which has made the blood run swiftly in the veins of men—we diplomats—who otherwise are clerks and messengers and hosts at the tables of legations and embassies.

"None of the intrigues of diplomacy nor of politics are quite worth telling without a woman who figures in—what do you call it?—the plot, the drama. The more suddenly the feminine hand appears the more fascinating is the picture and the more vivid lives it in the remembrance."

THE Japanese Minister smiled slightly at the little murmur among the six other guests as he finished and then, turning toward the hostess, he said that he could not disclose the identities of the actors in the drama nor, indeed, even the name of the capital in which he had been a visitor at his embassy at the time. Therefore we were all free to disbelieve his testimony if we chose to do so. This would not offend him. With these conditions imposed, he looked at the ceiling as if to call down the blessings of the Gods of Accuracy. And he went on. He told these facts.

IN a certain capital at ten o'clock in the evening there was a faint light showing between the drawn curtains of a house of some magnificence which faced upon one of the well-known avenues of the city. It was springtime and the lower halves of the wide windows were raised slightly so that if one had wished it would have been possible to have climbed up the heavy Bedford blocks and peeped in.

One would have seen elegance inside—the library of a rich residence lit by one lamp only; perhaps because of the economy which war had spread all over the world—in neutral countries, mind you, as well as in countries already engaged in the contest. But this light showed a room furnished with mahogany of the best period, picked up from old English estates. On the large table in the center of the room and in a cabinet in the corner were bronzes, ivories and porcelains which told of the excursions of some discriminating person into the Orient

On a small sofa under the lamp, pretending to read a book bound in scarlet leather—an effective bit of color for a black evening gown—there sat a young American woman

I say that she was young, but it must be remembered that some women keep youth ensnared longer than others. At any rate, she was one of these white-throated women whose lips and eyes are warm but whose personalities are cool—like the pleasant coolness of wet petals of cherry blossoms touching a cheek flushed by the morning sun. You will not mind if I shall call this lady Miss Beatrice Kingsford.

The story of her early career was rather romantic—a girlhood in dull drudgery over ecclesiastical matters which, the Japanese would say, were less philosophical, less interesting intellectually than, for instance, the study of the higher sects of Buddhism. Then it comes, like a drop of the heavens to earth, word that an uncle—in Texas, I believe—had hung himself and left several millions of dollars to this young lady who must always be the gray worm and now, like a butterfly with wings still unfolded, could already feel the warmth of the sun of affluence.

Was this her feeling? I hardly believe it. For destiny plays strange tricks upon its human toys. Two weeks before this good fortune arrived she had refused to marry one of the two men whom we must not mention by name—one of them now known the world around, the other almost forgotten.

PERHAPS years later as she sat at ten o'clock on this particular night in the library of her house—the maiden mistress of her own establishment, she was recalling a walk she had taken with the first of these two men—then a rather lovable and awkward sojourner from abroad who leaned near her moist cheeks and whose passionate eyes must have searched hers as they stopped in some byway in the fog of the London night.

Can you imagine, as I can, this woman struggling against her inclination to allow this man whom fate was to pick out from the millions as a leader, to take her into his arms? Can you draw like an etching her face when it had turned hard like stone? One does not know how to blame her.

She said: "To marry me would be folly. You are afire with desire for the great life. I can bring you nothing—no prestige, no income. The matter is closed—a closed book."

This was hypocrisy, but there is much hypocrisy in the world. She was saving herself, she thought; she told him that she was saving him. Perhaps, as human affairs go, it was all right. The man closed his jaws and set his deep, long chin which is now familiar to everyone. He said nothing. This was his way when defeated. It still is.

When he left her at the foot of the steps at her lodgings he turned about as a man who has given up a great purpose and she watched his tall figure disappear beyond the London street-light. She did not know that this was the tragic moment of her life. She did not know that she not only had thrown away all the place and power which might have been hers but also the chance of fulfilment for a great love.

She did that when she smiled at the receding back of the man she called "The Tall One." But this, I think, was not the tragedy. The tragedy was in the fact that in her heart she loved him and would always love him and for a miserable attitude of self-seeking had cast true love away from her.

She called him "The Tall One," and so, ever after, she had always thought of him. And I, too, shall call him "The Tall One."

Surely it was not chance which had brought Bea-

trice Kingsford from Japan to the capital of a land several thousand miles from Tokio. "The Tall One" had gone out of her life through the London fog nearly sixteen years before, but he had not gone out of her heart.

PERHAPS this was why she had never married. Perhaps this was why she, unsatisfied and restless, spent a part of her income traveling hither and thither about the world, so that her dinner-table conversation was known in the four corners of the earth and many men of many races had laid their hearts at her feet in vain.

Whatever had lived on day by day in this woman's soul had been like the fires of a volcano far below the ground, smouldering always and never visible. Perhaps "The Tall One" had forgotten her. She gave no sign. She may have thought often enough that something bound her to this man—who now had become so powerful and great. I believe there can be no doubt that she had followed every turn of his career. She had watched every step he had made. She had marked the ascent of her lost lover, marveling at the twists and shifts of events which, in succession, drew him toward the top of his fame, as if Destiny were lifting him on a cord across all the obstacles on life's inclined plane. In all this time she had waited out of sight just as an actor whose part comes late in a play may brood in some corner behind the painted scenery.

When did she come out of this obscurity? Is it not obvious? One must remember that we are dealing with a woman. And a woman who is made of the stuff of which she is made for some strange reason never is called forth by the success of the man she loves. She only moves precipitously when failure, disaster and ruin hang above the head of the one male to whom she, no matter how secretly, has given her soul. So with Beatrice Kingsford; she flew to him, unseen and unfelt, only when the great crisis had come and when, perhaps, his stumbling feet and the jealousies of his place and power which had grown up about him appeared ready to plunge him over the edge of failure.

No one can guess whether or not "The Tall One" even knew that Beatrice had come to the capital. Probably not. He was immersed in a crisis and for the first time in his life almost foundered with opposition. How was he to know that a woman whose name was suggestive of an old London memory, but whose sole claim to distinction was as a sojourning hostess with an appearance of some brilliance and some retained youthful beauty and a full purse, had taken the house formerly occupied by the Honorable So-and-So or the family of His Excellency, the Ambassador from Such-and-Such?

At this hour of ten during an evening which was mild with a breeze following the heat of the afternoon, exactly thirty-seven days had elapsed since her trunks had been brought up the steps of the house which her servants, acting under telegraphed orders, had prepared for her. In these thirty-seven days she had used to the full her acquaintance and skill to meet at dinners at least on three occasions the person who must be now called by me "The Other Man." She had played for him with all the guile and strategy she could command. She had not hoped for admiration to be called forth by her sex because The Other Man was not only reputed to be intensely cold but also enjoyed as much as anything, in the picture of himself he painted for the world to see, the character of religious zeal and the sanctimony of poise, restraint and voluble wordy benevolence. This was the fish she had angled for; at the end of thirty-seven days it was on her hook.

As she sat in the library with the red book, a spot of scarlet against the black evening dress even more emphatic a contrast to the rich black material than was made by the almost scintillating white of her throat and of her long graceful arms, a limousine, closed even though the evening was warm, purred up to the curb and out of it, as if in haste, came two men.

IN spite of the fact that it was dark and two great trees between the house and the street-lamp at the corner cast a heavy shadow, the men half covered their faces with their hands; they hurried up the steps with something of the manner of men who are entering a court-house for their trial and fear the snapshots taken by newspaper photographers.

The door closed behind them, the limousine rolled quickly away.

One of these men, admitted by the maid, was a lean, cadaverous young person who removed his straw hat and took a seat beneath the spacious French mirror in the tiled hall as if to wait. The other, rather [illegible] in his manner, a short heavy individual with a bald head edged with gray and a complexion pitted slightly by smallpox, took off his light overcoat and was shown by the maid through the door and into the library.



"When I am sure that my own years of hunger are satisfied,—that my work is completed,

As he entered his alert eyes, a little too small to be the eyes of a great soul, glanced quickly about the dimly lit room. He appeared relieved that only the woman was visible. He exhaled a breath and rubbed the palms of his hands together. These hands, like his face, were strangely lean in contrast to a body which was rather short and a bit overweight; someone once said that his hands in their slim pointed shape and their cautious or rapid movements suggested the front paws of a rat, just as his nose and almost lipless mouth also reminded one of a rodent.

"I have come," he announced. "It was a most unusual situation for you to create, but I have come."

Beatrice withdrew her hand from his.

"I do not think I shall disappoint you," she said with an air of confidence. "I said in my note that my reason for asking you to stop here was an urgent reason which concerned you and this Nation quite as much, if not more, than it concerned me."

THE expression of suspicion and the tone of accusation faded as he said with ingratiation: "My dear lady, I merely remarked that your request was most unusual. So it was. As you know there is a crisis in our affairs, both foreign and domestic. This makes it rather more extraordinary than under more normal conditions that a member of the Cabinet Council should call upon a lady at a late hour to be the recipient of information the nature of which is wholly unknown to him."

"Did you consider it a risk?" she inquired with a short gay laugh.

He shrugged his shoulders as if to indicate that a statesman whose following in part relied upon him as a benevolent lover of mankind, and whose enemies found nothing worse to say of his private life than



I will satisfy your years of hunger—you good and pious man! You shall have your kiss."

that he was a blue-nosed hypocrite, could take no unwarranted risks when a woman was concerned.

"You brought your secretary," she added, nodding toward the closed door. "I trust you were not afraid of me?"

"Perhaps you will be brief," he began in a tone of authority.

She walked swiftly toward the table in the center of the room and from the top of a pile of papers she took three typed sheets of paper which she held so that all that he could see was the embossed heading of the Executive Office at the top.

"I believe you will recognize this stationery," she said. "The words which are written on it are words which will either end the crisis of which you have just spoken, Your Excellency, or will end the fortunes of the administration of which you are the second most important individual."

The Cabinet Minister pinched the stubble on his shaven upper lip between a straightened stiff thumb and a straightened stiff forefinger. He came forward under the circle of light from the one lamp, and in the more searching radiance from it, something of the lack of a final polish, a final obliteration of the stamp which his middle-class origin had put upon him, came out in his posture, in the gesture of his rat-paw hands and in the twist of surprise and yet of shrewdness which had turned one corner of his thin lips.

"You have engaged my attention," he said with a grimace. "It is not often that I have occasion to say that to a woman. I have recognized that you are not an ordinary woman. That is why I am here."

She managed to wipe clean from his face the characteristic benevolent and paternal smile by returning the typed pages to their resting-place from which she had snatched them up and by saying coldly: "It is idle for you to indulge yourself or to indulge me with flattery. There is no time for it. If you are to act at all, as I suppose you will act when you know that which I know, it must be at once. I am not a child. At any other time I might be engaged by your generous expressions. You are a man who I dare say might be attractive to a woman if you so desired. But whether you know it or not we —you and I—have grim business to do."

"Very well," he replied without taking his gaze from the document on the table. "It is apparent that you desire to handle this interview in your own way I am a little skeptical about the grimness of business which a woman considers grim. Nevertheless I put myself at your service."

It was impossible for her to make out from the purr in his voice whether he was pleased by her reference to his ability to make himself attractive to a woman or whether the purr came from anticipation of seeing the typed pages from the Executive Office about which there was mystery and secrecy just as a carnivorous animal might purr at the sight and smell of fresh meat.

No doubt there was something of both; for in the next moment he had reached out across the table for the document, not quite quickly enough to prevent Beatrice putting her own hand palm downward upon it. When he felt his hand over hers, however, he smirked and gurgled in the manner of the usual pillar of society who does not often have the opportunity to feel the warmth of a lady's fingers.

Beatrice thought of the inner sides of great statesmen and laughed outright.

"Before I show you this paper I want to be sure of the situation, Your Excellency," she said. "May I check my own knowledge of what is behind the scenes at this crisis with your knowledge?"

"I am to be interrogated?"

He chuckled, indulgently. "Let me tell you——"

She waited for him to finish.

"But do you wish to unravel all this tangled web?" he asked suddenly. "Will you find political intrigue as fascinating as you anticipate?"

"I have no choice in the matter," she answered. "I am engaged in it not because of a desire to look behind the scenes. My interest——"

"Yes?" he asked impatiently.

"Is personal."

"You are quite mysterious," he said bowing.

"I am quite direct," she replied. "My nerves may be a little tense, but I will show you that I am quite direct. You have spoken of a crisis in the affairs of state. I recognize it. Indeed, if you must know, that is why I came here—I came here because this man—he whom they call the great leader—had reached a more severe test than ever before. He will rise or be dashed into the pit in the next thirty days. That is why I came."

THE Cabinet Minister coughed, sat down in one of the ample upholstered chairs and rested his bony chin upon the tips of his fingers.

"I think you are right," he said.

"And would you be sorry if the wreck came?" she asked in a low tone, almost in a cautious whisper.

He sprang up. He was not a man to be caught by any trap set by an amateur.

"My dear lady!" he protested. "The suggestion is wholly beyond the bounds of propriety. I owe my office to him. I am a part of the administration. I cannot tolerate the slightest suggestion of my disloyalty."

"You must be conscious of the fact that every one in the inner circles here at the capital knows very well that you are not in harmony with—with him."

"A part of my duty is to differ—even with him—when conscience dictates." He smiled comfortably. "When that difference amounts to a breach between us the remedy is in his hands. He would dismiss me. He would ask for my resignation."

Her lips opened for a little exclamation rising from the back of her throat; there was a hint in it that he had said the very words she had hoped he would say.

"I think you have disclosed the truth," she asserted. "And I am glad. It will bring us to an understanding so much the sooner."

"What are you saying!" he exclaimed angrily.

The woman, however, did not appear to be in the slightest disturbed by his outburst. She went to the fireplace and rested one of her long, graceful white arms along the cool marble of the mantel; she looked at the statesman who stood with flushed face and partly closed fists and smiled at him pleasantly with the rose-petal lips which always remained so young.

She said: "There is no loyalty between you two men. That is the bare, unvarnished fact. To the outside world—even to some of the officials in the bureaus—you are partners in this dangerous time. You are not. You are enemies. He fears your disloyalty. But he cannot ask for your resignation and you cannot offer it."

"Why do you think [illegible]

Gray Magic

The Slayer of Souls — II

By Robert W. Chambers

FOREWORD

TO Victor Cleves came the following telegram in code:

"WASHINGTON.
April 14th, 1919.

"*Investigation ordered by the State Department as the result of frequent mention in despatches of Chinese troops operating with the Russian Bolsheviki forces has disclosed that the Bolsheviki are actually raising a Chinese division of 30,000 men recruited in Central Asia. This division has been guilty of the greatest cruelties. A strange rumor prevails among the Allied forces at Archangel that this Chinese division is led by Yezidee and Hassani officers belonging to the sect of devil-worshipers and that they employ black arts and magic in battle.*

"*From information so far gathered by the several branches of the United States Secret Service operating throughout the world, it appears possible that the various revolutionary forces of disorder, in Europe and Asia, which now are violently threatening the peace and security of all established civilization on earth, may have had a common origin. This origin, it is now suspected, may date back to a very remote epoch; the widespread forces of violence and merciless destruction may have had their beginning among some ancient and predatory race whose existence was maintained solely by robbery and murder.*

"*Anarchists, terrorists, Bolshevists, Reds of all shades and degrees, are now believed to represent in modern times what perhaps once was a tribe of Assassins—a sect whose religion was founded upon a common predilection for crimes of violence.*

"*On this theory then, for the present, the United States Government will proceed with this investigation of Bolshevism; and the Secret Service will continue to pay particular attention to all Orientals in the United States and other countries. You personally are formally instructed to keep in touch with XLV-371 (Alek Selden) and ZB-303 (James Benton), and to employ every possible means to become friendly with the girl Tressa Norne, win her confidence, and, if possible, enlist her actively in the Government Service as your particular aid and comrade.*

"*It is equally important that the movements of the Oriental, called Sanang, be carefully observed in order to discover the identity and whereabouts of his companions. However, until further instructions he is not to be taken into custody.* *M. H. 2479.*

"(*Signed*)
"(JOHN RECKLOW.)"

THE long despatch from John Recklow made Cleves's duty plain enough.

For months, now, Selden and Benton had been watching Tressa Norne. And they had learned practically nothing about her.

And now the girl had come within Cleves's sphere of operation. She had been in New York for two weeks. Telegrams from Benton in Chicago, and from Selden in Buffalo, had prepared him for her arrival.

He had his men watching her boarding-house on West Twenty-eighth Street, men to follow her, men to keep their eyes on her at the theater, where, every evening, at 10:45, her *entr'acte* was staged. He knew where to get her. But he, himself, had been on the watch for the man Sanang; and had utterly failed to find the slightest trace of him in New York, although warned that he had arrived.

So, for that evening, he left the hunt for Sanang to others, put on his evening clothes, and dined with fashionable friends at the Patroons' Club, who never for an instant suspected that young Victor Cleves was in the Service of the United States Government. About half-past nine he strolled around to the theater, desiring to miss as much as possible of the popular show without being too late to see the curious little *entr'acte* in which this girl, Tressa Norne, appeared alone.

He had secured an aisle seat near the stage at an outrageous price; the main show was still thundering and fizzing and glittering as he entered the theater; so he stood in the rear behind the orchestra until the descending curtain extinguished the outrageous glare and din.

Then he went down the aisle, and as he seated himself Tressa Norne stepped from the wings and stood before the lowered curtain facing an expectant but oddly undemonstrative audience.

THE girl worked rapidly, seriously, and in silence. She seemed a mere child there behind the footlights, not more than sixteen anyway—her winsome eyes and wistful lips unspoiled by the world's wisdom.

Yet once or twice the mouth drooped for a second and the winning eyes darkened to a remoter blue—the brooding iris hue of far horizons.

She wore the characteristic tabard of stiff golden tissue and the gold pagoda-shaped headpiece of a Yezidee temple girl. Her flat, slipper-shaped footgear was of stiff gold, too, and curled upward at the toes.

All this accentuated her apparent youth. For in face and throat no firmer contours had as yet modified the softfulness of immaturity; her limbs were boyish and frail, and her bosom more undecided still, so that the embroidered breadth of gold fell flat and straight from her chest to a few inches above the ankles.

She seemed to have no stock of paraphernalia with which to aid the performance; no assistant, no orchestral diversion, nor did she serve herself with any magician's patter. She did her work close to the footlights.

Behind her loomed a black curtain; the strip of stage in front was bare even of carpet; the orchestra remained mute.

But when she needed anything—a little table, for example—well, it was suddenly there where she required it—a slim, tripod thing, for instance, evidently fitted to hold the big iridescent bubble of glass in which swarmed little tropical fishes—and which arrived neatly from nowhere. She merely placed her hands before her as though ready to support something weighty which she expected and—suddenly, the huge crystal bubble was visible, resting between her hands. And when she tired of holding it, she set it upon the empty air and let go of it; and instead of crashing to the stage with its finny rainbow swarm of swimmers, out of thin air appeared a tripod to support it.

Applause followed, not very enthusiastic, for the sort of audience which sustains the shows of which her performance was merely an *entr'acte* is an audience responsive only to the obvious.

Nobody ever before had seen that sort of magic in America. People scarcely knew whether or not they quite liked it. The lightning of innovation stupefies the dull; ignorance is always suspicious of innovation—always afraid to put itself on record until its mind is made up by somebody else.

So in this typical New York audience approbation was cautious, but every fascinated eye remained focused on this young girl who



The floating globe glowed scarlet, then burst into flame and vanished.

continued to do incredible things which seemed to resemble "putting something over" on them; a thing which no uneducated American conglomeration ever quite forgives.

The girl's silence, too, perplexed them; they were accustomed to gabble, to noise, to jazz, vocal and instrumental, to that incessant metropolitan clamor which fills every second with sound in a city whose only distinction is its din. Stage, press, art, letters, social existence unless noisy mean nothing in Gotham; reticence, leisure, repose are the three lost arts. The megaphone is the city's symbol; its chiefest crime, silence.

THE girl having finished with the big glass bubble full of tiny fish, picked it up and tossed it aside. For a moment it apparently floated there in space like a soap-bubble. Changing rainbow tints, waxed and waved on the surface, growing deeper and more gorgeous until the floating globe glowed scarlet, then suddenly burst into flame and vanished. And only a faint sweet perfume lingered in the air.

But she gave her perplexed audience no time to wonder; she had seated herself on the stage and was already swiftly busy unfolding a white veil with which she presently covered herself, draping it over her like a tent.

The veil seemed to be translucent; she was apparently visible seated beneath it. But the veil turned into smoke, rising into the air in a thin white cloud; and there, where she had been seated, was a statue of white stone the image of herself!—in all the frail springtide of early adolescence—a white statue, cold, opaque, exquisite in its sculptured immobility.

There came, the next moment, a sound of distant thunder; flashes lighted the blank curtain; and suddenly a vein of lightning and a sharper peal shattered the statue to fragments.

There they lay, broken bits of her own sculptured body, glistening in a heap behind the footlights. Then each fragment began to shimmer with a rosy internal light of its own, until the pile of broken marble glowed like living coals under thickening and reddening vapors. And, presently, dimly perceptible, there she was in the flesh again, seated in the fiery center of the conflagration, stretching her arms luxuriously, yawning, seemingly awakening from refreshing slumber, her eyes unclosing to rest with a sort of confused apology upon her astounded audience.

As she rose to her feet nothing except herself remained on the stage—no débris, not a shred of smoke, not a spark.

She came down, then, across an inclined plank into the orchestra among the audience.

In the aisle seat nearest her sat a young man named Cleves. His business was to be there that evening. But she didn't know that, knew nothing about him—had never before set eyes on him.

At her gesture of invitation he made a cup of both his hands. Into these she poured a double handful of unset diamonds—or what appeared to be diamonds—pressed her own hands above his for a second and the diamonds in his palms had become pearls.

These were passed around to people in the vicinity, and finally returned to Mr. Cleves, who, at her request, covered the heap of pearls with both his hands, hiding them entirely from view.

At her nod he uncovered them. The pearls had become emeralds. Again, while he held them, and without even touching him, she changed them into rubies. Then she turned away from him, apparently forgetting that he still held the gems, and he sat very still, one cupped hand over the other while she poured silver coins into a woman's gloved hands, turned them into gold coins, then flung each coin into the air, where it changed to a living, fragrant rose and fell among the audience.

Presently she seemed to remember Cleves, came back down the aisle, and, under his close and intent gaze drew from his cupped hands, one by one, a score of brilliant little living birds, which continually flew about her and finally perched twittering on her golden headdress—a rainbow-crest of living jewels.

As she drew the last warm, breathing little feathered miracle from Cleves's hands and released it, he said rapidly under his breath: "I want a word with you later. Where?"

She let her clear eyes rest on him for a moment, then with a shrug so slight that it was perceptible, perhaps, only to him, she moved on along the inclined way, stepped daintily over the footlights, caught fire, apparently, nodded to a badly rattled audience,and sauntered off, burning from head to foot.

What applause there was became merged in a dissonant instrumental outburst from the orchestra; the great god Jazz resumed direction, the mindless audience breathed freely again as the curtain rose upon a familiar, yelling turbulence, including all that Gotham really understands and cares for—legs and noise.

VICTOR CLEVES glanced up at the stage, then continued to study the name of the girl on the program. It was featured in rather pathetic solitude under "*Entr'acte.*" And he read further: "During the second *entr'acte* Miss Tressa Norne will entertain you with several phases of Black Magic. This strange knowledge was acquired by Miss Norne from the Yezidees, among which almost unknown people still remain descendants of that notorious and formidable historic personage known in the twelfth century as The Old Man of the Mountain—or The Old Man of Mount Alamout.

"The pleasant profession of this historic individual was assassination; and some historians now believe that genuine occult power played a part in his dreadful record—a record which terminated only when the infantry of Genghis Khan took Mount Alamout by storm and hanged the Old Man of the Mountain and burned his body under a boulder of Yon-Stone.

"For Miss Norne's performance there appears to be no plausible, practical or scientific explanation.

"During her performance the curtain will remain lowered for fifteen minutes and will then rise on the last act of 'You Betcha Life'."

THE noisy show continued while Cleves, paying it scant attention, brooded over the program. And ever his keen, gray eyes reverted to her name, Tressa Norne.

Then, for a little while, he settled back and let his absent gaze wander over the galloping battalions of painted girls and the slapstick principals whose perpetual motion evoked screams of approbation from the audience amid the din of the great god Jazz.

He had an aisle seat; he disturbed nobody when he went out and around to the stage door.

The aged man on duty took his card, called a boy and sent it off. The boy returned with the card, saying that Miss Norne had already dressed and departed.

Cleves tipped him and then tipped the doorman heavily.

"Where does she live?" he asked.

"Say," said the old man, "I dunno, and that's straight. But them ladies mostly goes up to the roof for a look in at the "Moonlight Masque" and a dance afterward. Was you ever up there?"

"Yes."

"Seen the new show?"

"No."

"Well, g'wan up while you can get a table. And I bet the little girl will be somewheres around."

"THE little girl" *was* "somewheres around." He secured a table, turned and looked about at the vast cabaret into which only a few people had yet filtered, and saw her at a distance in the carpeted corridor buying violets from one of the flower girls.

A waiter placed a reserve card on his table; he continued on around the outer edge of the auditorium.

Miss Norne had already seated herself at a small table in the rear, and a waiter was serving her with iced orange juice and little French cakes.

When the waiter returned Cleves went up and took off his hat.

"May I talk with you for a moment, Miss Norne?" he said.

The girl looked up, the wheat-straw still between her scarlet lips. Then, apparently recognizing in him the young man in the audience who had spoken to her, she resumed her business of imbibing orange juice.

The girl seemed even frailer and younger in her hat and street gown. A silver-fox stole hung from her shoulders; a gold bag lay on the table under the bunch of violets.

She paid no attention whatever to him. Presently her wheat-straw buckled, and she selected a better straw.

He said: 'There's something rather serious I'd like to speak to you about if you'll let me. I'm not the sort you evidently suppose. I'm not trying to annoy you."

At that she looked around and upward once more.

Very, very young, but already spoiled, he thought, for the dark-blue eyes were coolly appraising him, and the droop of the mouth had become almost sullen. Besides, traces of paint still remained to incarnadine lip and cheek and there was a hint of hardness in the youthful plumpness of the features.

"Are you a professional?" she asked without curiosity.

"A theatrical man? No."

"Then if you haven't anything to offer me what is it you wish?"

"I have a job to offer if you care for it and if you are up to it," he said.

Her eyes became slightly hostile:

"What kind of job do you mean?"

"I want to learn something about you first. Will you come over to my table and talk it over?"

"No."

"What sort do you suppose me to be?" he inquired, amused.

"The usual sort, I suppose."

"You mean a Johnny?"

"Yes—of sorts."

She let her insolent young eyes sweep him once more, from head to foot.

He was a well-built young man and in his evening dress he had that something about him which placed him very definitely where he really belonged.

"Would you mind [illegible]



Nobody before had ever seen such great magic.

He drew it out and laid it beside her, and without stirring she scanned it sideways.

"That's my name and address," he continued. "I'm not contemplating mischief. I've enough excitement in life without seeking adventure. Besides, I'm not the sort who goes about annoying women."

She glanced up at him again:

"You are annoying me!"

"I'm sorry. I was quite honest. Good-night."

He took his *congé* with unhurried amiability; had already turned away when she said.

"Please . . . what do you desire to say to me?" He came back to her table:

"I couldn't tell you until I know a little more about you."

"What—do you wish to know?"

"Several things. I could scarcely ask you—go over such matters with you—standing here."

THERE was a pause; the girl juggled with the straw on the table for a few moments, then partly turning she summoned a waiter, paid him, adjusted her stole, picked up her gold bag and her violets and stood up. Then she turned to Cleves and gave him a direct look, which had in it the impersonal and searching gaze of a child.

When they were seated at the table reserved for him the place already was filling rapidly—backwash from the theaters slopped through every aisle—people not yet surfeited with empty noise, not yet sufficiently sodden by their worship of the great god Jazz.

"Jazz," said Cleves, glancing across his dinner-card at Tressa Norne—"what's the meaning of the word? Do you happen to know?"

"Doesn't it come from the French. *jaser*?"

He smiled. "Possibly. I'm rather hungry. Are you?"

"Yes."

"Will you indicate your preferences?"

She studied her card, and presently he gave the order.

"I'd like some champagne," she said, "unless you think it's too expensive."

He smiled at that, too, and gave the order.

"I didn't suggest any wine because you seem so young," he said.

"How old do I seem?"

"Sixteen perhaps."

"I am twenty-one."

"Then you've had no troubles."

"I don't know what you call trouble," she remarked, indifferently, watching the arriving throngs.

The orchestra, too, had taken its place.

"Well," she said, "now that you've picked me up, what do you really want of me?" There was no mitigating smile to soften what she said. She dropped her elbows on the table, rested her chin between her palms and looked at him with the same searching, undisturbed expression that is so disconcerting in children. As he made no reply: "May I have a cocktail?" she inquired.

He gave the order. And his mind registered pessimism. "There is nothing doing with this girl," he thought. "She's already on the toboggan." But he said aloud: "That was beautiful work you did down in the theater, Miss Norne."

"Did you think so?"

"Of course. It was astounding work."

"Thank you. But managers and audiences differ with you."

"Then they are very stupid," he said.

"Possibly. But that does not help me pay my board."

"Do you mean you have trouble in securing theatrical engagements?"

"Yes, I am through here to-night, and there's nothing else in view, so far."

"That's incredible!" he exclaimed.

She lifted her glass, slowly drained it.

For a few moments she caressed the stem of the empty glass, her gaze remote.

"Yes, it's that way," she said. "From the beginning I felt that my audiences were not in sympathy with me. Sometimes it even amounts to hostility. Americans do not like what I do, even if it holds their attention. I don't quite understand why they don't like it, but I'm always conscious they don't. And of course that settles it—to-night has settled the whole thing, once and for all."



"Well," she said, "now that you've picked me up, what do you really want of me?"

"What are you going to do?"

"What others do, I presume."

"What do others do?" he inquired, watching the lovely sullen eyes.

"Oh, they do what I'm doing now, don't they?—let some man pick them up and feed them." She lifted her indifferent eyes. "I'm not criticizing you. I meant to do it some day—when I had courage. That's why I just asked you if I might have some champagne—finding myself a little scared at my first step. . . . But you *did* say you might have a job for me. Didn't you?"

"Suppose I haven't. What are you going to do?"

The curtain was rising. She nodded toward the bespangled chorus. "Probably that sort of thing. They've asked me."

SUPPER was served. They both were hungry and thirsty; the music made conversation difficult, so they supped in silence and watched the imbecile show conceived by vulgarians, produced by vulgarians and served up to mental degenerates of the same species—the average metropolitan audience.

For ten minutes a pair of comedians fell up and down a flight of steps, and the audience shrieked approval.

"Miss Norne?"

The girl who had been watching the show turned in her chair and looked back at him.

"Your magic is by far the most wonderful I have ever seen or heard of. Even in India such things are not done."

"No, not in India," she said, indifferently.

"Where then?"

"In China."

"You learned to do such things there?"

"Yes."

"Where, in China, did you learn such amazing magic?"

"In Yian."

"I never heard of it. Is it a province?"

"A city."

"And you lived there?"

"Fourteen years."

"When?"

"From 1904 to 1918."

"During the great war," he remarked "you were in China?" "Yes."

"THEN you arrived here very recently."

"In November, from the Coast."

"I see. You played the theaters from the Coast eastward."

"And went to pieces in New York," she added calmly, finishing her glass of champagne.

"Have you any family?" he asked.

"No."

"Do you care to say anything further?" he inquired, pleasantly.

"About my family? Yes, if you wish. My father was in the spice trade in Yian. The Yezidees took Yian in 1910, threw him into a well in his own compound and filled it up with dead imperial troops. I was thirteen years old. . . . The Hassani did that. They held Yian nearly eight years, and I lived with my mother, in a garden pagoda, until 1914. In January of that year Germans got through from Kiaou-Chou. They had been six months on the way. I think they were Hassanis. Anyway, they persuaded the Hassanis to massacre every English-speaking prisoner. And so—my mother died in the garden pagoda of Yian. . . I was not told for four years."

"Why did they spare you?" he asked, astonished at her story so quietly told, so utterly destitute of emotion.

"I was seventeen. A certain person had placed me among the temple girls in the temple of Erlik. It pleased this person to make of me a Mongol temple girl as a mockery at Christ. They gave me the name Keuke Mongol. I asked to serve the shrine of Kwann-an—she being like to our Madonna. But this person gave me the choice between the halberds of the Tchortchas and the sorcery of Erlik."

She lifted her somber eyes. "So I learned how to do the things you saw. For what I did there on the stage is not—respectable."

An odd shiver passed over him. For a second he took her literally, suddenly convinced that her magic was not white but black as the demon at whose shrine she had learned it. Then he smiled and asked her, pleasantly, whether indeed she employed hypnosis in her miraculous exhibitions.

But her eyes became more somber still, and, "I don't care to talk about it," she said. "I have already said too much."

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to pry into professional secrets——"

"I can't talk about it," she repeated. " . . . Please—my glass is quite empty."

When he had refilled it:

"How did you get away from Yian?" he asked.

"The Japanese."

"What luck!"

"Yes. One battle was fought at Buldak. The Hassanis and Blue Flags were terribly cut up. Then, outside the walls of Yian, (*Continued on page 56*)

The Mirror

by

Angela Morgan

"LO, see yourself, world, as you are!"
Faint, eerie and far
As a voice from a star,
Coming nearer and near,
Sounding close at my ear—
A bugle that sang in the dead of the night. . . .
"Look up to the height!
Look up! We would speak with the children of men;
We have signaled and waited, and signaled again."

A shutter that opened far up in the sky;
A beckoning finger, the flash of an eye—
And something afire like a shield in the sun,
Dropping down through the dark. . . .
Now faint as a spark where it flickered and spun. . . .
Now closer and clear,
A mirror in flight
Coming nearer and near
As the eye of an engine that scorches the sight. . . .
Now quiet and cool as a shadowy pool
Where I looked, seeing nothing; but gazing again,
Saw, faintly emerging, the figures of men.
"Look long in the mirror—God holds it to view.
Is this, then, the Image He fashioned for you?"

I SHUDDERED and saw,
Hid my face in affright!
Swift armies in battle flared up to my sight;
Then, looking again,
Not faces of men
But faces of beasts glared out of that den.
Flesh turning to hair, fist changing to claw,
Tooth turning to fang, the jungle's red rage
Let loose in that cage. . . .
"So seemeth the sight from the peak of a star—
Shame! See yourself, world, as you are!"

SO close was the mirror, so true and so bright,
It burned on my pillow a circle of light. . . .
It sent through my being the snarl and the yell,
Hell screaming at hell.
And I cried in my grief, "Let me look once again,
O angel of light, on the faces of men." . . .
A clap as of thunder; and beasts were no more,
Yet fury and battle raged on as before;
Man set against man, claw tearing at claw;
Strong crushing the weak; . . . I shuddered and saw.
"Hold the mirror to view,
God asks it of you.
Let the picture be plain
That the demon be slain . . .
That the angel draw near
Let the tiger appear. . . .
Lo, see yourself, world, as you are!
Man-fearing, beast-eating, claw-tearing,
God-sneering, your cruelty wearing
Its futile disguise.
Tear the veil from your eyes!
Let the jungle be seen
That the mirror be clean.

"WE who see in a glass
What cometh to pass,
We know the new birth
That is coming to earth.
No falsehood will bear
The Future's bright stare . . .
Look the beast in the eye!
Bid him cower and die.
Once the vision is seen,
Man, strong and serene
Will rise to his star. . . .
Lo, see yourself, world, as you are!



Drawn by Vincent Aderente.



Within was a diamond almost as large as the tip of Doris's little finger.

I Don't Know Your Name

By Frederic Arnold Kummer

Illustrated by Baron Gayne De Meyer

MR. HOLDEN leaned forward in his seat and regarded Doris Leigh with covetous eyes. He was a very well-preserved man in spite of his sixty years, and in the rich amber lights of the restaurant he might readily have been taken for fifty.

"I want you," he whispered, his voice husky with emotion.

Doris gave a mental yawn and poked at her jellied chicken. The remark, she thought, lacked originality. Men had been telling her that they wanted her, over softly-lighted restaurant tables, ever since she came to New York. She smiled prettily, but said nothing, having learned the wisdom of looking upon such remarks as compliments rather than as insults.

Mr. Holden, still leaning forward, moistened his lips with a mouthful of vichy.

"I want you," he went on, "to marry me."

Doris continued to smile only because her features had become temporarily congealed in that position. Mr. Holden's words left her speechless. He had known her for less than a week, and was worth, so one of the girls in the company had told her, at least twenty million.

By some subtle chemistry of life her father, an up-State school-teacher, who could by no possible stretch of the imagination have been considered an Adonis, and her mother, who came of wholesome but dismally plain farming stock, had contrived to produce that *rara avis*, a really beautiful woman. When Doris Leigh—her real name was Mary Stevens, but she had changed it when she entered the world of pretense behind the footlights—came to New York some two years before at the pleasant age of eighteen, she weighed 124 pounds, was five feet four inches in height, had hair as golden as the cornsilk on her mother's ancestral farm, and eyes so velvety violet and mysterious that all the neighbors predicted for her a sad and doubtful end. And yet Mary, or rather Doris, was neither sad nor doubtful. If men had a way of becoming mad about her, she did not share their madness. In fact, she made up her mind, at an early age, to marry for love and raise a family of agreeable and attractive children. It was a *bourgeois* ambition, perhaps, but at least it possessed the merit of sincerity. Most of her friends in the profession talked mysteriously about their "careers." Doris was honest enough with herself to recognize her limitations; she held the small parts she played because she was good to look upon, not because she possessed any great histrionic ability, and the men she met liked her all the more because she did not pretend to any. Hence she was never without invitations for dinner and supper; her breakfasts she prepared herself, over a tiny gas stove. After paying her room-rent she was able to devote quite a considerable sum each week to the agreeable business of making herself attractive. She did not insist that the world owed her a fortune, although any number of front-row males seemed anxious to discuss that matter with her. Without being conceited, however, she felt that what she had to offer in return was worth more than a six-months' adventure.

If Doris had been a student of the "Arabian Nights" she might have found therein a counterpart of the astounding series of adventures through which she was now about to pass. The first had been her unexpected introduction to James Holden, at a tea given in the studio of a celebrated illustrator who was trying to get Doris to pose for him. One look from her wide, velvety eyes had upset Mr. Holden's reason—or restored it. Either view of the matter is possible. He had been a slave to business for thirty years; perhaps there was more sanity in his sudden infatuation for Doris than there had been in his thirty years of devotion to the intricacies of the coal-tar business.

The tea had taken place on Sunday. Now, on the following Saturday, between the afternoon and evening performances, Mr. Holden was asking her to marry him. Doris sat, smiling, still quite unable to reply.

"I'll make you the happiest woman in the world," Mr. Holden went on, thinking of his millions, his small but perfectly equipped house on Madison Avenue, his gorgeous place up the Sound, his cars, his schooner yacht. The only thing he did not think of was youth, something not numbered among his possessions, although Doris would doubtless have preferred it to any of the others. Then he took from his waistcoat pocket a small leather-covered case and opening it, pushed it across the table. Within was a diamond almost as large as the tip of Doris's little finger. She gazed at it, enchanted.

"Oh—isn't it a beauty!" she exclaimed.

There was nothing insincere in Doris Leigh's nature. If there had been, James Holden, who was an infallible judge, would never have asked her to marry him.



There came the sound of a key, rattling in the lock of the front door.

She was as natural as a spring day, and as maddening. No shrewd calculation was going on in her shapely head as to the advantages of marrying a man worth twenty millions; she was thinking, quite frankly, whether she could care enough about this rather elderly person to make him a good wife. Mr. Holden's vanity had been pricked by something Doris had said to him on the occasion of their second meeting. Adopting the *rôle* of father confessor he had asked her about her life, her ambitions. Doris, with the most perfect sincerity, had told him of her desire, the nursery full of healthy, rollicking children. Had she been the most accomplished adventuress in the world she could not have said anything more subtly calculated to enchain Mr. Holden's interest. When his whitening beard had been shaved off each morning, and he had finished with his Swedish *masseur*, he fancied himself still twenty-four. The intervening years had been devoted to business, and did not count.

Quite unconsciously Doris had visualized one of her companion's fondest dreams. He had married when he was thirty; his wife had borne him one child, a son, and given her own life. The boy had been a great disappointment to Mr. Holden. Refusing point-blank to take the slightest interest in the coal-tar business, he had announced his intention of becoming an artist. Five years earlier, after a violent quarrel, he had departed for Paris. His father's grudging allowance he declined, preferring to depend on his own efforts. Mr. Holden, with his various establishments, all run by competent but overpaid servants who spent their idle time in wondering how much the old man was going to leave them when he died, was pitiably lonely. A man in such a position is very apt to find a girl like Doris superlatively attractive, especially when he has reached the age of sixty.

Curiously enough, it was another man entirely that caused Doris Leigh to accept Mr. Holden's offer of marriage—a man that she had seen but half-a-dozen times, and was never to see again. She had imagined, for the space of a week, that she was very much in love with him. She finally declined his West Side apartment, his trip to Europe, his offer to pay her milliners' bills, however, because she sincerely believed that half loaves were *not* better than no bread. But the experience had left a scar, and although it had occurred several weeks before her meeting with Mr. Holden, the memory of it still rankled. Now she sat gazing at the five-carat engagement-ring and wondering whether she might not just as well make Mr. Holden happy, since there seemed so little chance of her being happy herself. She took the ring from its case and slipped it on her finger. It fitted perfectly. Mr. Holden never did things by halves.

"We can be married at once," he urged, "and go down to my place on the Sound for our honeymoon. You have no idea how beautiful it is down there in June. I know you will be very happy."



"You—you were his wife?" he asked faintly.

"I—I—very well," said Doris, suddenly, and left the ring where it was. Mr. Holden, who detected unreasonable tears in her eyes, hurried her to a taxicab. He wanted to kiss those tears away. When he attempted to do so, Doris found that they had quite suddenly dried up. She had been weeping because she was about to sacrifice her golden youth upon an ancient altar; the young blood within her unconsciously protested.

"This will be your last night," Mr. Holden said, as he left her at the stage door. "To-morrow we will be married."

Fay Marriott, who shared Doris's dressing-room and grease-paints, saw the ring before the girl had taken off her hat.

"My Gawd!" she exclaimed. "What is it—a searchlight?"

Doris explained briefly.

"I'm going to marry Mr. Holden," she said. "On Monday."

THE news almost broke up the evening performance. Even the leading man offered congratulations. As for the other girls, they looked on Doris with awe. The mistress of twenty millions! She could scarcely open her jar of cold cream without offers of assistance.

It was contrary to all rules that she should quit without giving two weeks' notice. Mr. Selden, the stage-manager, told her she would be blacklisted. Doris shrugged her beautiful shoulders.

"I should worry," she remarked. Mr. Selden, who sincerely liked her, patted her on the back.

"I don't blame you a bit, kid," he said. "Go to it!"

Mr. Holden appeared at her boarding-house on Monday morning, and took her down to get the marriage license. He had already arranged matters with the rector of a church on lower Fifth Avenue. It was high noon when Doris, in Mr. Holden's car, set out for the country place on the Sound, scarcely realizing that her name was no longer Doris Leigh, but Mrs. James Holden. Her husband seemed far less excited than she had expected. The pouches under his eyes were heavier, his usual ruddy color had turned to a pasty gray.

"I'm so sorry, dear," he complained, holding her hand in his. "I feel rather done up. Must have taken a cold."

She comforted him as best she could, feeling rather depressed. The June morning was marvelously fresh and sweet.

She had been upon a pinnacle of nervous expectation. It dismayed her to find her husband so old, so broken. She held his hot hand in hers all the way to Greenwich, with a terrible fear in her heart that he was going to be ill.

He was ill, very ill, when they reached their destination. The solicitous servants suggested a doctor, and Doris called up the local practitioner her husband named.

It was the first act of her married life, and seemed scarcely what she had expected. Mr. Holden was in bed by now, breathing heavily in short gasps. The doctor said he had influenza. A trained nurse was sent for, but Fate had other plans. At five o'clock the next afternoon Doris's husband died, scarcely recognizing those who stood at his bedside. On Wednesday morning she awoke to find herself a wealthy widow, without ever having been a wife. The birds sang gloriously outside her bedroom windows. Below, soft-voiced undertakers moved about on rubber heels. The whole experience seemed like a hectic dream.

Two nights later Doris Holden sat on the rear porch of the splendid mansion, watching the moonlight playing over the rippling waters of the Sound. She was singularly lonely and unhappy. Married life, as she had pictured it, was not at all like this. At the unearthly hour of ten she went to bed.

At midnight she was suddenly awakened by the snorting of a motor-car beneath her windows. The servants were asleep; most of them had retired to the little cottage in the garden which constituted their quarters. The great house was as silent as a tomb. Then there came the sound of a key, rattling in the lock of the front door.

DORIS sprang out of bed. She had not slept very soundly. Across the foot of her huge four-poster lay an exquisitely embroidered Japanese kimono.

She put it on, and descending the great staircase reached the front hall. A young man, carrying a battered suitcase, confronted her. Unreasonably erect and virile, he stared at her.

"Who—who are you?" he stammered, his cheeks suddenly red.

"I am Mrs. James Holden. Who are *you?*"

The young man gazed at her with incredulous eyes. He did not answer her question.

"I wish to see Mr. James Holden," he said.

"Mr. Holden is dead." Doris drew the kimono about her throat. "He died three days ago."

The young man dropped his suitcase. His sudden color fled.

"You—you were his wife?" he asked, faintly.

"Yes. We were married on Monday." She looked pointedly at the door, but her visitor showed no intention of leaving. "Is there anything I can do for you?" she added.

"Yes. You can let me stay here over night. I am a friend of Mr. Holden's son. I have often been here before. In fact, I have had a key for years, and his room has always been at (*Concluded on page 08*)



"They came, crawling on all fours; they emerged like larvæ from the shadows; they swarmed about his feet."

A Serbian Night

By Vicente Blasco Ibañez

Illustrated by W.T. Benda

Not since Cervantes wrote "Don Quixote," 300 years ago, has any Spanish author attracted the attention of the entire world as has the brilliant Ibáñez with his book "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." Here is his very latest short story.

ELEVEN o'clock at night. It was the hour at which the theaters of Paris close their doors. Half an hour before cafés and restaurants had sent their patrons to the street.

Our group stood undecided on the edge of the boulevard, while the crowds coming out of the amusement places slipped by in the shadows. The occasional hooded street lamps shed a ghostly light that was quickly absorbed in the darkness. The black sky with its starry blinkings of light drew uneasy glances. Once upon a time the night had only stars; now the sudden yellow expanse of a searchlight might show the amber cigar of a Zeppelin.

We felt a desire to prolong our vigil. We were four; a French writer, two Serbian captains, and I. Where could we go in this gloomy Paris that had all its doors closed? . . . One of the Serbians spoke of the grill of a certain fashionable hotel which kept open all night to its guests. All the officers who wished to stay up slipped in there as though they belonged to the house. It was a secret that brothers-in-arms of the different nations communicated to each other when they came to Paris to spend a few days. We cautiously entered the brilliantly lighted salon. It was an abrupt contrast to the dark street, that room like the inside of a huge lighthouse, with its innumerable mirrors reflecting clusters of electric poppies. It seemed as though we had stepped back two years. Fashionable and painted women, champagne, violins sighing a negro dance with the sentimental quaver of a heart-breaking ballad; it was a sight of the days before the war. But among the men there was not a single one in evening clothes. All—French, Belgian, English, Russian, Serbian,—were in uniforms that were dusty and worn. Some British soldiers were playing the violin, acknowledging the applause of the crowd with glittering smiles as cold as marble. They had taken the place of the former red-jacketed gypsies. The women pointed to one of them, whispering the name of his father, Lord———, famous for his lineage and his millions. "Let us be merry, brothers, for to-morrow we die."

And all these men who had offered their lives on the altar of the pale goddess, drank down life in great gulps, laughing, singing, loving, with the reckless enthusiasm of sailors who pass the night on shore to go forth once more at break of day to brave the hurricane.

THE two Serbians were young, and seemed satisfied the fortunes of their country had carried them to the Paris that had so often filled their thoughts during the horrible monotony of life in a garrison town.

Both of them knew how to tell a story, an ordinary gift in a land where almost all are poets. Lamartine, when he passed through the then Turkish province of Serbia three-quarters of a century ago, was astonished at the importance of poetry in that country of shepherds and warriors. It was through verse that ideas and memories were handed down in a land where very few could read or write. The *guzleros* were the national historians, and they all prolonged the life of the Serbian Iliad by improvising new songs.

As the two captains drank their champagne they recalled the miseries of their retreat several months before; the struggle against hunger and cold; the battles in the snow, one against ten; the flight of the multitudes of human beings and animals in frightful confusion, while at the rear of the column the machine-guns and rifles were cracking incessantly; the burning villages; the wounded and the stragglers howling among the flames; the mutilated women, and the crows hovering above them; the flight of the old King Peter, crippled with rheumatism, without other support than a gnarled stick, continuing his Calvary across the white precipices, stooped, silent, defying Fate like one of Shakespeare's kings.

I watched my two Serbs as they talked. They were sturdy lads, slender and sinewy, with extremely aquiline noses, like beaks of eagles. They had sharply pointed mustaches. From beneath their caps, like little houses with inverted roofs, there escaped heroic manes of hair. They were the types of artists that sentimental young ladies used to draw forty years ago, but in mustard-colored uniforms and with the bold, tranquil air of men who continually brush elbows with death.

They went on talking. They told of things that had happened a few months before, and it seemed as though they were telling of the exploits of Marko Krailovitch, the Serbian Cid, who, armed with a serpent for a lance fought with the *Wilas*, the vampires of the woods. These men now relating their experiences in a Parisian grill had led, a few weeks before, the fierce, pitiless existence of humanity in its cruel infancy.

Our French friend departed. One of the captains kept interrupting his narrative with glances at the next table. Two shadowy black eyes, framed by the brim of a huge plumed hat and the silky feathers of a white boa, had been fixed (*Concluded on page 75*)

Tardieu is Only 43

By Charles Edward Russell

VERITABLE extract from a conversation in the Rue Franklin one day last February, when the old French Tiger was recovering from the bullet that wild-eyed Anarchy had shot into him:

Confidential Friend—But after all, you know when your greatest work has been done and the peace treaty has been signed and the war is over, what will be left for you? It looks to me as if you were going to be a man without a job.

Clemenceau (eager stripling of 77 or so)—Who? Me? Tush! I shall just be beginning. I shall resign from the public service, go to my study and write books. I have three or four in mind to write now and when they are done I shall have more.

The news sped fast through the French political world, which now takes it for certain that so soon as peace is completed the skilful hand that for almost three years has steadied the French ship will be withdrawn and France must have a new Prime Minister. Ever since wise men of that political world have been going on their tiptoes with wonder and speculation as to who will come then upon the quarter-deck. Nine men are most discussed as possible candidates, and there, well up in the front row of them, sits, unruffled and unconcerned, an old friend of ours.

André Pierre Gabriel Amédée Tardieu, known to us all as the polished, wise, discreet, quietly efficient, marvelously tactful head of the French High Commission in America and now one of the French delegates at the great Peace Conference, no less.

Not in a long time has any man so young as he come to the steering of the French national ship. For that job the French usually prefer gray hairs and the seasoned wisdom that is supposed (or dreamed) to go with them. And our friend Tardieu is only 43!

But of the wisdom that comes of long, varied and stern experiences, of study and observation in exigent conditions, he has already proved to France and the world that he has enough. At 43 he knows the game; no man better. Prime Minister or no Prime Minister, he already bears the palm in French public affairs; furiously his enemies charge upon his policies and then admit both his flawless honesty and his extraordinary endowment.

THERE will be some change in the physical looks of things if not in the direction of the ship if he comes to lay hand upon the wheel. Clemenceau is a countryman; Tardieu is a native-born Parisian. Clemenceau cares not a whit how he looks and wears any old thing; Tardieu is a svelte figure and dresses with impeccable taste. Clemenceau is a master conversationist and the greatest wit in Europe, being ready at any time to risk an election for the sake of a first-class witticism; Tardieu, for all his native and gentle courtesy, is serious minded and listens better then he talks.

Then Clemenceau expected to be a doctor and was thrust in spite of himself into a public career. André Tardieu chose one and conscientiously followed it. The first turn out of the box, year of grace 1897, being then twenty-one years of age and just graduated with honors from his college, he took the competitive examination for the diplomatic service and swept the boards at it. With scarcely an effort he landed the high prize of a secretaryship in the French Embassy at Berlin, then as afterward for France the most important of all the diplomatic outposts.

About some men there is no need to pull long pages of speculative stuff; their traits furnish the observer with all the necessary high lights. One thing Tardieu did in Berlin was enough to show the essentials of his unusual mind. He was there only a year and was very young for that kind of work, but in his one year he saw clean through the whole German game. It was a time when France was beginning to drop to sleep, lulled by the sweet liltings of the lute of peace as sounded at The Hague and elsewhere. There were to be no more Wars, or if there were, only among barbarous and remote peoples. As for Germany, she had found such fields for her energy and development in faraway climes that she was not likely again to molest the peace of Europe. Commerce was the new arena for national competition; commerce and diplomacy and finance; but no wars.



The brilliant young understudy of the aged Clemenceau who—if the signs are read aright—is looming up as the coming Premier of France.

YOUNG as he was, Tardieu saw the peril of this enchantment. He saw that Germany's plans would inevitably bring her to an attack upon France. He saw that this was already on the secret German program and understood well enough what the chiefs of Germany's ruling class had up their sleeves while they offered the glad hand. He learned how to appraise the whole German performance, and the knowledge kept him straight ever afterward, when other and elder statesmen were groping and fumbling.

The sages among these grand old boys already had an eye upon this extraordinary youth that cut through fake and dumb-show straight to the heart of any matter, and when he left Berlin it was because he had been summoned home to take the secretaryship of the new Prime Minister and President of the Council, Waldeck-Rousseau. Three years he held that position.

In 1906 the national School of Political Science bestowed a professorship on him and the next year he was a member of the faculty at the National War College.

HE showed himself a dauntless fighter. Early in 1914 he went to the electoral mat on the issue of preparedness and won with it, being chosen from the department of Seine-et-Oise to a seat in the National Chamber of Deputies.

The war broke as he had said it would break and at the first drum-tap away he went into the thick of it. At first he was on the staff of General Foch, winning a citation for distinguished gallantry at the battle of the Yser. Then the government called him home to organize its Public Information Bureau. the first and best of such services among the Allied nations. When he went back to the trenches it was to win a captaincy in the Blue Devils, the famous *chasseurs à pied*, the fiercest fighters in the French army, and in that capacity acquired another citation for bravery and likewise in the end a desperate wound.

When his hurt healed he was made a member of the National Army Commission, and the next thing men knew about him he had done for France a service as great as the winning of a battle.

The United States came into the war and the new, intimate and complex relations between the two Republics made something like the French High Commission a necessity. Tardieu spoke, wrote and, I believe, even thought in fluent and cogent American. With all his restless activities he had found time to travel extensively in the United States and had written about it with understanding and sympathy. Everything he had undertaken about the war he had done well. France was gratified when he was chosen to be the head of the new Commission to America and America soon had reason to be glad. In a few weeks he was immensely popular here, not merely because of his infinite patience and his mastery of *savoir faire*, but for much better reasons. He was sympathetic and appreciative, but above all he was on the level.

IN his careful hands the French High Commission was a flawless success and a great material contribution to the winning of the war. In the summer of 1918 Tardieu was called home to take charge for France of all the war relations with the United States, and when the peace negotiations came on he became one of the French delegates.

At 43 he is a striking figure. taller than the average, well set-up, grave, dignified, rather reserved, quietly masterful. For all his gravity he can laugh all right enough and has a merit rare in statesmanship that he can laugh at himself. But his main business in life is serious and he is after all shackled to that main business. He has cool, steady, keen gray eyes, deliberate, cordial and unaffected manners, a pleasing voice that he knows well how to use in the Chamber of Deputies, and a self-possession that nothing can shake. He is all French, too, in his capacity for grim holding on—the nation of bulldogs! Every time it seemed certain that the Germans would break through before the United States could get to the firing-line he would make one of his effective little speeches and tell us once more that France was on the job and would stick there.

His enemies, with whom he is abundantly supplied, as are all forceful men, say that he is not enough of a democrat to be Prime Minister of France. Both by descent and inclination he is supposed to be miles away from the proletariat. This is an objection that probably cuts more ice around the Place de la Nation than in other less-fervid quarters. Some of the best democrats in history have come from what are called "aristocratic" origins. Also, in this case, it doesn't seem very important, because whoever is to be Prime Minister of France will have to be democratic to the limit, or he will not be Prime Minister long.

As to this you can positively assure all inquiring friends. Reaction has about as much chance in France as a rabbit has with a terrier. Gentlemen afflicted with dyspeptic visions of a reversionary triumph in the Republic should go out and listen to the comments of the peasants, or attend two or three sessions of French organized labor.

I don't pretend to say whether André Tardieu will be Prime Minister of France this year or any other, but I feel pretty sure that if he should be he would be found reflecting the profound democratic faith of his country and putting up a good article of efficiency as usual.

But of course if you come to that it isn't certain that anybody of his training and antecedents is to be Prime Minister of any country.

In Fee Simple

By Frederick Irving Anderson

Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson

WADDELL, the young second engineer, and Perritt, a bullet-headed fireman with the slow eye of an ox, were at the rail, cheek by jowl, in the dark, at one of their eternal powwows. If it had been any other ship than the *Elfreda*, aboard which life ran as smooth as a line in its hawse-hole, Tinker (who was mooning over the mid-watch upon the dark bridge) might have suspected some mischief afoot.

But it wasn't mischief. Far from it. It was merely the regular meeting of the Board of Strategy engaged in the commendable task of dressing, in the purple and fine linen of rhetoric, a love-letter which Perritt was about to despatch to his girl at home, a prim female who, while she waited, taught school at the very tip end of the sandy tail of Cape Cod. Since Perritt had been religiously enclosing his monthly pay-check in every letter for something like three years now, these missives were not without substance.

It was so far into the night that the crew, who had been swabbing and holystoning the decks after the untidy business of putting aboard the last of the cargo of wolframite in burlap bags that afternoon, had long since turned in. Tinker, who had the watch, was hanging on the rail above. Darkness shrouded the quarters that held Old Man Toller, the skipper, and his wet-eyed little wife, who always sailed as supercargo with her canary-birds and litters of kittens, a sewing-machine and some geraniums.

Now the tide was coming out, bearing on its bosom its burden of noisome flotsam, stirred here and there by the occasional flash of a serrated fin, or the lazy roll of a gleaming white belly. Riding-lights marked stranded native hulks, waiting through the endless night for the shore to come out to them. At intervals on shore lights gleamed, marking human habitation: one rectangle of dull radiance at the lower end of the town marked La Pieta, the barracks of horrible rumor, where, it was said, lost souls who had incurred the displeasure of some dignitary in power were consigned as conscripts to sweat and shiver out the short run of life, to the tune of martial airs and glittering arms. Behind the town the low benches of the *mesa* rose to the gaunt, bare Andes standing four miles up in air.

Tinker, coming suddenly to attention at a sound from shore, ran down to the deck.

"Wasn't that a shot?" he said, as he paused behind the two lurid collaborators of the *billet d'amour*.

But they had heard nothing to distract them from their florid task. The mate had caught a sharp spat through the stillness, like the far-away snapping of an over-stressed timber or the parting of a taut hawser. He moved on. When he came round again, Tinker studied the shore-line.

"Those lights ashore are moving, aren't they?" he said. "Up on the *mesa*—beyond the water-tank."

THERE were moving lights ashore, true—little fireflies that showed pale in the airy sheen of the tropical moon. But Waddell and Perritt refused to be interested; so the big mate passed on and finally climbed back to his perch again, where he lolled on the rail and watched. Shortly there came a red stab of fire through the darkness, a gun on the ramparts of the dismal, shadowy La Pieta. Then, slow-footed in the wake of the flash, the surly roar of the piece. Only one shot, that was all.

"Some deluded devil making a getaway!" mused Tinker; and in his mind there appeared a picture of the fugitive, a creature torn by terror, chattering with fever, plunging about in the cover of the sharp shadows of the all-seeing moon, wondering which way to turn. Behind was the arid *mesa* and the precipitous mountain wall; in front was the open sea.

Only dead men ever came out of La Pieta—for good. Occasionally some frenzied unfortunate ran the guard, only to be dragged back and shot as a deserter.

The night wore on. The moon was dissolving itself in the indistinct vapory horizon. The conference at the rail had ceased, because Perritt, propped upright, had gone fast asleep. Tinker had just roused himself to tap off a ragged five bells of the mid-watch when Waddell said, as he pointed at the bright path of the moon on the water:

"What is that stuff out there? I have been trying to make it out for a long time."

Getting no answer from Perritt, the engineer reached up and slipped the boathook from the whaleboat hanging in the davits and ran down the ladder. He pawed the water, trying to hook the thing as he clung to the grating. Finally he got it, and dragged it to him.

"Perritt! Oh, Perritt! Come down here, quick!" he called sharply over his shoulder; and the sleeping stoker, suddenly galvanized into life, sprang down the ladder beside him.

FLOATING out here, where the lights of the water and the night played tricks with one's eyes, it looked like a torn bundle of stuffs. But it was a man—alive. That was evident the moment they touched the inert body. It was all dead weight, probably fourteen stone of it, Waddell was thinking, as he tugged and hauled. They got the arms up over the grating, and let the unwieldy burden hang there until they could get their breath again.



He pawed the water, trying to hook the thing. It was all dead weight.

The eyes were wide open and staring; the water washing from his face was mottled with fresh blood streaming from his mouth and nose; horrible gurgling sounds came from his throat. They fell to tugging again, and finally the limp, awkward body lay at their feet on the grating. Waddell struck a match.

"Good Lord! He's white!" cried the engineer, aghast at the discovery. Now, one on each end, with feverish effort, they dragged the unconscious man up the ladder. On the deck, without a word, they fell to rolling and thumping the quivering body. Finally he began to gasp and groan; then they stretched him flat, face up. Tinker had come down and was standing over them.

"So he wished himself on us, did he?" said the big mate slowly. He laughed mirthlessly. "Unlucky dog!" he exclaimed. "They'll be out for him before sun-up. Why can't those lousy yellow-bellies keep their family affairs to themselves?"

"Yellow-belly nothing!" cried out Waddell fiercely. "He's white, man!—as white as your own mother! Look here!"

The engineer ripped back the torn folds of the linen shirt that clothed the laboring torso so as to display the flesh. It was that of a white man—yes, as white as their own mothers! The face and neck, and the arms to the elbows, were coppered from exposure to the sun. But the flesh underneath was as pink as a baby's, with blue veins running through. The body had the barrel of a thoroughbred; the muscles of the limbs were long and sinewy and moved pliantly under the skin as he writhed under the torture that possessed him. He was not over twenty-five, if he was that. The three crouched dumbstruck for several seconds. Then Tinker said again:

"They'll be out for him before sun-up!"

He raised his head and scanned the shore-line for the lights of the launch that might even now be under way. There was no doubt in their minds why he was here. A man—a white man—would not push his way out here, through unnamed living and dead things, unless he were in sore straits—unless he sought help—from white men. He was almost finished, too. It wasn't just keeping afloat that had done for him: a creature with that pair of lungs would float forever. It was something else. He was breathing as if every draught of air burned him.

Perritt produced a flask, pried open the man's mouth, and poured liquor between the teeth. The rude stoker accomplished this with a surprising dexterity of touch; he clapped his great horny hand over the man's mouth and nose, and held fast.

"You'll thank me for that some day, lad," said the fireman softly, as he released his hold, and the man on the deck choked and sputtered.

AFTER a few minutes the blazing eyes softened. Dawning intelligence showed through the vague look he turned on them. At first it was fear; then a curious relief as his gaze turned slowly from face to face. It was the quiet eyes of the fireman, still on his knees beside him, that seemed to give the sought-for assurance. He feebly raised his hand, and when Perritt took it, with the ghost of a smile, the youth let it lie there, content. They began to question him, gently—who was he?—where did he come from?—what was it all about? But he gave no sign that he understood them. Perritt shook him softly and repeated the questions, first in English, then in such Spanish as he could muster. The youth's lips moved. Perritt put his ear down and caught the words.

"Stone-deaf! He says he's stone-deaf—doesn't know why!" cried Perritt. The stoker began to shout in his ear:

"Who are you? What is it?" But the other only shook his head.

"I can't——" He was too weak to go on.

"Stone-deaf? That explains it!" said Tinker suddenly. "There is only one thing in these parts



She had played upon him with every wile of the instinctive man-hunter.

that strikes a man stone-deaf in a jiffy. That's coming down from the mountains—too sudden. That's it, mates! He's made a dive to sea-level from away up there some place—with that lousy pack at his heels! What the devil do they want of him—a white man?" Tinker began thumping the youth's great chest.

"That's it!" he cried again, with conviction. "There's only one place where a man can grow a barrel like that. It's up there," and he pointed behind him, toward the mountains, where men lived in the attenuated air of high valleys that swung like birds'-nests from the snowy peaks. To go or come from there meant a journey of days, carefully, foot by foot, to keep from turning inside out, like deep-swimming fishes scooped up from the ocean floor.

"Coming down is worse than going up," said Tinker. "It's like being garrotted!" and he gave an ugly twist to an imaginary screw at his own throat. His eyes began to shine. "And this lad—with that on him," he cried, "he had the heart to swim out here!" One thought was in the minds of all.

"Lend a hand with him! We'll take him below," said the big mate, and they picked up their burden and bore it below. When they had made him comfortable in an empty bunk the fireman turned on the two others and said softly:

"I am thinking that they will not be finding of him when they come aboard at sun-up."

Tinker, the mate, raged. "Don't be an idiot, man!" he rasped. "It can't be done!"

"I'm thinking," repeated the fireman slowly, "they will not be finding of him when they come aboard at sun-up, Mr. Tinker."

"But they will count noses, man!" cried Tinker. "They will be all over the ship with a fine-tooth comb. It can not be done, I am telling you! Besides, the Old Man won't stand for it. He can't afford to. He's a stickler on law."

"The Old Man won't know it!" retorted the stoker doggedly. "That is, till you're trimming ship, standing out to sea."

"No! It can't be done!" cried Tinker again.

Perritt thrust out his jaw; he tapped the big mate on the chest.

"It—can—be—done, Mr. Tinker!" he said, jabbing in his words. "And here is the boy," he said, drawing back and tapping his own chest, "who can do it. Now, Mr. Tinker, will you go back to your bridge like a good lad? And you turn in, at the end of your watch, reporting all well."

TINKER stood for an indecisive moment; then he shrugged his shoulders and stumped off. Perritt turned to Waddell.

"You'll be tight asleep when they rouse you out, sir," he cautioned.

Perritt's tone, his whole manner, had suddenly changed with the task he set himself to. From the self-effacing negative creature, who got other men to write his love-letters, and was celebrated for only one vice—that of indulging in a classic solitary drunk semi-annually—he seemed now to have acquired a somewhat ill-fitting though no-less-determined poise and air of confident authority.

"No; I think I will stand by," said Waddell. He cast a look at the quiet figure in the bunk. "There'll be the devil to pay! But it's dragging him out, when he can't stand up and speak for himself, that I don't like."

"There'll be no one to stand by!" cried Perritt pugnaciously. And he pushed Waddell toward the companionway. "I have done the same trick before, lad—and I can do it again. Now be off with you—and remember to be very surprised when they rout you out. You were on deck till five bells of the mid-watch and saw nothing."

The slow-thinking, dull-eyed stoker, whom ordinarily no one would look at twice as the man for an emergency, had risen stubbornly and taken charge. Waddell, as he crawled into his bunk, found himself warming toward this queer character, whom he had never been able to figure out. Heretofore he had come in contact only with that weird streak in the man's nature—Perritt's childish desire to have the better-learned engineer dress up his love-lyrics for him. Waddell's thoughts drifted to the female. Perritt had been very careful never to show Waddell any of the letters that came back from Cape Cod; in fact, Waddell had no very direct evidence that the female existed in the flesh. Merely those mawkish bundles of sentimentality that the fireman brought him religiously once a month to put into smooth words.

THE engineer's attention was suddenly recalled to the present by the appearance of a tumbling light off toward the shore. His ear caught the occasional chug-chug of a launch engine. They must be coming already. It was lacking a few minutes of the first bell of the morning watch. Yes, there was the second tumbling light—a pair of launches. Waddell slipped out and down into the bowels of the ship; at the bottom of the fire-room ladder he called for Perritt but got no answer. So he went on into the bunker-room. A gasp from the dark hole stopped him. He reached up and turned on the light.

There lay the man, sprawling, filthy with the grime of the coal-hole and the sweat that cut curious channels across the soot-smeared leering features. He was drunk—offensively, stinkingly drunk, with that complete, helpless, bloated drunkenness that robs a man of the attributes of manhood and turns him into a noisome beast. The head was clipped of its hair. The hand at the clippers had been hasty or careless, for the poll was decorated with grotesque little terraces. And coal-dust had been rubbed into the scalp. And the hands, the arms, and such parts of the body as were visible through the disarray of his clothing displayed that ground-in dirtiness only to be found on a stoker who has stood his trick at the falls, coaling ship under a tropical sun, with the sweat boiling out of him. The jumpers, the blouse and shoes were Perritt's. But it was not Perritt. It was the man Perritt would save.

Waddell turned at a sound, and there was Perritt beside him, stark naked, an empty whisky bottle in his hand.

"I've rammed him full of the stuff," said the stoker with a grin, regarding his work with conscious pride.

"They're coming!" said Waddell quickly. "Two launches. They will be here in another fifteen minutes. What are you going to do with yourself now?"

"I am going over the stern on a rope's end, man," explained the stoker. "I'll hook to the rudder-post till they go. Thank God the *Elfreda* has a big overhang."

He started out, dragging Waddell after him. "If it gets too warm, I can go down and under," whispered Perritt, now all excitement. On deck Waddell gripped the stoker's hand for a moment. Darkness favored them. The stoker crept along in the shadows so as not to rouse Spellman, who had the watch. Then Waddell slipped back to his bunk and lay there waiting.

Shortly he heard them bumping at the gangway. Then Spellman's voice hailing them. Then Spellman running down to them. Then followed the rapid chatter of high voices, among them the thin tones of Don Emilio, the port functionary. A familiar drawl suddenly broke in on the argument. The engineer smiled. That could be no other than Skinner, the American consular agent ashore. Skinner was white—white all through; and if he thought it worth while to follow the yellow-bellies out here in the middle of the night there was some hope. They were stamping

along the deck now, and Spellman brought them to a halt not five feet from Waddell's port.

"No; I swear I haven't seen a thing," Spellman was saying in an undertone. "Wait; we'll rouse out Tinker. Maybe he can tell. He never said a word to me—and he would have if there had been anything."

Waddell heard them pounding on Tinker's door; and after a time the mate evidently in the worst temper in the world, came out. Tinker calmed down when Skinner—yes, it was Skinner!—began to explain things.

IT was T. Jasper they were looking for. Who was T. Jasper? Why, T. Jasper's father's son, of course. Skinner thought everybody knew T. Jasper. They called the old man the American Consul up there in Cerro di Llama, fourteen thousand feet up, because he had been there since the Year One. Young T. Jasper had been born up there—had never been down. The old man was afraid to come down—always talking about coming down, had been for twenty-five years, but couldn't get up the nerve. It takes more nerve to climb down than up, like a kitten up a tree for the first time.

And now there was the devil to pay! The boy had got mixed up in bad business up there! Smiled on a girl—or something equally heinous—some girl Riminez di Guzman, a young peacock officer, had preëmpted! The girl was white—but that didn't make any difference. Di Guzman wanted to get rid of T. Jasper. And the handiest way was to arrest him and chuck him in the army.

"Wasn't he an American citizen?" demanded Tinker indignantly. "How could they chuck him into the army?"

"That's the devil of it," responded Skinner. "The old man was afraid to come down to the consulate to retain his allegiance. You know the law says he's got to swear to it every two years. So they say the boy is a Peruvian—and subject to conscription."

"Rot!" exclaimed Tinker in disgust.

"No need to dwell on that at this particular moment," Skinner's Indiana drawl was absolutely colorless. He was plainly speaking for Don Emilio's benefit, stating the case without any extenuating circumstances.

"La Pieta, I suppose," put in Tinker.

"I suppose so," said Skinner. "But that isn't the worst of it. When he was making his getaway down the mountain to-night, T. Jasper bumped into a spiggotty soldier, and drilled him through with his gun. So they want him for murder too, now." There was a pause after this.

"And you say he has come aboard us!" cried Tinker incredulously. Tinker certainly was all man, thought Waddell as he listened.

"That's what the *comandante* has come to find out. I trailed along, just to see what was doing." Skinner's careless tone held a world of significance.

At this point the *comandante* himself took a hand, chattering volubly.

"It don't stand to reason," protested Tinker when a pause came. "Skinner, do you mean to say this T. Jasper dropped from Cerro di Llama to sea-level-to-night—then swam out here! Four miles! Why, man, it can't be done. It'd bust his boilers! You know that! Then there are the sharks!"

More chattering, the functionary of the port volubly demanding his right of search. They finally routed out Captain Toller. Skinner was the spokesman, with the fidgety little *comandante* standing close, mixing in with rapid-fire interjections in Spanish.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Captain Toller, when he had absorbed it all. He caught sight of his little wife, hanging over the rail above. "Did you hear that, mother?" he exclaimed. "I swear I thought I was old enough not to be surprised at anything. T. Jasper's boy! Killed a man! Why, bless my soul! I brought the old man down here ten—let's see. Yes, it was in eighteen-ninety. He talked us to death about a low-grade copper proposition. His boy a murderer! Aboard me! Mr. Tinker!" cried the old man sharply. "All hands on deck, please, sir! My word! This is terrible!"

The sleepy-eyed crew were hustled out of the glory-hole; stragglers were still coming at the end of ten minutes. But finally they had them all bunched forward in the waist, and Tinker was checking them off one by one.

"Where's Perritt? Perritt!" called Tinker, pausing in the counting of noses with the *comandante* peering over his shoulder at the papers he held under the light of an incandescent lamp.

"Perritt—he's—he's sick, sir," put in Quartermaster Grimes.

"Sick nothing! I saw him at four bells with Mr. Waddell."

The quartermaster stepped over and said in a low tone: "He's drunk, sir; dead drunk—pie-eyed! In the aft bunker."

"Well, we will go to him—if he won't come to us. We haven't got time to argue with a souse," snarled the big mate. "Come on, Skinner. Bring your saffron friend along, so he can see for himself."

Waddell trailed along with them—Tinker, Skinner, and the roly-poly little *comandante*. In the aft bunker they turned the light full on the unlovely sight of that human being sprawling on the coals. Skinner leaned over the man and yelled at him. But the sodden creature merely showed the whites of his eyes. It was a finished piece of work Perritt had done here. Skinner reached down and picked up one of the hands. And at that, Waddell's heart sank: those certainly were not the hands of a stoker, with all their grime.

"Well, that accounts for the crew," said Skinner.

THEY went back on deck. Now the spiggotties combed the ship. Not a rat could elude the vigilance of this searching-party. The *comandante* was profuse in his apologies to the stolid Toller. Finally his barefooted minions were marshaled and marched down the ladder to their launch. It was at the very moment of leaving that the eagle eye of the *comandante* moved to the taffrail and rested there. All eyes followed it. To the rail, and startlingly visible in the first flash of day, was fastened a line, made fast in a loose bight.

The *comandante* went up the ladder at a trot. Waddell gritted his teeth. Now it was hopeless, just at the moment of success. If daylight had only held off a short quarter of an hour! The *comandant* seized the rope and hauled it up hand over hand. Finally he got to the rope's end. He tossed it on the deck, and with a little shrug of disappointment he came down. Evidently he had been in high hopes of finding something of interest there; but, failing, he renewed his voluble apologies for the inconvenience he had caused Captain Toller, who finally seemed to be regarding the whole proceeding as a slight upon his honor. Don Emilio descended to his launch and gave sharp orders. They were off with a puff and a snort.

"Blast his eyes!" muttered Waddell, as he watched the launch, fascinated. "The cutthroat isn't so much a fool as he looks!"

The launch made a complete circle of the *Elfreda*, the *comandante* searching everything with his vicious gaze. Finally he looked up, with a leer, waved an adieu and headed for shore.

After a long time Waddell's eyes came back to that coil of rope, lying there where the greasy little *comandante* had dropped it. For a second he lost control of himself.

"Good heavens!" he gasped. "Where was Perritt? Not on the rope's end. Not on the rudder-post!"

Toller and his wife had gone in and the crew, one by one, had disappeared below or forward. Skinner was still there, his little launch bobbing at the grating. He and Tinker were talking together at the rail as they watched the *comandante's* launch moving shoreward.

Thensuddenly they came over to the engineer.

"Waddell," said the big mate, lowering his voice, "you know, of course, Skinner is with us. What's become of Perritt?"

Waddell, every drop of blood gone from his face,

(*Continued on page 57*)



T. Jasper took his fill of this amazing vision. He had never seen a white girl before.

The Box with

By E. Phillips Oppenheim



"You should visit this ruined mansion, sir. You should visit it

CRAWSHAY returned to his rooms about one o'clock the next morning with his hat a little on the back of his head, and wearing, very much against his prejudices, a white rose in his buttonhole. Brightman, who was awaiting him there, looked up eagerly at his entrance.

"Any luck, Mr. Crawshay?"

Crawshay laid his hat and coat upon the table and mixed himself a drink.

"I am not sure," he replied thoughtfully. "Are you any good at English history, Brightman?"

"I won an exhibition in my younger days," the detective replied. "I used to consider myself rather great on history."

"Who won the Wars of the Roses?"

"The Lancastrians, of course."

Crawshay nodded.

"They were the chaps with the red roses, weren't they?" he observed. "Brightman, I fancy we are going to reverse that. I am laying five to one that I've found out how Jocelyn Thew counts on getting his spoils into Germany."

THE dinner of the red roses, as though in emulation of its rival entertainment, seemed on its way to complete success. Jocelyn Thew, from whose manner there seemed to have departed much of the austerity of the previous evening, had never been a more brilliant companion. He, who spoke so seldom of his own doings, told story after story of his wanderings in distant countries, until even Katharine lost her fears of the situation and abandoned herself to the enjoyment of the moment. His tone was kindlier and his manner more natural. He spoke of Richard Beverley's departure in a couple of days with regret, and only once did he hint at anything in the least disturbing.

"Wonderful feat, that of you flying men," he remarked, "dropping ten thousand copies of Wilson's speech over the German lines. I am not sure that it isn't rather a dangerous precedent, though."

"Why dangerous?" Katharine inquired.

"Because," he answered coolly, "it might suggest a possible means of communication with Germany to a person, say, like myself."

"But you are not a flying man," Katharine reminded him. He smiled.

"It would not be necessary," he observed, "for me to be my own messenger."

There was a brief and rather a blank silence. The shadow of a new fear had arisen in Katharine's heart. The brother and sister exchanged quick glances.

"I believe I am right," their host went on, a few minutes later, "in presuming that you have told Richard here the details of our little adventure upon the *City of Boston?*"

"I have told him everything," Katharine acknowledged. "You don't mind that, do you? I felt that I had to."

"You were quite right," Jocelyn Thew assented. "There is no reason for you to keep anything secret from Richard."

THE young man was conscious of a sudden recrudescence of anger, the flaming up again of his first resentment.

"The whole thing was a rotten business, Thew," he declared. "I should never have resented your making use of me in any way you wished, but to make a tool of Katharine——"

"My dear fellow," Jocelyn Thew interrupted, smoothly but with a dangerous glitter in his eyes, "please don't go on. I have an idea that you were going to say something offensive. Better not. Your sister came to no real harm. She never ran any real risk."

"It depends upon the way you look at these things," the young man replied gloomily. "Katharine tells me that she is watched at her hotel day and night, and that she has come under the suspicion of the Government for being concerned in this affair."

"That really isn't of much account," the other assured him. "You yourself," he went on, "came very nearly under suspicion once for something infinitely more serious."

It was a chill note in the warmth of their festivities. Katharine glanced reproachfully at her host, and he seemed to realize at once his lapse.

"Forgive me, both of you," he begged. "I fear that I am a little irritable to-night. This constant espionage gets on one's nerves. Look at them all around us—Crawshay in the corner, trying his best to get something incriminating out of Norah Sharey; Brightman smoking a cigar out there, with his eyes wandering all the time through the glass screen toward this table; and the young man who seems to haunt your hotel, Miss Beverley—Henshaw I believe his name is—you see him dining there with his back turned ostentatiously toward us and a little pocket mirror by his side. There are three pairs of eyes that scarcely ever leave us. I don't know whether they expect me to produce my spoils from my pocket and lay them upon the table, or whether one of them is a student of the lip language and hopes to learn the secrets of our conversation. Bah! . . . They are very stupid, this professional *potpourri* of secret-service agents and detectives. Can't you hear them, how they will whisper in the lobby after we have left: 'Jocelyn Thew is entertaining a young Flying Corps man on leave from the Front, the brother of Miss Beverley, who has already helped him. What does that mean'? Then they will put their fingers to their noses and you, too, will probably be watched, Dick. They will congratulate themselves upon possessing the subtlety of the devil. They will see through my scheme. They will say, 'This young man is to drop the documents behind the German lines'! Don't be alarmed, Richard, if you find a secret-service man in your bedroom when you get home to-night."

Katharine laughed almost joyously.

"Then you're not going to ask Dick to do anything of that sort?" she demanded, her tone indicating an immense relief. He smiled.

"I am not going to ask your brother to do anything which is so palpably obvious," he replied. "His help I am certainly going to engage, but in a manner which is very unlikely to bring trouble upon him. I promise you that."

SHE suddenly leaned across the table. The cloud had passed from her features, the dull weight from her heart. Her eyes were more eloquent even than her tremulous lips.

"Mr. Thew," she said, "do you know that I have always had one conviction about you, and that is that all these strange adventures in which you have taken part—some of them, as you yourself have acknowledged, more creditable than others—you have entered into chiefly from that spirit of adventure, just the spirit in which Dick here," she added with a little shiver, "made his mistake. Why can't you satisfy that part of your nature as Dick is doing? This war, upon which we Americans looked so coldly at first, has become almost a holy war, a twentieth-century crusade. Why don't you join one of these irregular forces and fight?"

Then they both witnessed what they had never seen before in Jocelyn Thew. They saw his eyes

THE STORY: Jocelyn Thew, who has consistently fooled the Secret Service of two continents for a long time, had been offered half a million dollars to take certain important diplomatic documents out of America to Europe. Thew knows he is being watched, suspected of having the papers with him, in spite of the fact that the Secret Service men are at Halifax guarding the box with broken seals, which is supposed to hold those very papers. So he lures with a fake message James Crawshay, of the English, and Hobson, of the American Service, to Chicago, where they learn rather late of the fake. At that very hour Thew is in New York, planning to leave his companion conspirator, Norah, behind and to sail for England in less than twenty-four hours. In fact, he is at the home of the society girl, Katharine Beverley, making the strange request that she sail the next day on Thew's ship, the *City of Boston*, to accompany a certain dying man to England as his special nurse. She is under obligations to Thew and consents. Thew, with his sick man, attended

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Broken Seals

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy



before you give me the lie when I call you Sir Denis Cathley!"

by Katharine and a doctor, is safely aboard ship and out of sight of land, when a seaplane appears and puts Crawshay aboard. The detective begins at once to investigate Thew's activities, and discovers him using the wireless to get in touch with the German raider *Blucher*. Crawshay silences the wireless, but the German heaves in sight and pursues them till they make good their escape. Katharine's patient dies. Crawshay has every one on board searched, and finds, to Katharine's own surprise, a sealed box in her trunk. When the box is opened, it reveals only blank papers. Crawshay follows Thew to London, where he learns that the documents have been smuggled in with the dead man. Norah reappears. Crawshay calls in more secret service men and settles down to a new campaign, which begins with a dinner invitation to Katharine and her brother, Dick Beverley, who is in the Flying Service in France, in London on leave. Both brother and sister fear that Thew will ask Dick to drop the documents over the German lines.

blaze with a sudden concentrated fury. They saw his lips part and something that was almost a snarl transform and disfigure his mouth.

"Fight for England?" he exclaimed bitterly. "I would sooner cut off my right hand!"

His words left them at first speechless. He, too, after his little outburst, seemed shaken, lacking in his usual *sangfroid*. It was Katharine who first recovered herself.

"But you are English?" she protested wonderingly.

"Am I?" he replied. "Will you forgive me if I beg you to change the subject?"

THE subject was effectually changed for them by the advent of some of Richard Beverley's brothers in arms. It was some time before they passed on. Then a little note almost of tragedy concluded the feast. A tall and elderly man, gaunt, with sunken cheeks, silver-white hair, complexion curiously waxen, and big, dark eyes, left the table where he had been sitting with a few Americans and came over toward them. His manner would have been melodramatic but for its intense earnestness. He stood at their table for a few seconds before speaking, his eyes fixed upon Jocelyn Thew's in a curious, almost unnatural stare.

"You will forgive me," he said. "I must be speaking to Sir Denis Cathley?" Neither of the two young people, who were filled with wonder at the strange appearance of the newcomer, noticed Jocelyn Thew's sudden grip of the tablecloth, the tightening of his frame, the ominous contraction of his eyebrows as for a moment he sat there speechless. Then he was himself again. He shook his head courteously.

"I am afraid," he replied, "that you must be making some mistake. My name is Jocelyn Thew."

"And mine," the stranger announced, "is Michael Dilwyn. Is that name known to you?"

"Perfectly well," Jocelyn Thew acknowledged. "I was present at the production of your last play in New York. I have since read with much regret," he went on courteously, "of the losses you have sustained."

The old man's wonderful eyes flashed for a moment.

"They are losses I am proud to endure, sir," he said. "But I did not come to speak of myself. I came to speak to Sir Denis Cathley."

Jocelyn Thew shook his head.

"It is a likeness which deceives you," he declared.

"A likeness!" the other repeated. "Nine weeks ago I stood in a ruined mansion—so dilapidated in fact, that one corner of it is open to the skies. I listened to the roar of the Atlantic as I heard it in the same place fifty years ago. A herdsman and his wife, perhaps a girl or two, live somewhere in the back quarters. The only apartment in any sort of preservation is the one sometimes called the picture-gallery and sometimes the banqueting hall. You should visit this ruined mansion, sir. You should visit it before you give me the lie when I call you Sir Denis Cathley!"

Jocelyn Thew's hand for a moment shielded part of his face, as though he found the electric light a little strong. From behind the shelter of his palm his eyes met the eyes of his visitor. The latter suddenly turned and bowed to Katharine.

"You will forgive an old man," he begged courteously, "who has seen much trouble lately, for his ill manners. Perhaps your friend here, your friend whose name is not Sir Denis Cathley, can explain to you why I felt some emotion at the sight of so wonderful a likeness." He bowed, murmured some broken words in reply to Katharine's kindly little speech, and moved away. Jocelyn Thew's eyes watched him with a curious softness.

"Yes," he acknowledged, "I can tell you why, if he really saw a likeness in me to the person he spoke of, it might remind him of strange things. You know him by name, of course—Michael Dilwyn?"

"He wrote the wonderful Sinn Fein play, 'The New Green,' didn't he?" Katharine asked eagerly. "I heard you mention it to him. My aunt and I were there on the first night."

"He wrote that and some more wonderful poetry. He has spent more than half his life working for the cause of Ireland. He was the father and patriarch of the last rising. One of his sons was shot at Dublin."

"And who is Sir Denis Cathley?"

"The Cathleys are another so-called revolutionary family," Jocelyn Thew explained. "The late Sir Denis, the father of the man whom he supposed me to be, was Michael Dilwyn's closest friend. They, too, have paid a heavy price for their patriotism or their rebellious instincts, whichever way you choose to look at the matter."

"I think," Katharine declared, "that Mr. Dilwyn is the most picturesque-looking man I ever saw. I don't believe that even now he is altogether convinced as to your identity."

"HE has probably reached an age," was the cool reply, "when his memory begins to suffer. . . . Ah! I see our friend Crawshay is taking counsel with Henshaw. They are looking in this direction. Richard, my young friend, you are in a bad way. Suspicion is beginning to fasten upon you. Believe me, one of my parasites will be on your track to-night. I can almost convince myself as to their present subject of conversation. They are preening themselves upon having seen through my subtle scheme. They are asking themselves: 'When is the transfer of documents to take place'?"

"It may all seem very humorous to you," the young man remarked, a little sullenly, "but it leaves a sort of nasty flavor in one's mouth all the same. If they were to suspect me of trying to drop documents over the German lines except under instructions it would mean a court-martial, even though they were unable to prove anything, and a firing-party in five minutes if they were."

"Take heart, my young friend," Jocelyn Thew advised him, "and do not refuse the Courvoisier brandy which our saintly friend with the chain is proffering. If it is not indeed a relic of the Napoleonic era, it is at least drinkable. And listen—this may help you to drink it with zest—I am not going to ask you to drop any documents over the German lines."

The thankfulness in Katharine's face was reflected in her brother's.

"Thank God for that!" he exclaimed, helping himself liberally to the brandy. "You know I'd find it hard to refuse you anything, Thew, but there are limits. Besides, you are never really out of sight there. We go out in squadrons, and from the height we fly at nothing I could drop would be very likely to reach its destination."

Jocelyn Thew smiled coldly.

"My dear Richard," he said, "I am not going to make you an unwilling partner in any foolhardy scheme such as you are thinking of, because that is just the obvious thing that our friends who take so much interest in us would expect and prepare for. All the same, there is just a trifling commission which I will ask you to undertake for me, and which I will explain to you later. When do you leave?"

"Ten-o'clock train from Charing Cross on Monday night," the young man replied. "I have to fly on Tuesday morning."

"Then if it pleases you we will all dine here that night," Jocelyn Thew suggested, "and I will take you on to the Alhambra for an

(*Continued on page 00*)



"If you can give our men this sort of happiness, Elsie," said the General, "you are worth an army corps." I said, "Well, General, you ought to know your own Army."

I Meet General Pershing

My Six Months in France with the A.E.F. - VII

By Elsie Janis

AFTER being virtually spanked and sent home by the French military authorities one would think we might have been a bit subdued. I must say mother's ardor was absolutely drenched, but I felt more warlike than ever, and decided to start a first-class offensive all on my own. So while the Y. M. C. A. were busy trying to wring apologies from the French officials, I put up my barrage in the form of a telegram to G. H. Q., addressed to Colonel C., the boss General's *aide*, who had been very nice to us at Chaumont and who had spoken in glowing terms of my work for the boys. I sent the following telegram:

> "If you consider my work for the soldiers of any value will you please tell the French military authorities we cannot get motor pass. Have got the car, driver and gasoline, and still cannot move. ELSIE JANIS."

The next day when we came back from a visit to the hospital, we found a Yankee army sergeant waiting for us. He presented us with an American army movement order—just like regular soldiers have,—and a telegram stating that everything would be done to facilitate our getting to Chaumont, where the boys were anxiously awaiting my return. Perhaps I did not feel important, but it's more likely that I felt rather too large for our apartment and could not have made any one of my hats go on my head. The pass read that we were to move either by motor or train. Just as I was rehearsing in my mind what I would say to the Bearded Boss of Provins when we sailed through his domain, the telephone rang and Miss Janis was wanted by American Headquarters. By this time my chest was out so far it was difficult to talk over the 'phone, but I managed to hear from Colonel C. that they had a G. H. Q. car for our use, that they would send it for us if we so desired, or if we cared to come up by train it would meet us. After Provins and various other vain attempts to leave Paris by motor, a train looked very good to us—at least trains can't be told to turn around and go home. So we said that we would leave next morning, and we did. We said farewell to our chauffeur and to the young Christian Packard at the station and got on the train with the entire French army.

I never saw so many medals in my life. The train left at eight A.M. and the sun looked rather dazzled by those shining decorations. The train was carrying just twice as many people as it could seat, and there was only one other woman on it, besides mother and myself. The corridors were full of charming bright-eyed officers, standing from Paris to Chaumont, four hours and a half. That is my idea of war such as Sherman never saw. I never can eat at eight in the morning—my inner man does not come to until ten,—so with great forethought we reserved places for the first service of lunch at eleven.

IF I had ever any doubts about the French as fighters they would have been dispelled by that first big advance on the "wagon restaurant." We were among the first "over the top," as by eleven my inner man was wide awake and ready for the attack.

Two heavily be-medaled officers occupied and helped us to hold our position against all attacks. One of the strangest characteristics of Anglo-Saxons in a strange land is that they nearly always think that they are the only ones in that land intelligent enough to speak two or three different languages, and they immediately begin to talk about their neighbors in English. Mother and I were just about to do it, when one of the medal swingers leaned over and said in the most perfect English I've ever heard, "Pardon me, but are you not Miss Elsie Janis?"

A thrill ran right up my back and buttoned around my neck. I thought we were "pinched" again. I was just about to reply in French that I did not speak English when mother, with no sense of shame and apparently ready to die game, said "Yes! This is Miss Janis."

"Ah!" said he. "I thought I could not be mistaken. The last time I saw you (I trembled and wondered if it could be the man from Provins without the comic face-fitting) was at the Century Theater, New York.

Mother and I sighed in a perfect harmony of relief and ordered a bottle of vin rouge on the strength of the fact that the Century was all he had against me. We chatted through lunch and then said *au revoir*. War certainly has killed conventions.

MOTHER and I picked up acquaintances all over the place, and I don't ever expect to stop doing it. Why shouldn't we speak to people if we like their looks? Life is so short and we might never see them again.

I went out one day in a little town in France to buy mother a birthday present. An American soldier on a motor bike with a side-car came along beside me, and in his best army French said, "*Bonn jouer, Mademoiselle,*" and pointing to the side-car, "*Voulez-vous allez?*" And I said, "Where did you get that stuff? I'm American."

No whiz-bang ever gave him a shock compared to that one. His mouth literally fell open as I continued, "My name is Janis—Elsie Janis."

He looked blank, and then said "Oh, I don't care what your name is, but please excuse me. I thought you was French."

I thanked him for the compliment and told him that I was sorry I could not go riding. He saluted as if I had been a General and rode away. But I simply loved it, and I can't help wondering if some day when we are both old he won't tell his grandchildren of the day he "picked up Elsie Janis, the actress, on the streets of N. in the great War."

Maybe by that time he will have heard the name. That's the only "pick up" I ever slipped over on mother. She is really a much better picker than I am. All this is irrelevant, but forgive me, I do so enjoy living over every minute that I write that my Waterman *ad libs* a bit now and then.

TO get back to our "moutons:" we arrived at Chaumont at one o'clock. We were met at the station by a great big, khaki-colored Cadillac eight—and an officer who took us to the hotel.

This time there was no doubt about our importance in the eyes of the hotel personnel. Before, when we were in Chaumont, I think they thought we were sort of traveling minstrels who were ambitious and by way of taking it out on the poor soldiers, but this time we arrived in an Army car with a Headquarters' sign on its front and back. They could not miss it, and so they practically carried us in and up to our rooms—this time not only on the first floor, but also on the courtyard, where every (*Continued on page 74*)

How Shall I Entertain my Chauffeur

By K.C.B.

HE wanted to buy an automobile and because I played a pretty good game of bridge he asked me to go along with him. Not that there is any connection whatever between bridge and automobiles—of course there isn't. But because I played the game and was quite frequently his partner it so happened that after a noonday rubber I was invited to aid him in the selection of a car.

Inasmuch as I knew nothing at all about automobiles, excepting that I could tell a Ford when I saw it, I could not, of course, be accused of prejudice in favor of or against any particular breed. This qualification coupled with the fact that I was a desirable bridge partner, made me therefore an ideal assistant in the purchase of an automobile.

It took us a week to determine upon the car my friend wanted. During that time we rode around town in nearly every make of car that sold anywhere between $1,500 and $3,000. And the last car I rode in was always the car that I wanted my friend to buy.

But it was his money and he was going to be sure about it before he let go.

And then, again, I believed everything every salesman told us and he didn't believe anything they told us. By the end of the week they had him so that he wasn't sure there was a good car in the world. Every car on the market had been "knocked" so consistently and earnestly that I had a feeling my friend was in a constant state of surprise because cars continued to pass him on the street without breaking down right in front of him.

Anyway, he finally chose one that cost him somewhere in the neighborhood of $1,800. Then he discovered that he really hadn't bought all of the car. It was like having a newborn infant left on your doorstep in nothing but its swaddling clothes. It had to be dressed. Everything that went with the car in order that one should not be ashamed of it was an "accessory," and all cost extra money. So that the eighteen-hundred-dollar car became a $2,100 car.

And I will say for the car he bought that after it had been fully attired in speedometers and searchlights and clocks and extra tires and bumpers and various other things that it really looked like $2,100. But I don't think my friend was ever thoroughly satisfied with it. He used to hark back to what opposition salesmen told him about it and recall the good points about other cars, and then worry until he happened to see one of the other cars broken down on the side of the road and with a lot of its internals dragged out and lying on the grass or in the dust. Then he would cheer up and be satisfied. And then another car would pass him on a hill and he would hate his car again and be sorry he hadn't bought the other one.

WHEN it came my time to buy a car I remembered my friend. I made up my mind that I wasn't going to ride around with any salesman because I knew if a real good salesman ever got hold of me I'd buy his car whether I liked it or not.

I determined, therefore, to get a list of the cars that sold at about the price I wanted to pay and then select the best-looking one and let it go at that. I assumed that all reputable automobile makers made the best car they could for the money and that they all figured that a satisfied customer was an asset and a dissatisfied customer a liability. And, too, I had never heard of a car that hadn't been most earnestly knocked and most earnestly praised.

At the first salesroom I was waited upon by a most obliging gentleman. I asked him not to tell me anything about his car or about any other car. I assured him that I had no desire to look beneath the hood of the car or to have him discuss the engine with me.

I assumed, I said, that there was an engine under the hood and that it was the intention of the maker to so construct the engine that it would run.

Also, I took it for granted that if the car had any weak points he wouldn't tell me about them. Having quieted the salesman I thereupon sat at the driving-wheel of the car of the type I wanted and discovered that I could reach all of the little handles that came up through the floor and that, at that time, I knew nothing at all about. Then I sat in the rear seat of the car just to see if it was comfortable, and it was. I also tried one of the two little extra seats that hide themselves away when you don't need them. After that I asked the price of the car and marked it down in my little book and went on my way.



IT took me less than two hours to visit the salesrooms of the six cars that I had on my list and by the time I had finished I had determined upon the car I should buy.

But I didn't buy that car.

Instead, I stumbled on to another salesroom in the window of which was a car with a green body and white wire wheels. It was the best-looking car I had seen all afternoon and I went right into the place and asked a salesman how much it was.

He told me and I said I'd take it.

The suddenness of the termination of the transaction surprised the salesman somewhat and I think, too, that he was disappointed in that I had given him no opportunity to display his ability as a sales agent. However, he recovered in a moment or two and I asked him what there was that didn't go with the car that I needed in order to be fully equipped.

"I'm going to leave it to you," I said, "because I don't know a thing in the world about it myself."

That pleased him and I don't think he sold me all of the things he might have sold me and probably would have sold me had I assumed superior knowledge. The only article I chose myself was a cigar lighter.

In two hours and thirty minutes from the time I had started out to purchase a car I had fulfilled my mission and was on my way home. I couldn't recall that I had ever ridden in the make of car that I had purchased and when I reached home I couldn't tell my wife anything about it excepting that it was a good-looking car and had white wire wheels and was going to have a cigar lighter in it.

The car was delivered to me within a week. In the meantime I attended a class conducted by the maker of the car at which I was instructed regarding the functions of the various parts of the car and also informed as to starting and stopping and the shifting of gears. At the end of the week I felt myself thoroughly competent to run the car.

I took delivery of the car at the service-station. There, also, they loaned me Walter, a young man employed there. It was Walter's duty, at so much per hour, to see that the car reached the garage at which I was to keep it and to remain with me for the few hours necessary for my instruction on the road.

From the service-station we went directly home where my wife was waiting the advent of the new car. Then, with her as a passenger, we went out into the country somewhere and found a wide road, and Walter and I changed seats.

Somewhere in my pocket I had a little yellow card, signed by the Secretary of State, and for which I had paid one dollar. On its face it certified that I had been licensed by the State of New York to operate a motor vehicle.

With this authority, I took my place behind the steering-wheel, pressed in the ignition switch, stepped on the self-starter, threw off the emergency brake, pressed in the clutch and put the speed lever into first. Then I gave her a little gas, threw out the clutch and started. I had been taught all that in the class I had attended. Then I gave it a little more gas and went into second and a little more and into high. It was all very easy. And then I stepped on the foot throttle and the car rose up from the ground and jumped forward and my wife yelled and Walter reached over and grabbed the wheel and I straightened out, all unconsciously, so that I released the clutch and pressed home the brake and the car stopped.

The cause of it all was another car that had advanced toward us while I was giving all of my attention to my own car and none whatever to other cars or to the road. I presume the driver of the other car had a little yellow ticket in his pocket and was quite within his rights.

From what he said when he had backed up out of the ditch where he had voluntarily gone in order to keep away from me I gathered that if he had been the Secretary of State he wouldn't have given me the card I had in my pocket. He was a very rough man and talked more like the driver of a truck than the driver of a pleasure car.

However, when the stranger who had suddenly thrust himself into our midst had departed we all grew calm again and agreed that Walter had better go back into the driver's seat so that we might enjoy our first ride in our first car. And we did that.

That night, or early the next morning, at that hour when one can't sleep and one's sins and misgivings go parading by, I saw myself in a big green automobile with white wire wheels careening down a roadway and leaving in my wake things that had been little children and old persons and cats and dogs and chickens and Fords. And somewhere I was stopped by a traffic policeman and I showed him my yellow card bearing the printed signature of the Secretary of State and he waved his hand and I went on.

And whether I slept or not I don't know, but I was conscious of a cold and clammy perspiration and a very much confused state of mind as to the wisdom of the Secretary of State and the traffic policeman. And finally, when I had fully awakened and my mind was quite clear, I determined not to again attempt to run my own car and on the next day make inquiry of Walter as to my qualifications as an employer.

And while this hasn't anything whatever to do with what I set out to record upon the perishable pages of this magazine—which was merely to be something in the nature of advice to aspiring motorists—I must put it down here that in the chosen solution of my nocturnal nervousness lay my undoing. I, who have all my life toiled for others, became the possessor, on the day following my sleepless night, of one perfectly good male chauffeur at so much per week and three meals a day. Just as soon as I had hired him I knew I had made a mistake. I should have persisted in my efforts to drive. In another day I am sure I would have succeeded. For I have seen men without any foreheads, and women who are afraid of gentle cows and innocent mice, and small boys and small girls all driving cars, and why couldn't I?

THAT all happened about six weeks ago and we still have Walter with us. I have a feeling, however, that it isn't going to last. In the first place, even if I could afford it, it is a useless extravagance. In the second place I can't afford it, and in the third place I don't know what to do with Walter when he isn't running the car.

Since we hired Walter we have moved into the country and for a boy raised on the West Side of New York, as Walter has been, it is a terribly lonesome place. And we have neighbors who would talk about us if we took Walter into the family and to the neighborhood parties. And Walter doesn't expect that. All he wants is that we feed him and pay him. But where we live he hasn't any companions and every little while I see him down on the shore of the little lake near our home and he looks lonesome and it bothers me and I go down and then we see who can throw a stone farthest out into the lake. And it hurts me to throw stones and the next day my arm is sore.

And then, just a few days ago he showed up with a ball and a bat. And there wasn't any one for him to play with and I gave up my work and went out and played with him and he *(Concluded on page 67)*



"I've been an awful fool, Owen," she said quickly. But she did not look up.

This Light Must Live

A Novel of New York

By Arthur Stringer

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

"I MEAN doing my work, my part, the way he wants it done, the way it ought to be done," said Torrie.

"I imagine there are more Krasslers than one in this city," retorted Storrow, embittered by some incongruous sudden sense of estrangement between him and the woman so close to him.

"That's where you're wrong," she amended. "There's only one Krassler. I may be empty-headed, but I've brains enough to see that. If I can ever do anything on the stage it's only because he's standing behind me. He knows acting, every trick and move of it. He makes me feel that I'm only a mask and that it's his spirit stepping inside that mask and doing what I ought to do. He holds me up where I'd go down in two minutes."

It discomfited Storrow to find his own inner conclusions thus openly reiterated.

"There seem to be several hundred that Krassler isn't holding up, as you put it."

"But don't you see, Owen, that I'm different? Acting isn't just an instinct; it's an art. It's an art you acquire after years of study. And what chance have I ever had to study it that way? What training do you ever get out of stage dancing and show-girl parts? What good does a few seasons of being a clothes-horse or a front-line jumping-jack ever do you for real art, for real acting? And I hate the very thought of having to go back to that sort of thing."

"But you'll never have to go back to that sort of thing," asserted the man at her side, resenting even this sudden and solemn attitude toward an art which he had never been taught to accept as a serious one.

There was an air of luxuriousness in her slow movement on the bed.

THE STORY.—Owen Storrow, a young sculptor, came down from Canada to study and work at his art in New York City. He stops at "The Alwyn Arms," a cheap hotel, although Augusta Kirkner, an aunt and a matron of means, has offered him a studio in her Brooklyn home. Storrow's first day is full of incident: a fight to the finish with the brawny engineer of the hotel; and when he climbs back to his room, the discovery that a careless hotel clerk has assigned his room to another. This maroons him on the fire-escape, till the girl on the floor below his takes him into her room and impulsively administers to the bruises of his recent battle. It is a case of love at first sight, though not without complications for the girl, Torrie. For Krassler, the musical-comedy producer, upon whom she is depending for a chance on the stage, discovers Storrow's presence and misinterprets according to his nature. Owen goes to his aunt's cottage on Long Island Sound, and there rescues his cousin Charlotte Kirkner, from drowning. But he returns to New York, where he meets Chester Hardy, who advises him to quit sculpture and write a novel of the great Northwest. Then Storrow finds that Torrie Throssel occupies the studio adjoining his own, and their former intimacy is resumed. When Modrynski, a veteran artist, unhesitatingly condemns his modeling, Storrow definitely decides to go in for literature and writes a successful novel of the great Northland.

"You'd find me a very expensive luxury," she said, smiling for the first time.

"I'm willing to face that," he retorted.

"But would it be fair for me to ask you to face it?" she asked. "We've both got our work, and we both ought to be free to follow it.

"I'm not asking," he contended, "for any surrender of freedom. What I want you to do it for is really to get our freedom back to us, to get our feet on solid ground so we can use our hands or our heads when we feel the need for it."

She seemed unable to follow his line of thought.

"Then what is it you want?" she asked, once more with a wrinkled brow.

"*You!*" was his reply.

The weariness went out of her face at the *vibrato* of feeling which had crept into that one expository cry.

"But you can have me, Beloved One, for the asking, every ounce of my body and soul. It's all yours!"

"That's not enough," he surprised her by replying.

"That would seem a great deal to most men," she told him, after a moment of silence.

"Then you'll have to regard me as different to most men," he persisted.

"In what way?"

"In wanting to keep our love sane and clean and holy," he found himself saying. "In not having it dragged down to any Muselli and Nona Maynelle plane—and ending as you saw theirs end."

She sat up, thinking this over.

"I'm afraid, Owen, I'm more of a barbarian than you are. It doesn't seem the least bit important to me, so long as we're true to each other, whether we've scratched our names in some fat old city clerk's register or not. That may make——"

"Then if it's that trivial to you," he interrupted, "why can't you respect my wishes in the matter?"

"But it's not so trivial, in one way. There's my work to think of. People aren't interested in a married stage-star. They're not, at least, unless she's a great artist, and I know well enough I'm not that, and never can be. And Krassler would never stand for it, even from the business viewpoint. It would end everything."

"Then why not let it, if that's the absurd condition it imposes on you?" he demanded through the dust of his own cyclonic upheavals. He failed to decipher latent reproof in the quick look which she threw at him over her shoulder.

"Are you making this," she said with an arrested judicial note in her voice, "a choice between you or my work?"

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"They shouldn't have anything to do with each other," he countered. "There's nothing I'm asking you to give up, except an endless chain of evasions and humiliations and sacrifices of self-respect. And I don't see how those things can help any woman in her work!"

She inspected him with a half-humorous forbearance. Smiling resignedly, she slipped down between the tumbled covers, with a series of small movements touched with impatience, as though to banish discomfort of the mind in deliberately achieved comfort of the body. Then she reached languidly out and took possession of Storrow's hand.

"Stop worrying over trifles, Honey."

He drew back, freeing his hand.

"But this thing has to be settled," he averred. "Will you marry me?"

She opened her eyes again.

"Come here," she whispered. "No—closer. Still closer. . . . Do you love me?"

"You know I do."

"But you must say it. Say it and say it again. Tell it to me in some different way. I don't seem to care what happens when I hear you say that. *Do* you love me?"

She turned about, heavily, with her hands clinging to his shoulders, so that his stooping body was brought closer to hers. "Do you love me?" she reiterated, with his head clasped against the hollow of her shoulder. She held him there, hungrily. And under the invisible batteries of the old appeal the old capitulation once more took place. He told her, with a sudden flare-back of passion, that he loved her better than life itself, that life without her would mean nothing, that he wanted her as no man had ever before wanted woman.

"Then I'll marry you," she told him with a sigh of moderated surrender. "But there's one thing you must promise me, Owen."

"What is that?"

"For the next few months at least no one must know."

He was less ready to accede to this than she had expected.

"But you can't keep it from being known," he explained. "It has to go on a public record and be announced."

"Then we'll have to slip over to Jersey and have it done there," she told him.

"But don't you have to live in that State a certain length of time before you can get a license?" he asked, disturbed by the air of the illicit clustering about what he had already accepted as a movement toward rehabilitation.

"No, not in Jersey. I'm almost sure of that. But if I'm wrong we'll have to find a State where you don't. And I won't use my stage name of 'Throssel', but my own name of Roder, Millie Roder. And that ought to pretty well cover up the tracks."

"Yes, it ought to pretty well cover up the tracks," he admitted with a flash of antagonism which he was not quite able to suppress.

TORRIE THROSSEL'S marriage to Owen Storrow took place one rainy day early in October. It took place under conditions which were anything but exhilarating, proving of a nature that tended to persuade the groom that Torrie's original attitude toward such ceremonies was not altogether an absurd one. From those moments which were to bring a wife to his arms he was able to extract scant suggestion of a goddess stepping from a cloud, scant semblance to a rare and beautiful rite being beautifully consummated.

Over it all, in the first place, was an inalienable taint of the surreptitious. It carried with it, in fact, the stubborn and disturbing sense of a smuggling expedition somewhat hastily planned and somewhat lugubriously carried out. Storrow, as he stared out the rain-streaked window of his day-coach on a side-line in New Jersey, with Torrie veiled and apprehensive-eyed at his elbow, found it hard to accept the expedition as something not in defiance of the law but in accord with it. They had taken advantage of her more or less tenuous friendship with a friend of a friend of a justice of the peace, in a remoter town, who had announced his willingness to make things smooth for them, though this involved a none-too-inviting train-trip, a tiresome wait at a junction-point, a stupidly prolonged tour of investigation in a dripping and odoriferous "cab," and a half hour of solemn jocularity and dissimulated high tension in an unspeakably disordered and stuffy office which smelt of moldy calfskin and stale tobacco inextricably blended.

All this Torrie endured with a thoughtful-eyed alertness through which the sensitized Storrow probed in vain for some touch of reproof. Her face was whiter than usual, he noticed, when he slipped the ring on her finger. This same finger, he even found to his surprise, was shaking a little. And on the way back to the city, in a day-coach which was as chilly as the earlier one had been overheated, the same momentary pallor overtook her as she drew the ring from her finger and tucked it away in one corner of her leather handbag.

"You shouldn't do that."

"Why not?" she asked.

"They say it's bad luck," he reminded her.

"I'm yours, Honey, whether it's on or off," she said as she crowded up closer to him. That movement was apparently undertaken for the sake of warmth, both of the body and mind. He stared down at her, oppressed by the wintriness of her smile. Then a surge of pity went through him, pity for her at his sheer incompetence to engineer any ray of splendor into a situation from which women instinctively



"You nuts! You two nuts!" cried Pannie. "But if you've didded it, I s'pose I've gotta kiss you both!"

expected splendor. He took possession of her hand, hungrily, and held it close in his under a fold of his raincoat, wondering how, in the days to come, he could compensate her for that loss. He remembered that she had even forbidden him to send flowers to her room and had shrunk from his suggestion of a dinner in state at one of the Fifth Avenue hotels. They could have all that, she contended, later on. And in the meantime she had *him*.

Once home again, however, Torrie found a note under her door, a masculine scrawl of a note from Krassler reminding her that her two stage-gowns had to be decided on that afternoon and that Madame Kavoni could not be kept later than five. This meant a hurried call for a taxi, a hurried kiss and hug in the half-lighted hallway, and an incredibly desolate remainder of the day for mood-swept Storrow.

At seven a messenger-boy appeared with a note from Torrie explaining that she could not get back for dinner as an evening rehearsal had been ordered. It might last to any old hour in the morning, she went on to say, and in the meantime she would snatch a bite on the wing and think of him every moment until they could be together again.

THIS message left Storrow in a none too happy frame of mind. Already, he saw, there were forces gnawing at the bands with which he had tried to tie Torrie the closer to him, forces which left even marriage altogether in the background. And yet, he kept telling himself, the situation had arisen through no fault of his wife's. She, in all likelihood, was quite as miserable over it as her husband, if the realization that she was the possessor of a husband had yet crept home to her.

Still swayed by a restlessness which seemed beyond his control, he went out to dinner. He ate alone, oppressed, for the first time since his advent to the city, by a consciousness of his isolation. Then he just as moodily wandered along Forty-Second Street to Broadway, pausing with the crowd before the shuttling street-traffic of Times Square. With eyes that were idle and not altogether free of antagonism, he edged back against the curb to make way for a limousine which admitted of no argument as it imperiously cut the corner. Then his diffused resentment focused into a sudden startled stare, for in that limousine he clearly caught sight of Torrie and Herman Krassler.

He watched the car sweep down Seventh Avenue. His first quick flush of resentment gave way to a feeling of humiliation which he found it hard to define and equally hard to master. What impressed him most was the frank enjoyment on Krassler's face. And the more he thought of this the more a slowly enlarging suspicion grew up in his mind. He dreaded to formulate that suspicion. But the wings of it carried him back to an earlier scene in the Aylwyn Arms. He was half-way home, in fact, before he even dignified his unworded fears by making a movement to end them, or if the worst came to the worst, to confirm them. Turning in at a pay-station, he called up the theater where he knew Krassler's company usually rehearsed, and making his inquiry as curt and casual as he was able, asked if a rehearsal of "The Seventh Wave" was taking place there to-night. This theater, it was promptly explained to him over the wire, was housing a company of its own, with an evening performance under way. "The Seventh Wave" people could be found rehearsing down at Acorn Hall, somewhere on lower Seventh Avenue.

Storrow, as he continued his way homeward, found clearing skies above him. He had been foolish, of course. There was nothing tragic in the fact that Krassler had given Torrie a lift in his car. That was an accident, and nothing more, an unconsidered emergency cropping up in the course of the day's work. It was his own fool's readiness to resentment that could be called the tragic part of the thing. But, alone in his studio that night, Storrow gave a great deal of thought to the situation immediately confronting him. He also arrived at a number of decisions. One of them was that Torrie would have to give up Vibbard's studio. He had no intention of seeing his wife dependent on an outsider for even a temporary place of abode. And later on, he also decided, he would see to it that Torrie gave up the stage. He would settle down and work hard, Storrow told himself, and that would make smaller any sacrifices which Torrie might have to face. For, as she had said, the only thing that really counted was whether they loved each other or not. That was the vital thing, and of that, thank Heaven, he nursed no shadow of doubt.

It was two o'clock in the morning when Torrie returned. She came in quietly, tired but triumphant, with her habitual little coo of delight as she discovered that Storrow had waited up for her. But she did not run to him with her equally habitual wing-flutter of the arms, as he had half-expected her to do. She stood arrested and a little chilled by the solemnity on his face.

"It's an awful hour, isn't it," she said as she unspeared her hat and tossed it to one side. "I thought they were never going to get through the thing."



"I intend to remain a human being, with the prerogatives of a human being."

"How did you get home?" asked Storrow, without looking at her.

"In a yellow taxi with Mattie Crowder," explained Torrie as she looked about for a cigaret. "Krassler said he'd give me a lift this far, but I preferred the taxi."

"And were you able to snatch a bite on the wing?" he next inquired, with an obliquity of which he was secretly ashamed. She stopped short in the act of lighting her cigaret, studying her husband with impersonal yet meditative eyes. Then she laughed a little.

"It was more than a bite, Owen, after all. That man made me eat with him. He said it was his only chance to go over a number of points he wanted to make plain to me. There were two or three of the big men there to look us over, and Krassler didn't want me to fall down at what was almost my first public performance."

Storrow found the last of the fog, the thin but chilling fog which had kept returning to his valley of moodiness, whisked away into the upper airs of reasonableness.

"And how did you get along?" he asked with a relenting smile of interest. Torrie sat for a moment thinking over this question.

"Oh, I don't know," she finally replied. "I tried hard enough, but it's all so new to me. I got tired in the last act and couldn't make my voice carry the way I wanted to. And the whole piece didn't go the way Krassler had expected."

Storrow, staring at her face, realized that for all her air of suppressed excitement she was tired out.

"Poor kid!" he murmured as he reached for her hand. She seemed to have been waiting some such signal or movement from him, for the tension went out of her body and the blankness out of her eyes. She did not get up from her chair, but pushed it on its heavy castors so that it stood close beside his. From this position she could lean across the padded chair-arm against his shoulder.

"Be good to me!" she pleaded. The note of wistfulness in her voice reminded him that she had been placed there at his side for protection, for sustainment. They were both, apparently, very much alone in the world, lost in the heart of a turbid and preoccupied city.

TORRIE was still too wide awake to think of sleeping. So they made Swiss-cheese sandwiches and drank bottled beer together. Storrow felt, at first, that Torrie's facetiousness was a trifle forced. But this he finally put down to overstrained nerves. She seemed so childishly happy to be with him again that he decided to postpone all his carefully-thought-out arguments and ultimatums until a time more fitting.

Yet it struck him as odd that she said nothing about their marriage, that it seemed so little in her mind. Her only reference to it, in fact, was as oblique as it was unpremeditated.

"No one can stop me from doing that now," she had proclaimed as she held his head pressed against her bosom and left the taste of beer and cheese on his upturned mouth. Whereupon she lapsed into silence, with a small frown of trouble on her half-shadowed face.

It was almost noon, the next day, when Storrow wakened. It took some time to shake off the sense of guilt aroused by hours so unseemly for a worker, since thereafter he intended to be a worker. The fact that Torrie was already one of that guild served as a goad to his restless spirit, so that in his moments of abstraction his mind harped back to the laying out of his novel, fretting about it as a farm collie frets about a woodchuck hole. Torrie, he realized for the first time, would always want to sleep late. This, he also realized, meant that his (*Continued on page 70*)



Less Hell and More Beans

The Problem of Mexico

By Senator William H. King

"Ancient complaints of injustice made on behalf of our citizens are disregarded and new causes of dissatisfaction have arisen, some of them of a character requiring prompt remonstrance and ample and immediate redress."

"Ancient complaints!" And this was in 1836—written by President Andrew Jackson. In 1868 a convention was entered into between the United States and Mexico for the settlement of outstanding claims. These claims to-day amount to something like $300,000,000. Presidents come and Presidents go, but these run on forever. "There must be civil peace and justice in Mexico," says Senator King, "even if it taxes the strong arm of the United States."

AFTER a hundred years of the existence of Mexico as an independent republic, which will have been finished with the end of the Carranza régime in 1921, the Mexican problem is little nearer permanent solution than it was in 1821 when the independence of Mexico was formally recognized by the United States. In these hundred years there have been a hundred revolutionist chiefs who have sought the military dictatorship of the country.

The history of Mexico is but the story of the recurring struggles of these military chiefs for power and supremacy. Eighty-five of these "generals" have at one time or other, and for a brief or longer tenure, occupied the presidential office in Mexico. It can not be fairly said that any president of Mexico has held the power without the intervention, in greater or lesser degree, of military violence. None of them has come to power by the free and legally expressed will of the people of Mexico, and where elections have had the semblance of legality, it can not be said that the elections expressed the will of the Mexican natives, the mass of whom have been politically dumb and inarticulate.

Some of these chiefs, it should be said, have had the virtue of maintaining civil peace by the protection of person and property; thereby promoting the development of the wealth of the country and the welfare of the people. The Diaz régime had this virtue. The Carranza régime does not have it.

WE may as well be frank and face the fact that the promises of progress for Mexico made by Carranza have not been realized and that it would seem vain to indulge any expectations that, however well-meaning, he will be able to make any material contribution to the settlement of Mexico's problem.

Gen. Porfirio Diaz, who came to be president of Mexico in 1876, was himself a revolutionist against Gen. Benito Juarez, who overthrew Maximilian and who is properly honored as a Mexican patriot. Juarez was one of the very few men of native or Indian birth who had risen from the ranks of the native population to a place of power in the government of the country. General Diaz maintained civil peace in Mexico by persistent exercise of stern and repressive measures.

All classes of people in Mexico may look back upon the régime of Diaz as of happy days compared with the distress, poverty and exhaustion of these days under the régime of Carranza. Even Diaz, however, seemed unable to perceive the radical and fundamental changes required in order to bring peace and set the Mexican people upon the pathway of liberty and prosperity. Peonage, which is slavery, was tolerated by him, and no adequate agrarian policy was devised, nor genuine internal reforms inaugurated, that would lift the mass of the Mexican people to a higher plane and prepare them for liberty and economic and industrial freedom. The methods of General Diaz can not now be invoked to maintain civil peace in Mexico. It is to be hoped that Huerta is the last general who will come to the executive power in Mexico by means of assassination and military violence. The seizure of the presidential authority by military violence through a successful military revolution is as unlawful in principle as was the assassination of Madero and the assumption of the presidency by Huerta under a technical adherence to the forms of law.

IN Carranza we are dealing with a selfish, vain, equivocating egotist, who for his own security is diverting practically all the available revenues of the country to build up a personal military machine. For this reason, presumably, he is not paying the interest on the foreign debt of Mexico, or making any compensation for the use of the railroads his government has seized and pretends to operate. Our negotiations with this subtle casuist have never succeeded in bringing us onto any common ground which would make an understanding possible. Even with due regard for what is called the "Latin temperament," we have found that Carranza is better prepared to wrangle over a point of politeness than to confer in candid sincerity and honor upon the outstanding questions which have arisen between our country and Mexico.

Hundreds of our people have been murdered; hundreds of millions of their investments in Mexico have been wantonly destroyed. Yet it seems impossible to induce the existing government of Mexico to put a stop to these larcenies and arsons even though Mexico herself is being driven to poverty and famine, and the efforts of a generation of Americans for the development of that country are being put to naught. Instead of rectifying these conditions, Carranza has permitted the public to become infected with German propaganda, has protected German interests and even allowed Germans to profit by the wreck. He has permitted the seizure of American, French and British property. There has been a veritable régime of robbery, both with and without official sanction.

At the invitation of the Mexican Government and the Mexican people Americans invested in Mexico and acquired property. Wherever they went they developed the resources of the country, furnished profitable employment to the Mexican people and added to the material wealth of Mexico.

THE development of the oil industry in Mexico by American capital has not been in any way an imposition upon the natives or the government of Mexico. No oil rights in Mexico have been secured by the grants of the Government. Oil development has been exclusively upon lands purchased from private parties. There has been no subsidy or favor from the Government except a concession exempting the industry from the payment of imposts for ten years. The confiscatory decrees, whether in the form of amendments to the Constitution or otherwise, under which Americans have been deprived of their legal property in oil and mining lands, must be annulled and repudiated. Government trespasses against American rights can not be justified by the guise of law.

American mining interests in Mexico have been concerned with the operation (*Concluded on page 76*)

In Gloucester Harbor

Crimes of the Arm-Chair Club—V

By Arthur Somers Roche

Illustrated by Will Foster

[Author's Foreword.—The twelve wealthy men of the exclusive Arm-chair Club are convinced that lawbreakers do not possess extraordinary mentality. To commit a crime and avoid detection seems to them a simple matter. Spurred on by each other they engage in a joint wager, and sign their names to an agreement whereby each man pledges himself to commit the crime for which he may be chosen by lot. The first crime—robbery—is committed, but whoever has been the successful man refuses to disclose his identity. It is discovered that the agreement has been stolen from the club safe. Eleven more crimes are mentioned in the agreement. The millionaires' names are signed to it. From a set of amateur criminals the clubmen change suddenly to earnest amateur detectives. Some one of their number is a thief.]



It was the famous Ballantyne portrait. No mistake about that! "And no one will leave this craft if the portrait is missing," Cranahan declared.

THE chief of detectives smiled a bit superciliously. He accepted the cigar that Cranahan offered him, carefully cutting away the tip with a gold-and-jeweled clipper. He eyed the bulky president of Oriental Exchange, Ltd., condescendingly.

"You ain't had the practical experience, Mr. Cranahan," he declared. "I *know* crooks. Nobody better! It's all right for authors to tell about gentlemen crooks! I don't blame them. They got to make a living somehow, and I don't mind any guy getting along. Before I joined up with the force I used to do a little o' this, and a little o' that, and I know the sledding is tough for a gent without a steady job that brings in the pay-envelope. But to tell me that one guy has been putting over all these things—some hop-head in Greenwich Village might *dream* it, but——"

"The Vanderveer necklace was stolen; the Fairchild baby was kidnaped; a check was forged against Sinsabaugh's account; forged stock certificates were issued, put across—if it's a dream, Riley, it's an expensive one. We members of the Arm-chair are paying highly for our riding lesson on the nightmare."

"Well, some guy knows about these crimes, and he writes a letter to you people, just as a kid——"

Cranahan cut short the detective angrily. "For God's sake, Riley, talk sense! This 'guy' that knows about the crimes—he hasn't read them in the papers, has he?"

"Well, no," admitted Riley.

"And the police force has known nothing about them?"

"That's right," Riley made the further admission.

"Then," with elaborate sarcasm, "you will at least admit that the '*guy*' has remarkable sources of information, eh? And if he has them, he's a remarkable man. Such a remarkable man might readily be able to carry out the crimes, to commit them as well as know about them, eh?"

Riley reddened. "Mr. Cranahan, being a crook takes practice the same as anything else. I'll admit that an amachure could put over one crime—maybe two—but he'd never put over a bunch like you've mentioned and get away with it. He'd have to be a professional. Well, there's no professional crook in your club."

Cranahan leaned back in his chair. He smiled wearily.

"Listen, Riley: Because of an argument—whether the commission of crimes took marvelous brains and experience—we members of the Arm-chair drew up an agreement to commit twelve crimes. The agreement was stolen, but—the crimes are being committed. Not a man in the club told of the agreement to any outsider."

"That's what they *say*," sneered Riley.

"They are gentlemen," snapped Cranahan.

"Yet one of them, you believe, is a crook," countered the detective.

Cranahan's brow wrinkled with chagrin. "Well, you have me there," he confessed. "But—here's what I'm trying to get at: an amateur crook is doing professional work. He's a member of the Arm-chair Club. You're right, he *has* told outsiders; he's had help in his crimes. Now, then, we've kept our mouths shut and paid the shot, because publicity would be—well, unenviable."

"You *would* look like a lot of blooming idiots, agreeing to pull all sorts of crooked work, just to prove that you could," commented Riley.

Cranahan swallowed the insult. "Exactly. But we can't stand the gaff forever," he went on. "The Ballantyne portrait——"

"Lemme see that letter again," demanded Riley.

The burly man passed him an envelope, without postmark, simply addressed, "John Cranahan."

The detective read it aloud, stumblingly.

"'Dear Mr. Cranahan: You take extreme pride in the Ballantyne portrait. Pride goeth before a fall. The fifth month is at hand.'"

"No signature," said Riley, ponderously. "Plain writing paper, might have been bought anywhere; typewriter out of alignment——"

"Oh, hell," roared Cranahan. "I didn't summon you here to listen to a lot of theorizing, Riley. The Ballantyne portrait—never saw it, eh?"

"I ain't been dinin' with you lately," replied Riley, with what he thought was a flash of humor.

Cranahan eyed him distastefully. "No, you haven't. You save that portrait, though, and you will, Riley."

"Much obliged, I'm booked, Mr. Cranahan."

"You think so, eh? I wish to heaven that I were as sure as you are that—— What's your plan?" he asked abruptly.

RILEY lifted his shoulders, spreading his elbows wide. It seemed that this movement, accompanied by a passing of the hands along the collarbone, vastly improved the set of his coat. Possibly, though, it helped remove dandruff, whose visibility is increased against a dark background. Riley, Cranahan mused, should never affect blue suits.

"Well," said the detective, "I take it that you wouldn't be satisfied with saving your portrait; you wanta catch the crook."

"You are psychic," said Cranahan. "What control from the beyond told you all that?"

"Aw, kid away, Mr. Cranahan," laughed Riley. "It don't hurt me, and it pleases you. Well, then!" His coat apparently was all right now; he rested his stubby-fingered hands upon his thighs. He leaned forward and became vastly impressive. "That portrait is valuable."

"It cost me one hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars—eight years ago. The war is over; collectors are looking around. It's worth more now."

"Sure. Well, it's hanging in your library."

"It *was*," interpolated Cranahan. "It's in my own private safe now. The minute that note was brought to me—last night—I superintended the transfer myself."

"Good stuff," said Riley. "Well, we could put a guard in your house——"

"Ridiculous! The servants would talk. You'll have to do better than that, Riley."

"I will," retorted the detective complacently. "You got a yacht. It's midsummer. How about a little cruise for you, Mr. Cranahan?"

"You mean," said the financier, scathingly, "that I'm to spend the rest of my life sailing around—oh, hell, Riley!"

"Let a man finish," protested the other. "I don't mean nothin' of the sort. Here's what I mean! You say that some member of your club is the thief that sent you that note. A sporting sort of thief; gives you warning and all that. Very well! I didn't say for you to take the cruise by yourself. Your club goes with you."

Cranahan sank back in his chair. His fiery eyes gleamed mirthfully.

"Now, Riley, I'm beginning to see why you're chief of detectives."

Riley used no camouflage this time. His stubby fingers daintily flecked at his collar. "Getting it, eh? Your portrait's on the yacht. In the crew there's me and four or five other good men. All the members of your club are on board. You have a hunch, you've told me, that this bird that's pulling the crooked stuff would have heartbreak if he couldn't put each little stunt over on schedule. Schedule means once a month.

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It's almost four weeks since the last crime was pulled. He's due pretty soon. Well, you can cruise for a month, and if one of the members of your club is the crook—I'll know it."

"And the papers, the newspapers?" queried John.

"I'm due for a month's vacation. I'll pick men who are due for the same thing. What we do in our private time ain't the Department's affair. There'll be no publicity. Unless we grab the guy——"

"Then you may go to it," said Cranahan. He walked to the door with Riley, arranging details as to meeting that afternoon. Then, shaking hands with the detective, for whom he had suddenly acquired respect, he raced back to his office, dictated several letters to his stenographer, called up his attorneys and announced that he would be absent from New York for an indefinite period, sent a messenger to the private dock that he maintained upon the East River, and started for the Arm-chair Club.

IT was a rather morose group of eleven men that he found there. Four months ago, until the insane idea of emulating crooks had been born of an address by the late Inspector Burke, and had come to fruition in the signing of an agreement whereby each member of the club had bound himself to commit an indefinite crime, written on the agreement by Burke and known to no one else, the Arm-chair Club, one of the most exclusive organizations in America, had been composed of a body of chums.

It was all different now. The agreement had been stolen. Suspicion of each other ruled in the breasts of all. Men who would not have hesitated to indorse each other's note for a half million distrusted each other now. Even the excellent cocktails being served could not warm the hearts of the millionaire members of the Arm-chair.

Cranahan seized the glass at his plate, at the head of the luncheon table. He lifted it high. "To the *Sea-Bird*, gentlemen, and may our cruise be the happiest on record."

He gulped his drink and set his glass down heavily, almost defiantly. Sinsabaugh, the exquisite Sinsabaugh, whose drawling voice seemed, in conjunction with his foppish dress, to indicate him as a brainless idler, broke the silence.

"*Our* cruise, John?"

"I said it, Dan. Now you said it," answered Cranahan.

Sinsabaugh put his glass down. His mild face, lineless, behind which, nevertheless, a ninety-horse-power brain was always at work, held an incredulous expression.

"Mind explaining, John?" he asked.

"Not at all. This is the regular monthly meeting, isn't it? We're due to stand another crime, if our unknown friend works on schedule, as he always seems to do, eh? Well, last night I received warning that my Ballantyne portrait was to be stolen. I paid one hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars for that portrait. It's worth two hundred thousand to-day. Does the club care to pay me the price of that portrait?"

"I should say not!" It was the timid, white whiskered Sewall who spoke.

"All in favor," grinned Cranahan, "say 'aye.' The 'ayes' have it."

Glendenning, the banker, stirred his long legs uneasily. He passed an immaculate hand over his smoothly-shaven chin."

"John," he said, "it's about time that we forgot our fears of publicity, that we went to the police."

"I've been to them," snapped Cranahan.

"What?" A gasp ran around the room.

"Yes, sir," cried Cranahan. "I showed the warning that I received last night to Detective Riley, chief of the detective branch. Promise of silence and all that. But—when it comes to losing my Ballantyne portrait!" His pause was sufficiently expressive.

"But the cruise?" insisted Sinsabaugh.

Cranahan grinned. "What's the sense of being millionaires if we're tied, like book-keepers, to our desks?" he asked. "Do you gentlemen appreciate that we never sit in a poker game but that we have to quit to go home?"

"I never play poker, and you know it, John," announced Sewall, primly.

"You're going to learn, my lad," shouted Cranahan. "Sewall, you will know all about jackpots. More than that: you will know stud, wild stud. Oh, boys! Hast ever seen the wild deuce spread his wings, hover, and alight in your hand in time to turn a bobtail into a straight flush? Some of you Indians have, and the others—well, you will. And we won't have to quit to go home, because we'll be at home—on the *Sea-Bird*."

"All of which," said Sinsabaugh, "sounds immoral and alluring, but—John, why?"

The good-humored face of Cranahan hardened suddenly.

"Someone in this club stole the agreement which we all signed. He's committing the list of crimes that Burke drew up and which we never saw. But if all twelve of us are on board the *Sea-Bird*, out at sea——"

"One of his agents might steal the picture from your house," objected young Dick Bernard.

Cranahan grinned at the lawyer. "Think so? Gentlemen, the Ballantyne portrait to-night will be on board the *Sea-Bird*. He'll not steal it from there, because she's anchored in the East River. She won't touch shore, after that portrait is aboard her, for a month."

"How do you know that the portrait isn't stolen already?" demanded Bernard.

Cranahan shrugged. "I'm guessing that it isn't. Because the thief usually gives us warning. He's given me notice. He's *here!* In this room! He can't have read my thoughts. And from this room you gentlemen go direct to the dock, and thence aboard my yacht. The man who refuses to go may judge what the rest of us will think."

"Oh, I say, there are business matters," protested Nebidan, the big fruit canner.

"For four months we've been living in an atmosphere of suspicion, of dread almost," cried Cranahan. "Is business any more important than our honor? And isn't the honor of each of us attacked every time the thief among us commits a crime? The most vital thing in the world to us is the apprehension of the thief."

"But, if he's one of us," said Herriman, shrilly, "and he's aboard your boat, he'll just lay low, and——"

"Let him lay low! Do you think we can live in such proximity, for *thirty days*, to the thief, without discovering him? I should say not! Besides, he's a sporting sort; he'll try to pull it off, and—do we go? Not forgetting that prohibition does not rule upon the high seas; that the *Sea-Bird* is stocked to the gills; that poker is the world's greatest indoor-sport, and—well?"

THEY were millionaires, men of great and varied interests, but—each one of them had planned a month or so of vacation. They had money enough—all save young Bernard, and he was helplessly in the minority—to indulge any sudden whims. Further, though Cranahan spoke in a jocose way, he was deadly in earnest. And so were they. The menace of the monthly crimes hung darkly over every one of them. What, four months or so ago, had seemed a rash but merry jest, had degenerated into a fatal foolishness. To solve the problem. . . . There was a great deal of telephoning to lawyers, to wives, and to valets, but—at five o'clock a launch bore twelve men from an East River dock to the waiting *Sea-Bird*, Cranahan's palatial, ocean-going yacht. It also bore a wooden box, three feet by five, in which was the famous Ballantyne portrait. No mistake about that, because that evening, after dinner in the saloon, Cranahan opened the box and exhibited the portrait, then locked it in the yacht's safe.

"And no one will leave this craft if the portrait is missing," he declared.

Whereat twelve men glanced at each other suspiciously. For, just before the yacht had weighed anchor, a telegram had been delivered to Cranahan, and it read:

"Had not planned to make the Ballantyne portrait a matter of piracy, but am anxious to please."

It was unsigned. Cranahan had read it to his guests. How had the mysterious sender known of the trip? No one, save Cranahan on his way home to get the portrait, had left the clubrooms until their departure for the yacht. Riley, a member of the police department, and his men, were trustworthy, of course. How?

But Cranahan had judged aright, evidently, the character of the man who had made life miserable for the Arm-chair Club the past few months. He was a

"sporting sort." He would take a sporting chance. The poker game had listless devotees this first evening, as the *Sea-Bird* shot down the Sound.

THE lights of Gloucester gleamed alluringly. Not that Gloucester, so far as Dick Bernard knew, was a thrilling place. It was, he'd read somewhere or other—perhaps learned at school—one of the chief fishing ports in America. And, of course, he'd read Kipling and Connolly, and thrilled at the deeds of daring of the sailor-men who brought in the fish from the Banks.

But it was alluring not because of these things to-night. It was a *city!* Cities were not like yachts entertaining stag parties. There were women in cities. For instance, take the city of New York. Not only were there women in New York, *the* woman was there. Nancy Darrell!

She was a crook. She was the partner in crime of the individual who was turning to his own wicked account the jest that the members of the Arm-chair Club had mirthfully entered into. But, crook or no, it mattered nothing. Some day he would corner her; some day all avenues of escape would be closed to her, and—he could not visualize beyond that. There was some chaotic picture of himself driving back the enemies who would swarm, from all sides, toward her. He was a lawyer! True, criminal cases were out of his line, but to defend Nancy Darrell. . . .

He threw his cigaret viciously overside. He was an ass! He was a member of this Arm-chair Club which was being attacked from within by one of its members. His thoughts should be concerned with the apprehension of this crook, and all of his associates, rather than with the escape of any one of them.

He took a last glance at the lights of the city. The *Sea-Bird* had anchored while stewards went ashore for fresh milk and eggs and other comestibles. But the rule was strict. No guest of Cranahan—not Cranahan himself—was to go ashore.

Oh, well, the fresh air had driven away the slight mental fatigue that stud-poker—three solid days of stud-poker—induces. He'd go back to the saloon. A new idea had come to him. He'd spring it on the group.

He turned away from the rail. One of those ground swells, that are inexplicable to the landsman because they come without apparent warning, lifted the *Sea-Bird*. Dick momentarily lost his balance. His hand, groping, fell upon the shoulder of a passing seaman. Only for a second, then he had righted himself.

"Sorry," he said.

"It's all right, sir," replied the sailor. His voice was well-modulated, his articulation surprisingly good for a common seaman. Still, Dick remembered, a yacht sailor is a bit different from the deck-hand of a tramp. Lots different. The shoulder of this man was extremely soft, not tough and hard as one would naturally expect a sailor's—even though a yachtsman—shoulder to be. Oh, well, the lights of the deck showed him to be a good-looking youngster. He was probably a delicate youth whose parents hoped to harden him by the seafaring life. Anyway, Dick demanded of himself petulantly, what did he care about a *Sea-Bird* deckhand?

Twelve men are too many for one poker game, so two tables were being used in the saloon. There were but five players at the one dominated by Cranahan, and that burly gentleman greeted Dick with a roar.

"Moonin' round on the deck, thinkin' of some sweetheart, I suppose."

He did not notice the guilty blush that crept over Bernard's face. Dick sat down and watched the progress of the hand that was being played. He grinned as Sewall, the timid, deaconish-appearing Sewall, bet his whole stack on an innocent pair of threes. But the "buried" card happened also to be a three, making three wild cards in the Sewall hand. The timid little man collected ninety-four dollars on what turned out to be a straight flush.

"A grand game," cried Cranahan, who had chivalrously played four queens to the extent of his pile.

"I have a variation," offered Dick.

"A new one? In sweet charity's name, no," groaned Sinsabaugh. "As soon as I master one, someone invents another and my poor brain—do I smell smoke?" he suddenly demanded.



As he turned his eyes away from the searchlight, he saw the youth emerge from the saloon door.

CHIPS and tongues had been clattering at both tables. But in the long saloon now reigned silence. Even the steward who had been mixing highballs at a buffet stood stock-still, unnoting that the hand that held a glass had moved, and that liquor was trickling from the decanter down upon a priceless rug.

For there are two places where the alarm of fire spells deadliest menace, in a theater and at sea. If anything, one's case must seem more hopeless at sea. There is a chance that quiet order in the theater will win the audience through to safety, but at sea—there are only the boats, frail things at best.

Cranahan read the thought that was in the minds of all. "Sure, there'd be no danger annyway," he cried, dropping into the brogue that marked his speech when excited. "We're in the har-r-bor, with plenty of boats—it *is* smoke. On deck, all of ye!"

He was not the commander of the craft, but he was its owner, and he knew his duty. He was the last to leave the saloon. His captain met him upon the deck. There was no longer any need to wonder whether or not it was the odor of smoke that filled one's nostrils.

Smoke itself was pouring up through hatchways.

"Engine-room, sir," said the captain. "Broke out suddenly. Kelly, Billoti and Loxey all got out."

He glanced over his shoulder as he spoke. Smoke was coming from a companionway forward. Also, there was a glare in the smoke.

"By godfrey, the whole boat——"

The captain cut into Cranahan's speech. "I'm afraid so, sir. I think we'd better lower away our boats——"

He gave several staccato orders. The steam whistle began to shriek.

"Dick," cried Cranahan, "you, and Sewall and Sinsabaugh and Glendenning, Herriman and Nebidan, take the port boat forward. Line up, gentlemen. The rest of you come with me. Starboard, aft."

Dick glanced about him. The lights of the *Sea-Bird* showed him that all were accounted for. Accounted for and comparatively calm. He was suddenly proud of his membership in the Arm-chair Club. There might be a crook in that membership, but—all of them had courage. They had not achieved their positions in the world of finance without learning the mastery of their nerves. Cool, collected, they did not dispute Cranahan's orders, nor his assignment of leadership to Dick.

Nor was the crew anything other than an American crew should have been. The majority of them, of course, had been in the navy during the war, and—a fine bunch. Calm, quiet, each attending to his task. . . . Already hoses were being played down companionways. They were taking care of the passengers, but—not giving up the ship yet.

The small boats were lowered over the side. Dick's boat touched the water. His eyes blinked as a searchlight from another yacht fell full upon him. He turned away from it for a moment, and noticed the soft-shouldered young sailor emerging from the saloon door. He looked again at the water. He could see boats putting out from other craft, heard whistles answering, encouragingly, the shrieks of the *Sea-Bird*.

THEN, suddenly, the *Sea-Bird's* whistle ceased its shrieking. The orderly commotion of the crew became less orderly. Anger, half-mirthful, became evidenced in their tones. The captain called to Cranahan, and the yacht owner left his station at the head of the ladder leading to his boat. His half of the guests were in their boat, but Cranahan was sticking to the ship. There was a moment of conference, then Cranahan yelled something to the boat below him and crossed over to Dick.

"You folks weren't as speedy as we were," said Cranahan.

The mate, who had had· (*Continued on page 64*)

"V" is his Middle Initial

Your Regular Army Officer

By Capt. Arthur Goodrich, U.S.A.

"BUT," says Sir Guy, quaking at the thought of Robin Hood, "there's one of him, and there's only thirty of us."

"Aw," replies the Sheriff, bravely, "what do we care for numbers?"

YOUR Regular Army Officer is not numerous. He has no vote worth considering. He can't talk back, and he wouldn't if he could. He has the foolish idea that any deliberate publicity, however dignified, is unworthy of the traditions of the service. Altogether he is the best little alibi in the world for disgruntled civilian officers, and the safest possible mark for political attack.

Let's look him over—the manner of man he is, his education, his experience, his qualities, and his defects I'll give him to you as I saw him—as a man rather than as a soldier, since, a civilian disguised in uniform, I served merely in Washington as a member of the American Indoor Forces.

Physically he is all right, of course. Fat or lean, there is the same squareness to his shoulders, the same alert carriage, the same straight look out of his eyes, the same "two-feet-solidly-on-the-ground" effect. No looseness, no lounging, no heels run over, no buttons loose or unbuttoned. He is so eternally straight and so infernally meticulous that every civilian, particularly those temporarily in uniform, resents it, makes fun of it, or envies it. Smaller things have caused international complications.

Where did he come from? From your State and mine—neighbor Jones's son who thought he wanted to be a soldier. One rode in one hundred and sixty-eight miles from a cattle ranch in Texas to take the train for West Point. Another was an undergraduate at the University of Nebraska when "Jack" Pershing was Commandant of Cadets there. Another is an officer for the same reason that the Barrymores are actors—born with a uniform. Another enlisted as a private in Massachusetts and came up from the ranks. Why is it, I wonder, that our States do not follow the boys they send to "the Point" with something of the same pride which they rightly show in their National Guard regiments? If they think "the boys" wouldn't like it they are 'way wrong. Most of the time "the boys," grown to whatever age and rank, are as segregated a group—so concentrated on army and nothing but army—as a troupe of actors in an old-fashioned Puritan New England town.

EDUCATION? Many of them came through West Point, or had a similar training in famous schools in Pennsylvania or Virginia. Many things have been said about West Point, but no one, so far as I know, has ever compared its teaching or educational facilities unfavorably with those of any university in the country. In the life there are drills, grind and discipline rather than frills, fraternities and flippancies, but nevertheless these are college-bred men. With this difference: Your college man with his diploma starts out to make his own fame and fortune, usually in one special profession or business. Your newly-made Second Lieutenant sinks self in the service and proceeds to become a Jack-of-All-Trades, ready to meet any emergency, of war-time or peace.

Experience? Here are a few typical cases, picked at random.

Exhibit A. A chunky, old-Colonial-brick-house sort of figure, a serious, clear-working mind, a booming, friendly voice, an eye that sees deep; a brotherly kind of man, loyalty and common-sense personified. His first service was in the Spanish War. Then to the Philippines where he fought Insurrectos, ran an Army canteen, built roads with native labor, was both railroad conductor and inspector, and was Superintendent of Public Schools for an entire province. Back home, he jumped from duty at an Atlantic post to Commandant of Cadets at a Middle-Western university; did garrison duty in the Northwest, was cable censor at Vera Cruz, had a hand in border troubles, taught in service schools. Then in the Philippines again, eating his heart out with America already in the world war. Suddenly ordered home, attached to a regiment bound for France, and as suddenly pulled out at the last moment and condemned to white stripes as an important member of the General Staff.

Exhibits B and C. A scholarly man with glasses, broad-minded, even-tempered, who has been in three active campaigns and who went from helping to form the plan of mobilization of our forces to lead a regiment in France; and, contrasting, a fighting, brilliant, daring Irishman who has been decorated for doing an unspectacular but vitally important service in Washington.



"Duty, Honor, Country"—the Insignia of West Point.

That enterprising and always interesting Senator, Arthur P. Capper, ex-Governor of Kansas, is, according to current newspaper reports, contemplating a vigorous campaign in the direction of the Regular Army Officer. Arthur Goodrich, novelist and dramatist, rubbed shoulders with the Regular in war-time Washington. "I don't believe," he told us, after a few months' contact, "that you Americans really appreciate the Regular Army Officer. You two really ought to be introduced." So here you are:—

Exhibit D. A surgeon who would have made a fortune in private life; a man with a gift for mechanics, a love for sheer adventure and a shockingly inventive sense of humor, who has kept books in Montana, bought supplies in New York, scouted in the Philippines, tested trucks in Mexico, saved hundreds of lives from the cholera in the Balkans, served in Allied and American hospitals through the late war; all on top of years of routine duties as an Army surgeon.

Exhibit E. A gentleman of literary gifts, shrewd judgment of men, wide reading, a whimsical sense of humor, quiet courage. For him, after West Point, a winter campaign against the Sioux; garrison duty adjoining a typical old-fashioned mining camp; study in service schools; travel abroad on leave; at the capture of Manila in the Spanish War; at the capture of Peking; residuary legatee of Aguinaldo's government; garrison duty in this country; commanding a regiment in the Philippines; Military Attaché at a famous Balkan capital during the Balkan War; a librarian, editor, and an unassuming but valued advisor since.

Exhibits F and G. A drawling, level-headed West Pointer from Georgia who characterizes Army contrasts by coming back from active infantry duty in France to struggle with problems of official motion-pictures; while a taciturn, friendly man with a chuckle more infectious than most laughter, a man with a Congressional medal of honor for superlative bravery in the Philippines, has been developing, with the help of practical psychologists and psychological practical men, the famous trade-tests for finding the right place for the man and the right man for the place in the Army.

ENOUGH has been said perhaps to indicate that V is Your Regular Army Officer's middle initial, and that it stands for Vigor, Valor and Versatility.

Qualities? Resourcefulness, for one. Or call it horse-sense. Horse-sense is said to be a gift, but it usually develops better among men who have to meet varied emergencies than among those who slide all their lives along a single track.

A politician of considerable power strode wrathfully into an officer's room during the war.

"You have ruined the career of one of my constituents," he complained, "an accomplished citizen-soldier and an honorable gentleman. I mean that you shall pay heavily for this. I shall take the matter to the President himself. I shall"

"Very well, sir," said Your Regular Army Officer, blandly. "The President will call for information upon the Secretary of War, and the request will eventually reach this office. The complete record will thereupon be forwarded for consideration. It shows that the honorable citizen referred to, in the uniform of the United States Army, did this and that and so-and-so," mentioning unprintable activities.

"I don't believe a word of it," sputtered the statesman. "He is the soul of honor, sir, the— "

"You have two nephews in the Army," broke in the officer.

"I have. They enlisted at the start. I'm proud of them."

"You have a right to be. Perhaps your friend and constituent, Captain Blank, might be reinstated—on the condition that your two nephews be at once transferred to his command."

"No, sir. Under no circumstances," was the quick reply.

"So," said Your Regular Army Officer, still bland, "Captain Blank is not good enough to command your nephews, but you are willing enough to have him lead other people's sons and nephews to heaven knows what fate."

"No," rejoined the statesman, thoughtfully, "you're probably right. I—I shall let the matter drop."

PRIDE is another quality, a cock-sure pride in his profession, pride in what his uniform stands for. Let a Regular officer be told, as some of them have been, by hysterical civilians that the Marines alone won the war and that every Marine should be given the D. S. C. He will smile and say: "The Marines are good soldiers." That is all. He won't come back with stories of what the regulars in that same Second Division did in France, or of the work of the First Division, well-numbered in many if not in all respects. He takes all that for granted—of regulars. You will find him enthusiastic over the welcome given one division of National Guard or National Army troops which made good in France, and you'll find him silent about another, both attitudes based on pride in the service. But tell him of a certain reserve officer who kept an official Signal Corps photographer at his headquarters to make personal portraits, which were sent back to a certain Middle-Western city of which the aspiring officer hoped to be mayor, and you will strike fire. "Pup," will be his contemptuous comment, with a few striking adjectives for emphasis. That reserve officer was, to him, a disgrace to the uniform, just as surely as was a Colonel whom the same regular, as a Second Lieutenant, threw into jail for drunkenness years ago in Porto Rico.

Conservatism is another quality—a conservatism which becomes at times almost reactionary. But you will find few if any internationalists among regular army officers. They are for America and Old Glory every minute. They hate the unthinking pacifist or disloyalist as much as they hate war, which is their limit on the hate question.

One officer, who at the beginning of the war had been put in charge of the cadet corps at a certain college of known pacifist tendencies, was visited one day by an irate parent.

"You have forced my son into this thing against his mother's wishes and mine," he said. "You want him to kill his brother man for the sake of the Morgans and the Rockefellers. I would rather see him dead than in army uniform."

"I have forced no one," replied the officer. "Your son volunteered, as did every member of the Corps."

"But I demand his release. I believe in peace at any price. My boy shall not be sacrificed to satisfy a group of bloodthirsty army officers."

"That you will have to settle with your son, sir. If he were a minor I would instantly release him. But he is twenty-two, and he volunteered. And now," added the officer, taking a loaded automatic from his desk-drawer and presenting the butt of it to the angry father, "your son is in such-and-such a room, in such-and-such building, reciting *in army uniform*. If you meant what you said—that you'd rather see him dead—here is your opportunity."

The father hesitated.

"I—I may have spoken hastily," he said at last.

"Right," said Your Officer. "Now sit down, and let's talk about pacifism." (*Concluded on page 50*)



Tam could see a head framed in her window. It changed into the face she loved best in all the world.

A One-Woman Man

The "Wild Goose" of a Worker

SEVEN years ago I was head mechanic in a garage up-State. While in that position I married my employer's daughter, a pretty girl of twenty-one. It was a love-match in every sense of the word.

The first year of our marriage was very happy. Then an old aunt of mine died leaving me twenty thousand dollars. With that we came to New York, where I opened a garage of my own. Everything seemed to be coming our way. There was a tiny cloud. Our lack of children. How I wanted children! Lots of them tumbling about. I really think that I talked of nothing else. Looking back, my wife's ominous silence on the subject stands out clearly. Then it held no significance for me. I put it down to womanly delicacy. After three years of married life the thunderbolt fell. My wife had a dangerous illness and when I learned the cause I was as a man stricken. All the time I had been bemoaning our lack of little ones God had been sending them to me, only to be murdered before they saw the light of day.

It was not alone the deceit practiced upon me. But the fact that this woman whom I had loved and cherished and in whom I had confided my dearest hopes and plans had stooped to murder. Say what you will it *is* cold-blooded murder. Planned and carried out.

Later when I questioned my wife on the matter she answered, "Oh, they are too much trouble." With that answer died all the reverence that had permeated my love for her.

We took up life as before, or rather almost as before.

Now I come to the query: When a woman is relieved of the care of her home by paid domestics and she refuses to fulfil the function God created her for, what then? Why, the devil takes a hand. It was not long before I had an "Ogden Fenn" to contend with. He was totally unlike Mr. Morris's home-wrecker inasmuch as he was not a gentleman, although he came of an excellent family and was a member of New York's best clubs. It was at a country club we met him. A lounge-lizard sort of person—sleek, well-groomed, but withal "ratty." Some weeks later I awakened to the fact that there was something going on. I said nothing to my wife, but watched and waited. I found I was correct.

Like "Mr. Manners," I sought an interview. Unlike "Mr. Manners," I did not seek it to discuss the pros and cons of the situation. When my visit ended the gentleman was sadly in need of a doctor. Rather drastic, I'll admit, but the best treatment for that particular type. I had judged my man well. No suit for assault was forthcoming.

Things went along quietly for awhile. I engaged a manager for my business so that I could be with my wife more. Then slowly it began to dawn on me that she did not want me to accompany her on her rounds of pleasure. But I was determined to steer my matrimonial bark clear of the shoals, so I stuck. All this time staggering bills were coming in from the Fifth Avenue shops. I was obliged to remonstrate with my wife on her extravagance. That brought about a bitter scene between us. The conviction settled upon me that I was losing my wife. She could scarcely conceal her contempt and scorn for me. In another quarrel I learned what she thought of me. "A dirty mechanic," "Ashamed to be seen with me," "Sick of my eternal chattering of brats," etc.

After this clash I felt absolutely panicky. I am a simple man with a great deal of reverence for the marriage tie. I tried everything I could think of to restore our old-time peace and happiness. She did not wish that. Divorce was her goal with plenty of alimony. I refused. Somehow or other I simply could not uproot my love for her.

Two years ago she ran away with a well-known New Yorker. Upon her departure she left a note stating her intention of divorcing me for cruelty, and warning me not to fight the case as she would live with the man as his mistress if I stood in the way of her marrying him. For decency's sake I agreed. What else was there for me to do? Some folks will say that I should be thankful to have rid myself of her. Unfortunately I am a one-woman man. And she will always be the one woman.

When I gave her the divorce I thought it would give her happiness.

Evidently it did not. For, six months ago, her husband divorced her under the New York statute. And so it goes on—this chain of misery that divorce brings.

SHALL we continue to run the Wild Goose Letters? On the Editor's desk still remains a little package of the most interesting of the real Divorce stories sent in by the hundreds in response to our request. Shall we continue to publish these from time to time? If you vote "YES," just send word to the Editor.

The Wild Goose

By Gouverneur Morris

Illustrated by Arthur I. Keller

"YOU can not give Tam all that she needs," went on Mary Hastings. "You can give Diana nothing that she needs. Find somebody who needs all that you have to give, and give it to her. You think that you were only meant to love once. Because you have ceased to be any of the things she needs to the woman you love, you refuse to be those things to any woman. . . . That lovely Mary Marsh you painted last winter, Frank. . . . Oh, she holds her pretty head very high, and she would die before she confessed anything, and she would make you a good wife. She is the kind of woman you admire most. I *know* it. She is the kind of woman you thought Diana was. She is the kind of woman that Diana is now, now that she has made her final irretrievable mistake and has determined to make the best of it. . . . Marry her, Frank. The moment you find, which will be the moment you ask her, that you are giving her everything that she needs, asks or desires, all your poor rumpled spirit will smooth out, and you will love her."

"But I am married," said Manners.

"Nobody thinks that but you. And I am inclined to think that with you it is a pose. Look me in the eyes and tell me that it's not a pose——"

He met her eyes, and smiled a little wistfully.

"It isn't a pose, Mary."

It is a fact though that when, a little later, he quitted the Hastings house, he stood hesitating and looking up the avenue. That way lay the house in which the lovely Miss Marsh lived with her father, the gay old admiral. She was hesitatingly pretty. The sittings that she had given him had meant a period that bordered on contentment. He had grown truly fond of her. It made him perfectly sick to think that she loved him. He hesitated, I say, and looked up the Avenue. That way also, in a general direction, lay Combers and the little house in which Tam and his wife lived with Ogden Fenn.

Presently he turned down the avenue and walked with quick long steps to the hotel at which he was stopping. A deep gloom had settled upon him, and a feeling of desperate uneasiness and presentiment. He did not sleep at all that night. He made many attempts. Between times he read at a thick volume that he had found on the bureau.

A phrase that he came across stuck in his brain. He found himself repeating it many times the next day, with a kind of desperate hopelessness:

"This life is nothing." "This life is nothing."

FRANK MANNERS could not ask any one to help him. To steal Tam was to break the law of the land. For himself the penalty mattered little. The day, Saturday, was very young when he started for Combers. He wished to spy out the land a little by daylight. He had bought a car of good make, and filled two valises with such things as he thought would be essential to his little daughter during their journey together. He had guessed at the sizes. Poor fellow, he had not seen her for a long time, and she had begun to shoot upward. From her letter he knew that one thing about her had not changed, and that was her love for him. She had signed her last misspelled scrawl "Your loveing friend and daughter."

He passed a florist's when a thought struck him. He stopped the car and, walking back to the shop, entered, and after a little talk with the clerk caused to be made up an old-fashioned bouquet. He had it sent to Miss Marsh, and with it the following note:

MY DEAR MISS MARSH:

I am passing through this city, and because I wanted very much to come to see you, and *couldn't*, I am sending you some flowers to prove that I had the thought. If I have ever done anything good it is the portrait that I painted of you. That is because you are good. And that is why I have sent you old-fashioned flowers. Goodness in women is getting to be a little old-fashioned. There's Heliotrope in this bouquet, for its sweetness, and Honesty, for every reason, and Heartsease, for that is what I wish for you, and there's Rosemary, which as all men know, is for Remembrance.

I am starting on a long journey. Since I may not see you, how happy I am to have been born with a splendid memory for faces, and for the things that are splendid in character.

Faithfully your friend,

FRANK MANNERS.

"Miss Marsh," mused the clerk, when the haggard customer had gone his way. "She won't stay *Miss* Marsh long, if that gentleman has anything to say about it. Eh, Miss Chiro? He sent her Rosemary and Heartsease, which is the Latin for pansies, and while he was writing the note to go with them the sw—perspiration ran off him."

"It's a warm morning," sniffed Miss Chiro, and she finished entering the transaction in the ledger.

The clerk was wrong. Mary Marsh never changed her name. The author holds no brief for his sex. As often as not it's the woman who's the wild goose. Most often it is neither. And when you deal in Faithfulness it is safest to mark the package "fragile and perishable."

Frank Manners felt better somehow for having sent the flowers and written the note. The gloom left him, and during the long drive his senses were often pleasantly filled, and even thrilled, with the beauty of the landscape and the color and odor of flowers.

He reviewed many passages in his life with a lively if wistful pleasure.

"After all," he thought, "I have loved and I have been loved. Surely all this wretchedness of heart must soon pass away. I have blamed other people for their failures far more than I have ever blamed myself for mine. With Tam I shall find peace and contentment."

As he drew near Combers he became exhilarated and excited. He had not before entering realized how his soul panted for the sight and the sounds of his little daughter. Oh, to have her on the seat beside him, pressed hard against him, the car tearing forward, and all about them the night!

HAVING looked over the lay of the land and discovered a little wood road, near Fenn's house, in which he might leave the car, Manners drove further into the mountains and returned to Combers after dark. He backed the car into the mouth of the wood road and dowsed the lights. *(Continued on page 52)*



Why it should have surprised Manners to learn that Ogden Fenn had a beautiful voice is unknown.

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Here is the wherewithal to gather memories which would support our souls even to the tomb!

Wasted Beauties

By Maurice Maeterlinck

Decoration by W.T. Benda

UNDER the gray skies and the disheartening rains of this autumnal July, I think of the light which I have left behind me. I have left it down yonder, on the now empty shores of the Mediterranean, and I ask myself in vain why I parted from it.

It is good, it is wise, to escape, amid the blue of sea and sky, the icy months of our winters, dismal as punishments; but, although down south these months are warmer and above all more luminous than ours, they do not quite make up to us for the darkness and the frost of our native climes. The brightest and warmest hours, in spite of all, retain an after-taste of cloud and snow; they are beautiful, but timid; swiftly and fearfully they hasten toward the night. Now man, who is born of the sun, like all things, has need of his hereditary portion of primitive heat and all-pervading light. He has within him innumerable deep-seated cells which retain the memory of the resplendent days of the prime and become unhappy when they cannot reap their harvest of rays. Man can live in the gloom, but at long last he loses the smile and the confidence that are so essential. Because of our twilight summers it becomes indispensable by superb excesses of sunshine to restore the balance between darkness and light and sometimes to drive away the cold and the dark that invade our very souls.

THE heavens open their vistas to the uttermost limits of the blue, to the supreme heights where the glory and rapture of God are outspread, and all the flowers rend the gardens, the rocks and the heaths to uplift themselves, to leap toward the gulfs of gladness which are drawing them up into space. The camomiles have gone mad; for six weeks they hold outstretched, to invisible lovers, their great round clusters like shields of glowing snow. The scarlet, tumultuous mantle of the Bougainvilleas blinds the houses whose dazzled windows blink amid the flames. The yellow roses cover the hills with a saffron-colored cloak; the pink roses, of the lovely, innocent pink of maiden blushes, flood the valleys, as though the divine well-springs of the dawn, which elaborate the ideal flesh of women and angels, had overflowed the earth. Others climb the trees, scale pillars, columns, house-fronts, porches, leap up and fall back, rise again and multiply, jostle one another, lie one on top of the other, forming so many clusters of effervescing raptures, so many silent swarms of impassioned petals. And the innumerable, diverse and imperious scents that flow through this ocean of mirth, like rivers which do not mingle and whose source one recognizes at every breath! Here is the cold, green torrent of the rose-geranium, the trickle of clove-carnations, the bright, limpid river of lavender, the resinous gush of the pine-barren and the wide, still, luscious lake, of an all but dizzy sweetness, of the orange-blossom, which drowns the countryside in vast, unmeasured fragrance of the azure heavens, recognized at last.

I DO not believe that the world contains anything more beautiful than those gardens and valleys of the Provençal coast during the six or seven weeks when departing spring still mingles its verdure with the first warmth of advancing summer. But what gives this wonderful exultation of nature a melancholy which one would not find in any other spot is the inhuman and almost painful solitude in which it is revealed. Here, amid this desert, this silence, this emptiness, from the vine-arbors to the terraces and from the terraces to the porches of a thousand abandoned villas, reigns a rivalry of beauty which reaches a poignant agony of intensity, exhausting every energy, form and color. There is here a sort of magic password, as though all the powers of grace and splendor that Nature conceals had united to give at the same moment, to a spectator unknown to men, one great, decisive proof of the blessings and glories of the earth. There is here a sort of unparalleled expectation, awful and unendurable, which over the hedges, the gates and the walls watches for the coming of a mighty god; an ecstatic silence which demands a supernatural presence, a wild, exasperated impatience which pours from every side over the roads where nothing now passes save the mute and diaphanous procession of the hours.

ALAS, how many beauties are wasted in this world! Here is enough to feed our eyes upon till death! Here is the wherewithal to gather memories which would support our souls even to the tomb! Here is that which would provide thousands of hearts with the supreme sustenance of life!

In the main, when we come to think of it, all that is best in us, all that is pure, happy and limpid in our intelligence and our feelings, has its origin in a few beautiful spectacles. If we had never seen beautiful things we should possess only poor and ugly images wherewith to clothe our ideas and emotions, which would perish of cold and wretchedness like those of the blind. The great highway which climbs from the plains of existence to the radiant heights of human consciousness would be so gloomy, so bare and so deserted that our thoughts would very soon lack the strength and courage to tread it; and where the thoughts no longer pass it is not long before the briars and the cruel horrors of the forest return. A beautiful spectacle which we might have seen, which was ours, which seemed to call us and from which we fled, can never be replaced. Nothing more can grow in the place where it awaited us. It leaves in our soul a great barren area, in which we shall find only thorns on the day when we most need roses. Our thought and our actions draw their energy and their shape from the things which our eyes have beheld. Between the heroic deed, the duty accomplished, the sacrifice generously accepted and the beautiful landscape which we have seen in the past there is very often a closer and more vital connection than that which our memory has retained. The more we see of beautiful things the better fitted we become to perform good actions. If our inner life is to thrive, we need a magnificent store of wonderful spoils.



UNTO THE LEAST OF THESE.

Drawn especially for Hearst's by Lucien Jonas, the famous French war artist.



WHAT would have been the fate of Julie Rutherford in my play "A Little Journey" if she had not met the strong man, on her journey to the West, who loved her and saved her?

Very much the same thing would have happened to Julie that happens to all helpless girls who are untrained and unable to care for themselves. She would have had to live on someone else's generosity, and as she grew older and more helpless she would have become more embittered.

Julie, the girl in the play, represents a large class of girls who are in reality victims of our so-called "social system." Brought up without the thought that it may ever be necessary for them to earn their own living, they drift through the years of girlhood, vaguely believing that, somehow, a man will come who will keep her out of unpleasant situations—while she accepts what he provides.

We sometimes hear that such a girl is extinct. She isn't. We meet her at every turn, still undeveloped, still selfish, still not realizing that she must justify her own existence even if she happens to be rich.

There isn't a situation in life which a girl cannot face with more courage and more success if she actually can earn her living. It takes away the horror of being an "old maid." It takes away half the temptations of immorality. It tremendously reduces the necessity of enduring an unhappy marriage, and above all it helps to keep happy marriages happy, because of the very evident fact that if a woman can take care of herself, her husband respects her the more.

The empty hours of waiting for beaux, the heartaches and disappointments in the everlasting social struggle, are so largely wiped out by work and grow so insignificant when weighed in the balance with the ability to pay one's own bills out of one's own earnings, that we wonder there is a single woman left in the world who is an idler and a parasite.

Rachel Crothers

A Little Journey

By Rachel Crothers

ANNIE (A passenger, who has just hushed her baby to sleep on her chair)—Excuse me, Miss—but the baby's asleep and it's the only chance I've got to go to the eating 'car. If you wouldn't mind just keeping an eye on her in case she rolls off. (*Jim, another passenger, smiles as he watches Julie's blank amazement*). . . .

Julie—Of course. I'll do the best I can. (*Mother exits; at once the baby cries. Julie takes her up.*) What *shall* I do?

Jim—You're doing pretty well, seems to me.

Julie—But I may be doing the wrong thing.

Jim—The longer you stick it out the more the mother can eat. (*So Julie continues her unwilling vigil, and Jim settles down to a book. When Annie comes back, Jim remarks*) Mustn't let our youngest passenger fall. She wouldn't like it. . . .

Annie—I guess not. If anything happened to her I might as well never try to get to her father at all.

Jim—Oh, I guess he would be pretty glad to see you anyway—wouldn't he?

Annie (with a long hopeless sigh)—I wouldn't risk it without her. (*She turns to Julie*) May I speak to you a minute?

Julie—Sit down.

Annie—Thank you. I just want to thank you for mindin' her every day while I went out to eat.

Julie—Oh, please don't. Do you know I've never really known a baby before.

Annie—Do you like her?

Julie—Of course.

Annie—What I wanted to say to you was—you don't happen to know anybody wants a baby do you?

Julie—What?

Annie—I mean to—adopt one.

Julie—But—you don't want to give up your own baby!

Annie—No—I don't want to. But somehow I kind-a feel as if it might be better. I kind-a have a feelin' I ain't goin' to last long.

Julie—Oh—don't say that.

Annie—An' I—I—ain't so sure about Bill nohow. And I kind-a thought maybe you might like her yourself—or you'd know somebody. Don't you Miss? Honest, Miss, I mean it. (*She leans toward Julie in desperate appeal.*)

Julie—There isn't a single being in the whole world I could ask to help you or one tiny little thing I could do for you myself.

Annie (lowering her head)—Oh—I thought a lady like you could do anything—if she wanted to.

Julie—"A lady like me" is a very helpless thing—and more unhappy than you. You have your baby and you're going to Bill. I'm going to people who don't want me, and when I get to the end of my journey I'll have about ten dollars left in my pocketbook—a few

Julie—"I know now that life *can* be big and sweet and wonderful—if we make it."

By courtesy of Rachel Crothers, author, and Shubert Theatrical Co., producers.

clothes in their last states—and that's all.

Annie—Oh my! That *is* bad—ain't it?

Julie—I'm telling you so you won't think me a beast—I'm sorry. (*Julie explains further to Jim who comes to sit with her, bitterly*) Everything in the world I've lived with and for is *gone*. The aunt who took me when I was a little girl and lavished everything that was beautiful and exquisite on me—has suddenly lost her money and turned me off. There's not a single spot on earth where I can go, but out to my brother in a little Montana town. He's a doctor and has seven children and a wife I've never seen, and she'll hate me and I'll hate her—and it's all disgusting and sordid and no ideas nor ideals can change it. You might as well take a fish out of the sea and tell him he can live just as well on the land—and it's all *his* fault if he doesn't.

Jim—You and the fish are a little different. If civilization *does* produce a higher breed its highness is only tested and proven by the way it lives when life is hardest. If you're going to let unhappiness smash you—then you're not the high product you think you are. You don't think I'm horribly impertinent, do you?

Julie—No. What difference does it make? We'll never see each other again. . . .

Jim—Why didn't you fight it out for yourself back there—since you hate coming out here so fiercely?

Julie—Fight it out? Make my own living? (*He nods*)



Julie (Ethel Dane)—"A lady like me is a very helpless thing."

Jim *(Cyril Ketghtley)*—*(to Julie)*—"If you're going to let unhappiness smash you—then you're not the high product you think you are."

Because I don't know how. I'm going out here because it's the only place on earth I can go and I'll be a horrible burden to them, and still I haven't the courage to jump off the train. Ridiculous—isn't it?

Jim—Haven't you ever wanted to work with your hands? To take hold of a thing and *do* it—make it go because you *willed* it—and were making your own power?

Julie—No.

Jim—See here. It's all up to you whether you're beaten or not. You've got two things to choose from. Either to go back to this little town and shrivel up into a bitter old woman—or to live by giving what you've got to other people. If you have got something fine and precious which lifts you apart from the common herd—then give it out to other people. Give it—give it—give it——

Julie—I haven't anything to give. . . . Why don't I jump off the train now—now?

Jim—I'll open the door for you—if you want to do it.

Julie—Do you mean that?

Jim—I do.

Julie—Will you help me?

Jim—I'll open the door.

Julie—Would it be right?

Jim—It's your right—if you want it.

Julie—It would save a lot of trouble for other people.

Jim—Well, are you going to do it?

Julie—Yes. (*She starts to rise; he takes her by the arms.*)

Jim—Some man was a coward not to keep you back East.

Julie—You can't blame him.

Jim—Why didn't he hold you and fight for you?

Julie—I'm not worth it.

Jim—You are to me. (*Putting her down into her seat again as he holds her wrists.*) Let me help you. Isn't that better than what you've started to do? Give yourself another chance. There's so much of life waiting for you. Don't do it. Wait. You've fallen out of the skies for me. You're what I've lost and what I've wanted every day—every hour. Your life is in your own two hands. Are you going to throw it away or let me try to make things right for you? Give me a chance to make you know me. Don't end it now. . . .

Julie—If this were all—yes—to sit here—with you. But this isn't real—talking to you like this. It's just a wild moment or two—when I'm letting go because nothing matters. Because I don't care—and because you're strange and wonderful and there's something in you I—I've been looking (*Continued on page 68*)



"Its loveliness, its beauty, its appeal, give it a vital, living quality."

A Painter of Art from Elsewhere

By Gardner Teall

THERE was a painting in the recent exhibition of the National Academy of Design, New York, that visitors stopped long to look at, a painting refreshingly delightful, delightfully refreshing. It was Norwood MacGilvary's "From Elsewhere." And, indeed, it seemed "from elsewhere." There was nothing stuffy and academic about it, nothing "advanced" and ultra-modern in its composition. But it *was* an advance over so many uninspired painting, pictures excellent in technique, faultless in drawing, rich in color, but lacking in the spiritual significance with which MacGilvary's picture was endowed.

I do not say that "From Elsewhere" was a great picture, but I do say that its loveliness, its beauty, its appeal give it a vital, living quality. If our artists go on painting such things, we will soon cease being bored with our Academy shows. In justice to American art let it be said immediately that the last Academy exhibition in New York and the last Pennsylvania Academy exhibition in Philadelphia were, in interest—and by that one means in worth—far in advance, very far in advance, of their predecessors, in so far as the works exhibited, taken as whole, were concerned. Indeed, the year started in auspiciously. With MacGilvary's "From Elsewhere," it was not a matter of its being either the only meritorious work, or the chief meritorious work exhibited. But there was no picture shown in the Academy exhibition which had truer human interest, no picture shown there in which the poetry of life was made more manifest in the artist's suggestions.

We of the Occident have accustomed ourselves through the whole period of modern art to look at things almost exclusively from an objective point of view. That is to say, we have concerned ourselves as artists with painting things as we see them, as they appear to us. Now, the Oriental artist is trained by his traditions to an entirely different viewpoint—he paints things always as reflecting his own thought, his own soul, he seeks to give them the aspect of his own spiritual experiences. In this matter, it seems to me Western art is coming to take into account something of the operation of the Oriental mind, but, in the main, quite unconsciously. It is something our artists are growing to attain. The MacGilvary canvas is one whose subject does not appear to have been conceived with the deliberate objectivity of the Western method. Certainly there is nothing Eastern about it in technique or in style. But it does appear as somewhat of a subjectively wrought work. Somehow "From Elsewhere" is very real without being actual.

No claim need be made for it as a great picture, but its humanity and its spirituality commend it to our particular attention, and it is a picture worth talking about.

Fortunately the time is past when the word "spirituality" smacks only of the empty meeting-house. Our experiences through the terrible years creation has just survived have led us to permit the finer things to enter into our hearts. No longer do we reject art as something for the sole delectation of the dilettanti, as an exotic and impracticable attribute to life. We have come to understand how inseparable art and life truly are, how art must interpret life and how life can only best be reflected by art.

Norman MacGilvary was born a painter. No one who was not would have been determined enough to persist in the pursuit of the profession he chose early in life when other nice, comfortable plans were made for him that he willingly gave up for art's stern realities! MacGilvary was born in Bangkok, Siam. He came from Siam to San Francisco, studied in Davidson College, and then went to England where he studied art under Myron Barlow, and to Paris where he became a pupil of Laurens. He is still a young man, has still, I think, completely to "find" himself, to free himself, perhaps, from a versatility that is well supported by a facility, a facility which fortunately is *not* fatal! But such things as this "From Elsewhere," such things as "The Month of May" and "The Garden of Childhood," works that have been shown by the artist in his studio—these are the pictures that best express MacGilvary's art, the things we most need from his brush.



"The Undying Fire"

By H. G. Wells

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JOB HUSS, in H. G. Wells's "The Undying Fire," his faith shaken by innumerable griefs and disappointments, by illness and by bitter failure, questions even the existence of God.

"I have thought of many things that men in their days of prosperity are apt to dismiss from their minds; and I am no longer sure of the goodness of the world without us or in the plan of Fate. Perhaps it is only in us within our hearts that the light of God flickers—and flickers insecurely. Where we have thought a God, somehow akin to ourselves, ruled in the universe, it may be there is nothing but black emptiness and a coldness worse than cruelty.

"Before I became too ill to go out," he continues, "I went for a walk in the country. I wanted to escape, to be alone, to think in peace. But I could get no rest. The turf was unclean through the presence of many sheep, and in it there was a number of close-growing but very sharply barbed thistles; and after a little time I realized that harvesters, those minute red beasts that creep upon one in the chalk lands and burrow into the skin and produce an almost intolerable itching, abounded. I got up again and went on, hoping in vain to find some fence or gate on which I might rest more comfortably. There were many flies and gnats, many more than there are here and of different sorts, and they persecuted me more and more. They surrounded me in a humming cloud, and I had to wave my walking-stick about my head all the time to keep them off me. I felt too exhausted to walk back, but there was, I knew, a village a mile or so ahead where I hoped to find some conveyance in which I might return by road.

"AND as I struggled along in this fashion I came upon first one thing and then another, so apt to my mood that they might have been put there by some adversary. First it was a very young rabbit—indeed, it was scarcely as long as my hand, which some cruel thing had dragged from its burrow. The back of its head had been bitten open and was torn and bloody, and the flies rose from its oozing wounds to my face like a cloud of witnesses. Then as I went on, trying to distract my mind from the memory of this pitiful dead thing by looking about me for something more agreeable, I discovered a row of little brown objects in a hawthorn bush, and going closer found they were some half-dozen victims of a butcher-bird—beetles, fledgelings, and a mouse or so—spiked on the thorns. They were all twisted into painful attitudes, as if each had suffered horribly and challenged me by the last gesture of its limbs to judge between it and its creator. . . . And a little further on a gaunt, villainous-looking cat with rusty black fur that had bare patches suddenly ran upon me out of a side path; it had something in its mouth which it abandoned at the sight of me and left writhing at my feet, a pretty crested bird, very mangled; that flapped in flat circles upon the turf, unable to rise. A fit of weak and reasonless rage came upon me at this, and seeing the cat halt some yards away and turn to regard me and move as if to recover its victim, I rushed at it and pursued it, shouting. Then it occurred to me that it would be kinder if, instead of a futile pursuit of the wretched cat, I went back and put an end to the bird's sufferings. For a time I could not find it, and I searched for it in the bushes in a fever to get it killed, groaning and cursing as I did so. When I found it, it fought at me with its poor bleeding wings and snapped its beak at me, and made me feel less like a deliverer than a murderer. I hit it with my stick, and as it still moved I stamped it to death with my feet. I fled from its body in agony. 'And this,' I cried, 'this hell revealed, is God's creation!'

"Suddenly it seemed to me that scales had fallen from my eyes and that I saw the whole world plain. It was as if the universe had put aside a mask it had hitherto worn, and shown me its face, and it was a face of boundless evil. . . .

"But now that my eyes have been opened to the wretchedness, futility and horror in the texture of life, I still cling, I cling more than ever, to the spirit of righteousness within me. If there is no God, no mercy; no human kindliness in the great frame of space and time, if life is a writhing torment, an itch upon one little planet, and the stars away there in the void no more than huge empty flares, signifying nothing, then all the more do I cling to this fire of human tradition we have lit upon this little planet.

"LOOK plainly at the world as it is. Most human beings when they are not dying untimely, are suffering more or less from avoidable disorders, they are ill or they are convalescent, or they are suffering from or crippled by some preventable taint in the blood, or they are stunted or weakened by a needlessly bad food supply, or spiritless and feeble through bad housing, bad clothing, dull occupations, or insecurity and anxiety. Few enjoy very long stretches at a time that elementary happiness which is the natural accompaniment of sound health. This almost universal lowness of tone, which does not distress us only because most of us are unable to imagine anything better, means an enormous waste of human possibility; less work; less hopefulness. Isolated efforts will never raise men out of this swamp of *malaise*. . . .

"But most men and women to-day are like beasts caught in a tunnel; they follow base occupations, they trade and pander and dispute, there is no peace in their hearts; they gratify their lusts and seek excitements; they know they spend their lives in vain and they have no means of escape. They have not been sufficiently educated and are not being sufficiently educated to sane understanding and effort. I do not know if any of us realize all that a systematic organization of the human intelligence upon the work of research would mean for our race.

"In a world clarified by understanding, there would be the swiftest, clearest communication of results from worker to worker, the readiest honor and help for every gift. Poor science, which goes about now amid our crimes and confusions like an ill-trimmed, evil-smelling oil lantern in a dark cavern in which men fight and steal, her flickering light, snatched first by this man and then by that, as often as not a help to violence and robbery, would become like the sunrise of a bright summer morning. We do not realize what in a little while mankind could do. Our power over matter, our power over life, our power over ourselves, would increase year by year and day by day.

"YOU may think my mind is fevered because my body is in pain; but never was my mind clearer than it is now. It is as if I stood already half out of this little life that has held me so long. It is not a dream I tell, but a reality. The world is for man, the stars in their courses are for man—if only he will follow the God who calls to him and take the gift God offers. As I sit and talk of these things to you here, they become so plain to me that I cannot understand your silence and why you do not burn—as I burn—with the fire of God's purpose. . . . Once it is lit in a man, then his mind is alight—thenceforth. It rules his conscience with compelling power. It summons him to live the residue of his days working and fighting for the unity and release and triumph of mankind. He may be mean still, and cowardly and vile still, but he will know himself for what he is. . . ."

He stopped abruptly. . . .

AND he realized he was in a dream, a dream that was drawing swiftly now to its close.

"Oh God!" he cried, "answer me! For Satan has mocked me sorely. Answer me before I lose sight of you again. Am I right to fight? Am I right to come out of my little earth, here above the stars?"

"Fight if you dare."

"Shall I conquer and prevail? Give me your promise!"

"Everlastingly you may conquer and find fresh worlds to conquer."

"May—but shall I?"

It was as if the torrent of molten thoughts stopped suddenly. It was as if everything stopped.

"Answer me," he cried.

Slowly the shining thoughts moved on again.

"So long as your courage endures you will conquer. . . .

"If you have courage, although the night be dark, although the present battle be bloody and cruel and end in a strange and evil fashion, nevertheless victory shall be yours—in a way, you will understand—when victory comes.

"Only have courage. On the courage in your heart all things depend. By courage it is that the stars continue in their courses, day by day. It is the courage of life alone that keeps sky and earth apart. . . . If that courage fail, if that sacred fire go out, then all things fail and all things go out, all things—good and evil, space and time."

"Leaving nothing?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing," he echoed, and the word spread like a dark and darkening mask across the face of all mundane things.

The argument evaporated. He carried his point as such points are carried in dreams. The discussion slipped to another of the issues that had been troubling him.

It seemed as though yet another voice was speaking For a while the veil of Satan was drawn aside. The thoughts uttered ran like incandescent molten metal through the mind of Job.

"YOU would plumb the deep of knowledge; you would scale the heights of space. . . . There is no limit to either."

"Then I will plumb and scale forever. I will defeat you."

"But you will never destroy me."

"I will fight my way through you to God."

"And never attain Him." . . .

"So life goes on for ever. And in no other way could it go on. In no other way could there be such a being as life. For how can you struggle if there is certainty of victory? Why should you struggle if the end is assured? How can you rise if there are no depths into which you can fall? The blacknesses and the evils about you are the warrants of reality. . . .

"Through the centuries the voice of Job has complained and will complain. Through the centuries the fire of his faith flares and flickers and threatens to go out.

"But is Job justified in his complaints? . . . The darkness and ungraciousness, the evil and the cruelty, are no more than a challenge to you. In you lies the power to rule all these things. . . ."

Satan ceased speaking, and through the tumbled clouds of Job's mind broke the sunlight of this phrase: "The power to rule all these things. The power to rule——"

Romance-in a Minor Key

By Bruno Lessing

Illustrated by Irma Dérémeaux



Emilio found himself looking down into the bewildered countenance of Mr. Benson.

"TRESSILIAN appeared and made a low and beseeming reverence. His person, as we have elsewhere observed, had an air of grace and even of nobleness, which did not escape Queen Elizabeth's critical observation."

That's the kind of writing we like. There is an aristocratic atmosphere about it—we know perfectly well that rich tapestries ornament the walls and that dukes and lords and stylish ladies are hanging around somewhere. We feel rather flattered, too, to be allowed to know what is going on within the castle walls.

We wish we could write a story about a queen and her court but, alas! we never knew a queen outside of a pack of cards, and the only court with which we are familiar is the "ten-dollars-or-ten-days" establishment.

Our pipe is attuned upon a lower key. Give ear, O ye who believe in Democracy, to the story of Emilio and Marie

CHAP. I

"King Stephen was a worthy peere,
His breeches cost him but a crowne;
He held them sixpence all too deare,
Therefore he call'd the taylor downe."
—PERCY'S RELIQUES.

BATISTO DOMENICO, having obtained the contract for scraping the front of the Benson mansion on Madison Avenue, sent men to fasten ropes to the roof and hoist the swinging scaffold as high as was necessary to enable the workmen to reach the cornice. Then, unexpectedly, good fortune threw another contract into his lap and he told Emilio Pocci that he would have to take care of the Benson job all by himself.

"I no can spare-a da workmen!" said Domenico.

Emilio merely shrugged his shoulders. As long as he was working for five dollars a day it mattered little to him whether he devoted his efforts to one job by himself or to a dozen with other employees. And so it came about that he scraped the Benson mansion all by himself. He began with the cornice, after which he lowered the scaffold, first at one end and then at the other, until he reached the level of the windows of the upper stories. There he scraped and scraped, not too hurriedly, sometimes smoking and sometimes singing. And there he first glimpsed Marie.

Inasmuch as Marie's room was in the rear of the top floor, it is difficult to explain how it happened that she came into the spare room that looked out upon Emilio's scaffold. The opinion of Walker—if Walker's opinion had been asked—would have been that Marie's sixth sense had told her there was a good-looking man outside that particular room. But we haven't come to Walker yet.

Marie was Mrs. Benson's maid. She was French-Canadian, young, and volatile.

"Was she beautiful or not beautiful? And what was the secret of form or expression which gave the dynamic quality to her glance? Was the good or the evil genius dominant in those beams? Probably the evil; else why was the effect that of unrest rather than of undisturbed charm? Why was the wish to look again felt as coercion and not as a longing in which the whole being consents?"

It is thus that George Eliot introduces Gwendolen. Were any writer to introduce a French-Canadian maid employed by the wife of a rich New Yorker in these words he would be considered crazy. Without making any fuss over her, we will let Marie pass as beautiful.

Emilio smiled when he saw her. When Emilio smiled he displayed as fine a set of snow-white teeth as you ever laid eyes upon. Besides which he had wonderful brown eyes with long lashes—a profligate gift of Nature which should rightfully have gone to some aristocrat. Marie smiled in return—and that's how all the trouble began. Emilio doffed his cap and made as graceful a bow as he could without falling off the scaffold. Marie's lips parted as if she were about to say something when a sudden gesture indicated to Emilio that someone in the house was calling her. With a bright smile, a wave of her hand and a flashing glance from her eyes she departed from the room.

Emilio scraped that portion of the house very slowly but the young woman did not return to the room. When he could dally no longer he lowered his scaffold to the story below and there he met his reward. There was Marie in her mistress's boudoir busily occupied in combing Mrs. Benson's dark-brown tresses. She was alone. Mrs. Benson, being wealthy, possessed several sets of tresses.

CHAP. II

"The wildfowl nestled in the brake
And sedges, brooding in their liquid bed!"
BYRON.

MARIE, without hesitation, opened the window and there she and Emilio were face to face. Did Emilio say,

"If I profane with my unworthiest hand
This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this—
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss?"

And did Marie reply,

"Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss?"

No and nix. That, according to Shakespeare, is what Romeo and Juliet said to each other under, practically, the same circumstances. But, you must remember, both Romeo and Juliet belonged to swell families, while Marie was merely a servant and Emilio a stone sand-paperer and scraper.

"Hello!" said Emilio.

"You got a nerve!" said Marie, dimpling.

"What's the matter?" said Emilio (his dialect may be dispensed with even though Marie found it alluring): "I get all through with up there and I got to come down another story."

"My lady went out," said Marie, "and I'm home all alone excepting Mr. Benson's man."

"What day you get off?" asked Emilio. "I take you to the movies."

"I got every Thursday afternoon off and Sundays," replied Marie. "But I don't know you. Maybe you're married."

"Who? Me?" asked Emilio, with an injured air. "I swear."

"Men are such jolliers," said Marie. Emilio shook his head and placed his hand upon his heart.

"When I see your face up-stairs," said he, "my heart give one grand, big jump. I wait for you on the corner Thursday. I make the work go slow. I stay here all week. I get five dollars the day."

Then there followed a long silence during which they looked at each other and smiled. In a higher sphere of society a lady and gentleman who smile at each other in silence are chock full of philosophical or psychological ruminations. They have emotions and attempt to analyze them—or the author does it for them—and their every glance and gesture is "pregnant with meaning" or has an "intriguing significance." But, bless your heart, stone-scrapers and ladies' maids stick much closer to the primitive. Marie merely remained silent for lack of anything to say, while Emilio—having had wide experience—had learned that nothing he could say to a young woman was half as interesting as his own good looks.

On the following Thursday they went to the "movies."

CHAP. III

"Worse than despair,
Worse than the bitterness of death, is hope."
—SHELLEY.

THE day after their outing Emilio had lowered his scaffold another story. Without knowing it he had reached Mr. Benson's library. The window was wide open and Marie was sitting upon the sill, chatting with Emilio.

They were discussing one of the pictures they had seen the day before.

"Don't you think that girl was just beautiful?" asked Marie.

"I no think," replied Emilio, diplomatically. "I think you much more beautiful."

And then, before Marie could make her customary retort, "Quit your jollying!" Emilio observed that she had suddenly grown pink with confusion. Behind her there appeared a figure that Emilio had not ob-

served before. It was Walker, Mr. Benson's *valet de chambre*.

"Oh ho!" he exclaimed. "So this is where you are, is it?"

To be perfectly accurate, it was. Walker had hit the nail upon the head. Had she been elsewhere she would not have become so embarrassed and Walker would not have been so jealous.

"I'm just sitting here," said Marie, in self-defense. This, too, was an accurate statement of fact, but Marie would never have made it had she not felt it incumbent upon her to justify herself.

"Ye'd better be finishing your work," said Walker, sarcastically. "Night before last you was complaining that you didn't get through in time to go out for a walk with me."

Without another word Marie left the room. Walker approached the window and stared at Emilio who returned his stare with good-will. In olden days—and, of course, in a higher walk of life—each would have laid his hand significantly upon the hilt of his sword or twirled his mustache defiantly. As it was, the valet sneered at the stone-scraper.

"You'd better be attending to your business," said he, "or I'll notify your employer."

"You better mind your own business," retorted Emilio, "or I punch you in the nose."

"Both knights," said Sir Walter Scott, "broke their lances fairly, but Front-de-Bœuf, who lost a stirrup in the encounter, was adjudged to have the disad vantage." Inasmuch as Walker lost his temper it is only fair to give Emilio the first round.

Chap. IV

"This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,—
There's nothing true but Heaven."

—Moore

AND now, gentle reader, we must go back a brief space and explain the relation that existed between Walker and Marie. To begin with, Walker was crazy about the French-Canadian maid. He had asked her seventeen or eighteen times to marry him. Several times Marie had said "yes." Most of the times she had said "no." In a dim, remote fashion—one of those subconscious ebullitions, you know—she had an idea that she would marry Walker some day. But she was not eager to think about it or talk about it and, above all, she resented Walker presuming upon it. It was therefore inevitable that they had a grand quarrel over Walker's discovery of her chat with the stone-scraper.

Walker kept his eye on Emilio. He noticed that the Italian was working very slowly and suspected that it was because of Marie. While Walker was in sight. Marie, of course, had no opportunity of conversing with Emilio and this very privation made her more eager to do so. One morning, Walker left Marie in the basement to go to the top floor. A sudden misgiving prompted him to open the window and look out. Surely enough, his suspicions were fulfilled. The bright-red bow which adorned the top of Marie's head protruded from the window on the second floor where the scaffold lay. Emilio had stopped work entirely and, with his hand upon his heart, was talking earnestly to the girl.

"The hussy!" exclaimed Walker, filled with jealous rage. A heavy brass candlestick stood close at hand. Walker seized it and, after a moment's aim, dropped it from the window. Fortunately—or unfortunately, according to how you feel about it—Emilio suddenly moved to seize the girl's hand and the missile struck him upon the shoulder. He looked up but Walker had withdrawn his head. Marie, with a faint scream, fled from the room. For the next hour Emilio swore maladettos with infinite variety. Then he smiled serenely—a real, sweet, Calabrian Black Hand smile Beware, Walker, as you never bewared before!

Chap. V

"I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman."

—Shakespeare.

WHEN his day's work was done Emilio loitered in the neighborhood in the hope of encounter ing Walker, but the valet was taking no chances and remained indoors. Marie came out twice to meet him, but all they did was to remain standing upon the sidewalk, talking. She would not go to the "movies" or even to an ice-cream parlor with him.

"You come with me to Chicago," said Emilio. "We get married and I get a good job."

Marie's refusal was firm. Emilio did very well to flirt with, but did not fit into her ideas of a husband. Besides which she had no yearning for Chicago.

"When I get that Walker," cried Emilio, "I kill him!"

"You'd better be careful," said Marie. "He's very strong. And he's smart, too."

"I cut out the heart," said Emilio, with an air of finality.

The next day, when master and mistress had both left the house, Walker telephoned to Batisto Domenico, Emilio's employer.

"Come around to the house," said he. "I'll show you something. Come in by the basement and don't let your man see you."

Walker himself opened the basement door for Domenico. He led him softly to the top floor and told him to look out of the window. There Domenico beheld the man to whom he was paying five dollars a day sitting idle on the scaffold, conversing with someone in the house whom Domenico could not see. The contractor turned to Walker.

"Who he talk weeth? Da boss?" he asked.

"He's talking to my girl," said Walker, indignantly. "He's doing it all day long."

Domenico gave a shrill whistle. Emilio, startled, looked up and beheld his employer's face gazing down upon him. He sprang to his feet and resumed his work. Then Domenico spoke. It was quite a fluent speech that he made, although Walker could not understand a word of it. The air resounded with the ripple of Calabrian dialect and it must have been effective, for Walker observed that even the back of Emilio's neck had turned red.

"Tell him to leave that girl alone," urged Walker.

"I tell him already worser as that," said Domenico.

"She's engaged to me," explained Walker. Domenico shrugged his shoulders and stretched out his palms.

"That," said he, "ees not my business. You tell that weeth Donna Luino."

"Who is she?" asked Walker, eagerly. Again Domenico shrugged his shoulders.

"I know nossing," he replied. "Emilio ees a loafer. Donna Luino, she work in Morretti restaurant on Mulberry Street."

As a token of his gratitude Walker presented the contractor with a box of Mr Benson's finest cigars. After that he had the satisfaction of seeing that Emilio devoted himself to scraping the front of the building Then Walker, after pondering several hours over the riddle of Donna Luino, telephoned to a cousin of his who, he knew, was out of work. He explained the whole situation to him.

"I wish you'd go down there," he said, "and look her up. Find out who she is and all about it. The chap's name is Emilio—I don't know his last name."

It was hardly an hour later when his messenger telephoned his report.

"She's his wife." he said.



Walker seized a heavy brass candlestick, and took aim.

Chap. VI

"I drink when I have occasion, and sometimes when I have no occasion." Cervantes.

THERE are moments of triumph in a man's life which fill his whole being with a delight that borders upon the ecstatic. In the case of a statesman who has achieved his ambition or an impecunious nobleman whose father-in-law comes across with a million dollars, this state of feeling finds such widespread sympathy that a writer is expected to dilate upon it. No one, however, sympathizes much with a valet, and the fact that Mr. Benson's man was tickled to death leaves us cold.

"Now I'll tell you what to do," he said to his cousin when his mind had grasped the full significance of this news. "Bring her up here to the house. Offer her five dollars, if you have to. Tell her Marie wants to see her."

Donna Luino came. Marie saw her. The lady was somewhat faded and slatternly but had evidently been pretty in bygone days.

"No. I didn't send for you," said Marie, puzzled by the visit. "I don't even know you."

"My husband work[illegible]

If Dandelions Weren't so Common

By Bert Leston Taylor

A FRIENDLY ACT

SOME old timers, doddering ancients like ourself, may recall the scathing denunciation of the demon rum which a friend sent to Bob Ingersoll. It ran:

"My Dear Bob: I send you some of the most wonderful whisky that ever brought a skeleton into the closet, or painted scenes of lust and bloodshed in the brain of man. It is the ghost of wheat and corn, crazed by the loss of their natural bodies. In it you will find a transient sunshine chased by a shadow as cold as an arctic midnight, in which the breath of June grows icy, and the carol of the lark gives place to the foreboding cry of the raven. Drink it, and you shall have 'woe,' 'sorrow,' 'babbling,' and 'wounds without cause.' 'Your eyes shall behold strange women' and your heart shall 'utter perverse things.' Drink it deep and you shall hear the voice of demons shrieking, women wailing, and worse than orphaned children mourning the loss of a father who yet lives. Drink it deep and long and serpents will hiss in your ears, coil themselves about your neck, and seize you with their fangs. At last it 'biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.' For forty years this liquid death has been confined within staves of oak, harmless there as purest water. I send it to you that you may 'put an enemy in your mouth to steal away your brains.' And yet I call myself your friend."

CASUAL observation of incompatibility has led us to the conclusion that, in most cases, one of the wedded pair is incompatible and the other impossible.

THE o. f. pianist who excited one's admiration used to get in everything. Nowadays the interesting pianist is the one who knows what notes *not* to play.

IMMORTELLES

With laughing playful glee,
Love climbed upon the knee
Of gray old Time, who smiled
And gently kissed the child;
And then had set him down,—
But with a pout and frown
Love caught Time's forelock long
Within his handlet strong,
And said, "Before I go,
Swear not again to mow
My posies." . . . Time agreed,
And Love his prisoner freed,
Jumped down and ran to smell
His patch of—immortelle!

LAURA BLACKBURN.



ONE constantly encounters, especially in discussions on European politics, the expression, "smoking in a powder magazine." It is a striking phrase—or was when it was new, back in the seventeenth century; but, of course, nobody ever did smoke in a powder magazine.

FOR HOG FEED, DID YOU SAY? OH, YES

[From the Glen Elder, Kan., Sentinel]

Leslie Booze of Jewell county was down Monday after some rye which he expects to use for hog feed. He bought it of John Maurer, south of town.

OUT of the mouths of babes, and so forth. A child was watching a foursome get away from the first tee of a public golf course. After they had driven, the child observed, with a wisdom far beyond its years: "Mother, those men mustn't want those balls."



A GENTLE REMINDER

[From the Fairmont, Minn., Sentinel]

Corporal Carl Hallstrom of Silver Lake township was pleasantly surprised Sunday afternoon upon his return when five carloads of relatives and friends drove into the yard to remind him of his birthday.

THE Garden Editor doesn't waste much space on book reviews. As for example:

CATALOGUES RECEIVED

Vaughan's Seed Store, Chicago, general catalogue for 1919.

Peter Henderson & Co., New York, flower-bulb importations of 1919.

Not a word about plot—and what is so fascinating as a garden plot? Not a word about "sustained interest"—and where will you find more than in a seed catalogue? At least he might have reported that "the book is attractively bound and profusely illustrated."

IF, when we take our walks abroad, we should happen on a man who failed to remark, when the exuberance of the dandelion was pointed out, "If dandelions weren't so common we'd think they were the prettiest flower that grows,"—if, we repeat, we should meet such a person, which is extremely unlikely, we should certainly assume that something was wrong with him. In fact, we don't think we could be quite comfortable with such a person.

CALL THE BLOODHOUNDS, WATSON!

[From the Stockton, Cal., Record]

W. A. Odor tells the police that someone stole an overcoat out of his machine as it was standing in front of the Poodle Dog dancing arcade. Having an eleven-day start, it is hardly expected that the burglar will be app e hended now.

"MY DEAR, YOU SHOULD SEE HER!"

[From the Omaha Journal-Stockman]

Fred J. Grunkemeyer of Burwell was down yesterday with five loads of cattle of his own feeding. Mr. Grunkemeyer is one of the successful feeders of Nebraska, and has a daughter to be proud of.

A TRAVELER recently reported to us an incident in the lobby of an Oklahoma hotel. Two Choctaws were ugh-ing in their native tongue, when a busybody, overhearing, said to them: "If this country is good enough to live in, talk its language. Cut out that foreign stuff." This recalled an even better incident. A distinguished Chicago surgeon, deceased a few years ago, was one-thirty-second Indian. When his wife was enrolled among the Colonial Dames it was suggested to the doctor that he might qualify as a Mayflower descendant. "Hardly," he replied. "You see, my people were on the reception committee."

OUR friend, the Professor of Psychology, goes to moving pictures to study the average intelligence. We do not suggest that magazine editors and producers of musical comedy follow his example, but they may if they wish to. In pursuit of his *ignus fatheadus* the Professor has made at least one discovery. When a bit of reading matter is flashed on the screen he finds that he can read it three times while the rest of the audience is reading it once. He was surprised to learn from us that other brows as high as himself go to the pictures. We mentioned a number of giant intellects of our acquaintance who are movie addicts. "You amaze me," said the Professor.

"WHY," queries a professorial friend who, in his own words, beguiles an empty leisure by teaching the young idea how to shoot, "why do sword ferns do so well in the windows of undertaking parlors?"

WE CERTAINLY ARE A RUM LOT

[From the Prophetstown Echo]

Frederick Shaney, of Chicago, who has been working on a farm for Albert Specht for a few months, tired of the country life and Thursday was a passenger back to the city. The green trees and the pure air did not have the allurement for him that the high buildings, the befouled air and the crowded streets of the city do. He longed to be back in the crowd where he could be jostled about and all the time be on the lookout for his life. We people are a funny folk, aren't we?

IN THE MONTHS WITHOUT THE "R" MINNIE'S DUTIES ENDED ARE

[From an Oregon exchange]

Miss Minnie Oyster came up from Washtucna, Wash., Saturday, her school having closed the day before, for a few days' visit with friends before leaving for her home in Kelso.



THE versatile person who advertises that he shoes horses and fixes automobiles is matched by a man in Bemidji, Minn., who announces: "Funeral director and licensed embalmer. Picture framing a specialty."

"WHAT'S YOURS?"

"THE old order changeth," the poet said,
Yielding place to the new, my dear.
So, instead of the old,
Which was fizzy and cold,
The new is—well, ginger-beer.

The old order changeth beyond recall.
Dear heart, are you thirsty? Let's stop.
Come! what shall it be—
A jorum of tea,
Or a magnum of lemon pop?



"This lesson so aptly expressed
I inwardly long to digest
I thrill with a yearning
To master such learning
And follow the study with zest."

A study in food values

Dietary science teaches that food does three things—Builds body-tissue, yields energy, regulates the body processes. Few people realize that the last is often the most vital of all.

Food rich in tissue-building properties or of high energy-yield may be useless or even harmful if not properly balanced by regulative food. Here is one chief value of

Campbell's Tomato Soup

It is not only delicious and nourishing, but it supplies basic elements—salts, sugars, and organic acids—which are positively necessary to the normal production of tissue and energy.

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21 kinds **12c a can**

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

How John Bull is Doing It

By Sir Leo George Chiozza Money, M.P.

THE war gave *laissez-faire* its death-blow in the United Kingdom. The outbreak of war found us not only unprepared for war in the military sense, but also unprepared in the industrial sense. The resignation of the control of industrial affairs to private hands found Britain at the end of 1914, in her day of trial, unorganized for large-scale effort and lacking or deficient in many essential industries. In 1915 Mr. Lloyd George established a Ministry of Munitions of War to organize production. Calling in expert assistance, he brought the major industries of the nation under control, furnished them with new capital and plant, directed them to the purposes of war, and succeeded so well that, whereas in the early part of 1915, British soldiers suffered terribly from lack of proper material, in the closing period of the war the supply of munitions more than kept pace with the demand. It was nothing short of an industrial miracle that was accomplished. Old industries were expanded as, for example, when the British steel output was increased by over fifty per cent. New industries were magically created, as, for example, the explosives industry, which was of negligible dimensions when the war began, but which, at the close of the war, had grown to giant proportions. New state factories were built which cost three hundred million dollars. The importation of food and materials came to be a state concern to such an extent that by 1918 nearly the whole of British imports were made on Government account. And when Mr. Lloyd George became Prime Minister at the end of 1916 he formed a Ministry of Shipping which took complete control of the British mercantile marine and used every ship in the cause of the Allies. At the end of the war the British Government had become the greatest capitalist in the country, the greatest shipowner in the country, and the greatest merchant in the country. It had become a *quasi*-Socialist government.

Thus Britain, the foremost exponent of the policy of *laissez-faire*, was compelled in her hour of need to throw overboard the cherished conceptions of the commercial economists and to save herself by the adoption of methods to which she had been determinedly opposed from the beginning of the Industrial Revolution of the eighteenth century.

Not that there had been lacking, during the long years of British industrial history, voices to call attention to the fact that the interest of the private profiteer is often at variance with the public interest, whether in peace or in war. If we go back to that British classic, Mr. G. R. Porter's "Progress of the Nation," which was published in 1845, sixteen years after George Stephenson built his famous locomotive "The Rocket," we find the economic historian writing that "the *laissez-faire* system, which is pursued in this country to such an extent that it has become an axiom with the Government to undertake nothing and to interfere with nothing which can be accomplished by individual enterprise, has been pregnant with great loss and inconvenience to the country in carrying forward the railway system." He went on to direct attention to the splendid results which had then already been achieved in Belgium by a state railway system, remarking that "it is more than probable that if the Belgian railways had been constructed by means of private capitalists the rate of fares would have been much higher than those adopted by the Belgian Government, which has been contented for a time to draw its profit indirectly from the general impetus which so greatly-improved a system of transport could not fail to give to the business of the country, rather than from an immediately remunerative rate of fares."

THE British Government continued to be content, down to the very outbreak of war in 1914, to resign railway transport to private interests which made individual profit and not the public welfare their first concern.

Twenty years later Mr. William Galt published his "Railway Reform," a book in which he denounced the effects of private ownership, pointed to the remarkable fact that the average fares by railway were more than one-half of what they formerly were by stage-coaches, although the cost of transport had been reduced to less than one-twentieth part of what it was by coaches; declared that, whether in respect of trade or private travel, the private railway exactions amounted to a "hostile tariff;" and pleaded for the nationalization of the railway system. He, too, was disregarded.



Painting by George Frederick Watts

"Greed and the Worker."

"Reconstruction" in America is merely a catchword; in Great Britain it is a vast and vital problem. The Sankey Commission, for example, boldly condemned the present ownership of British coal-mines and urged for the workers higher wages and a voice in the management. Sir Leo Chiozza Money, M.P., a member of that Commission, makes here a suggestion or two for Americans

The British Government continued with a policy of timid interference and inefficient regulation. It went as far as establishing excessive maximum charges for the transport of goods. As to passengers, it did, in spite of the bitterest opposition of the railway companies, who declared that it would ruin them, establish a Parliamentary fare, commonly known as "third class," of two cents per mile. But in all the years since the Stockport-Darlington railway was opened in 1825 it was never fully realized that the railway problem was a national one, needing national direction fully as much as the Army or the Navy.

THE construction of the British railways was a fight of greed between landlords and capitalists, with Parliament as a timid intervener. As a result, the railway map of England is a network of engineering absurdities. In some places the railways avoid proper economic routes because great landowners would not hear of locomotives disturbing their properties. In other places competitive lines may be seen running side by side, wasting material and labor. Enormous amounts written out on stock certificates as railway capital, and demanding their annual toll of interest, represent nothing more than wasted effort. Over one thousand millions of dollars of capital stand for the watering of capital by the splitting of stocks. The many railway companies made little or no attempt to coördinate their efforts, so that it is a matter of the greatest difficulty even for an intelligent man to cross from one side of England to the other.

Even more remarkable than the resignation of transport to private controllers was the private exploitation of the coal which made modern Britain. The history of modern industrial wealth, of course, is the history of the coal industry. It was the working of British coal on a large scale toward the end of the eighteenth century which created the Industrial Revolution and gave Britain her great lead, just as it was the subsequent development of the splendid coal measures of Germany and the United States which made them also great industrial nations.

More than one-half of the land of the United Kingdom belongs to only 2,500 people. British law, which for long represented the rule of the landlord, erected the monstrous and amazing doctrine that the landowner is not only the lord of the surface but also lord of that which is below the surface, even though it be a mile deep. The invention of the steam-engine, which made coal-mining possible, gave new wealth to the landlord, and enabled him to levy upon industrial enterprise. The British coal owners, as we call them, of the present day, are for the greater part coal lessees, who pay royalties and wayleaves to the owners of the soil. The exploitation of British coal has been exceedingly wasteful, and although not less wasteful than in the United States, has mattered more to Britain because British coal resources are so much inferior to those of America. The British coal-mines, some 3,000 in number, are controlled by about 1,500 different companies and other proprietors, and the technical methods employed vary from very bad to very good. It is probable that not more than one-third of the British coal-mines are equipped with really up-to date machinery and plant. Only one-tenth of the coal produced is got out by machinery

Coal and transport thus resigned to private interests, it need hardly be said that most other industries went the same road. The central Government runs the Post Office, telegraphs, and telephones. The local authorities in many instances own tramway systems, water works, and gas works, and in some instances electric light and power systems. For the rest, private interests prevail and the enterprise of the nation as a whole is the sum of the rule of good, bad and indifferent capitalists.

The British Labor Party was not slow to read the lessons of the war. At the Trade Union Congress of 1916 the following significant declaration was adopted:

> "The war has proved beyond all doubt the national weakness and danger of our pre-war industrial system and the need for industrial reform. Our vital industries should no longer be left in the hands of capitalists whose first object is profits, and of workers whose first object is wages. Such industries should be regulated by the State in the national interest."

THE line of cleavage between the British Labor Party and the old traditional political parties is summed in these significant words. In every speech and in every writing made by the responsible leaders of the old political factions there is the tacit assumption that the British nation is to remain a competitive society, in which industry is to continue as a process carried on by private soldiers of fortune, employing the masses of the people to work for them under the conditions in which Government is to interfere as little as possible. The capitalists are to remain the real governors of the people, while the Government, making an affectation of rule, is to leave the masses under the real governance of the owning classes and to do whatever patching up may be necessary by way of what is called Social Reform, which amounts to more or less generous social doles in mitigation of a condoned poverty.

The Labor Party contends that only through Industrial Democracy—the public ownership and control of the means of life—can we secure a true social equilibrium, with the possession by every worker of self-respect in work derived from a complete citizenship in which political enfranchisement expands into industrial enfranchisement.

The British Socialism of the war was a bureaucratic thing which was amazingly successful in organization and production for the purposes of war. The British Labor Party seeks more than that in

It is out, not merely for the nationalization of railways, mines and the great industries, but for the association of the worker, through his trade organization, with the conduct of industry.

On the outbreak of war the British Government exercised its powers under a purely military measure, the Regulation of the Forces Act of 1917, to take temporary possession of the railways. They were placed under the control of an executive committee of railway managers, under the chairmanship of the President of the Board of Trade. The companies were guaranteed their pre-war profits, while the Government made the freest use of the lines for war purposes. The close of the war found the companies in a parlous condition. Wages had been doubled during the war and this, together with the growth of other expenses, had wiped out their pre-war net profit of nearly two hundred and fifty million dollars per annum. It was clear that the old system could not continue, and at the end of February, 1919, a Bill was brought in to establish a Ministry of Ways and Communications, with Sir Eric Geddes, late First Lord of the Admiralty, in control.

THIS measure is a very ambitious one. It transfers to the Ministry the control not only of the railways, but of canals, roads, bridges, harbors and docks, and last, but not least, the supply of electricity. The bill, which will undoubtedly pass into law, does not actually nationalize the railways, for that cannot be done under its terms without the consent of Parliament, but it is quite certain that nationalization must follow. In the meantime organization and coördination are to be proceeded with, and the companies are to be guaranteed for two years longer their pre-war profits. As to labor, a promise has been given, if in vague terms, for the association of the trade unions in an advisory capacity. The vested interests touched by this great measure have a capitalization of some thing like ten thousand million dollars, and the Bill was at first threatened with violent opposition. In the House of Commons, however, Sir Eric Geddes, by a plain statement of the existing anomalies and absurdities of the British transport system, won a complete victory, and the opponents did not venture to go to a division.

Sir Eric Geddes boldly declared that the era of competition in transport was gone, and that Parliament must logically put every means of transportation under one control to effect necessary economies. He denounced the wasteful haulage which obtains, with the absurd transportation and shunting of about 1,500,000 little railway trucks, one-half of which were actually owned not by the railways themselves but by private traders, entailing shuffling and reshuffling and the waste of the greater part of the working life of the wagons and of the locomotives condemned to the unnecessary haulage. He demonstrated the necessity of duly coördinating every sort and kind of transportation with all terminals of whatever sort.

Not the least significant part of the measure is the control of electricity supply, the projected electrification of the entire British railway system, and finally of all work needing power. And this brings me to the use and control of coal.

EARLY in 1919, the Miners' Federation of Great Britain formulated a demand for a higher standard of life, and for the nationalization and democratic control of the coal-mining industry. As to wages and hours, the demand was for a 30 per cent. advance in earnings, combined with the shortening of the working day from a nominal eight hours to a nominal six hours. The Government made an offer to pay a 10 per cent. advance, which was instantly rejected, and a national strike was threatened. An Act of Parliament establishing a Coal Industry Commission was rushed through to meet a grave situation. This Commission, of which I had the honor to be a member as a nominee of the Miners' Federation, sat from day to day during long hours for three weeks, with very remarkable results. It had a judicial chairman in the person of Mr. Justice Sankey; the six representatives of the Labor interests were faced by three coal owners and three other capitalist members, representing respectively steel, engineering, and shipping. On March 20th, three reports were presented. The majority report was made by the six labor men, who reported that the miners' demands were not excessive and that the principle of nationalization should be at once affirmed and determined in principle and considered in detail at subsequent sittings. Mr. Justice Sankey, with the three independent capitalists, presented a report recommending the immediate concession of a very large part of the miners' demands as to wages and hours, and condemning the present system of ownership and working in the coal industry. The three coal owners presented a report of their own, in which they offered the miners an additional 36 cents per day and a reduction of one hour per day in the working time, while as to nationalization they found themselves unable to pronounce any judgment upon the evidence so far taken.

Upon the presentation of these reports the Government accepted that of the Chairman, and the Miners' Federation, recognizing that it conceded a great part of their program, accepted it. The most significant thing about these three interim reports is that two of them, the majority report and the report of the chairman, representing in all ten of the thirteen members of the commission, condemned the present system of working British coal. The six members signing the majority report termed it "extravagant and wasteful," adopting the term which had been applied to it by Sir Richard Redmayne.

THAT amounts to a great triumph for the principles for which the British Labor Party contends, and there is no question whatever that it is now only a question of time, and at that not even a matter of any considerable time, before the principles of Industrial Democracy are applied to the industry which lies at the root of modern wealth production in the United Kingdom.

Beyond railways and coal, the other major industries await the hand of the industrial reformer. It is not a little curious that many people are so quick to see waste in railway competition and in coal competition and slow to see it in other industries. For the truth is, that while the British railway system, or lack of system, has been wasteful, and while British coal-getting can only be described as a spendthrift institution, these industries have been run on lines which spell economy itself when compared with the degree of waste which exists in other industries. The very nature of railway running and coal-getting compels a certain economy, whereas the overlapping and waste of material and labor which obtains in commercial work as a whole is stupendous. The secrets of the coal industry exposed at the sittings of the Coal Commission, gave the public a great shock, but a much greater sensation would be caused if we could have a public investigation of the waste which obtains in connection with the production and distribution of food, or of furniture, or of hardware.

The British Labor Party, therefore, seeks to abolish Capitalism and to substitute Industrial Democracy as the only means of giving full citizenship, self-respect, and a proper sense of social responsibility to the individuals of a modern industrial state.



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The Wild Goose

Concluded from page 39

Then occasionally flashing a torch, he followed a path which he had explored earlier in the day and which led to the edge of the little clearing in which Fenn's house stood. At that point he sat down to wait until one hour and a half after all the lights in Fenn's house had been extinguished.

But, since he had eaten nothing since early morning, hunger (he did not know that it was hunger) disturbed him and made him restless.

About eight o'clock a light shone in the window of Tam's room. Now and then a shadow, as of something vast and spectral, came between the light and the window. Manners shook and trembled jerkily like a man with a chill. He strained every faculty to try and catch a sound of her voice. But could not.

The light in her window went out.

"What does God think of all this?" he wondered. "Here sit I, alone in the cold. Yonder in the warm house my wife sits with another man. For whole days I have passed up and down before the vigilant tribunal of my own conscience, turning as I passed that nothing of me might be hid. I have done wrong. I have been a fool. But I have done right, and I have been wise. I have done nothing which in any way justifies the torture to which I have been subjected——"

His meditation melted into argument and interrogation—half-earnest, half-whimsical.

"Now upon my soul and honor," he thought, "I do not know if what I intend to do this night is right or wrong. Give me a sign."

There stole suddenly and quietly and sweetly out of the house, as familiar to him as any of his most happy and impassioned and heart-breaking memories, the prelude to a little song. Diana's voice followed. And a wild thrill went through his blood.

Why it should have surprised Manners to learn that Ogden Fenn had a beautiful voice is unknown. Yet it is doubtful if anything in this world could have surprised him much more.

When a flash of his torch upon the face of his watch showed that after the extinction of the last light a full hour and a half had passed, he rose to his feet, and for a few moments stood and looked upward at the amazing scarf of stars that is flung across the Nubian shoulders of the night.

He spoke aloud in his quiet, well-bred voice:

"Am I about to do right or wrong?"

As is customary when men turn their faces upward and ask questions, there was no answer:

"Very well, then," said he. "Here goes!"

TAM waked. She could see that a head and shoulders were framed in her window. They were black and flat as if cut out of cardboard. There was just enough starlight to outline them.

She came of gallant stock. And she was the proud possessor of an electric torch. She pointed this at the black cardboard head, and touched the button. In the scientific miracle of the flash the flat cardboard changed into reliefs, and modelings and chiselings. It changed into the face that she loved best in all the world.

There was a wonderful story smiling in her father's eyes and about his mouth. The smiling seemed to say to her "silence—courage."

For the protection of his isolated house Ogden Fenn kept in one corner of his room a double-barreled twelve-gauge shotgun loaded with number eight shot.

In raising the ladder to the window, it had made one sharp rasping sound against the shingled side of the house. This sound had waked Fenn and brought him, gun and all, on bare-foot tiptoe into Tam's room. He had looked out of the window and down. He had discovered the ladder and the bulk of a man in the act of ascending it. Then he had backed away and crouched low, and there he was all this time, his gun leveled. He had no intention of shooting. It was in his mind to get the drop on the housebreaker, arrest him and turn him over to justice. He was not in the least frightened, but he was nervous and trembling, which was only natural.

The flash of light which had revealed the father to the daughter revealed to Odgen Fenn the man he had so wronged and outraged. And he did the thing which of all things in this world he would have wished the least to have done. He pulled both triggers of his gun.

The effect of no weapon is more frightful than that of a shotgun at three or four feet. Of Frank Manners's face when they came to him lying on his back at the foot of the ladder there was nothing left that was recognizable. But Diana recognized him instantly.

There they stood, those two, in their nightgowns and bare feet, looking at the dead man where he lay—between them.

Had you stood behind Fenn so that he was between you and the lantern which he had stood on the ground you might have noticed how badly knocked the man's knees were and how they kept on knocking. It needed no effect of any transparency to show that the woman with the beautiful dishevelled hair was far gone with child..

Indeed, it was to be born to her as the crowning horror of that night—a child without life.

The man kept trying to say something. He got it out finally:

"Don't look like that! I had a *right* to shoot. Every man's home is his castle. . . ."

"This man's home was *his* castle," said Diana. "But we stormed it, and on its ruins we founded the ruins of our own. You and I don't matter. We've got to think of Tam and no one else. She must *not* know."

But Tam knew very well. She knew very well too what that wonderful smiling upon her father's face had meant.

"Silence—Courage."



Tam stood up before them all and recited a queer little set of verses.

She never cried. She never let them see that she didn't believe the carefully graduated lies which they felt in all honor bound to tell her. But the shock spoiled her sweet and good little life for her. It made her a little queer—morbid, her teachers said.

In Frank Manners's pocket stained with blood that had leaked in from the cataclysm that had been his fate, they found the last letter that Tam had written to him—the one that she had signed "Your loving friend and daughter." On the face of the letter he had scribbled some verses. It was a habit he had.

The letter disappeared.

One day, the following winter, it was recitation-day for the little girls in Tam's class, and when it was Tam's turn to recite she stood up before them all, and with a queer little break in her voice she recited the queerest little set of verses that ever came out of a queer little child's mouth:

"Don't sing any hymns, don't pray any prayers,
Don't lick the boots of any God for me.
I'm too tired to climb even golden stairs,
When I die, just let me be.

"On the deep-sea floor I'd as lief be laid,
As lief in the sour ground;
I don't give a damn where the bed is made,
If the sleep I sleep be long enough and sound."

* * * * * *

"This life is nothing," Frank Manners had read in the big book that he had found in the hotel. So far as we are adults and life is a question of feeling that is true enough. Manners was a grown man, and what you did to him, Diana, doesn't matter *too* much. But what is to be done to those who through selfishness and love of excitement do worse things than that, Diana? What are you and Fenn going to say to St. Peter who guards the gate when you appear before him, and he reminds you—you and your second man "looking sheepishly and with goat's eyes askance"—reminds you that you spoiled the life of a little child?

And you two, naked as the days upon which you were born (and with the disadvantage of being by now sixty or seventy years old)—you two, holding wrinkled hating hands will answer with one voice:

"We acknowledge that sin that is upon us, oh mighty saint. But in the agony that we have suffered in all our lives thereafter have we not suffered enough?"

And perhaps he, the old saint with the gimlet eyes, will say unto you:

"Enough! *What* do you take me for?"

And there will step forward attendants with pitchforks.

You will turn perhaps, Diana, even as they are prodding your poor wrinkled old body toward the mouth of the pit, and you will ask: "St. Peter, where is my *husband?*"

"WELL, he was part of the put-up job," says the saint, "and there was too much ego in him, too. He had a good sound taste of what happens to men who try to separate little girls from their mothers; but after Tam had been here a month or so—well, she made no complaints—wouldn't say *what* was wrong.—But one night the Lord God, He couldn't sleep for thinking of her sad, bereft little face and He made her talk in *her* sleep. And she told Him. So we sent for your husband, and when those two met the Lord God turned away, and Jesus wept."

"Is she happy now?"

"She is happy."

There is a flash of your old-time beauty in you, Diana, as you fling your head high, and fling back at the saint:

"*Then* I don't care how hot the fire is, or how long it burns!"

And now surely methinks the old saint will take pity on you, Diana.

"They're not *quite* happy," he calls. "All day they sit in a field of asphodels and talk about *you*. . . . Come back here a second."

Then he whispers:

"The gate's ajar and I'm not looking."

"Oh, Saint Peter—Saint Peter—I thought that if I stuck to *this* man through thick and through thin that I could redeem all my sins and wickedness. And I have stuck when I thought that I must go mad. I don't see how I can chuck him now, anyway not at the mouth of the pit."

"In that case, my dear, since he's only been dead about a second, let's make out that the automobile only killed *you* and that it threw him into a cataleptic trance. I'll send him back to little old New York with a word or two of good advice. For many a man still thinks himself a young buck at seventy. . . . He's got a *chance* if he does *right* from now on. Quick, in with you, while I'm not looking."

When is a woman too old to be interested in a man? She must be older than you, Diana? And, ere you flash through the gate like a white homing pigeon, I seem to hear a note of the wonderful mirth that was once in your voice, and to see you snatch a kiss from the crusty old saint.

THE END.



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My Mornings with Edwin Booth

The Tellings of Henry E. Dixey—VIII

WELL, in the summer of 1887, when I got back from my three months' run in London, Rice didn't have a penny. In the end, therefore, instead of giving all his time to my production, I had to put up all the money for him. Rice said he would pay back this twenty-four thousand dollars out of the profits, but he never did. We thought the public would not believe us if we advertised a twenty-four-thousand-dollar production, so we advertised it as the "Twenty-Thousand-Dollar Production"; and even so a great many wiseacres pooh-poohed at the statement.

Miles and Barton had no money, Rice had no money, while I, on the other hand, was off on the road playing to big business in "Adonis," so I had to foot all the bills, which were something fierce.

In an effort to mend matters Rice then put on "The Pearl of Pekin." In San Francisco the season before I had bought an entire Chinese theater wardrobe—some of the most beautiful dresses I had ever laid my eyes on before or since. I bought them all and sent them on East; also I sent Louis Harrison to play the principal part. But "The Pearl of Pekin" was a failure in spite of the costumes. It did a bad enough business to start with; and to clinch matters, Rice took the ads out of four or five New York newspapers that had spoken slightingly of our opera. You can imagine the friendly help we got from the newspapers thereafter.

When I finally got back East again I went on up to Boston to take a well-earned rest and to see my family and meet my old friends. Naturally I called on my old manager, John Stetson. Among other things, he said, "Say, there's a fellow over here who has got the Bijou now, and is making lots of money. He comes around the hotel once in awhile after the show, and I'd like to have you meet him some time."

That very night Stetson and I were having a bite at the old Reynolds House when in came a man with a bald head. Stetson beckoned to him; the man walked over and sat down; Mr. Stetson introduced him.

"This is Mr. Keith, Mr. Dixey."

"Oh, how are you, Mr. Dixey?" said Mr. Keith, "I've got your old theater where you made such a success as *The Lord Chancellor*."

"Yes," said Stetson, "and making more money than you did."

"Oh, no," said Keith, "I'm doing very well, but not that well."



Yours Truly as *The Lord Chancellor* in "Iolanthe."

MR. KEITH had then playing in the Bijou Milton Aborn's Opera Company. (Only I don't think it really was his company in those days. If I remember rightly, Aborn was just playing the comedy parts in the comic operas; they were condensed and he played them three or four times a day.)

I said, "Are you going to continue in the comic-opera line, Mr. Keith?" He said, "No, I don't think I will. I think I'm going to put in a lot of variety acts. You don't have any trouble with them. With a comic opera you have to get costumes, property, and a good orchestra. But variety performers bring their own music, bring their own props, and they're all good. They've got to be good, or we won't bill them."

Mr. Stetson asked, "About what do you play to—what do you make a week?" and Mr. Keith answered carelessly, "Oh, I think I clear about a thousand dollars a week." He had a glass of wine with us, and after a few minutes' more conversation left. Stetson looked at me and said, "Well, Bubby, what do you think of that? There's a fellow making fifty thousand dollars a year—no risk at all—no trouble—and look at what I do? I put on big productions, and work my head off, and if I made a thousand dollars a week I would be more than satisfied."

I said, "Well, you old fool, you did what he was doing years ago. Why didn't you stick to it?" That was true, for Mr. Stetson at the old Howard Theater used to give the greatest variety I have ever seen, before or since. Stetson said, "Oh, yes, but that's gone by." I said, "No, it hasn't gone by. This man is doing it. The only way he's got the best of you is that he stays on the spot, keeps a clean establishment, whereas you cater to men and to the older folks; this man is catering to ladies and children and at a small price."

"Well," said Stetson, "what would you suggest?" I replied, "I suggest that you turn your Globe Theater (which was then a very big theater) into the same style of entertainment at the same prices, only you can do it five times better than Keith, because you've got a big theater, and he has only a little theater. You can play to eight thousand dollars a week, thereby making four thousand dollars a week; and you can do it not only in Boston, but you can get a theater in New York, and one in Philadelphia, one in Buffalo, and one in Cleveland and right straight through the country to Chicago. You can call it 'Stetson's Popular Variety Shows.'"

"Oh," said Stetson, "you're crazy; it would take too much money." I replied, "No, it won't; it won't take any money at all, because with these variety performers you wouldn't have to furnish any props or costumes; all you would have to furnish would be scenery; and one big thing that would be a great improvement on Mr. Keith's idea is a really good orchestra—he only has a piano. You could formulate it now (it was then about July), open the first of September and spring it on the public at once all over this country. I will help you (although I had my own enterprise at the time I would have done anything for Mr. Stetson). I am going to New York in a few days, and I'll see the agents and corral all the best variety performers in the country. Keith won't interfere with you because he doesn't have the best; all he has is the cheap variety people."

It is a strange thing for some reason Stetson couldn't see my idea at all, yet in after years Keith got rich doing exactly what I had suggested to Stetson.

Stetson was a most peculiar man. I remember John Hoey, then president of the Adams Express Company, who came to me during my run of "Adonis" and said, "Dixey, would you like to own a theater in New York?" I said, "I wouldn't mind."

"Well," continued Hoey. "I'll sell you the Academy of Music for three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. You can pay me five thousand dollars down, and make the rest of the payments to suit yourself."

I had about fifty thousand dollars free at the time, and was considerably tempted. When I met Stetson at the Brunswick Hotel that night, I called him aside and said, "I've got a chance to open a theater."

He said, "What is it?"

I told him.

He said, "Oh, that's too far downtown—I don't care about the Academy of Music."

I went on, "Yes, but Fourteenth Street will be a big thoroughfare some day, and the property alone is worth the price. Mr. Hoey is my friend and will let me have it on easy payments. Do you want to go in? I'll give you half of it."

"Yes," he replied. "I'll do that." Just think of it! All he had to do was to put up twenty-five hundred dollars, and I the same. "I'll meet you to-morrow morning," I said, "and we will settle the matter."

I met him but he said, "No, I guess I won't do that; I've got plenty in New York; I don't care enough about it."

That night I met E. G. Gilmore in the Brunswick. "What are you so blue about?" he asked me. I answered, "Oh, I'm mad at Stetson. I had a great idea, and could buy a theater here; I wanted to let Stetson in on it; he said he would, and now he won't."

"What is it?" asked Gilmore, and I, like a big kid, told him the whole scheme. He said, "Then you are not going to do it?" I replied, "No, I'll give up the whole thing."

Gilmore walked out, met Eugene Tompkins of Boston, and told him about it. Tompkins said, "I'll go in on that scheme." They put up the first five thousand dollars, and the property never cost them another cent, for "Den" Thompson came into their new theater with "The Old Homestead" and played to such vast sums that Gilmore and Tompkins just turned the receipts over to Hoey until they had paid off the entire three hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

They say that the rent of the Academy of Music even now is one hundred thousand dollars a year. (And I could have had it for $2,500! Yet they say actors are not good business men!) Stetson could also have bought Booth's Theater on the corner of Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue for five hundred and twenty thousand dollars, but he wouldn't do it. Afterward it sold for one million dollars.

Stetson, as I have said, was a very peculiar man. He would never make a will. One summer he went abroad with his wife, and his friends said, "Have you made your will?" He was very superstitious, and answered, "If I make my will, I may die." I suggested, "If you don't make your will, I'll bet that the people you don't like will get all of your money, and the people you do like will never get a cent." He said he didn't see how that could possibly come about and laughed away the subject. When he died of pneumonia years afterward, his mother-in-law got half the money and his cousin, to whom he never spoke, got the rest, and the people who loved him and helped him to make money never got a cent.

ONE morning at breakfast as I ran through the mail I was delighted to find this note:

"The Players,
"16 Gramercy Park.

"MY DEAR HARRY:

"*Mr. Booth is desirous of seeing you here as a member of this Club. Will you let me add my sincere wishes, and tell me if I may propose your name? I think you would enjoy the membership.*

"Sincerely yours,

"OTIS SKINNER."

As Mr. Booth was president, he could not propose anyone for membership, but he could, of course, ask a member to do so for him. I certainly took advantage of this request, and have been a member of the club ever since 1880.

Just one other incident to show you what a dear, sweet nature had Edwin Booth. I was playing in "The Solicitor" at the time, but had not made a very great furore. One Saturday night Charles Proctor

(then a young painter) and I went to the Players for supper. We sat at the large table. Mr. Booth and Mr. Bispham sat at a small table near the wall some distance away. We were eating and chatting, "Charlie" and I, when I felt someone behind me, and I looked up, and with his hand on my shoulder stood Edwin Booth.

I started to rise. He said, "Don't get up," which of course I did, and tried to introduce "Charlie," who dropped his knife and fork and the contents of his plate into his lap, struggling to his feet.

Booth said, "I hope you are well and are enjoying the club." I told him I loved it. I did, and always have.

"You are well?" I asked. He said, "No," and in his pathetic way began to tell me all his ills. I tried to impress him that I thought he looked very well for a sick man. He said, "You must come in mornings and see me, and we will have a chat. You know many old boys in the profession; and as I get about so little you can tell me what is going on in the world I love so much." Shaking my hand most cordially, he left arm in arm with Bispham, looking neither to the right nor left at anybody.

Now Booth did that only because he thought I felt badly over the failure of the play, and, badly as he himself felt, wanted to cheer me up. I sat down a very pleased man.

Mr. Booth would sit in a big armchair mornings and read his paper under a window. I would go out of my way at times to go down to the Players just to cheer him up. One morning I brought in a guest whom I'll call "George." Mr. Booth was in his customary seat, paper in front of him, when I entered. I always saluted him in this manner:

"Good-morning, Governor! I know you are well this morning." Before he could answer I would spring the latest *mot* or bit of news, and quietly leave him to his paper. This morning, after my salutation, with my guest "George" just behind me, I commenced in the voice of a side-show barker:

"Yes, George, this is the Players. In front of you is a picture of Mr. Edwin Booth by Sargent, presented by E. C. Benedict. Thomas Bailey Aldrich has written a poem about it which you will see here on the side. Mr. Booth's legs seem very long in the picture; the reason is that Mr. Booth didn't stand for the picture, but Mr. Benedict did; and after the artist got through pulling the donor's leg he thought he would give the subject a little of the same medicine. Now, on the right, George, you will see a picture of Edwin Forrest. It is not a painting, George; it is a colored photograph. Some day we are going to have a painting of that great man. Here on the tables in front of you are all the periodicals of the day—all the magazines. Now, George, if you will step with me upstairs to the library, I think I can interest you greatly. Mr. Booth, Mr. Barrett, Mr. Gilbert, and several other collectors have given their books to this library. And the most wonderful thing, George, in the library you will see from one to two hundred actors studying and reading these wonderful books!"

I looked over at Booth, and his paper was shaking, he was shaking and chuckling all over himself. Actors studying! Humph! The only one that ever took advantage of the library was an old business man who used to go to sleep there every day after lunch.

I THEN pointed to the dining-room and said, "George, there the members get their meals very reasonably—and some take all their meals, and some room in the Club, thereby becoming fixtures, so much so that when any member comes in who has other clubs and other duties to perform and only drops in once in a while although he may otherwise be very great in his profession—he is looked upon by the habitués as an outsider. Hence, we do not see many of the big men of our profession here nowadays. You must know, George, that when a rank-and-file actor gets in a position where he thinks he is safe, he likes to take a mallet and smash the big actor who is really the cause for his being there at all."

Mr. Booth was the king of the "Gypsies." John Drew has his crown now, and well he wears it. One night Mahlon Pickering, once an actor himself, but then a business man, Mr. Booth and myself were all alone in the reading-room of the Club, and I got the Governor laughing over my quips and jests, so much that he entered into the spirit of it and told some jokes himself.

Now, I was brought up with story-tellers, but Mr. Booth that night made me forget I ever heard any. Such facial expression! Such unction! Such delicacy and description, and all of it telling of a visit he had to a dentist!

"It was shortly after my father died," he related, "and as you gentlemen must know, there were many tragedians in America who thought that they could fill his shoes. Well, somehow or another I got into those shoes—much too large for me, of course—yet I wallowed around in them, and the public never seemed to look down at my feet. So they came to see me.

"I must tell you that J. B. Roberts, of Philadelphia, was himself a tragedian of some note, and he, among the others, could not see where I came in.

"Well, one day while I was playing in Philadelphia, an awful toothache set in suddenly. I was suffering so, I ran out for relief. The first dentist's sign I saw was a 'Dr. Roberts.'

"I rushed into the office and said to him, 'Help, help, Doctor, or I die!' His face seemed strangely familiar, so I went on, 'I am Mr. Booth. I am playing here and must be right for to-night, as I have a long, tragic *rôle* to enact. You must understand that I want you to do all you can to ease my suffering.'

"He said, 'Sit down!' as a lawyer might to a culprit on trial for his life. I did so, he eyeing me the while. He opened my mouth and looked in.

"'Humph—ulcerated tooth!' Then he began to tinker and talk. 'So you are Edwin Booth, eh?'

"With my mouth full of his fingers I agreed.

"'You are doing quite well, eh?' I grunted. He put something in the gum under the tooth which eased me, in fact really took away the pain. But he had a reason, for this was his next question:

"'The tooth above—you will lose it if it is not filled at once.' Feeling so at peace with the world now that the pain had left the other tooth, I said, 'I have time if you have. Won't you fill it?'

"He said it would give him much pleasure. He first drilled the lining out of the tooth, touching the nerve once or twice [Booth's face at this took on an awful expression], and then started in to fill it. Up to this time he had been silent. But when he commenced filling, he let the cat out of the bag! 'Why is it,' he demanded savagely, 'that my brother does not find the public more responsive?'

"Bang, went his mallet on the gold he was hammering into my tooth.

"I tried to tell him I didn't know, when—Bang! again.

"'He is a great actor'—Bang!—'and I know what acting is'—Bang!—'for I have studied' Bang!"

[At every bang dear Booth's intellectual head went back and his eyes—oh, those sad, lovable eyes—rolled up and his hands clenched and his body squirmed.]

"I FINALLY managed to say, as Dr. Roberts was reaching for another piece of filling—'I can't tell the public what they should like. But I do wish you would go a little easier on my tooth!'

"He pushed my head back, opened my mouth and commenced the anvil chorus anew: 'I know my business, Mr. Booth, as well as you know yours,' and, *sotto voce*, reaching for some instrument with his back turned to me, said, 'and a damned sight better.'

"I was very angry, but the scene was so humorous I couldn't go. [No one had a keener sense of humor than the great man.] So I decided to grin and bear it.

"'I've seen them all!'—Bang!—'I've never seen anyone on the stage'—Bang! 'and I haven't seen you yet' Bang! 'that was a patch on my brother'—Bang! —'He should have taken your father's place.'—Bang!—'It belongs to him!'—Bang!

"He had finished with me, or I called a halt, I don't know which now, but I remember paying him in silence. Then, thanking him for his trouble, I was about to leave when he resumed:

"'The time will come, Mr. Booth, and that shortly, when New York will come in droves to Philadelphia to see the greatest tragedian of all times—Mr. J. B. Roberts.' I murmured, 'No doubt,' and as the doctor still wore a malignant look I made a hasty exit."

"They wouldn't let me play comedy, but kept me in tragic *rôles* when I just loved to play comedy."

This too was said that night by Booth, not as the leading tragedian of the world but just as a big boy would say, "I loved gingerbread and I never got any!"

Oh, he was a dear soul! And so many bores about him and asking him continually how he felt. A nice thing to ask a sick man! Whenever I saw one of these Intellectuals at work on Mr. Booth, I'd walk up to him as if I were his secretary and say, "Pardon me, Mr. Booth, those papers must be signed and posted before twelve," and he would drop to the idea and say, "Thank you, I shall attend to it at once," and then get away from his persecutors. It became a standing joke, and often when he would see me he'd say, "And the papers—you still have the papers?" And I'd say, "Yes, and you must sign them."

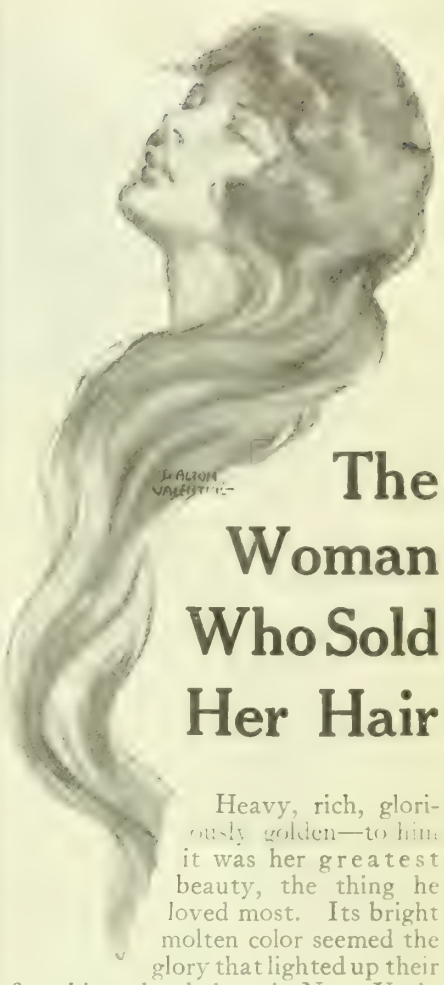
It was not always fun, however. I had many serious talks with Mr. Booth. He told me many things which have benefited me in after years; also many things of a private character of which there is no use to speak. A man with many sad happenings in his life, who bore them as a brave, lovable soul.

THE
HEAVEN
I BELIEVE
IN

By

SIR ARTHUR
CONAN DOYLE

In the next number of Hearst's for September



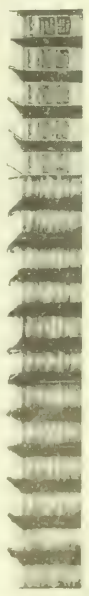
The Woman Who Sold Her Hair

Heavy, rich, gloriously golden—to him it was her greatest beauty, the thing he loved most. Its bright molten color seemed the glory that lighted up their first bitter hard days in New York. And yet one day, a silly whim—a glorious sacrifice—its whole golden wealth was gone. But there was left behind a great light. Of all the 274 stories that he wrote none is more surprising, none is more inspiring than this one by

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"V" is his Middle Initial

(Concluded from page 37)

Three months later the pacifist wrote to the officer somewhat in this fashion: "You've made me believe in military training. You've made my boy a real man. But I still don't believe in war." To which the officer replied tersely: "Thanks. Neither do I, if it can be avoided with honor."

FATALISM is another noticeable quality. You are plugged by a bullet or you are not. You go to France or you don't. You get an opportunity to really put something across or you don't. It is all on the knees of the gods.

Readiness to listen. I doubt if any group of doctors or lawyers or business men would so readily, indeed so eagerly, welcome the comments of a layman as your Regular Army Officer has welcomed the suggestions of civilian officers these last two years. There is always a quick comeback, however,—"What do you suggest instead?" If you haven't a reply ready, the worse for you. He is rightly impatient of merely destructive criticism. But he has learned a whole lot, these war-years, from civilians temporarily in uniform, and he admits it with a grace which many civilians in uniform have not shown toward him.

Defects? The defects of his qualities, to begin with. He is too conservative, too prone to cling to the tried-and-true thing, too doubtful of experiment and change. "It can't be done, because it hasn't been done." He carries his army pride, fine as it is, farther than is good for either him or the service. He depends too strongly perhaps on his own shrewd horse-sense at times when he needs instead the expert knowledge of specialists.

He has had "West Point martinets," and "favoritism," and "red-tape," and "passing the buck" hurled at him lately from various quarters.

My experience is that if you report to an officer who ranks you, and he says: "Hello, old man. What's on your mind?" he's a regular. If he frowns and barks stiffly: "Well? Well, sir?" he's a reserve officer, trying overhard to live up to his insignia. Of course Your Regular Army Officer believes in discipline. It is a vital part of the game. And a more undisciplined mob of potentially top-class fighting-men probably never put on uniforms than the men who became under his drilling, the forever-wonderful doughboys of San Mihiel and the Argonne. But—"martinets"? I ran across just one regular I'd everlastingly hate to serve under, one out of, say, a hundred or more. That is probably a fair general proportion. It is largely a matter of the individual. There are martinets, you know, in every-day civilian business.

"Favoritism," meaning favoritism for regulars and against reserve officers? I would guess that the number of regular officers who feel that they didn't get what they deserved in the war is proportionately higher than the number of disgruntled reserve officers. Only the regulars don't talk about it. I don't know the figures, but I'd wager that proportionately as many regulars as reserve officers were sent back for somehow failing to fill the bill. One of the finest regulars I know, a man of recognized worth and ability, a Brigadier-General in France, was demoted and sent back to this country as a Colonel, in the midst of the fighting. No one is complaining about him, least of all he himself. He is plodding along as before, doing what he is ordered to do, going where he is sent. And it meant a thousand times more to him than it could to any civilian officer. Soldiering is his profession. Here was his one great chance. And he was sent back. No word from him but a cheery one. All in a day's work. Somebody else took his chance. Was it "favoritism"?

"Red-tape"? Oh, Lord, yes. You trip in it every way you step. How the army waded through it to France and victory is a miracle. As a matter of fact the army, with civilian help, *cut* its way through it. Part of it is tradition, but most of it is forced upon the army by the civilian government in Washington. The latter part Your Regular Army Officer dislikes as much as anyone can. The traditional share he will defend. Of course it impedes his efficiency, but, compared with any of the civilian departments I have seen laboring also under governmental red-tape, Your Regular Army Officer and Navy Man is a marvel of efficiency.

AS to the genial diversion of "passing the buck," even the most adventurous civilian became promptly cautious about taking any more personal responsibility than was absolutely necessary, after his fingers had been pinched once or twice in the remorseless machine. As an example, one regular officer I know received from another, some years ago, three thousand dollars in cash in three boxes. The boxes had been in his own quarters and had never been opened. He was foolish enough to sign a receipt, and the other officer was foolish enough to let him, without opening the boxes and checking up. One of the boxes eventually proved to be empty. The officer who signed the receipt had to pay up slowly out of his meager Lieutenant's pay. A certain clerk under him meanwhile was able as never before to bet money on Filipino cockfights. Of course if the sum had been a million dollars, instead of a thousand, the loss would necessarily have been passed by. A Lieutenant could not possibly pay back a million. Which is logical enough, but rather amusing.

Of course there are regulars who waste valuable time over perquisites and promotions, but so would most men of ability, with sizable families, trying to live these days on an officer's pay. Of course, too, there are a few who, like the average government clerk, loaf along, doing as little as possible, just enough to get the promotion when the year for it comes around. I know two of this variety, but neither has gone high in the army and neither is likely to. And, of course, while the army crowd are Jacks-of-All-Trades *within* the army, they are specialists pure and simple *on* the army. They eat it, sleep it, breathe it—a fact which prompted a certain college-professor officer, who eats, sleeps and breathes nothing but economic theory, to state with academic authoritativeness that they are narrow.

Personally I found Your Regular Army Officer a capable, hard-working, two-fisted, level-headed, mightily entertaining American, who meets you more than half way if you give him a chance. If he wasn't wholly ready for this war and didn't know at once everything the French and British had learned after three stiff years of it, don't blame him. He got himself as ready as he could, with mighty little help from us or from our representatives in Washington.

There is one thing in him, down deep under the surface, whether his manner be débonaire, cynical, callous or aloof. It is this: "I myself do not count. I *belong* to the service." If you can get and keep that point in view, he will root his head off for you. If you miss it, he has little patience with you, as far as your connection with the army is concerned.

Underneath everything else, his is a simple creed: "Honor-Duty-Country," the West Point motto. That spirit certainly doesn't make martinets or snobs. Unfortunately, however, it can't always reform them.



One by one she drew from his cupped hands a score of brilliant, living birds.

Gray Magic

(Concluded from page 16)

Prince Sanang's Tchortcha infantry made a stand. He was there with his Yezidee horsemen, all in leather and silk armor with casques and corselets of black Indian steel.

"I could see them from the temple—saw the Japanese gunners open fire. The Tchortchas were blown to shreds in the blast of the Japanese guns. . . . Sanang got away with some of his Yezidee horsemen."

"Where was that battle?"

"I told you, outside the walls of Yian."

"The newspapers never mentioned any such trouble in China," he said, suspiciously.

"Nobody knows about it except the Germans and the Japanese."

"Who is this Sanang?" he demanded.

"A Yezidee-Mongol. He is one of the Sheiks El Djebel—a servant of The Old Man of Mount Alamout."

"What is *he?*"

"A sorcerer—assassin."

"What!" exclaimed Cleves incredulously.

"Why, yes," she said, calmly. "Have you never heard of The Old Man of Mount Alamout?"

"Well, yes——"

"The succession has been unbroken since 1090 B.C. A Hassan Sabbah is still the present Old Man of the Mountain. His Yezidees worship Erlik. They are sorcerers. But you would not believe that."

Cleves said with a smile, "Who is Erlik?"

"The Mongols' Satan."

"Oh! So these Yezidees are devil-worshipers!"

"They are more. They *are* actually devils."

"You don't really believe that even in unexplored China there exists such a creature as a real sorcerer, do you?" he inquired, smilingly.

"I don't wish to talk of it."

To his surprise her face had flushed, and he thought her sensitive mouth quivered a little.

He watched her in silence for a moment; then, leaning a little way across the table:

"Where are you going when the show here closes?"

"To my boarding-house."

"And then?"

"To bed," she said, sullenly.

"And to-morrow, what do you mean to do?"

"Go out to the agencies and ask for work."

"And if there is none?"

"The chorus," she said, indifferently.

"What salary have you been getting?"

She told him.

"Will you take three times that amount and work with me?"

What happened to Tressa Norne when she made her decision will be told in Hearst's for September.

In Fee Simple

(*Continued from page 25*)

vas staring at the coiled rope. There vas that in his eyes which told them, plainer than words.

YOUNG T. JASPER, being in no condition to decide for himself, they decided for him. What with the unconscionable quantity of raw whisky that had been rammed down his throat, and an atmosphere pressure of fifteen pounds to the inch, when he had been brought up from the cradle on an attenuated nine, he was out of the reckoning for hours to come.

"I suppose you wonder why I am here," said the consular agent, breaking the silence; as they eyed him, to their surprise, he produced a wallet, from which he extracted a sheaf of bills and a folded paper.

"This is wholly unofficial, of course," he explained. "Kensington, the boss of the copper outfit, slipped this to me last midnight when he knew it was all up with T. Jasper, and there was just a chance that he would get out here and—God only knows how—make a getaway."

He handed the stuff to Tinker, who pocketed it without a word. At that moment Tinker was possessed by a wild, unreasoning hatred of the white man downstairs who had come aboard them and cost them so dear. But he said nothing.

"But how are we going to tell the Old Man?" said Waddell. "He'd put the poor kid ashore now if he suspected it for a minute."

Skinner, unconsciously quoting the dead Perritt, said quietly: "Don't tell him!"

Skinner was down there, through political preferment, to uphold the letter of the law. The two white-faced men looked frightened.

"All right," said Skinner dryly. "Run up your signals, and Don Emilio will be at it here in two shakes and take this man off your hands—and hang him, according to law. Then I can report Perritt definitely dead and you can sail with a clean bill of health."

"No! No! It isn't that we aren't white, man!" protested Tinker hotly. "But you can't hide a dead man on shipboard, any more than you can hide a live man."

"All right," retorted Skinner. "I'll tell you what you can do: Sail as you are, and at the first port you enter they will take T. Jasper off your hands as a red-handed fugitive! I'll perjure myself, so you can get out of here clean. Waddell! Tinker! Let me remind you of something that you know already: It's the easiest thing in the world to run away to sea to hide; but it is the hardest thing in the world to get ashore again. This man won't. He is marked, I tell you!"

"You have got him in Perritt's shoes," pursued the consular agent, his eyes gleaming now. "All right. Keep him there. Let him stay Perritt! He's paralyzed now. All right—keep him paralyzed. Or let them think he is. Keep him in his bunk—dark, nasty, disgusting. Rouse the Old Man's ire against him! And on the quiet, drill it into him that he is Perritt—that Perritt's mother, sister, mother (if he had any) were his. Tell him how old he is—where he was born—then kick him ashore as a drunken bum when you raise Panama. Set him adrift. I'll have my friend Percy up there look out for him."

"How about Perritt's people?" he asked suddenly. "Has he left anybody, do you know?"

"There was a girl—the blessed blighter was composing a letter to her only this morning," said Waddell.

"Nobody else?"

"Not that I know of. The only reason I know about the girl is that he was a bit shy of English, and had me help him out. He hadn't seen her in three years."

"If that's all," said the consul, "one of you boys might find time to hunt her up, sooner or later—and break it to her—by word of mouth—nothing in writing—strictly on the Q.T., you know."

Thus they schemed desperately to land their live man safely somewhere in the dead man's shoes. With Waddell and Tinker it seemed their duty to the dead-and-gone Perritt to save the man he had died for.

The knot broke up; each with his heavy task went his way.

TOLLER began to roar. He always roared, with a tremendous suggestion of impending doom, as the moment approached to weigh anchor. But nothing ever went wrong aboard the *Elfreda*—probably because every man-jack, at one time or another, had come under the ministrations of that soft-handed woman who always sailed as supercargo, with her canaries and kittens and sewing-machine and geraniums; and Toller's wrath always swung round and was gone like a threatening thunderstorm that hauls off before a veering wind.

"Well!" snarled the old man at sight of Tinker, standing by to signal the winch shift to raise anchor. "Well! And what have you got to say for yourself?"

"Perritt is in a bad way, sir," said Tinker, eyeing his chief speculatively. Now was the time, if ever.

"Perritt?" bawled the captain; and his blood-pressure rose to the bursting point. "Perritt?" he roared. Then he began to swear. Not with oaths, not taking the name of the Lord his God in vain—for Toller was first of all a righteous man! He buried the name of his drunken stoker under a flood of foul epithets—Tinker fairly sweated under it. Then suddenly Toller calmed down, like a gust that had spent itself.

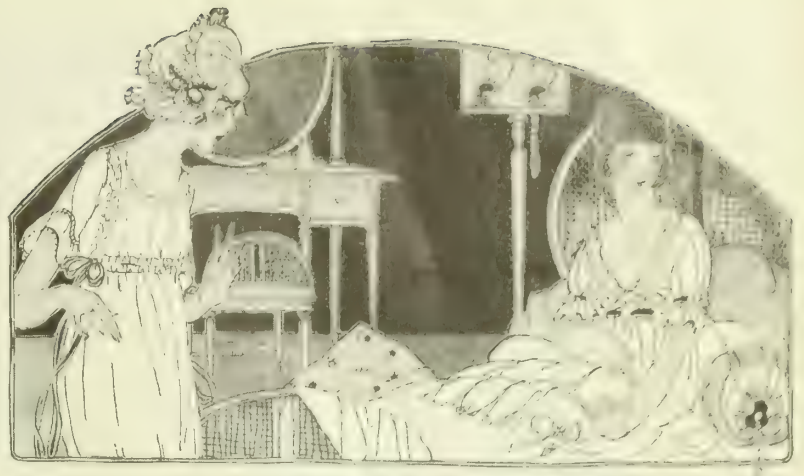
"Mr. Tinker," he said, "I am a good man—a fair man! You know I am a good man—and a fair man. But sometimes it's best not to see things. What I don't see, I don't know. I don't want to see Perritt! Keep him out of my sight! Put him ashore—No! No! Not here; I wouldn't put a mangy dog ashore here. Put him ashore at Panama."

"Peter! Peter!" came the softly insistent voice of the skipper's wife. The anger died out of the old man's face, and his eyes were troubled as they met Tinker's look.

"Don't be too rough with him, Mr. Tinker," he cautioned in a whisper, as he turned to hurry away. "But we will be well rid of him, at that!"

SO it came to pass that young T. Jasper stepped into another man's shoes. They didn't tell him the whole story the first day his ears began to function again, nor the second. They wanted him to get a hold on himself first, because it takes nerve, and a good grasp of one's faculties, to be handed a duffle-bag and a bundle of letters and another man's name, and be told that you are he.

The third night out, when the heat below was all but unbearable, they had T. Jasper up on deck to give him a breath of air; also to give him a chance to talk where his voice would not echo hollowly through the alleys of the ship. Grimes, the quartermaster, who had been let into the secret, had the trick at the wheel, Tinker had the watch, and the ship had turned in, so they would not be disturbed. T. Jasper wanted to talk about himself; and that was what they most wanted to hear, so as to get a line on the size of the task ahead of them and of him.



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[illegible] place it was borne in on them that they had a child on their hands, a creature from another planet. He kept saying, as he looked back over the line of the wake, toward the vanished curtain of mountains:

"It's the most beautiful spot in the world! I never want to live any place else."

Seeing that cities and ships and smoking factories, all the wonders of the modern world, were abstractions to him, this caused Waddell and Tinker to smile indulgently. He was the poetic product of that little Garden of Eden up there above the clouds. Bit by bit, as he told his story, these men of the sea saw the setting through his enamored eyes.

"Poor old pater!" he said, with a curious gentleness. "They call him 'the American Consul' up there."

Skinner had prepared them for something of this in his brief outline of old Jasper, one of those rare men who think a generation or two before their fellows; but it was the boy's affectionate rambling that gave them the true picture of the dreamer incapable of carrying out his dreams. The old man had come down here with his wife when Trinity spire was still the tallest thing on Manhattan Island and they were yanking street-cars along Broadway on an endless cable. He had started to cross the Divide; but when he got to the little world-old settlement up there in the valley of Cerro di Llama he sat down to recover his breath.

"Poor old pater always talked of going home," said the youth with his slow smile.

That path down to the sea led by winding, turbulent streams of melting snow, across brilliant sapphire lakes that hung in the pockets, through desolated temples of the ancients, and under frowning precipices. As young T. Jasper grew up he came to understand that the *alcalde*, and the old *padre*, and Don Luis di Porfero, a superannuated army contractor who came daily at noontime to sit in their little stunted garden, and drink the greenish, syrupy liquor that took the better part of an hour to prepare, indulged the old man and winked behind their hands at him when he told his unbelievable tales of what Home was like—the Home he was always going to—this afternoon, or to-morrow at latest.

Then came the American engineers to put into practical form the ideas which had originally brought T. Jasper's father to the heights.

IT was T. Jasper's first sight of the Girl which made an epochal change in his life. Remember, he had never seen a white girl before.

That day, too, he got his first sight of the sea; dropping farther and farther down the mountain aisles in his exploration, he reached the rim of the table-land, where he stood for hours studying the leaden-gray expanse that dissolved into the sky below him. On its surface with a glass he could make out moving things, like beetles. They trailed smoke behind them. They were ships, of course—and this, the sea! With the thrill of a discoverer he was making his way back when he came on the Girl.

She was asleep. He sprang behind a rock and watched her. She was dressed in corduroys and high-laced boots; her hunting shirt was open at the neck, displaying an alabaster throat, and her hair was blowing in the wind of the heights.

"I never knew a human being could be so beautiful!" exclaimed T. Jasper, hypnotized afresh in telling of this first encounter.

Below him, in the valley, as he watched her, he noted the inevitable pack-train and the straggling file of men and beasts. She had come on ahead, exploring on her own account. But the altitude had proved too much for her. She must wait [illegible] before she could go on.

T. Jasper took his fill of this amazing vision. The Vision was a sister of Kensington, a brilliant young engineer who had come down here to check up and consolidate what the pioneers had accomplished.

The girl had no suspicion that T. Jasper was watching her. Her first conscious glimpse of him was days later when, in the reaction from the first drowsiness, the rarefied air affected her like wine, bubbled in her laughter, sparkled in her glance.

"If he had wings on his feet, he would be Hermes!" said the Girl to her brother, looking at T. Jasper in frank admiration as they sat down. She didn't know how far her voice carried, how loud it was up here. T. Jasper heard, and gave her back her smile. He *was* like a Greek god, with his tall, lithe form, his great chest, and his clear-flashing eyes.

It all came out between the lines, while T. Jasper, in halting sentences, talked of his life up there—and the catastrophe.

What followed was easy to divine. T. Jasper's pallid cheek glowed as he rehearsed the delirium of those weeks. It was perfectly evident she had absorbed the youth, playing upon his impressionable nature with every wile of the instinctive man-hunter.

But by-and-by Don Camillo came. He was all gold lace and patent leather; a fine, slender young officer with that strange streak of the mediæval running through his modern culture that is so fascinating to the sophisticated woman.

Don Camillo and Elise Kensington appraised each other at a glance. Thereafter T. Jasper was in the way. He was like an undesired dog that insists on being faithful. Waddell and Tinker smoked in silence while young T. Jasper bared his soul. There could only be one outcome. The boy put himself in the path of Don Camillo, did the customary thing—offered the formal insult which should terminate on the field of honor.

But Don Camillo, in sneering contempt for the gringo, suggested that he might have T. Jasper soundly flogged by his people. It is the hardest thing in the world to pick a quarrel with a man who thinks himself above your caste; so T. Jasper had only taunts for his brave pains.

In the next number—Hearst's for September—comes

HELD IN BONDAGE

A story of a French girl and a German officer

By

F. BRITTEN AUSTIN

By a super-psychological achievement a French woman carried from Louisiana to Mexico to forget her own home and language. But not quite—a gallant Frenchman—has quite other ideas.

THINGS had progressed rapidly from this point. Kensington himself had taken a hand. At first he had appealed to his sister; but the scent of the hunt was too strong in her nostrils. Then he had carried the matter to T. Jasper's father; but the old gentleman, grown childish, was incapable of comprehending the situation. In the midst of his efforts to right matters the catastrophe came. It was purely mediæval in its flavor. Don Camillo took steps to settle the affair in a strictly native way. He laid information with the government. And T. Jasper was to be drafted for the army. Under the circumstances there was only one place they would send him to learn the manual of arms and prepare him to serve his country—his country! That was the barracks of La Pieta, to which Don Camillo and his class condemned their enemies under the guise of patriotism. A yellow man might survive for a year; a white man, whose blood was not inured to the toxic stuff he breathed and ate, would be lucky if he lasted a month.

The story of the flight was somewhat hazy in T. Jasper's mind. First it had been muleback, until he got down into the lower valleys, where relays of horses and a native guide awaited him. Don Camillo got wind of it, of course; there was no place to hide, and it was necessary in the forlorn hope, to take the plunge to sea-level. He must have arrived more dead than alive, probably delirious, stone-deaf, his veins almost bursting under the unwonted weight of the air, and forsaken or betrayed by his native guides, for the gun on the ramparts had sounded the alarm. The guard were combing the *mesa* for him when he reached there. Even then, had they caught him, Skinner and the rest might have brought some influence to bear, or contrived at least to get him out of the country decently. But it was Jasper's luck to run afoul of a spiggotty soldier bent on running him through with his rusty bayonet; so the boy crooked his finger and added murder to his misfortunes.

Then T. Jasper, swimming like a fish or floating like a bladder, had someway contrived to get out to the *Elfreda* with the tide; and to be yanked aboard by Waddell with his boathook. If Waddell and Perritt hadn't been up late arranging that love-letter to the school-mistress who taught school, while she waited, on the tip-end of the sandy tail of Cape Cod, that would have been the last of T. Jasper. As it turned out, it was the last of Perritt. And here was young T. Jasper, sitting with his back against the deck-house, his legs drawn up under him, looking particularly uncouth in Perritt's clothes, to which he had fallen heir.

But he didn't know a thing about Perritt. That was the worst of it! He had survived a physical and mental shock which must have killed a lesser man. But the shattering blow was to come. It was Tinker who began.

"There is one thing, sonny, you've got to make up your mind to," he said. "There'll be no more 'up there' for you. That's all past and gone. You have got to begin another life now. Skinner told me, just as he left, that he was going to do his level best to get your daddy down to the port and ship him. So you will see him again. Meantime, here's something Skinner left for you to go on, till you get on your feet."

Tinker produced the wallet with the bundle of American bills and a slip of paper. On the slip of paper was written the address. "Armstrong, Black & De-Forest, Attorneys and Counselors-at-Law, Forty Wall."

"Yes, I recollect that very vividly," said T. Jasper eagerly. "I can't explain to you—I can't put it into words——" He paused, trying to piece out his thoughts as one waking tries to reconstruct a dream. "It was as though I had been buried somewhere,' he began again. "Then all of a sud[illegible] seemed to be coming up, shooting [illegible] surface. Then I saw a streak of li[illegible]nd there were two—No! There were three of you there, waiting for me, to tell me it was all right. I could see one man's eyes—he was a white man—quiet eyes that seemed to steady me." He was conscious of their constrained manner, [illegible] arched their faces. "There were t[illegible] you, weren't there?" he questioned. Wasn't there a third, besides you

Waddell decided [illegible] at the thing direct.

"Yes; there was a third man," he said. He took a faded photograph from his pocket, and put it in T. Jasper's hand. "This was the m[illegible]dam Perritt," he went on. Something in his tone gave the boy a vague premonition. He gazed at Waddell, fascinated.

"Just because you were white, T. Jasper—and helpless—couldn't stand on your own feet," said the engineer stoutly. "Perritt didn't realize the price he was going to be called on to pay. And the worst part of it is, T. Jasper, that you are never going to be able to thank him for what he has done."

Waddell nerved himself to finish. He felt as if he were striking some defenseless creature.

"Perritt died," Waddell's voice unconsciously sank. "Perritt was killed covering your getaway. Something in the water. Something that you escaped—God only knows how!"

That was as far as Waddell and Tinker ever got in explaining T. Jasper's inheritance to him. The boy keeled over in a heap. Badly frightened, and cursing themselves for their stupidity, they got him below. He came to in a raging fever. But it is an ill wind that blows nobody good. It saved them a lot of embarrassing complications. In the first place the knowledge that the supposed Perritt had stepped out of his drunk into a fever caused the crew to give the room a wide berth. In the second place, when the *Elfreda* dropped anchor outside Old Panama, and the health officers came aboard, they brought a mosquito-proof stretcher with them; and they packed T. Jasper and his belongings in it, and took him ashore without the usual questions about father, mother, brother, sister, where he was born and when—because he was deaf, dumb and well-nigh blind with the fever by that time.

Up on the hill in the hospital they watched over him for days and weeks. Skinner, the Chiquili consular agent, had more than made good his word to have Facey, the secret-agent in the Zone, take T. Jasper under his wing. When he was convalescent, Facey found an asylum for him with one of the hospital officials, quartered in a French bungalow that hung like a swallow's nest on the side of Ancon Hill. Here, on the broad, cool veranda that looked out over the Pacific T. Jasper spent long hours with his tutor who drilled into him the lesson that in his case there was no Statute of Limitations as T. Jasper, deserter and murderer, every civilized port was closed to him. He had entered this new world as Adam Perritt. Adam Perritt he must remain. They handed him the duffel bag of the dead fireman, and the bundle of letters, and left him there to his unwilling resurrection.

Packed with thrilling adventure, too big for any one issue of the magazine, the story of T. Jasper comes to an exciting conclusion in Hearst's for September.



Scrub up your smokedecks and cut for a new pipe deal!

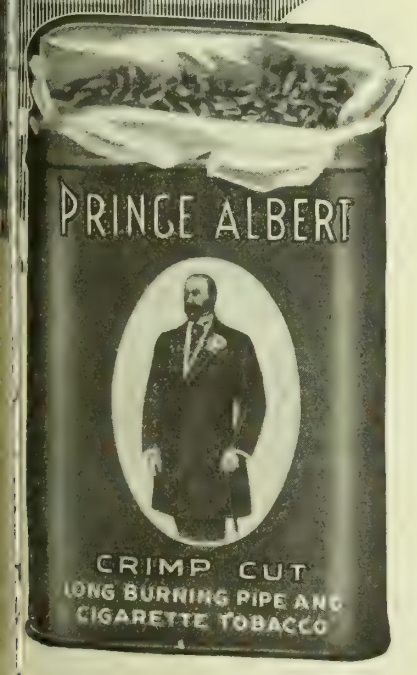
SAY, you'll have a streak of smoke-luck that'll put pep-in-*your* smokemotor, all right, if you'll ring-in with a jimmy pipe or the papers and nail some Prince Albert for packing!

Just between ourselves, you never will wise-up to high-spot-smoke-joy until you can call a pipe or a home-rolled cigarette by its first name, *then*, to hit the peak-of-pleasure you land square on that two-fisted-man-tobacco, Prince Albert!

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The Box with Broken Seals

(Concluded from page 27)

hour. Doctor Gant and I were there our first night in town, and we found the performance excellent. You will honor me, Miss Beverley?"

"I shall be delighted," she answered, "but I am not at all sure that you will be able to get seats at the Alhambra."

"Why not?" he asked.

"There is a great benefit performance there on Monday night," she told him. "The house is closed now for rehearsals. All the stalls have gone already, and the boxes are to be sold by auction at the Theatrical Fête."

Jocelyn Thew was for a moment grave.

"I am very glad that you told me this," he said, "but I think I can nevertheless promise you the stage-box for Monday night. I have a call on it. We must all meet once more. It is just possible that I may have a pleasant surprise for both of you."

"Do give us an idea what it is," she begged.

He shook his head. Somehow, since the coming of Timothy Dilwyn, a tired look had crept into his eyes. He seemed to have lost all his old vivacity. He had paid the bill some time before and they strolled together now into the Lounge. Katharine was carrying half-a-dozen of the roses, which the waiter had pressed into her hand.

"To-night," she said, looking up into his face and dropping her voice a little, "I am feeling so much happier—happier than I have felt for a long time. Why do you keep us both, Mr. Thew, in such a state of uneasiness? You give us so little of your real confidence, so little of your real self. Sometimes it seems as though you deliberately try to make yourself out a harder, crueller person than you really are. Why do you do that?"

For a moment she fancied that the impossible had happened, that she had penetrated the armor of that steadfast and studied indifference.

"We are all just a little," he sighed, "the fools of circumstance. A will to succeed sometimes, if it is strong enough, crushes out things we would like to keep alive."

She thrust one of the blossoms which she was carrying through his buttonhole.

"I know you will hate that," she whispered, "but you can take it out the moment you have got rid of us. Dick and I are going on now, you know, to the Esholt House dance. Shall I thank you for your dinner?"

"Or I you for your company," he murmured, bowing over her fingers. .

They took their leave, and Jocelyn Thew, almost as though against his will, walked back into the foyer, after a few minutes' hesitation, and sat there twirling the rose between his fingers, with his eyes fixed upon the interior of the restaurant. He had the air of one waiting.

CRAWSHAY was awakened the next morning at a little before the customary hour by his servant, who held out a card.

"Gentleman would like a word with you at once, sir," the latter announced.

Crawshay glanced at the card, slipped out of bed, and, attired in his dressing gown and slippers, made an apologetic entrance into the sitting-room. The young man who was waiting there received him kindly, but obviously disapproved of the pattern of his dressing-gown.

"Chief wants a word with you, sir," he announced. "He is keeping from ten to ten-thirty."

"I will be there," Crawshay promised, "on the stroke of ten."

"Then I need not detain you further," his visitor remarked, making a graceful exit.

Crawshay bathed, shaved and breakfasted, and at five minutes before ten entered an imposing-looking building and sent up his card to a very great man, who had a fancy for being spoken of in his department as Mr. Brown. After a very brief delay he was admitted to



"Sometimes it seems as though you deliberately try to make yourself out a harder, crueller person than you really are," she said.

the august presence. Mr. Brown waved his secretaries from the room, shook hands kindly with Crawshay and motioned him to a chair close to his own.

"Mr. Crawshay," he said, "this is the first time I have had the pleasure of meeting you, but we have received at various times excellent reports as to your work at Washington."

"I am very pleased to hear it, sir."

"From what I gather as to the present situation, however," the great man continued, "I imagine that you were more successful in the conventional secret service work than you have been in the very grave business I have sent for you to discuss."

"I should like to point out, sir," Crawshay begged, "that that foolish journey to Halifax was undertaken entirely against my convictions. I protested at the time! Neither had I any confidence in the summons to Chicago."

MR. BROWN took the circumstance into gracious consideration.

"I am glad to hear that," he said, "and I must admit that your recovery was almost brilliant. A sense of humor," he went on, "sometimes obtrudes itself into the most serious incidents, and the idea of your boarding that steamer from a seaplane and then getting to work upon your investigations will always remain to me one of the priceless unrecorded incidents of the war. But to put the matter into plain words, our enemies got the better of you."

"Absolutely," was the honest confession.

"There is no doubt," the right-honorable gentleman continued, "that the person who took charge of this affair is exceedingly clever. He appears to have resource and daring. Personally I, like you, never believed for a moment that the whole of the records of German espionage in America for the last three years would be found upon the same steamer as that by which the departing ambassadorial staff traveled. However, I can quite see that under the circumstances you had to yield to the convictions of those who were already in charge of the affair."

"You have had full reports, sir, I suppose?" Crawshay asked. "You know the manner in which the documents were brought into this country?"

"A ghastly business," Mr. Brown acknowledged,—"ingenious but ghastly. . . . Yes, Mr. Crawshay," he went on, "I think I have been kept pretty well posted up till now. I have sent for you because I am not sure whether one point has been sufficiently impressed upon you. As you are of course aware, there are many documents and details connected with this propaganda which are of immense value to the police of New York, but there is just one—a letter written in a moment of impulse by one great personage to another, and stolen—which might do the cause of the Allies incalculable harm if it were to fall into the wrong hands."

"I had a hint of this, sir. Mason knew of it, too. His idea was that they would be quite willing to destroy all the rest of the treasonable stuff they have if they could be sure of getting this one letter through."

"The documents have been in England now," Mr. Brown observed, "for some days. Have you formed any theory at all as to where they may be concealed?"

"To be perfectly frank," Crawshay confessed, "I have not. Doctor Gant, Jocelyn Thew, a young woman called Norah Sharey, and Miss Beverley are the four people possibly implicated in their disappearance, although of these two I consider Miss Sharey and Miss Beverley out of the question. Nevertheless, their rooms and every scrap of property they possess have been searched thoroughly, and their movements since they arrived in London are absolutely tabulated. Not one of them has written a letter or dispatched a parcel which has not been investigated, nor have they made a call or even entered a shop without being watched. It seems absolutely impossible that they can have taken any steps toward the disposal of the documents since Jocelyn Thew arrived in London."

"Have they given any indication of their future plans?"

"Doctor Gant," Crawshay replied, "has booked a passage back in the American boat which sails from Liverpool early to-morrow morning. We shall escort him there, and his effects will be searched once more in Liverpool. Otherwise, we have no intention of detaining him. He and Miss Beverley were simply the tools of the other man."

"And the other man?"

"He has shown no signs of making any move whatsoever. He lives, to all appearance, the perfectly normal life of a man of leisure. I understand that he is entirely a newcomer to this sort of business, but he is, without a doubt, the most modern thing in secret service. He lives quite openly at a small suite in the Savoy Court. He never makes the slightest concealment about any of his movements. We know how he has spent every second of his time since we first took up the search. There is not a single suspicious incident recorded against him."

"YOU are satisfied," Mr. Brown asked, "with the aid which you are getting from Scotland Yard?"

"Absolutely," Crawshay declared.

"And notwithstanding all this," with the somewhat grave criticism, "you have not the slightest idea where these documents are to be found?"

"Not the slightest," Crawshay confessed. "All that I do feel convinced of is that they have not left the country."

The great man leaned back a little wearily in his chair. There were some decoded cables lying under a paper weight by his side, imploring him in the strongest possible terms to make use of every means within his power to solve this mystery;—a personal appeal from a man whose good-will might sway the balance of the future. He was used to wonderful service in every department he controlled. His present sense of impotence was galling.

Norah Sharey, in spite of everything, attempts to save Katharine Beverley from the net that tightens around her in Septemb Hearst's

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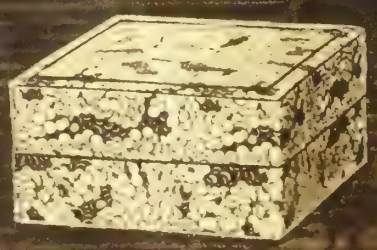
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Resurrection Rock

(*Concluded from page 10.*)

believed that, when she was older, he would tell her more. But if he meant o he did not; and as years passed, Ethel ound herself accepting the situation, as hey did. She had come to be fond of ier people who showed her only their kindly and pleasant and generous side ind who insisted upon claiming her or their own. Of course, after a time, he read and heard ugly things about ier grandfather; but he was hers hen; and she would not believe them. She thought he might have done some hings, perhaps, which her father would not do; but not all that people aid. If he had, why wasn't he in ail?

It was not until this last summer hat she saw anything of the unpleasnt side of her grandfather and of her ncles—this summer when her father ad been killed and her cousin Oliver ied and Ethel, left alone, attempted o carry out her father's agreements ith his business associates and to neet his obligations.

Her attempt involved writing to her randfather and visiting her uncles o ask aid; and quickly it brought to er a dismaying realization that the rouble between her father and them o longer was to be ignored by them hen dealing with her, but that trouble as to underlie all their relations.

And how was that queer, unopened ouse upon the Rock—about which e talked so much—connected with im? Or with her? What was its eaning to them? She had never ought of it having important meang; it had seemed merely an intrusion; impertinence. But the encounter ith the young man who was going here and who knew her father's name irred new speculations.

GRAY streaks of dawn were spreading over the sky and making sible snowclad land and beyond the ozen surface of the great lake. The ain had passed the points of Green ay and was running almost east along e upper shore of Lake Michigan and it upon the point of the peninsula th Superior barely two score miles vay to the north.

"Quesnel!" the brakeman called hen next he opened the car door and hel stood up, buttoning her coat se to her throat. The dark-haired ung man looked about interrogavely; she nodded and he arose and o prepared to go out.

They stepped down upon the platm and the train immediately puffed . There seemed to be no one at e station just now, except a middleed Indian man in mackinaw coat d cap and with brown leggings who pped from the shelter carrying a pair skis and with another pair, smaller d newer, strapped to his back.

"B'jou," he said to Ethel.

"Good morning, Asa," she hailed, ering her gloved hand. "Everyone ll at St. Florentin?"

"Everybody," the Indian asserted. ig snow last night again. Nobody eaks road yet. Got to walk from here w." His eyes shifted from her to the anger.

"This is Asa Redbird," Ethel said to soldier, "who lives near my grandher, and who is good enough to help out sometimes."

"My name is Barney Loutrelle." The ung man completed the introduction, eaking to the Indian as he offered his nd.

"B'jou," Redbird said.

"B'jou."

"Where you want to go?" the Indian ed with more interest.

"With us, Asa," Ethel supplied ickly. "Can you get him skis or es?"

"Yes," the Indian said. "You have se ones." He offered his skis. Ethel



"My father," she said. "He was killed in June! You don't mean that there's a mistake."

looked up at her companion and smiled a little.

"I seem to have selected you for my escort," she said.

"I'm very much obliged to you," he returned. "Shall we go now—that way?"

"Yes."

He set off a little ahead of her as she purposely stayed back to observe him. He knew how to ski and was not a bit clumsy about it; but he had not skied for some time, she thought. He needed a few moments to get the feel of the long runners upon the snow.

"We go due south, they told me on the train," he said, glancing ahead.

"Yes; to St. Florentin; and to the Rock too, until a fork about a mile this side of grandfather's where you take a road more to the east."

She remembered that he had not definitely said that he was bound for the island; but the visible impulse which unconsciously quickened his stride when she again mentioned the Rock, revealed the fact to her.

"How did you hear the name of my father, Mr. Loutrelle?" she asked.

"Oh!" he said; and she recognized, as she looked up at him, that he had been expecting the question and had been trying, unsuccessfully, to be ready for it. "That came up, in England—in London, Miss Carew, when I was in France."

It was plain that he realized he had replied incoherently; so Ethel waited.

"In November, about two months ago," he added.

"When my father's name came up in London? How?"

"In a letter to me, Miss Carew."

"I see. You knew one of his men!"

"No; it wasn't like that—not at all like that. It happened just before the armistice, Miss Carew. Huston Adley was in London——" He was in difficulties with the tobacco [illegible] not want to stop, as he hesitated and looked down at her. Then he thrust his hand into a side-pocket and drew out a square, white envelope with English stamp and postmark and with the English strip—"Opened by the Censor." It was addressed to Barney Loutrelle, Lieutenant of Infantry in a certain Canadian regiment in France. He handed it to her and she pulled off her heavy gloves and drew out the single folded sheet and read, in vigorous, youthful handwriting:

Nov. 7, '18.

"DEAR BARNEY:

One named Philip Carew is here and keeps asking for you. Do you know him? He says you don't; but he knows you; or at least seems to have some mighty important business for you.

If this sweet little altercation ceases soon, I'd advise you to come and try to learn what he wants. If you can't, perhaps you can get him there—Philip Carew, the name. Try it and see.

Yours,
HUS."

Ethel's breath stopped; she stood holding the letter with trembling hand while she examined the postmark which, like the date written upon the page, was November 7th, 1918.

"My father!" she said. "He was killed in June!"

"Yes; you told me so," Loutrelle replied gently.

"You don't mean that there was a mistake? My father's alive and——"

"No," Loutrelle denied quickly. "No; no; you mustn't think of that. I told you not to suppose anything from this."

"Then, of course, this doesn't refer to the Philip Carew who was my father," Ethel said, better controlling herself, but yet frightened. At what, she did not know. "Does it? Do you think that it does, Mr. Loutrelle?" she demanded when he did not answer. Then, "Who is this Hus? Did he know my father?"

"I don't think so. He's a friend of mine—a Canadian from Edmonton. He was a lieutenant in my battalion. He'd been wounded and sent to Blighty where he lived with his cousins, London people——"

"Do you think this refers to my father, Mr. Loutrelle?"

"That's what we have to work out together, Miss Carew; and we must go on," he commanded her with that concerned gentleness with which he had spoken before. He reclaimed his letter; and she closed her little hands, holding one white fist and then the other to her lips and blowing upon them before thrusting them into her gloves. He moved a little and waited for her; she came beside him and they proceeded over the glistening snow.

"Do you know Boyne across there?" he asked, his gray eyes studying her as he motioned with his head in the direction of the distant lake.

"You mean the little town——"

"They call it a city."

"Yes; I know—on the other side. I've been there. What's that to do with my father?"

"If I knew, I'd tell you right out," he assured. "But as it is, the only way I see is to explain how that letter—and what followed came to me; and that involves a good deal of talking about myself."

Was it a message from the spirit world or just the threat of danger that lured Loutrelle and Ethel into the mystery of Resurrection Rock?—in Hearst's for September.

The Toys of the Gods

(*Continued from page 13*)

he cannot ask for my resignation?" the Cabinet Minister inquired craftily.

"Because since you were raised to your office you have gained far too great a following in your party and in his. If he dismissed you he would lose that support and just now the Nation is going through a crisis which makes it necessary for him to have all the support he can rally."

"Furthermore, what reason could he assign for forcing me out?" asked The Other Man in a low tone.

"None," Beatrice replied. "Now we are approaching an understanding, Your Excellency! Do you fear such an understanding between us? We are alone. Both of us would be able to deny all that is said here."

THE man made another motion with his hand to indicate that he wished to weigh the matter.

"You are a remarkable woman," he said.

"You are playing a waiting game now," she went on. "If the people of the country—always fickle, always ready to tear to pieces the hero of yesterday—turn against him it will be a disastrous end of you all. If he can carry opinion with him and win now he will have a place greater than that of any of your public men of a generation—perhaps of a century."

"Go on," the Cabinet Minister said gruffly.

Beatrice Kingsford shut her white even teeth and showed them as if they and not her wits were her weapons. She said: "If you resign just before a wreck you are saved. If you resign just before a victorious outcome in the affairs of the country you are lost forever."

"Why?" said he, like an examiner.

"Because it will be said that you were a rat which thought it was deserting the sinking ship. If the rat's judgment is good and the ship goes down everyone forgives the rat and even praises him. But if the ship comes in safely the rat is—a—a dead rat."

"You are very charming," said The Other Man, coming nearer to her again.

She stepped back, not as if to avoid his touch but rather as one who wishes no interruption.

"Have I made a statement of your problem?" she asked.

"I shall not deny it," he said brazenly. "You might have stated it so that it sounded a little less devoid of all idealism. I have idealism. Unfortunately there is practical politics also. I recognize the fact. I must advance my own political fortunes as best I may."

She said: "Do you believe that I can show you how to do this?"

The Cabinet Minister, looking at her, eagerly fingered each button on his waistcoat and gave each one a nervous twist.

"For what motive? Why should you help me?"

"I told you—a personal motive."

THE man of church pretensions and moral preachments grinned a little like a satyr. He said: "I know that you do not do it because of me. I am neither young nor attractive."

"You are a man of power," she said with apparent sincerity. "But I am not able to tell you that I am acting because of that fact or because of you. Your power and your judgment I trust. And it so happens that I can use them."

"How?"

"Before I tell you, answer one more question," she said hastily. "What would make certain the downfall of this administration?"

"Do you know the subject of the night conference of the Cabinet Minister two nights ago?" he asked.

"I do."

"Well, if under his leadership we take the position urged by the conservatives, there is nothing but ruin—it is certain."

"I know," said the other.

"Did you know that he has written a final word on the matter discussed at that night meeting?"

"Good God!" the other exclaimed. "It is absurd!"

Beatrice walked up and down in front of the hearth and twice threw back her head and laughed softly.

"You will forgive me if I say that it appears extraordinary that you are not quite in his confidence, or else that he fears you. Is it not amusing that a Message to the Country is to appear in the press to-morrow morning and that you have to be informed of the fact by a woman—an outsider?"

The Cabinet Minister uttered a low growl; he turned and walked quickly toward the door.

"You are going——"

"I shall have my secretary call one of the national press associations. Naturally I want to know——"

She laughed.

"Do you think that he has arranged to release a message of this kind before the last possible moment?" she asked. "I fear that your inquiries would result in nothing. Not yet. It is not yet eleven."

"I must know the contents of this message," he said, growling and whining over his words.

Beatrice looked up at the clock.

"You shall know," she said. "There is still time."

He pointed to the typed pages suddenly.

"Did you mean that you have a copy? That?"

"Yes," she said. "That is it!"

"How did you get this?" he demanded.

She smiled. "I believe you have said yourself that I am an attractive woman."

"You have seen him?"

"No," said she gravely. "I have not seen him—not for many, many years. It did not come to me through him."

"Damn him!" The Other Man, who had cast off all his pretenses, exclaimed. "Damn him. He would have caught me napping. If he brings the house down he intended that it should be around my ears too."

WITHOUT a word she took up the three typed pages and put them into his outstretched fingers. He bent over the copy eagerly, glancing quickly down the first page, tossed that sheet aside with an exclamation.

Suddenly he sprang up.

"Do you know what this means?" he said, beating on the sheets of paper with the backs of his fingers. "It means utter ruin for the administration. It is a swan song of politics! It is defeat and ruin for us all. It means that the man you have called the great leader has committed political suicide. He has murdered the careers of all of us."

The Cabinet Minister dropped his chin; he stared at the Persian rug.

"It is your opportunity," said Beatrice softly. "The next half hour, Your Excellency, is the most important thirty minutes of your career. You have your opportunity."

"I shall resign to-morrow," he asserted with a quaver in his deep voice.

The woman answered him as if she, standing over him, was Destiny herself.

"It will be too late," she said. "You will be accused of waiting until you saw that the ship was going to founder. You cannot leave after the storm begins to blow. It will be too late then."

"You mean——"

"Yes, to-night. You must act to-night."

The Other Man struggled up to his feet. A crafty look came into his eyes.

"Why are you doing this?" he asked. "If I extricate myself from the wreckage, his ruin is all the more complete. Why are you doing this?"

She came so near to him that her fragrance filled his nostrils.

"For that explanation you must unravel the mysteries of a woman's nature," she replied. "Perhaps that is more than I can do myself. Did you know that once this man—the author of this message—held me tight in his arms—that we were in love?"

The statesman uttered a little exclamation—almost a squeak.

"I asked you if you knew him—if you had seen him," he said accusingly.

"And I told you that I had not seen him for more than fifteen years," she replied. "That was the truth."

"But once——" he inquired suspiciously.

"Years ago he was everything to me. You cannot understand that once when I turned his love aside instead of forcing me to save all that was dear to me he gave up—he went away. Perhaps you cannot see that a woman might forgive a man who had ruined her life, but might never forgive a man who had allowed her to ruin her own life? Can you?"

She poured out the words with hands clenched.

"I think I understand," said the Cabinet Minister. He paced up and down, thinking.

She may have misunderstood his silence for doubt, because with nervous fingers she unlocked a small brass-bound mahogany box on the table and took from it a note scribbled on a double sheet of letter paper.

"Do you need confirmation?" she asked, tossing this in front of him. "I have no particular delicacy of feeling. Read it. It is a message slightly out of date. It is a love-letter—from him."

The Other Man, plucking the gray hair above his ears with the finger-tips of one hand, glanced quickly through these written words laden with their message of youth.

"A curious memento," he said at last. "A strange document to play a part in the turn of world's events. You have brought it with you out of the past."

"Like a ghost," she said. "That's how I have come!"

"To see him fall."

The Cabinet Minister glanced at the clock—a Sèvres clock on the mantel—and consulted his own watch.

"You are right," he said briskly. "If I wait until this message of his is given forth and there is gnashing of teeth everywhere it will be too late. We will all have gone down together. There is little time. The wires to the press of the country are still open. Give me paper and ink!"

THE woman moved toward the mantel again and touched the glaze upon the sides of a delicately turned Korean porcelain. She made no sound and in the room there was no sound except the scratching of the Cabinet Minister's pen.

"There!" said he at last. "It will do. I must go. There is just time for the morning papers—just time."

"I know," she said, coming close to him and bending over him. "But your secretary. Why do you need to go? Send him."

He turned his face toward hers and stared up into the clear green eyes.

"We shall be alone. It will only be for an hour or so," she said. "No one need see you leave."

"But I shall want to know how the press has treated——"

"So shall I," she answered. "I have told my butler—my Japanese butler—a man who never fails me, to go down to the newspaper office and bring back the first copy he can seize. No one need know that you are here. Why not wait—with me?"

He hesitated—this man who preached so much to the youth of his country, this man who made so much of being a high moral example for the plain people as he liked to call them. She bent close to his ear again—one of his ears the sharp point of which rose out of his gray hair. His nostrils filled again with her fragrance.

He rose without a word and walking to the door opened it and said a few words to the waiting cadaverous secretary outside. As he came back into the library the front door slammed and they could hear the secretary going down the steps.

The Cabinet Minister spoke to her across the room. "You have shown me what years of stored-up yearning and bitterness may do in a woman's heart," he said. "We are all subject to our perverse little monomanias. Let me tell you mine. As men go I am a good man. But during years of restraint and bitterness I have hungered for a kiss from young, fresh lips—like yours. Can you believe that a man dealing with great affairs might stop in the midst of his labors—perhaps, indeed, at the very moment when an ambassador of another nation—I say can you believe that at such moments the hunger will come. For or triviality—like a kiss. Just to feel one—young fresh lips like yours!"

The woman looked at him with staring eyes.

"So you waited—to say that," she asked at last.

He nodded.

"Not for the news—not for the assurance that our evening's work was well done?"

"Yes, of course," he replied. "But you said that we would be alone."

The statesman had suddenly become a clown; as if he realized this he moved back toward the door.

"You shall have your kiss," said Beatrice firmly.

He uttered an exclamation of triumph.

"Not now," she said, retreating behind the large table. She leaned over the wide piece of furniture. "We shall wait. When I am sure that my own years of hunger are satisfied—that my work is completed, I will satisfy your years of hunger—you good and pious man! You shall have your kiss."

"From fresh young lips," he said as if that phrase had run through his mind like a jingling snatch of song.

AT the hour, when the newspapers of the capital are beginning to send out their morning editions for distribution by railroads to nearby cities and towns, a Japanese butler with several copies of one of them still ink-moist sat inside a taxicab that was speeding through the deserted avenues.

The machine stopped at a cross street and the Japanese butler climbed out and ran agilely down the block, under the two great trees which shaded the entrance of Beatrice Kingsford's house. He ran up the steps, inserted a key and knocked lightly upon the library door.

"We have the morning papers very early, I think," he said as if addressing only the woman's hand which was thrust through the crack in the door.

"Thank you, Sato. There is nothing more to-night," said the voice of the mistress.

And in this way the morning papers with their headlines telling the story of the executive message and the resignation of the Minister of State reached those who had waited.

"Permit me," said Beatrice Kingsford, handing a copy to her late-hour guest. "Each of us has come to the moment of our triumph."

He seized the paper and spread it open with trembling hands. As he read

raised it closer to his eyes as if to assure them that they were not deluded.

"Come!" she said gaily. "Come, Your Excellency. Your kiss is waiting. It was enough to induce you to stay here. Will you take it?"

He rose from his seat with a cry of rage. He shook the paper at her. Losing all control of himself he tore it across the middle and threw the two pieces on the floor.

The message of the leader of his party had been printed on the front page. It was the exact contrary of that which she had shown him!

"Come, Your Excellency," she said. "Your kiss is waiting."

"Who wrote this?" he roared, pointing to the thing that had tricked him.

"I did," she said. "Do you think it is a good state paper?"

"A woman!" he groaned and then his voice broke as he added. "A viper!"

"Or a ghost of a great love," she added. "As you have said yourself, something in a woman's heart came back across the world and across the years unseen and unknown to rid a great man of you. Come! Your kiss—from fresh young lips, did you call them?—it is growing cold."

"Damn you!" cried out the statesman. "My resignation."

"I know," she said quietly. "It looked like the sinking ship. But it is too late to withdraw it now."

With an exclamation of rage he rushed to the threshold and out into the hall. The front door he shut quietly, however, and as she watched him disappear into the shadows she might have thought of his pointed ears appearing through his gray hair and of his eager sniffing, pointed nose and his rodent hands.

Perhaps she did not notice these things; she went away from the window at once and as if acting mechanically straightened the articles and papers upon the table top. The last thing she put away was the note written to her by The Tall One years before. She laid it in the little mahogany, brass-bound box and locked it within.

When she had turned out the one lamp only the moonlight shone into the room. She sat for a time in the dark with folded hands. She had squared the account. He would never know perhaps. And more than that he might never know what had been in her heart all these years and what would remain there till the end.

THAT was the story in substance told by the Japanese Minister whose immobile bronze-modeled face was in the candle-light over the gold-lacquer coffee cups.

"I do not see how any one could have known what went on in that library," said one of the younger women at the table. "That is—unless the Cabinet Minister or the woman told."

"Ah, I am sure neither has told," replied the Japanese Minister. "One must remember that in the capitals of great nations there are many listening ears and many observing eyes. Perhaps they look and listen slyly."

"Oh," exclaimed the girl. "I think I understand."

"But after all—the love story—is it a closed book?" another said.

"I am not so sure," replied the Japanese Minister looking into the white, tense face of the hostess. "It might be that someone will interest himself to communicate to The Tall One that which he does not yet understand."

"And then——" said the hostess impulsively.

"I think he may open the book which the woman said was closed forever. Perhaps he will recognize that even the greatest of us are toys for the gods."

Romance-in a Minor Key

(*Concluded from page 47*)

explained Donna Luino, smiling. "Maybe I think he tell you send for me."

"Your husband?" asked Marie. "He works here?'

"Si! Si! Emilio—he rub the stone on the house."

Marie held fast to the handle of the basement door. Then, when her dizziness had left her, she gently shut the door, pushing the Donna Luino slowly out of the house.

"You'll find your husband outside," she said. As she walked unsteadily up the stairs she heard Donna Luino's voice, pitched high and shrill, crying:

"Emilio!"

CHAP. VII

"What ho!" —FIELDING.

THE second-story window was wide open and Emilio, working on his scaffold, heard Mr. Benson say to his valet:

"Take this letter and post it immediately."

Emilio stopped working. From among his tools he selected a small block of sandstone which he used for rubbing metal. He seated himself upon the scaffold with his legs dangling over the edge. He watched the basement door and waited. Presently, the door opened and Emilio, looking down, beheld a derby hat emerging. His aim was true. The block of stone struck the hat fairly upon the top, crushed it in and almost stunned its wearer. And then, to his consternation, Emilio found himself looking down into the bewildered countenance of Mr. Benson, who having suddenly changed his mind, had decided to post the letter himself.

"I sorry!" cried Emilio. "She drop out my hand."

Mr. Benson entered the house and washed his injured scalp. He then appeared at the second-story window and, with a smile upon his face, asked Emilio to step into the room. The moment the Italian's feet touched the carpet Mr. Benson closed the window and, turning to his valet:

"Walker," said he, "shut the door and lock it."

"Yes, sir," said Walker, joyfully. And, when the door was locked, being a well-trained servant, he stood immobile as a statue watching his master at his task. It was a brief task and well done. Mr. Benson had been a great football player in his day.

"Now, Walker," said he. "Take that cane over there—the heavy one with the knobs on it—and put this gentleman out of the house."

"Yes, sir," said Walker. "Very well, sir."

And thus it was that Marie, entirely unaware of what had happened, beheld Emilio, bruised and disheveled, flying down the stairs with the valet behind him, valiantly flourishing a heavy cane. The stone-scraper made his escape through the basement, banging the heavy door behind him. Walker turned and encountered Marie's shining eyes. Women simply cannot help it. From empress to scullery-maid they admire a winner.

"Oh, Walker!" she cried. The valet, his chest swelling, struck a heroic attitude.

"I guess that'll be about all for your Italian!" he said. Marie came close to him and laid her hands upon his manly bosom.

"Oh, Walker!" she gasped. And then —oh, Walker wasn't slow!

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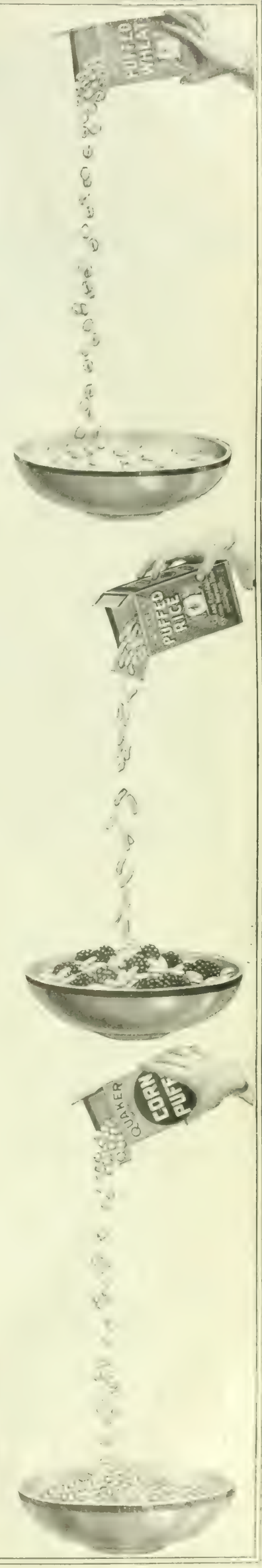
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In Gloucester Harbor

(Continued from page 36)

charge of the small boat, made some protest that had to do with faulty lowering facilities.

"Doesn't matter," said Cranahan curtly. He spoke to Dick. "Bring them all to the saloon," he said gruffly.

In the saloon was the captain of the *Sea-Bird*. Cranahan closed the sliding doors of the long room. He turned and faced his guests.

"I told you," he said harshly, "that a month of cruising and we'd know the crook among us. Well, it hasn't taken a month. Only three days."

"You know him?" cried Herriman, in his piping treble.

"I will soon enough," snapped Cranahan. "You know how that fake fire was caused? Flashlight powder. I thought the smoke smelled queer, but—there was considerable excitement going on, and—" A knock on the door interrupted him. He opened it. Entered Riley, followed by three sailors.

"We've searched their rooms, sir," said the detective. "And we found——"

Cranahan held up his hand for silence. He turned to his guests.

"While you were coming down here," he said, "my men were searching your cabins. Rough stuff! I know it, but—there's little courtesy due a crook."

"What were they searching for?" asked Nebidan.

"Evidence," snapped Cranahan. "There was a chance that the crook might have had more flashlight powder lying around—" He turned to Riley. That individual motioned his men forward. Each of them held out small parcels to Cranahan.

"We found," said the detective, "flashlight powder in the rooms of *all* your guests."

Cranahan gasped. "All of them?"

Riley grinned sheepishly. "Kennard here found some in Mr. Bernard's cabin. He came out to tell me just as I was digging some out of a drawer in Mr. Nebidan's room. Well, sir, just then Linder came rushing up with the discovery that *he'd* found some in Mr. Sinsabaugh's cabin, and—well, then we searched the others. There was some in your suite, too, Mr. Cranahan."

Cranahan reached for the decanter which the careful steward, in the moment of panic, had, nevertheless, with an eye to duty, placed on the buffet. He poured himself a long and suitable drink. He swallowed it without undue haste. Then he put the glass down. He turned to his guests.

"That drink, gentlemen," he said, "was to the health of the cleverest crook that ever. . . . Gentlemen, this is Chief Riley. He's been with us since we left New York. And—oh, hell, how can we pick the man that set off that powder if we must suspect everyone of us?" He slumped down gloomily in a chair.

"Well, one thing is certain. We know where every man here was from the moment that the alarm was given," said Riley. "He didn't have time to get the portrait. So that, if he planned this phony fire to get a chance at it—well, he's not so clever, after all, is he?"

A sudden thought struck Cranahan. He walked to the safe at the other end of the saloon. He unlocked it. The board case in which the portait had been carried aboard the yacht was there.

"Well, we might as well start the game again," said Sewall. Sewall, by virtue of steady good luck, had lost all scruples that a churchly life had inspired against poker.

"And you might as well look inside the case," suggested Riley.

Cranahan stared at the detective. "I suppose we might as well be sure," he said, almost grudgingly.

He inserted, into a lock, a tiny key. One side of the case swung open, to expose the interior rear. For no noble portrait, done in the best style of Lichter the great Dutchman, prevented the eye from glimpsing the bare boards of the back of the case. The Ballantyne portrait was gone!

Cranahan's face turned slowly red; his lips were compressed together. Silently his gaze traveled from face to face. Then he spoke.

"Maybe, Riley," he said, "you're beginning to believe that this crook among us *is* clever, eh? He knew that I, Mullen"—he referred to the steward who had been pouring drinks when the alarm of fire had been raised—"were always, one of us, in sight of that safe. And Mullen has been in my employ twenty years. Nothing of the crook in him."

"Maybe you've stolen the portrait yourself, John," suggested Sinsabaugh with a laugh. "You know, I've been suspected in the past. Why not you? Make us pay a couple of hundred thousand and still have your portrait, eh?"

Cranahan nodded heavily. "Of course. You'd naturally think of that. Only, *I'm* not thinking of that. And I'm going to find the thief. . . . He dashed down here while we were all on deck. . . ."

"An outsider, then, you mean," said Sinsabaugh. "*We* were all on deck from the first alarm until now."

"An outsider," said Cranahan, heavily. "And I'll have the effects of every man searched. . . . Riley, you can begin now."

It was midnight when Riley reported that his search had been in vain. "I dunno, Mr. Cranahan," he said wearily, "how the deuce anything the size of the portrait, even if it was rolled up, could get away from us. We've been over the boat from stem to stern, and we've found nothing."

Cranahan smiled easily. He looked up from his cards. The game had been resumed, its fascination overcoming the excitement of the search.

"This started out to be a thirty-day cruise, Riley. Well, there's nothing to prevent it from becoming a thirty-year cruise, you know."

At which covert threat men stirred uneasily. But a moment's reflection convinced them that it was a threat that could never be carried out. Dick Bernard, whose law practice was his livelihood, dismissed the threat as an absurdity after a few turns about the cool deck.

The poker-game was a little steep for him. Further, he had started upon the cruise under greater protest than any of the others. *He* had to earn his living. At least, his patrimony was inconsiderable as compared with the others. His practice needed him. Moreover, Nancy Darrell, the incomparable Nancy Darrell, was in New York. At least, he supposed so. But—the Ballantyne portrait was gone! Could she— But he smiled. This was a yacht for men only.

The moonlight upon the water was enthralling. It led one to dreams of smooth throats, of wonderful brown hair. . . . She was a thief, the accomplice of a thief. He'd think no more of her. Once again he threw a cigaret over side, watching its sparky course downward until it died out in a "siss" in the waters below. Idly he noticed power boats running around the harbor. Gloucester was a lively town. Big hotel, too, he understood. Bully place for an out-doorsy sort of girl, who'd like golf and tennis . . . oh, hell.

He walked silently past the open door of the saloon. He didn't want to



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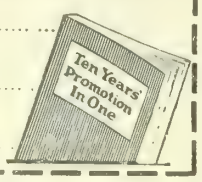
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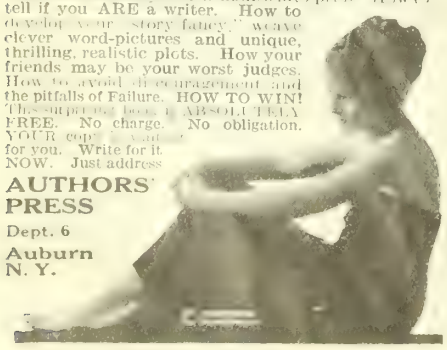
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N. Y.



called back into the game. And because he'd started softly he finished before his cabin door softly. So it was that he was inside his room, with the door closed, his back against it, before the person kneeling by his bed heard him.

It was, Bernard saw, as the youth straightened up, the soft-shouldered sailor whom he had clutched earlier in the evening. Recollection raced through Bernard's brain. As he had turned his blinded eyes away from another yacht's glaring searchlight, he had seen this youth emerge from the saloon door. This while they stood by the boats.

Someone, Cranahan had said a while ago, had dashed into the saloon and stolen the portrait while the crew and passengers were on deck. And hidden it, later, in a guest's room, that would not be searched a second time, having been already gone over when the powder was found. And this soft youth was the someone! Soft! Of body and of heart, too! For his hand clutched at his breast now, and his eyes held terror, and his mouth—an extremely red and curved-lipped mouth, was parted. But not so cowardly after all. For he smiled suddenly—bewilderingly, dazzlingly.

"So—you found me," he said.

Bernard sneered. "Quite clever, eh? Scare us all out of a year's growth, grab the portrait, hide it here—" He pointed accusingly at the rolled parcel in the boy's hand—" and then—what then?" he finished curiously.

The dazzling, unmasculine smile grew wider. "What then?" echoed the sailor He lifted the parcel. Before Bernard could interfere he had hurled it through the open window into the sea. But there was no splash. Even as Bernard gasped at the apparent vandalism, a voice called up from the water's surface,

"Good shot! Hurry up, Nan."

"Nancy Darrell," he whispered.

"Your eyes are not too sharp, Mr Bernard," she mocked.

"You've been aboard—all along?" he asked, hoarsely.

She laughed. "Do you imagine that I swam out here? Or was dropped by an airplane?"

Her hair had been cut since last he saw it. Ruthlessly, in the pursuit of this dreadful profession of hers, she had cropped it.

She smiled again. "Some day I'll tell you, Dick Bernard."

"Some day? Do you realize that I must turn you over to Cranahan, to the police?"

"Must?" Her eyes pleaded with him; yet they held mockery in them, too.

"Must. Unless," he was thinking rapidly. "Unless you'll tell me the name of the member of the club who hires you, who is the thief among us— —"

"And then you'll let me go?" she demanded.

He nodded. She beckoned to him. He drew closer. "I'm afraid someone will hear me," she said.

"Absurd; you needn't be afraid; I'll protect you," he told her. And he thrilled at his own promise. Protect her? Thief though she was, he'd die for her. . . .

She glanced over her shoulder. The cabins of the *Sea-Bird* had windows, instead of ports. For rough weather there were stout shutters, waterproof, in the center of which were thick glass portholes. But this was calm weather, the yacht was at anchor. The shutters were turned back.

She glanced at the window. She looked at Dick. He was close to her now.

"At the door," she whispered. "Someone "

He turned. Too late he turned back. She was standing in the center of his bed, and as he divined her idea and reached for her she was gone.

Gone! Clean through the window, in the prettiest, most daring dive he had ever seen. He heard her splash in the water. Then, as his head poked through the open place, he saw her rise from the sea, pulled into a power-boat by two pair of masculine hands. He heard her gasping chuckle, and then, above the roar of the speed-boat's engine, he heard her call:

"Good-by, Dick."

There was laughter, triumph, mockery, in her voice. But she had called him *Dick*. That she was a thief was all forgotten. She had called him *Dick!*

He was properly impressed, next morning, when Cranahan announced that one of the crew had disappeared during the night, and agreed with the others that the vanished man was probably the thief. He could not tell Cranahan, nor any of the rest, that the thief was a girl. Not

In the next number—Hearst's for September comes

ALL SAINT'S DAY

A dramatic episode of Paris life by a new author

MAURICE LEVEL

The first of a series of six short stories of his that equal de Maupassant and O. Henry in one

But her figure—he wondered how he or anyone else had been deceived. Yet, until he knew she was a girl, how would he have guessed that her rounded slimness was anything other than unmuscular boyhood?

She flushed beneath his stare. "What are you going to do to me?" she asked.

"DO? What *can* I do? You're a thief, Nancy Darrell, and—why? In God's name, why? When you have youth, beauty, charm—Nancy Darrell, why?"

any word of his would ever aid the police in catching Nancy Darrell. Yet, though the others were about convinced that there was no hope of ever bringing to book the thief among them, Dick did not share their convictions. Some day there would be no window through which Nancy Darrell could dive, and then—he'd learn the truth.

Who brought the phonograph record into the Maine camp of the Arm-chair Club? You'll need several guesses to find out what really did become of "Nebidan's One Hundred Thousand,"—in the September Hearst's.



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My Chauffeur

(*Concluded from page 29*)

atted a ball at me and broke the nail on
he third finger of my right hand. It
rved me right because I am forty-eight
ars of age and have no business playing
aseball.

And that's the way it goes all the time.
When Walter's driving the car I'm
ther with him or he isn't around. But
hen he isn't driving it, I'm usually home
nd so is he. For a few days I had hopes
hat something might happen so that I
ouldn't have to keep entertaining him.
he employment agent sent out a maid
ho was young and good looking, and I
ought perhaps I might be able to induce
alter to marry her. But it was too
nesome for her, and one day she went
to town and never came back. The
xt maid was an old lady with white
ir, and I didn't have the nerve to sug-
st that Walter marry her. He's only
enty-one, and anyway I doubt if the
d lady would have married him. And
sides, I think she had a husband some-
here. She seemed to have a hatred
r men.

If I hadn't anything at all to do, it
ouldn't be so bad. I could think up
ings myself and maybe find some games
at I'd like to play and that would also
tertain Walter. But I have to work,
d always when I'm working Walter
n't busy. And my desk is in a corner
a room with two windows that seem
look out over the whole landscape.
cause of this Walter and the specter of
s lonesomeness is always before me.
st yesterday I suggested that we might
fishing, and I told him to go somewhere
d dig some worms. I had an idea that
night grab a couple of hours of freedom,
cause I had never seen any worms
ound the place, and I figured they might
hard to get. But he was back in fif-
n minutes with a whole can full, and he
emed so pleased with the idea of going
hing that I didn't do any work at all,
t went out on the lake instead

And my wife she worries about Walter
o. With all the trouble we have had
th maids—we used to call them "girls"
ck home—and we haven't had one for a
ek now—we would, if we were alone,
imp on our meals. I could very
adily get along with bread and milk for
nch, and in a pinch I could eat canned
mon or some such thing for dinner.
it we can't do that while Walter is with
. My contract with him calls for so
uch money and three hearty meals a
y, and we haven't the nerve to ask him to
t what we would be willing to get along
th during our maidless periods. There-
e, while I am busy planning and carry-
g out entertainment for Walter, my wife
busy planning and cooking his meals.

Two or three times I have about made
my mind to fire Walter and go up to
e garage and get the car and wreck it
run it. But there is always a chance
at in wrecking it I might kill myself,
d if I did that it would spoil my wife's
mmer, and besides the car is almost new
d I should be able to get a lot of pleas-
e out of it.

Had I been raised differently it is quite
obable I wouldn't worry about Walter.
ould just say to him: "Good-morning,
alter, I won't need you until noon."
"Good-morning, Walter, I would like
e car after breakfast." But somehow,
lon't seem to be able to do that. And
yway, it wouldn't do any good because
ere isn't any place for him to go, and
e first thing I would know he would be
ound with his bat and ball and have
e catching flies or chasing grounders.

Therefore, I must learn to run the car
self. Either that or we must find a
id who will be willing to marry Walter,
a footman or a butler who likes to play
ll and throw stones into the lake.



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Wives of Doctors
Don't Have Corns

Doctors All Know Blue=jay

It is made by a surgical dressing house whose products doctors use.

Doctors' wives use Blue-jay when a corn appears. And they end it at once and forever.

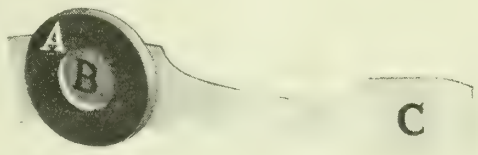
Millions of others now use the same method. In a moment they apply a Blue-jay plaster. The wrapping makes it snug and comfortable, and they forget the corn.

In 48 hours they remove the Blue-jay and the corn is ended. Only a few of the toughest corns need a second application.

The pain is stopped instantly. The corn is ended—and completely—in two days.

Blue-jay has done that for millions of corns. Your corns are not different. It will do it for your corns.

If you have corns and don't prove this you do yourself an injustice.



How Blue=jay Acts

A is a thin, soft, protecting ring which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

B is the B & B wax centered on the corn to gently undermine it.

C is rubber adhesive. It wraps around the toe and makes the plaster snug and comfortable.

Corns Are Out-of-Date

In the old days corns were common. Nearly everybody had them.

People pared them, padded them, coddled them and kept them.

Nowadays, most people never suffer corns. Yet tight, dainty shoes are more common than ever.

Consider that fact. The reason lies in this scientific Blue-jay.

One user told another, until millions now employ it.

Quit Old Methods

Paring is unsafe and temporary. Padding is unsightly. Old, harsh, mussy treatments have been discredited. These are scientific days.

Try Blue-jay on one corn. Learn that the pain does end. Learn that the corn does disappear.

Learn that these results come in an easy, gentle way.

When you do, your corn troubles are over—all of them, forever.

Try it tonight.

B&B Blue=jay
The Scientific Corn Ender

Stops Pain Instantly—Ends Corns Completely
25 Cents—At Druggists

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago, New York, Toronto
Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

I Don't Know Your Name

(Concluded from page 20)

my disposal. You see"—he glanced at his uniform—"I have just returned from France. I had not heard of Mr. Holden's death. I came down from New York to-night, expecting to stay here. It is rather late to go back now. Surely you won't mind if I sleep in Austen's bed. We have always been great friends."

Doris gazed helplessly at the great curving staircase. The thought of having this young man in the house all night dismayed her, and yet it was not entirely without its interesting features.

"I was in Austen's company. He did some rather big things, and they gave him a couple of medals. He thought his father might like to know about it, so I came down to tell him. His death will be a blow. I presume Mr. Holden left a will."

"Yes." Doris snuggled down upon the cushions of one of the great benches that flanked the sides of the hall. "His lawyers read it this morning. He left everything to me. His son was cut off with a trifling sum. I think he ought to break it."

"*You* think so?" The young man's expression was incredulous.

"Certainly. Mr. Holden's son has much more right to the money than I have. I should think he would hate me."

"Not if he saw you."

Doris frowned.

"That has nothing to do with it," she replied. "I am an outsider. Young Mr. Holden is the legitimate heir. If he wants all the estate he can have it. *I* certainly do not wish to stand in his way. "Good-night," she exclaimed, as she vanished up the stair-case.

BENEATH the brilliant sunshine of a perfect June day they met again. Doris had not slept particularly well, but she was too young to feel the worse for it. The breakfast table, with its blue and white service, stood fresh and snowy beneath the early morning sun. Doris sank into a huge upholstered wicker chair and ordered eggs, marmalade and coffee. A bowl of fruit already decorated the center of the table. It was while sugaring her strawberries and cream that the young man appeared. He had discarded his uniform for an extremely smart suit of white flannels; in his hands he held a huge bunch of sweet peas.

"Good-morning," he said. "I thought you might like them." He placed the blossoms beside her plate.

"Thank you," said Doris. "I like them very much indeed."

"All this must seem very strange to you," he observed, gazing out over the blossom-crowned garden.

"It does. Almost like a dream. I—I scarcely know what to make of it. May I give you some strawberries?"

"Yes, please." He passed his plate. "Austen always loved this place. He was very unhappy because of his estrangement from his father. He meant to come home and try to set matters right. Now it is too late. I suppose you don't know he was born here—in the very room in which you are sleeping."

"Really." Doris passed the plate of berries, wondering how the young man knew the location of the room in which she was sleeping. She also wondered when he meant to go. So far, his manner, while extremely deferential, gave her the impression that he planned an extensive stay.



"I suppose I'm very foolish to do this," she said, "but I don't want to deprive young Mr. Holden of anything."

"Did Mr. Holden ever speak of his son?" he asked.

"Not often—to me, at least. You see, I only knew him a week. I suppose I shouldn't have married him, but he seemed so anxious, so much alone."

The young man gazed searchingly into Doris's velvety eyes. What he saw there evidently reassured him.

"Of course you should, if he wanted you to. He generally got whatever he wanted. Naturally he wanted you. Anyone would." There was a glow in the young man's eyes that gave Doris an agreeable thrill. She wondered if she was falling in love.

The young man gazed once more into her enchanting eyes.

"You will marry again," he announced, as though the question admitted of no argument.

Doris, combating the assertion, perhaps gave him the answer to the question which was uppermost in his mind.

"Why do you say that?"

"Because it is inevitable. No woman like you could be happy, single."

"I think I shall be happy," she said.

"Happier than if you were to marry me, for instance?" The young man covered a bit of bread with marmalade.

Doris refused to be disturbed by this bit of persiflage.

"You," she laughed. "Why, I don't even know your name."

"What difference does that make? It would be just the same, if it were Smith, or Brown. Of course I haven't any money, but please don't think me a fortune hunter."

"I couldn't very well think that, since you agree with me that Mr. Holden's son ought to break the will. I suppose I'm entitled to a third, but I'm not sure that I'll take it. If Mr. Holden had lived, it would have been different; but as things are, I really don't see why I am entitled to a cent of his money."

The young man drew a fountain-pen from his pocket, a bit of paper.

"Are you in earnest?" he asked.

"Of course I am."

"Then sign this." He wrote hastily a few words. "It is a waiver on your part of all rights in Mr. Holden's fortune."

Doris regarded the slip of paper for some moments in silence. Then she took up the pen.

"I suppose I'm very foolish to do this," she said, "but I don't want to deprive young Mr. Holden of anything that belongs to him." He took the bit of paper that Doris had signed and placed it in his pocket. "And now that you are, practically speaking, a poor woman, will you marry me?"

THIS time Doris could not put aside his question so lightly, especially as he bent upon her a pair of very dark and serious eyes. The light that flamed in them she had seen before, but this time it did not repel her. "Really, I scarcely know you," she stammered.

Her companion waved his hand largely about the sun-kissed garden.

"I find myself astonishingly happy," he said. "I have never been quite so happy before. For years I have dreamed of a woman like you. Here we are, eating what might be our wedding breakfast. Why stop? Happiness knocks but once, you know. Why shouldn't this be our garden of Eden?"

"But," Doris objected, "this is Mr. Holden's garden."

"I know," he said. "I am Mr. Holden." He took from his pocket the slip of paper which Doris had signed and tore it to bits, casting the fragments to the spring wind. "It's absurd, I suppose, for me to say that I love you, but I do. Those things happen, sometimes. I've loved the thought of you for years. Just the thought of you. Now that I have found the reality, I must say what I feel, even if you hate me for it." He stretched one brown hand across the table and heedless of the upset cream jug, clasped her fingers in his. "What is your name?" he asked.

"Doris." She could scarcely whisper it. There was a marvelous singing in her brain, a lassitude that called for flowers and for the sea. She too had loved, in her imagination, for many empty years. Her cheeks were flaming. "I suppose it's all wrong," she gasped, "but since I met your father, last week, everything has been filled with a strange spirit of enchantment. I feel just like somebody in a wonderful fairy tale."

"Dear," he said, twining his fingers about hers, "I think that our fairy tale is going to be the most wonderful ever written. I've got to go away for a while, of course. I owe that to my father. But when I come back you are going to marry me, and then"—he held out his arms.

Doris, a bit conscience-stricken, was wondering whether she ought to tell him that when he made his unexpected appearance the night before, she had seen plainly painted on his battered suitcase the letters "A. H."

A Little Journey

(Continued from page 43

for in someone else. I wanted it so—to cling to. To believe in. I don't want to live? I don't. I don't. . .

Jim—Don't be unhappy—don't. You're free now. You've left all the things that made you a coward behind you. We're two lonely people who have found each other. Wait a little. Learn to know me. Give me a chance.

Julie—I'm afraid. It fascinates me—but I want to end it.

Jim—You want to face one great unknown. Face the other with me. Let me show you something of life you've never seen. There's always the other left—if you want it after all.

Julie—Oh, what's so easy and simple for you is hard, hard and strange for me.

Jim—Throw away the part that's been a disappointment and a failure. Look the new thing in the face.

Julie—I can only see one thing—my own despair and I can't face it. I can't. I want to escape it and I only know one way. You said you'd open the door for me.

Jim—I won't let you go—(*Crash! The car is wrecked*).

(*When we see the passengers again it is*

the cold gray dawn after the wreck before the passengers, in make-shift attire, are standing on a bare little hill looking down at the débris)

Leo (one of them)—And I can see that Jim fella out there where they're mendin' the bridge—bossin' the job and workin' harder'n anybody with his busted arm and shoulder. . .

Mrs. Welch (another of them)—And he broke it savin' her. More's the pity. . . . Hasn't a cent in the world. Doesn't want to go where she's got to go and she's going to get something out of this. She's going to get a man someway. . . . But I'll put a question to Jim that'll show her up before you all. She's trying to make us think he's asked her to marry him. He ought to be put wise to it and I'll do it.

Lily (another of them)—Miss Rutherford, her name is. Isn't she wonderful? A regular angel of mercy she's been all night. Helping everybody. She's done some perfectly marvelous things. The doctors say so. (*Jim comes up*) Do your arm and shoulder hurt?

Jim—Oh no, they're all right.

Mrs. Welch—Pretty expensive business for you, saving her life and breaking yourself to pieces.

Jim—Well, I guess it's worth it, when you think how many she's saved herself, since. (*Enter Julie, carrying Annie's baby. There is about her a sort of shining exultation which radiates an intensity of energy and rather a disconcerting honesty and simplicity seeing things for the first time and expecting everyone else to see them the same way.*)

Julie—(in a low, breathless tone)—She's gone.

Mrs. Welch—Who?

Julie—Annie.—I believe she was glad to go—poor little woman. She wasn't married to Bill. And she was afraid to take the baby to him—and afraid she couldn't take care of it herself and just afraid—afraid of everything—afraid to live.

Mrs. Welch—She had no business to die. What's going to become of that child.?

Julie—That was the hard thing for her and she was so unhappy about it. I said I knew I could find some one to take her and love her—and the most beautiful look came into her face—a sort of radiance and—she just closed her eyes and slipped away—into peace—with one hand still holding this little baby hand. (*To Mrs. Welch*) So I brought the baby right up to you first, Mrs. Welch, 'cause I know you are generous and kind and well off and would like to have her.

Mrs. Welch—No. I can't stand children. Even if anybody wanted to adopt a kid, who wants an illegitimate one with all its mother's bad traits?

Julie—What has that got to do with this love of a baby? Besides, her mother was a very wonderful woman. Wasn't she, Jim?

Jim (with an intense shyness before this new and compelling Julie)—What makes you think so?

Julie—She understood and appreciated you, that was one of the reasons. She said: "Lady, that tall fellow is a great man. Don't be afraid to hold on to him. It ain't how long you know a man that counts." Don't you think that shows some great understanding? And never a word of littleness toward Bill. She said she loved him and that love had made her happy and that it was worth it all just to have had the baby to love for a little while. There's something rather splendid about that, you know.

Jim (to Julie)—Don't worry, you'll find a place for her some way.

Julie—Yes, I know, what we want to be can be. That's true isn't it? Every word you said has come true. More true, more glorious than you know. Something great enough to make up for this has come. (*Laying her hand tenderly on his broken arm. The others drift away leaving Jim and Julie alone.*)

I'm trying hard to please you—to show you how glad I am to be alive and how grateful I——

Jim—Don't please. You don't owe me anything. Nothing is different because I had the luck to save your life. Things are just as they were before all this happened.

Julie—Oh no—and they never will be again. All that you tried to make me see when I wanted to die—I *do* see now. All you said in that last wonderful hour in the train is true—true. I knew it when my life seemed going. I know it now that life *can* be all you said,big and sweet and wonderful—*if we make it.* Oh, I want to give all the rest of mine to you—to thank you

Jim—What's a broken arm and shoulder? You haven't changed because of *me.* You see and know because you've seen death and suffering—because you've served and touched high places and seen deep. You're cold and hungry and dirty now and close to humanity and you've made things for others by giving of *yourself.* That's why you're glad to be alive. It's yourself—yourself—not me.

Julie—The things you said to me——

Jim—The things I asked when you were throwing yourself away—I don't ask now and the things you've said out of pity and gratitude are all washed out.

Julie—What have I done? What's changed?

Jim—You're reborn and further away from me than ever. When you're down there, on the level again—out of the heights—you'll see me as I am—a plain man, not fit to touch you—separated from you by every law of your world. To-morrow you'll see the cold facts as I do now. The difference between your world and mine. I belong out here. This width and space and the fight with it all has made me, but to you it would be as hard and bare as these rocks.

Julie—No, no.

Jim—It's the long years ahead, when the hold of your own world would call to you and draw you till you hated this and me. I won't let you. I won't let you sacrifice yourself. I can see the end—I know.

Julie—Then you don't think I can be free too—you don't think I have anything to give? If I'm only changed for a little while, if I'm going back to my old selfish self, then nothing you said is true and the shining brightness of a new world with work and love in it isn't there at all.

Jim—My God! You're all that I ever dreamed and hoped to have. You're what these mountains and rivers can give. When you were throwing yourself away—yes, I did snatch at you and try to drag you back. You don't need me now and I give you back to yourself. It's I who have something to be grateful for. I've seen you and known you. When the sun comes over the hills now you will be standing in it—with that child in your arms—and when it goes down at night it'll be *all right* because *you* are some place and life is better for that. (*The other passengers straggle back bringing wood; a fire is made. While they are gathered about it Julie makes an announcement.*)

Julie—I've found a place for the baby. I'm going to keep her myself.

Mrs. Welch—What?

Julie—Oh you don't think I'm fit to take care of her, but I love her, and after all, love is the greatest thing in the world that can be given to her, isn't it? . . . I don't know how I am going to take care of her, but I just know I can. I've got to. Why, it's the reason I'm alive myself—I know that now.

Mrs. Welch—You mean you're counting on somebody else to take care of you both, aren't you? (*She looks at Jim*).

Jim—This is Miss Rutherford's own affair.

Mrs. Welch—Oh, I don't know; she asked me what I thought and I told her. I think she's bluffing and fooling with a pretty serious thing. Of course, if you intend to help her do it, that's different, but for Heaven's sake, come out in the open and say so.

Julie—She's right. I'm not going to marry Mr. West—if that's what you mean, but I know this—that whatever I am, however worthless and weak, I *have* got the strength to take care of that baby. Oh, let me try—I can do it and I will—Don't you believe me?

Mrs. Welch—You bet I believe you. But I want to laugh. (*Looking at Jim*) My idea was to show her up to you. I thought she'd fooled you. But now I think you'd be pretty lucky to get her.

Jim—I would be—the luckiest man in the world—but I haven't the slightest right in the world to ask for her. (*Shouts from below*) That means the relief train is here. Come on, Mrs.Welch, I'll help you down (*all exit except Jim and Julie*) If there's anything—anything in any way I can do—will you let me. (*She moves away from him*) I won't come near you—if you don't want me—but just to know that a friend is over there behind that mountain range where I live—that's the way I can stay in your life a little, isn't it? (*Jim lowers his head and turns away*)

Julie—Oh! How sweet, how sweet and wonderful you are. I'm not separated from you by anything in heaven or earth. I love you.



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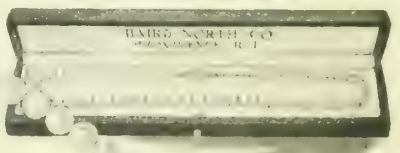
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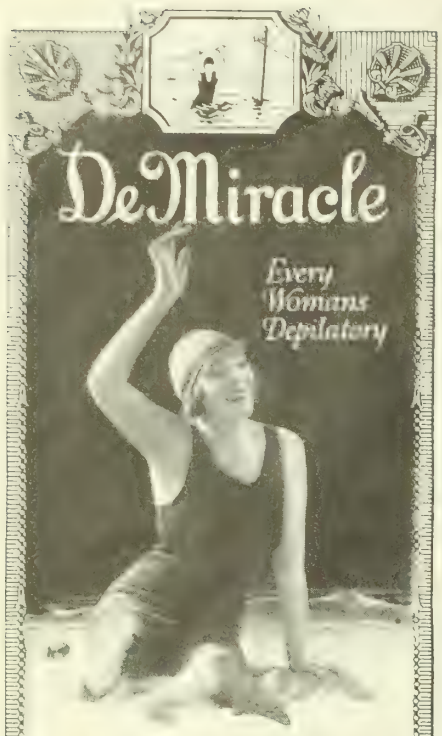
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This Light Must Live

(*Continued from page 32*)

mornings would be lost unless he had a corner of his own to work in. And above all things he wanted to get his teeth set on the bone of invention while the appetite to create was strong within him and the demands to justify existence were rigorous about him.

Then he no longer thought about himself. Instead, he sat up in bed and stared down at the still-sleeping woman beside him. It could always hold his attention, that sleeping face, touched with a mystery that was second only to the mystery of death. And she slept as peacefully and abandonedly as a child. Her lips, slightly parted, were red and viscid, the foreshortened lines curving into what looked like a pout of protesting childishness. He could see the steady pulse-beat in the hollow of the white neck and the ramified blue veining in the dusky eyelids where the faint fan-like tracery of the laughter-lines gave a countering touch of maturity to the face. Yet the entire attitude of the relaxed body impressed him as one of trust, of trust in him, of trust in some sterner force to which it had forlornly surrendered.

She was something more, he tried to tell himself, than a wave washed upon the shore of his desire. She was, fundamentally and primordially, his mate, his life partner. And therewas not traceof carnality in the kiss, light as a feather-touch, with which he brushed the upturned point of her bare shoulder. She stirred and turned a little, with an indrawn breath that was almost a sigh, and then lapsed back into unbroken slumber. Storrow, holding his breath, moved slowly and cautiously away and finally slipped out of bed, guarding each movement to make sure that he was not awakening her. Later, disturbed by the chilliness of the room from the open window, he tiptoed to the bedside and softly drew the tumbled coverings up about her shoulders. Then he as quietly tiptoed away again.

Storrow, when Torrie wakened, was hard at work, with an empty coffee-cup beside him and an ever-increasing array of written sheets before him. The determination to create, as he sounded the possibilities of his long-nursed romance of the Northland, merged into a fever to create. But it was stiff labor, that manipulation of a new medium, and involved a concentration tending to leave him oblivious of time and place. Torrie, with eyes still heavy from sleep, stared at him for a puzzled moment or two and then slipped away for her bath. Storrow, all the while, was far away in the sub-Arctic, unconscious of those ablutionary sounds which had once so held his attention, oblivious to Torrie's return in her heelless Turkish slippers and loose-fitting bathrobe. It was actual hunger more than Torrie's movements about the room that finally brought him out of his trance.

They prepared their meal together in Storrow's kitchenette which camp-life had taught him to keep orderly.

They ate side by side, with Torrie's arm across the back of her husband's chair. They ate, in fact, with the honest appetites of the healthy young animals they were, and when they had finished they sat with their slippered feet up on the radiator-top and the gray coils of cigaret-smoke slowly ascending to the skylight.

"It's a great life if you don't weaken," contentedly remarked Torrie with her head against Storrow's shoulder, repeating a Broadway catch-line of the day.

"What'll make us weaken?" demanded Storrow, not understanding the allusion.

That question, however, remained unanswered. For almost as it was uttered the studio door opened and a pert young figure in gray came to a sudden standstill.

"Hully gee!" she said aloud as she surveyed the two figures on the far side of the room. "Here's where I beat it!"

"Pannie," cried Torrie sharply as the intruder started to back out through the still-open door. And Pannie, with a stare of comprehension still on her sophisticated young face, came to a stop.

The three stood there, in a moment of constrained silence across which unspoken questions and retorts seemed to flash like heat-lightning.

"Tell her," Torrie suddenly commanded Storrow. And Storrow told her, inwardly irritated at the discovery that his words seemed more a confession than an announcement.

"You nuts! You two nuts!" cried Pannie, in the language of her world. "But if you've didded it, I s'pose I've gotta kiss you both!" And this Pannie proceeded to do.

DURING the week that ensued the new interpreter of the Northland found time a-plenty to give to his work. Torrie was surprisingly little at home. Her day, and sometimes half her night, seemed filled with rehearsals and fittings and photographers and ever-revised preparations for a two-week try-out of "The Seventh Wave" "on the road." Yet even the preoccupied Storrow was able to garner a hint or two that things were not going as smoothly with the new production as they should.

Nor did he find the approach to his own new venture altogether plain sailing. He was doubly anxious to escape failure, not only because it was the first step in a new field, but also because it seemed success alone that could now justify existence for him. He was not sorry, accordingly, when at the tail-end of a day of hard work Chester Hardy dropped in to see how he was getting along.

"That's the only answer to your question," retorted Storrow, pointing none too hopefully at the pile of manuscript that lay before him, confronted by that bareness of the horizon which comes after supreme endeavor.

Hardy, at a nod from the other, took up the scattered sheets and tamped their edges methodically together.

"In the first place," he said, "get a typewriter. Script is too hard to read and too slow to write, for these busy times." Then he sat silent, with his keen and slightly faded eye roweling over line after line. For a half-hour without movement or gesture Hardy continued to pore over the pages. And no word of approval escaped him as he put them down.

"In the second place," he resumed as though he had been speaking but a moment before, "while you've explained the presence of your city girl in the wilderness satisfactorily enough, why hang crêpe on the front door by killing off her father in your very first chapter? He isn't essential to your story, either dead or alive, and in this work you've got to keep down to essentials. Then when your man pulls the girl out of the rapids, after the entire outfit is wrecked, have her as naked, or as next to naked, as he is himself, the way you first said you were going to do it."

"But as I worked it out it seemed sure to shock people's sensibilities," explained Storrow.

"Don't let cowardice edge you away from your theme," briskly persisted the older man. "If what you've got seems like the truth, say it, and let the sensibilities take care of themselves. You intend to show your two people reverting suddenly to Adam and Eve conditions. And if you keep clothes on 'em you don't get 'em back to the Adam and Eve age at all. Strip 'em, my boy, strip 'em bare to the



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bone, and let 'em learn to take care of their nakedness of soul in the same way they're taking care of their nakedness of body. That's your theme, and that's what'll carry you through."

"But *will* it carry me through?" asked Storrow, trying to keep the question down to the plane of the commonplace.

Hardy knew the hope that lay ambuscaded in that seemingly casual query. He knew also the difficulties that beset the way of the artist not yet accustomed to the edged tools of creation. And he was sincere enough to be honest.

"I can't answer that until you've rounded out your structure a little more. But you've got a basic idea that is arresting, that is arresting even to me—and I can assure you I'm a sad-eyed old dog at this business of inspecting stories. Then you've got a new field, and ground that you know. So take advantage of that. Be definite. Be graphic and concrete. Don't be afraid to describe exactly how your master of woodcraft makes that wilderness soap for the lady. And tell exactly how they cured and sewed together that rabbit-skin suit of hers, and make it quite plain how they prepared the fish-bone needles and the cedar-root thread. You have him keep her warm, that first night after the rescue, by burying her in the down from bulrushes. I'm not naturalist enough to know whether this could be done or not, but it sounds amazingly poetic. I'm inclined to think, on the whole, that it would take an incredible number of bulrush heads to inter the lady."

"You're wrong," explained Storrow, now on ground that he was sure of. "There are *coulées* in the country where I'm laying this action carpeted with bulrushes. I've seen them thick enough to fill a hayrack with down in an hour's work. They're so plentiful that the Indians dry and grind the bulbs for a kind of flour. To-morrow, in fact, I intend to have my man explain the process to his mate."

"Good!" proclaimed Hardy. "Give 'em all of that stuff you can crowd in, all the wild-life and woodcraft material you've got to use. For that's what'll carry you over. And that's not only your individual note, your distinctive note, in this case, but it's the stuff that city people crave."

When Hardy took his departure, leaving Storrow like a cub-lion with his first taste of blood, he went with a renewed and more complicated interest in the young Canadian who was showing more changes than the mere loss of his woodland tan. There was a chance, if he kept his head, that the stranger from the North might eventually win out. And in that final winning out, if it was to be brought about, Hardy had a sincere and far from selfish wish to be à factor.

Hardy returned, before the end of the week, with a smile of approval for both the newly installed typewriter and the newly completed chapters. There were, of course, criticisms to be proffered and changes to be suggested and timely hints to be thrown out. The younger author, in fact, was governed by these much more than he imagined. He had reached the stage, by this time, where he felt that he could stand alone. So there was much talk and argument and clash of theory against theory, but it ended, as a rule, in Storrow's tacit submission to the older man's will. "The first rule of art," that older man had averred, "is to escape dullness." At another time he had declared: "It's only work, remember, that can efface the footsteps of work."

Storrow, under this kindly lash of encouragement, worked harder than ever. Even Torrie acquired a qualified respect for his preoccupation and fell to complaining of his absentmindedness.

"Hello, old bookworm!" was her greeting as she came into his studio one morning to dry her hair over his radiator. She was in *négligée*—that, he began to see, was a habit which women of the stage had imposed on them—and as she sat leaning forward with her still damp hair cascading down over the metal of the warm radiator he stared absently at the accidental gleam of the bare white shoulder in the strong side-light. The sight of that smooth and milky texture always stirred in him a vague longing to return to his modeling.

"Torrie," he abstractedly inquired, "how did you ever come to have that wonderful skin?"

She lifted a corner of the dusky mane shadowing her face and looked at him. Then, having made sure there was no mockery in his eyes, she massaged a satiny shoulder with meditative fingertips.

"I was born with it, Honey-Bun," she explained, "the same as you were born with broad shoulders. Mother used to have the same white skin. Even up to the week she died she was as pink and white as a baby."

He remembered, as he went back to his work, that he knew startlingly little of her antecedents, of her own earlier life. Human beings, after all, were enigmas to other human beings. And with that half-formulated deduction he reentered the rustling forest of his imagination and rounded up the scattered voices of creation.

So immersed was he in his work that when a few minutes later a knock sounded on his door he called out an abstracted "Come-in." He looked up to see Hardy with a bundle of manuscript on his threshold and Torrie with a cry of protest diving for the communicating-door.

Hardy beheld that vanishing white-shouldered figure, imperious in line as the Flying Victory, and somewhere deep in his unparticipating eyes Storrow thought he detected a look that savored of contempt. He resented that look, and found his resentment double-edged at the thought that it was not definite enough to combat. Yet at the same time a vague dread of finding it, or what it must have stood for, translated into actual and irretrievable words, prompted him to speak.

"We were married last week, Torrie Throssel and I!"

He saw Hardy wheel about as though he had been shot.

"Good God!" gasped the man holding the manuscript under his arm, with a foolish look of vacuity on his face. The next moment, however, he seemed once more master of himself, excepting only a slow flush of embarrassment which stained the lean and slightly lined cheek as Storrow stood in front of him, challenging his gaze by a gaze equally deliberate.

"That seems to startle you," parried the younger man, with a note of harshness in his voice.

"Naturally," said the other, willing to give ground until his shock had been digested.

"Is there anything so dreadful about a thing like that?" Storrow found himself driven into demanding.

Hardy, by this time, was able to laugh a little. But it was a laugh marked by neither merriment nor ease.

"But you shouldn't fling a thing like this slap-bang into the face of your friends," he protested with a ponderable effort at lightness. "Marriage, my boy, is momentous. It's about the biggest gun in the battle of life. And when you find it going off right under your nose this way, it's naturally going to make you jump a little!"

Storrow, grim of lip, nursed no intention of making the situation any easier for his unhappy guest.

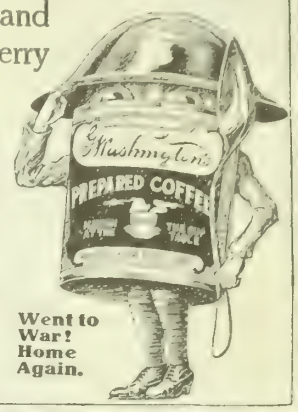
"You've known Torrie for some time?" he half-inquired and half-suggested.

Guarded as Hardy stood, he could not keep a barricaded look from showing in his eyes.

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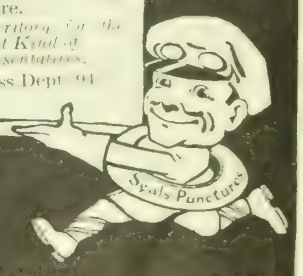
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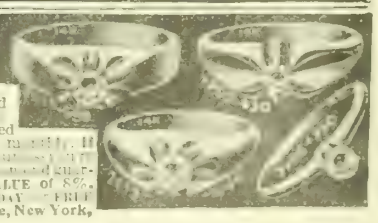
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Obesity	. . Heartweakness	. Youthful Errors
Headache	. . Short Wind	. Vital Losses
. Thinness	. . Flat Feet	. Impotency
Rupture	. . Constipation	. Skin Disorders
. Muscular Development	. . Billiousness	Despondency
	. Torpid Liver	. Round Shoulders
. . Neuritis	. . Indigestion	. Lung Troubles
Neuralgia	. . Nervousness	. Increased Height

NAME .
AGE OCCUPATION
STREET
CITY . STATE

"Yes; I've known her. But never, naturally, as you must know her."

"Do you like her or dislike her?"

This inquisitorial proceeding, however, was no longer palatable to the cool-headed man of letters. He laughed openly this time

"Since you do," he acknowledged. "it's surely my duty to fall in line with the others."

"The others—what others?" Storrow demanded with unexpected sharpness.

"Torrie, I think, has many friends," patiently explained Hardy as he put the bundle of manuscript down on the table beside him. The movement was plainly a dismissive one. And the quietness of the older man had already begun to awaken in Storrow a suspicion that he himself had been ridiculous, that he might be straining the bonds of friendship beyond reason. Yet along the ramparts of his suspicion paced a ghostlike and all-too-familiar thought. If Torrie was beautiful to him she must have appeared beautiful to others. And always there would be that undefined uncertainty of the past, that equally unformulated threat of the future, since what made her precious also made her perilous.

He sat down, heavily, staring at the waxed floor between his feet. It was Hardy who spoke first

"Haven't you been pegging away a little too hard at this?" he asked with a hand-movement toward the manuscript.

Storrow, scenting that effort at extenuation, laughed a little.

"I seem to be developing temperament, don't I?" he suggested, not without a touch of bitterness.

"And *not* developing muscle," countered the older man. "A man of your bulk has got to use his body. You've got to keep hard in a flat as well as in the forest. And I think I'll lead you around to the Racquet Club gym where you can work the acid out of your system and freshen up with a plunge every afternoon."

"I'm not quite sure where the acid is," acknowledged Storrow.

"A squash-court will pretty soon show you," was the other's retort.

He left Storrow oppressed by a sense of reservation studiously sustained and of judgments over-considerately withheld. Yet the moment the door had closed on that departing guest the inner door opened and Torrie stood confronting him.

"Well, you've spilt the beans, haven't you?" she cried with a note that was quite new to Storrow. It was the first time he had seen anger at him convulse her face. It took the luminous draperies out of her eyes, leaving them as flat and bald as the windows of an empty house. It betrayed a tendency to leave the full-blooded lips more square in line, giving them a slight appearance of looseness.

"Spilt the beans?" he repeated, amazed beyond measure by the unexpected antagonism in her eyes.

"Why did you tell that man we'd been married?" demanded the Medea with the loosened hair.

"Didn't you tell Pannie Atwill?" countered her still-mystified husband.

"Pannie Atwill's a friend of mine," was the quick retort.

"Well, Chester Hardy's a friend of mine," announced Storrow with an ascending note of challenge in his voice.

"But he's no friend of mine," declared the angry-eyed Torrie. "And it was clearly understood between us that nothing was to be said about my marriage."

"Are you ashamed of it?" asked Storrow with acidulated coldness.

"I'm ashamed of you," she shot back at him, "for not respecting my wishes—and my interests."

He rose from his chair at that, flushing up to the forehead. Yet he was able to stand and study her with coldly appraising eyes. He noticed, for the first time, that there was an animal-like heaviness about her out-thrust face and a touch of coarseness in the hair of Indian-like straightness. Yet even through the fog of belligerency that drifted and hung between them she struck him as being in some way pathetic, as being incongruously and pitifully in need of succor, as being alone in empty wastes to which he ought to reach out a sustaining hand.

"Torrie," he said, trying to speak calmly but not quite succeeding in doing so, "it seems to me we're not starting out right."

"It most decidedly does," she promptly agreed.

"There are certain things we've got to face," he went on with self-imposed deliberateness, "and we may as well face them right now."

"I don't think I've got time to be preached at," she declared with a lip-curl of scorn. She seemed suddenly and bewilderingly remote from him. Yet even in that moment of tension he wondered if women who led careers of their own, if women who were economically independent, were not to be made allowances for in their pursuit of personal liberty.

"It's not a question of preaching. It's a question of decency. I want you to give up that Vibbard studio, and give it up at once."

She stood for a moment of utter silence, as though startled by the direction in which his masterfulness was expressing itself. Then the scorn once more mounted to her angry eyes.

"You've certainly picked a queen of a time to drag me into your cage!" she called out with a new shrillness in her voice.

"Do you regard it as a cage?" he asked, wincing in spite of himself at a coarseness of fiber which seemed capable of hurting him more than all her anger.

"It will be if I go into it under any such circumstances as these," she recklessly proclaimed.

"And you intend to stay out of it?" he demanded, tingling in the face of what he knew to be an ultimatum.

"I intend to remain a human being," she hotly retorted as she reached for the door behind her, "with the prerogatives of a human being." And with that she stepped through the door into the Vibbard studio and swung it thunderously shut behind her.

IT was late at night when Storrow returned to his studio after a day of restless wandering about the city that seemed without vistas and vision. The dregs of his trivially momentous quarrel with Torrie still lay sour at the bottom of his heart. He unlocked his door, tired of body and listless in spirit. He was startled, on stepping into the studio, to find his reading lamp switched on. He was still further startled to find Torrie huddled up in his big armchair of faded green velour.

She did not look up as he stood before her, and for a moment, as he studied the relaxed figure and the drooping head with its tumbled hair, he thought that she had fallen asleep. Then he caught the sound of an unmistakable small sob. It was a sound that bewildered him at the same time that it devastated him, for he had never learned to associate Torrie with tears. She had always seemed to him too vital and too strong-willed for any such surrender. And he waited, shocked into silence, wondering as to the cause of this relapse. The wait was a long one. But it was finally broken by Torrie herself.

"I've been an awful fool, Owen," she said quickly, without lifting her face. But the note of contrition in that acknowledgment was too much for him. So he dropped on his knee beside her, catching the groping hand in his.

"Beloved," he whispered, amazed at the miraculous *débâcle* of the emotions which lay beyond his power either to withhold or control.

She reached out for him and clung to him with little gasps, half hungrily, half triumphantly. And there was a meekness in her demeanor which he had never before seen there.

"I was wrong," she acknowledged, studying his face with her bloodshot eyes.

"We were both wrong," he largely conceded, with a taste of brine in the kisses which he pressed against her wet lashes.

"But you must never make me angry, Honey," she said, hiding her head on his shoulder. "It makes me say things and do things I'm sorry for afterward."

He found at the core of that acknowledgment something keenly able to disturb him.

"What have you done?" he asked, trying to make the question a casual one.

"I've done what you wanted me to," she told him. "I've given up that room. I've given up everything."

"Everything?" he echoed.

"All I want is you," she maintained, still clinging to him.

"But what have you given up?" he still insisted, apprehensive before the unknown.

She sat back in the wide-armed chair, mopping the pointed red nose with her tiny damp rag of a handkerchief. Her face was heavy, with its last look of youth vanished.

"I'm not going on with that stage work," she announced

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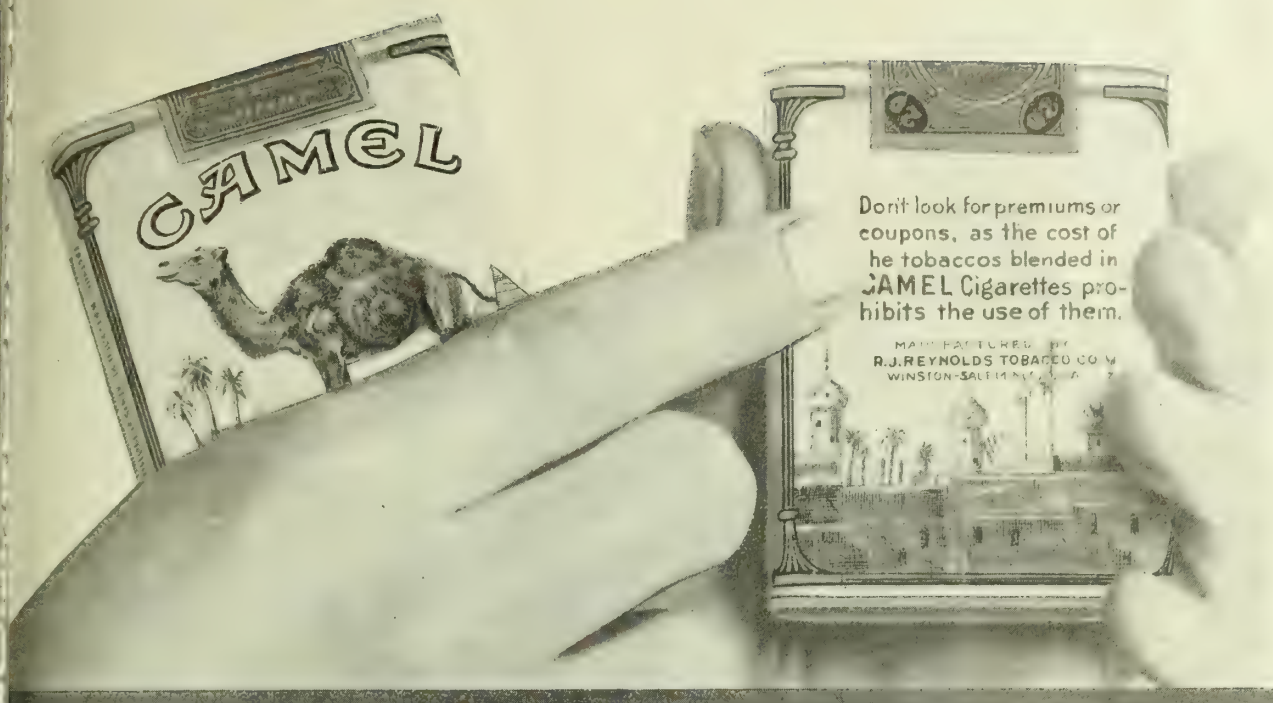
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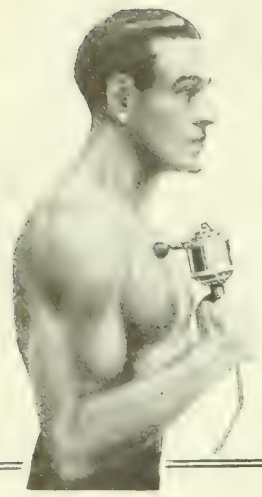
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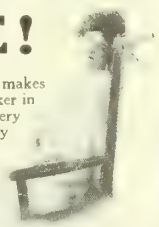
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morning at six the French waitresses put up a creeping barrage of light French conversation that made any air raid sound like an old-fashioned lullaby.

In the afternoon Colonel C. and Colonel M. C. C. came to see us. They told us that everything was going to be very easy for us from then on, that we were to dine with some of the Boss General's staff and then the Boss himself would like us to come out to see him in the evening.

I have met Kings, Queens, Princes, Presidents, artists, burglars and theatrical managers without a tremor, but I must say I was rather sort of, well—a kind of in a way a trifle—more or less—oh well! what's the use? I was scared stiff! I don't remember dinner at all, but I do remember that on the way out to the General's château (oh yes! even he had one) I kept thinking. "Just suppose he doesn't like me? He could just bat one eye lash and we would return to Paris and perhaps to America 'à pied,' as the French said we could do, as far as they were concerned."

I HAVE always liked our General's looks and have loved that strong take-it-or-leave-it expression of his. But until I talked to him I did not realize what it was that made all his men feel as they did about him. They did not fear him, and they did not love him—at least not in the soft sort of way one loves people who are older and have done great things. He is their *boss*, "Black Jack," and they are *for him*—from the training camp where they learn to hold a gun to the hospital where perhaps they learn that they will never hold another. When we went in he called me "Elsie" and said: "I suppose I may be allowed to do that, as all the men do."

I wanted to say, "Call me anything you like, Jack; I will come at top speed," but I only answered, "Oh yes, sir."

Then someone suggested that I should sing him a song, as he had been away when I trouped in Chaumont and had to leave again the next day for some front. I hated the idea and felt very much as I felt when as "Little Elsie" mother had me do my imitations in a well-known manager's office. But I told a story, and the lid was off. Mother had to stop me; I was so carried away by that big man's big laugh that I could have gone on forever. When I had finished, he said: "Elsie, when you first came to France someone said you were more valuable than a whole regiment; then someone raised it to a division. But I want to tell you that if you can give our men this sort of happiness you are worth an Army Corps."

"Well, General," I replied, "you ought to know your own Army."

BEFORE we left he told me that I was to go anywhere that I wanted to where there were American troops. I don't expect to ever feel as proud again. I don't know that I ever want to; I would prefer to keep that one time stored in my memory-box.

I arrived home with a snug, comfy feeling in my heart. I had passed my exams and had made good. I was a regular soldier and my day was complete.

I've neglected to say that I did manage to see the château as we were leaving. I was too nervous to do so when we were arriving. It was a lovely place. The one item that *sticks* in my rather hazy impression of it all was the fact that grazing all over the meadows around the château were crowds of snow-white cows. I had never seen a chorus of snow-white cows before, and I must say that in the twilight they looked absolutely naked and unashamed,—like a flock of bovine September Morns,—chewing as unconcernedly as if there wasn't a war on.

FOR the next ten days we made Chaumont our headquarters. From there we dashed all over the country, to camps sometimes as far as two hundred kilometers away—in places where there



"Hello, Elsie, give us a show."

was no accommodation for ladies or actresses. For details of my one-night stands around Chaumont I will quote my old reliable Friend Diary.

Saturday

LUNCHED at hotel. Went out to the hospital, gave shows in eight wards and one in the big hut. Went to see Colonel H. who is laid up out there. He says his colored soldiers have done very well and lots of them have been given the Croix de Guerre by the French, who think they are splendid.

Picked up a good story about them: A big brown buck private is out in a shell-hole carefully covering up three very dead Germans, having removed every thing that would come off. He is crooning as he works and is singing, "You shall be free, oh, Mona—you shall be free." A Captain yells at him, says, "Hey, there, Mase, stop that singing; the Germans will hear you and they will come over." Mase yells back, "Dey been over, Captain, and dey done gone home. 'You shall be free,' etc." Stopped at the Officers' Y. M. C. A. Club on the way home,—a charming place with charming women doing everything in their power to make it like home. Some day someone with the powers of description of Hugo, Balzac, Dickens and a few others will try to describe the splendid work done by the Y. M. C. A.

Czar of Russia assassinated.

Very tired to-night,—not the Czar, myself.

Sunday

LEFT Chaumont at eleven, and went to Neufchâteau to lunch with some officers in a charming old French house—kept by an old French woman who was two years in a French town taken by the Germans; she can put more feeling into those two words "*Salle Boche*" than anyone I've met so far.

Went on to Bazcilles,—Johns Hopkins Hospital. A return engagement. The doctors have a full house there now and are rushed to death.

Sang in seven wards and gave one show in the Y. hut. Dashed back to Neufchâteau, had dinner and gave a show there also in the Y. hut. Otto Kahn, distinguished visitor from America, was there; also F. P. A. of New York "Tribune" fame.

Mr. Kahn said he liked me better in the work I am doing than anything I have ever done. I was pleased. When we get home I will try to start another war, just to show the folks what kind of a war actress I am.

Came back to Chaumont and a hot bath. I'm sure the French must think the two best things we Americans do are taking baths and collecting souvenirs.

Some Allied soldiers who were discussing what the different countries were fighting for summed it up in this way:

England for the Sea;
France for Alsace-Lorraine;
Italy for Trieste;
America for souvenirs.

So far we've not met a doughboy who didn't have a German helmet. It's nice to think there are so many German dead heads about.

Monday

LUNCHED here and then started for Gondrecourt. Arrived at four-thirty and found I was scheduled for three-thirty. Most of the fellows had given me up, but we blew bugles and soon had about fifteen hundred of them back on the job.

Dined with the Colonel and then went on to Houdelaincourt for one show and to Dainville for another,—the latter in a boxing-ring. If I keep on playing in rings and getting used to four-sided audiences I shall not be satisfied in America with anything less than Madison Square Garden to play in. Jess Willard had better look out.

Tuesday

LEFT Chaumont at twelve for Langres. We came back to Chaumont in two hours, one hundred and two kilometers.

Bill, the Music Man, stayed in Dijon for the night, so Mother and I were alone, shaking about in the back of the car. We held hands and sang, "Where do we go from here, boys?"

I got a telegram from England asking me to come over and give a few shows for our fellows over there. They say that they can't help it if they are not in France. So I will go, but must first continue my Chaumont circuit bookings.

One million Americans in France! Oh, dear Uncle Sam, have a heart! They are coming so fast I won't be able to see them all. I've never been crazy about myself really, but now when I hear that this division up at that place wants me,—and that division at the other place wants me,—I honestly wish I were twins.

What would Mother do, I wonder?

A Serbian Night

(Concluded from page 21)

on him. They had caught his attention beyond a doubt. Finally, as though drawn by an irresistible impulse, he moved from our table to the next. A little later he disappeared, and with him vanished the hat and the boa.

I was left alone with the younger of the two captains, the one who had talked least. He took a drink, looked at the clock over the bar. He took another drink.

He looked at me with one of those glances which always precede a serious confidence. I divined his need for communicating to me something of a painful nature which was torturing his memory. He looked at the clock again. It was one o'clock.

"It was just at this time," he began abruptly, putting his silent monologue into words. "Four months ago to-day."

And as he talked I saw the dark night, the snow-filled valley, the white mountains covered with beech- and pine-trees, from whose branches the wind was shaking the cottony flakes. I saw the ruins of a village, and among the ruins the remnants of a Serbian division which was retreating toward the Adriatic.

MY friend commanded the rear of this guard, a mass of men that had once been a company and now was a mob. The military unit had been increased by peasants so stupefied by suffering and fear that they moved like automatons, and had to be driven forward like animals; women moaning as they dragged along groups of little ones; and other women, dark, tall, sinewy, who walked along in tragic silence, bending over the dead as they passed to remove their guns and cartridge belts.

The darkness was colored by the flickering red gleams of shells rising from the ruins. Out of the depths of the night came the response of other mortal flashes. In the black air the bullets hummed, invisible insects of the night.

With the morning would come the crushing, overwhelming attack. They did not know which enemy it was that was lining up against them in the darkness. Germans, Austrians, Bulgarians or Turks? . . . They had to face so many.

"We had to retreat," continued the Serb, "leaving behind those who delayed us. We had to make the mountain before daybreak."

The long columns of women, children, and old people, intermingled with the pack animals, had been swallowed up in the night.

THERE remained in the village only the able-bodied men who were firing from the shelter of the ruins. Part of these in turn began to retreat. Suddenly a cruel recollection seized the captain.

"The wounded! What shall we do with them?"

Stretched out on the straw in a barn whose roof was pierced by shells, there were more than fifty human beings, sunken in the stupor of pain or tossing fretfully about.

They were men who had been wounded days before and who had managed to drag themselves that far; men who had been wounded that very night and who staunched the fresh blood with makeshift bandages; women who had been struck by bits of bursting shell. The captain entered this refuge which reeked of decaying flesh, dried blood, dirty clothes, and foul breath. At his first words all those who still had any strength left moved restlessly under the smoky light of the solitary lantern. The groans ceased. There was a silence of surprise, of terror, as though those dying men feared something more dreadful than death.

On hearing that they were to be abandoned to the mercy of the enemy, all tried to get up; but most of them fell back again.

A chorus of desperate entreaties, of pathetic prayers rose toward the captain and the soldiers that were with him.

"Brothers, don't desert us. Brothers, for Jesus' sake——"

Then they slowly comprehended the necessity for abandoning them, and accepted their fate with resignation. But to fall into the hands of the enemy! To remain at the mercy of the Bulgarians or the Turks, centuries-old enemies! Their eyes added what their lips dared not say. To be a Serb is a curse when one is taken prisoner. Many who were at the threshold of death trembled at the idea of losing their liberty.

The vengeance of the Balkans is more to be feared than death.

"Brother, brother——"

The captain, divining the hidden desires in these cries, turned his eyes away.

"You want me to?" he asked several times.

All moved their heads affirmatively. Since this desertion was inevitable he ought not go away leaving behind him a living Serbian.

Would he not have asked for the same thing if he were in their place? The scarcity of munitions caused by the retreat made the soldiers guard their cartridges avidly. The captain unsheathed his sword. Some of the soldiers had already begun their task, using the bayonet, but their work was faltering, clumsy and rough, slashes at random, interminable agony, torrents of blood. All the wounded dragged themselves toward the captain, attracted by his rank, which made death at his hands an honor, and through skillful dexterity less terrible.

"Take me, brother, take me . . ."

WITH the blade of his sword turned outward, he thrust the point into their throats, seeking to cut the jugular veins with single strokes.

"*Tac—Tac*" . . . marked the captain, evoking the scene of horror before my eyes.

They came, crawling on all fours; they emerged like larvæ from the shadows; they swarmed about his feet. At first he had tried to turn his head away, not to see what he was doing; his eyes had filled with tears.

But the result of this weakness was that he struck clumsily, having to repeat the blows and prolonging the suffering. Be calm then! A steady hand and a firm heart! *Tac—Tac.*

"Brother, take me! . . . Take me!"

They disputed about their turns as though they feared the enemy might arrive before the brotherly sacrifice was completed. They had instinctively learned what was the best position. Each one turned his head to one side, so that the neck might be tense, and the artery rigid and visible for the mortal prick.

"Brother, take me!" And as the stream of blood gushed forth, one more fell back against the other bodies that were slowly emptying like red winebags.

THE grill began to empty. Women leaning on uniformed arms passed, leaving behind them a wake of perfume and powder.

The violins of the British breathed forth their last sighs, amid peals of light-hearted laughter.

The Serb had in his hand a small cream-colored knife, and with the gesture of a man who cannot forget, who never will forget, he went on pounding mechanically on the table . . . Tac! . . . Tac! .



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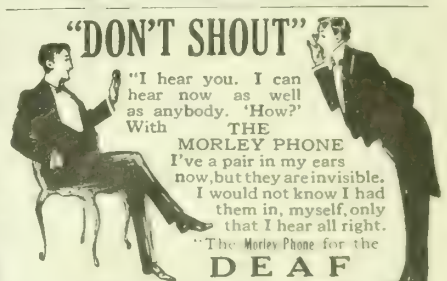
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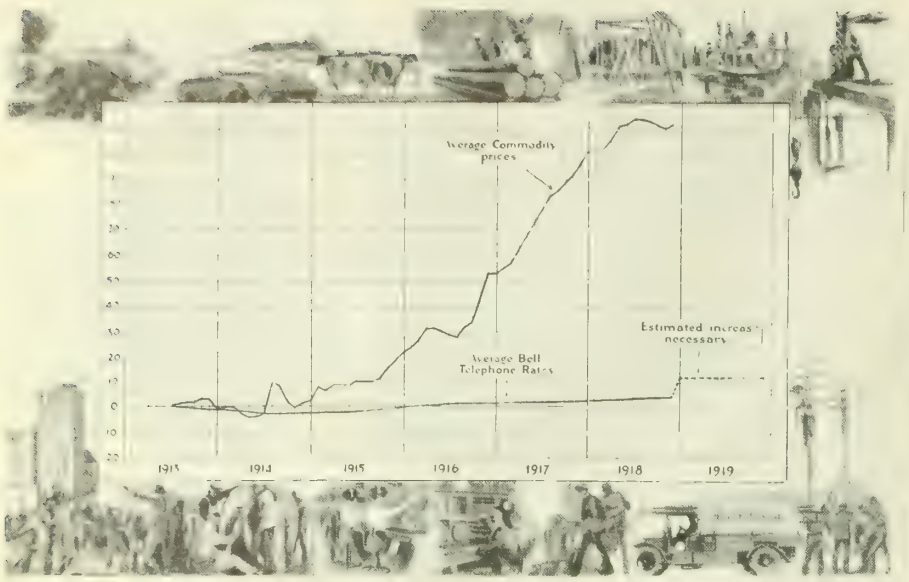
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The constant depredations which aggravate our relations with Mexico must be terminated.

Less Hell and More Beans

(*Concluded from page 33*)

of silver, lead and gold mines which had been abandoned by Mexicans and Spaniards, and could only be profitably worked by the most modern American methods. These mining properties have, for the most part, been obtained by purchase from private parties. Americans have built the smelters for the reduction of Mexican ores, and have also developed the copper-mining industry in that country. But no sane person will claim that development of the Mexican mines, with all the inevitable hazards of the enterprise, has been anything but beneficial to Mexico and to the Mexican people.

The Americans who have established agricultural colonies in Mexico have been frugal, peaceable and industrious. It is their thrift that has aroused the cupidity of men who have all the instincts of the buccaneers of the Spanish Main. It is these men who have worked rack and ruin in Mexico, and not only deprived American citizens of their lives and rights, but have caused Mexico to become poor and exhausted, visiting sorrow and hunger upon thousands of their own countrymen.

The plain truth is that Americans and American interests in Mexico have no proper relation to the agrarian problem in that country. The seizure and destruction by larceny and arson of untold millions of American property has in nowise ameliorated the agriculture of Mexico, or the condition of agricultural tenure, or in anywise benefited the peon or native inhabitants. The only result has been a reign of terror which has made peaceable pursuits unsafe, giving the ladrone a free hand to impoverish and terrorize the people.

The need of Mexico is to raise less hell and more corn and beans.

THERE is said to be a great deal of ill-feeling against the United States in Mexico on account of the cession of New Mexico and Upper California to the United States at the conclusion of the Mexican War in 1848. Mexicans have forgotten that we paid Mexico fifteen millions of dollars for New Mexico and Upper California, and besides this assumed the payment of several millions of liquidated claims held by our own citizens against Mexico. By the rules of war and the standards of the times we were entitled to annex these barren and uninhabited regions as the spoils of war, but we paid Mexico in gold as much for New Mexico and Upper California as we paid France for Louisiana.

The rights and the property of the Mexican inhabitants were scrupulously respected and protected. The natives of Mexican descent have been happy, prosperous and satisfied under our flag. We speak of the annexation of New Mexico and Upper California. We ought not to speak of this as an annexation. We ought rather to say that the liberty and law of America have been extended over this territory and from it have been created six free States of the Union. The seizure of Vera Cruz, to prevent the landing of German arms, and Pershing's expedition to Dublan, did not give the Mexicans who were in contact with the American troops any legitimate cause for complaint. Yet these acts were made the occasion for constant and petulant complaint on the part of Carranza.

THE event has proven disappointing. Many contend that it was a political mistake. Perhaps it would have been the part of wisdom to have laid an embargo on the importation of arms and ammunition into Mexico by land or sea, and, insisting that the rights of American nationals be respected, to have allowed the Mexican factions to continue their internecine strife until they had become weary of fighting. The time is near when, if there is to be further force used in Mexico, a wise, humane and statesmanlike policy requires that such force be used by the United States for the establishment of civil peace and the liberation of the labor and property of the country for the enterprises of production and commerce.

The policy of America has been one of patience, long-suffering, consideration and goodwill toward Mexico for a hundred years. Conditions have been tolerated in Mexico which would not have been permitted in China or in Turkey. The Turks have had a more healthy respect for American rights than have the Mexicans. We declared war upon the Barbary Pirates to enforce respect for our rights.

Mexico must be warned not to persist in a course which will compel this Republic to take similar measures against the pirates in Mexico.

The constant and recurring depredations, which aggravate the relations between the two countries, must be summarily terminated. The policy of patience must give way to more measures that will bring about justice and peace to Mexico.

WE have many reasons to believe that the Carranza régime will employ methods of deceit, dissimulation and bad faith in handling these questions. If our rights are further invaded it is for us to resolve what we will do and be prepared to do it with foresight and with persistence—to see the thing through to the end. The brigandage which is a tradition of Mexico, and which has become a national pastime in that country, must be finally exterminated.

There must be civil peace and justice in Mexico, even if it be imposed by the strong arm of the United States.

R.R

September

Hearst's

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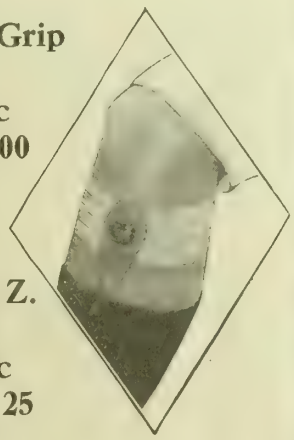
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Hearst's

A Magazine With a Mission

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(Cover design by Penrhyn Stanlaws)

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"To Love, Honor and Obey"

He was a little, short repulsive-looking man—and he was a thief.

Miss Hollis was beautiful and rich—so all Simla was electrified by the news that she had accepted him. From mouth to mouth flew the question—Why?

In India where loves and hates play strange tricks with human souls—there are tales of passions hidden so deep that only to one man has it been given to reveal them—

RUDYARD KIPLING

Once in a generation a man is born in whom burns the fire of heaven—the world calls such a man a genius.

But the genius does not learn. He flames into the world like a meteor. He has nothing to learn. The heaven-given fire is his and urges him on. Of such is Rudyard Kipling. He has the message flashed from above. He has the vision of the seer. He sees into the hearts of men as though they were cased in glass. To him the future opens its gates. He is the high voice of authority, and to him there is no answer and no change. His words are the rolling of drums. His message is the blaring of trumpets.



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¶ The result will speak for itself—and volumes for RESINOL SOAP. For no matter *what* your complexion shortcomings, RESINOL is sure to prove nature's alleviating ally.

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NERVOUS AMERICANS

By Paul Von Boeckmann

For 25 years the leading authority in America on Psycho-physics

We are the most "high strung" people on Earth. The average American is a bundle of nerves, ever ready to spring into action, mentally and physically. The restless energy of Americans is proverbial.

We may well be proud of our alert, active and sensitive nerves, as it indicates the highest state of civilization, courage, ambition and force of character.

The vast opportunities open to us in every field: our freedom of Government, which prevents no one from reaching the highest goal, economically, politically and socially, is the incentive that has led us to develop our nerves to super-keenness and alertness, for in the present day high tension life a dull and slow nerved person cannot succeed.

Our high nerve tension has not been without its grave dangers and serious consequences. Neurologists agree that we are more subject to nervous disorders than any other nation. Our "Mile a Minute Life" is tearing our nerves to shreds and we are deteriorating into a nation of Neurasthenics.

Since the Nervous System generates the mysterious power we term Nerve Force, that controls and gives life and energy to every muscle, every vital organ, every drop of blood and cell of the body, nerve exhaustion necessarily must result in a long train of ailments and weaknesses.

The noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, says, "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves should be in order."

How often do we hear of people running from doctor to doctor, seeking relief from a mysterious "something-the-matter" with them, though repeated examinations fail to indicate that any particular organ is weak or diseased. In nearly every case it is Nerve Exhaustion —Lack of Nerve Force.

The symptoms of nerve exhaustion vary according to individual characteristics, but the development is usually as follows:

FIRST STAGE: Lack of energy and endurance; that "tired feeling," especially in the back and knees.

SECOND STAGE: Nervousness; sleeplessness; irritability; decline in sex force; loss of hair; nervous indigestion; sour stomach; gas in bowels; constipation; irregular heart; poor memory; lack of mental endurance; dizziness; headaches; backaches; neuritis; rheumatism, and other pains.

THIRD STAGE: Serious mental disturbances; fear; undue worry; melancholia; dangerous organic disturbances; suicidal tendencies, and, in extreme cases, insanity.

If only a few of the symptoms mentioned apply to you, especially those indicating mental instability, you may be sure your nerves are at fault—that you have exhausted your Nerve Force.

Nerve Force is the most precious gift of Nature. It means everything—your happiness, your health, your success in life. You should know all there is to learn about your nerves; how to relax, calm and soothe your nerves, so that after a severe nerve strain you can rebuild your lost Nerve Force, and keep yourself physically and mentally fit.

I have written a 64-page book which is pronounced by students of the subject to be the most valuable and practical work ever written on nerve culture. The title of the book is "**Nerve Force.**" It teaches how to soothe, calm and care for the nerves. The cost is only 25 cents (coin or stamps). Bound in elegant cloth and gold cover, 50 cents. Address, Paul von Boeckmann, Studio No. 182, 110 West 40th St., New York.

The only way to judge the value of this book is to read it, which you may do at my risk. In other words, if after applying the advice given in this book it does not meet your fullest expectations, I shall return your money, **plus** the outlay of postage you may have incurred. I have advertised my various books on health, breathing and other subjects in this and other magazines for more than 20 years, which is ample evidence of my responsibility and integrity. Over a million copies have been sold.

You should send for this book to-day.

It is for you, whether you have had trouble with your nerves or not. Your nerves are the most precious possession you have. Through them you experience all that makes life worth living; for to be dull nerved, means to be dull brained, insensible to the higher phases of life—love, moral courage, ambition and temperament. The finer your brain is, the finer and more delicate is your nervous system, and the more imperative is it that you care for your nerves. The book is especially important to those who have "high strung" nerves, and those who must tax their nerves to the limit.

The following are extracts from letters from people who have read the book and were greatly benefited by the teachings set forth therein.

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and feel so energetic. I had about given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but it was simply a case of abused nerves. I have re-read your book at least ten times."

A woman writes: "Your book has helped my nerves wonderfully. I am sleeping so well and in the morning I feel so rested."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming of nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzy all the time."

A physician says: "Your book shows you have a scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people. I am recommending your book to my patients."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse, such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."—Advertisement.

Hearst's

A Magazine With a Mission



WALT MASON saws wood, but—unlike the proverb—he says something too. His "Prose Poems" are the delight of hundreds of thousands of newspaper readers the country over. He can write other things too—see Hearst's for October.

WHICH is to say that beginning next month Walt Mason will be a regular contributor to Hearst's. Already you have "K. C. B." (Kenneth C. Beaton) who writes the famous "Towne Gossip" and "B. L. T." (Bert Leston Taylor) the Daddy of all newspaper "Column" conductors. Walt Mason completes the Trio—a team of humorist-philosophers that needs no praise beyond mere announcement.

LAST month we promised to give you in this issue "as good a magazine as has ever been turned out in America." Have we made good?

A NEW serial story—a short one—by Gouverneur Morris, the man who wrote "The Wild Goose," will start next month—It's a wonder, we won't even do as much as tell you the title. But, if you enjoy extraordinary fiction, see page 12 in Hearst's for October.

ONCE upon a time there was a young architect, brilliant but unscrupulous; he fell in love—or rather he didn't fall in love—with the wonderfully beautiful daughter of a high-caste Brahmin. See "The Towers of Silence" by Donn Byrne, a feature next month.

THE object of Hearst's is to entertain and delight. Through all its entertainment, however, runs a certain serious purpose—a definite mission. To read Hearst's Magazine is a Liberal Education.

B. C. FORBES, the famous writer on Wall Street, will start a little series next month on the important part that Savings and Investment have played in the lives of the great financial leaders.

BY-PRODUCTS OF BABYLON" is the name Alfred Payson Terhune has chosen for a delightfully winsome little story about a man and a girl who fooled everybody but themselves. See Hearst's for October. On sale at all worthwhile magazine stands—September Twentieth.



Drawn by Ralph L. Boyer

We Must Protect Ourselves

SELF-PRESERVATION is the first law of nations.

England is not forgetting this. France is not forgetting this. Japan is not forgetting this. Canada is not forgetting.

There is danger that America, misled by novices in business, may forget it, with tragic consequences to every class, for after all, the prosperity of each man, woman and child in the commonwealth rests, in the final analysis, upon the prosperity of business and industry. We must not permit impracticable idealism to bring down disaster upon the heads of the whole nation.

We must protect ourselves vigorously!

Every other industrial country is vigorously preparing to protect itself.

Andrew Bonar Law, the Government leader in the British House of Commons, was quoted as long ago as March 26 as declaring publicly, in Parliament, that "Imperial preference would be put into effect at the earliest possible moment, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer was considering how to give effect to it in the budget."

Japan, announced "The Oriental News and Comment" some time ago, "is planning tariff revision along protective lines in preparation for an after-war trade struggle."

France has made no secret of her determination to safeguard her industries by rigorous legislative action.

Canada has taken up the whole subject of protection and assuredly will not hesitate to fall into line with England. Other British colonies will take like action.

When Britain, the most astute commercial nation on earth, has decided to discard all her free-trade ideas and practices, surely it is time for the United States to equip herself for effectual self-protection in the coming struggle. Common-sense must supersede sentiment. Facts must overrule fallacies. We must adapt ourselves to the mundane, not the millennium.

HAS not America given the most abundant proof of her unselfishness, her magnanimity, her generosity throughout the war? We sent to the battle-front the flower of our manhood at a rate which astounded the whole world. We built ships at a pace unheard of in the world's history, the staggering cost counting as nothing. We established greater aircraft plants than any in existence elsewhere. We shipped materials and munitions in overwhelming volume—the United States, for example, supplied four-fifths of all the petroleum products used by the Allies. And did we not forego meats and sugar and flour and other foodstuffs in order that the Allies might be fed? And what of our Red Cross sacrifices and ministrations?

On top of all this we have loaned some nine thousand millions of dollars ($9,000,000,000) in cash to succor Europe. In short, we have done our duty, our whole duty, even more than our duty, by the countries of Europe.

Now that peace is here we must turn our attention to the future and take our bearings afresh. Britain and France assuredly are doing so. The ink was scarcely dry on the first armistice parchment when the fiat went forth prohibiting the importation from the United States or elsewhere of a list of important articles of commerce. Later the French, British and Italian Governments withdrew the support they had all along extended to their international exchange, with the consequences that their currencies immediately became depreciated in comparison with American dollars, a step which was equivalent, in its effect, to the levying of a stiff tariff upon all purchases from America.

AMERICAN business men who have hastened abroad since the signing of the armistice in the confident belief that a golden harvest awaited them in the empty markets of France and England have suffered a severe disillusionment. Not only have they not reaped the expected harvest but they have not even recovered the costs of their voyages, and have had nothing but the inconveniences of war-time travel, passport delays and commercial disappointments for their pains. All of this has been due to the policy which has been adopted by France and England of excluding imports, except of such articles as may not be found in stock or produced at home. . . . The British Chamber of Commerce in Paris has, with the disregard of logic, protested against the restrictive policy of France, pointing out the obligation under which France rests as regards Great Britain, while overlooking the barrier which Great Britain has erected against the commerce of her great Western ally. The situation would be humorous for its inconsistency if it were not tragic for millions of people.

TRUE, the United States during the war levied restrictions upon certain imports; but what we must now undertake is the formation of a well-considered, comprehensive, workable system of protection for the future—a system that will enable us to combat any and every unfair onslaught that may be attempted upon our home markets and at the same time equip us with weapons to be used against any nation which seeks to place us at undue disadvantage in competing for undeveloped markets throughout the world.

We are all free-traders in theory, and when the millennium arrives commerce doubtless will be as free and untrammeled between nations as it is now between the States composing this Republic. But we have still a worldly, workaday world to deal with. We have not yet entered Utopia. We must barter and trade with men and nations, not angels. Combined with goodwill in our hearts we must have sound sense in our heads.

Never before was it so necessary for us to look well to the protection of our possessions. We are the most prosperous nation on earth. We have a buying power not approached by any other people. We can pay cash for what we buy and extend credit for what we sell. Ours is the most desirable, the most coveted market in the world, for we pay higher wages than are paid elsewhere and are thus vulnerable to competition from countries where labor is cheap and production costs consequently low. We are the shining target at which every exporting nation will aim its chief artillery. Are we to be set down by suave, smiling diplomats as the prize "easy marks" of the world? It is no time for experiments when every other progressive, aggressive, virile nation is buckling on its protective armor.

It is just as well, perhaps, that the predominating figures in the Republican ranks are men of ripe business experience, men who are awake to the vital necessity of safeguarding our own working people against having their wages, their bread and butter, filched from them by the manufacturers of countries whose Governments see to it that *their* working people are protected against a deluge of untaxed importations from other lands.

REPUBLICAN leaders in the present Congress, you are confronted with an epochal opportunity, but with a no-less epochal responsibility. Our gold is the envy of every people. All aspire to wrest it from us by the sole means within their power, the wholesale exportation of merchandise to our shores. We could better spare gold than relinquish the employment which would go into the making of the things sold us if we made them at home.

We must first, last, and all the time see to it that we "keep the home fires burning." The easiest way to bring on incalculable unrest, agitation and Bolshevism would be to allow foreigners to dump their goods without let or hindrance—or tax—upon our markets while these same foreigners took precious care to keep a surfeit of *our* goods out of *their* markets by effective protective laws.

Our most formidable trade rivals are already well started for the "war after the war." Can we afford to throw away our arms?

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Into Anarchy—and Out Again

The Story of Marie Ganz

Illustrated by M. Leone Bracker

BOLSHEVISM can not be put down by editorials. Nor suppressed by armies. Both have been tried and both have failed. Let us rather labor to establish in this country equal justice, genuine democracy, actual liberty and universal opportunity. Let us compel rich and poor alike to pay the penalty of their misdeeds and enable them alike to reap the full reward of their good deeds.

Let us labor to destroy utterly any basis for the belief that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor; that, somehow or other, conditions of social, economic and political life are crystallizing more and more in the interest of the favored few, and less and less in the interest of the mass of the people.

Let us all sincerely strive to have it universally recognized as an undisputed fact that wealth, like wages, is merely a return for service rendered, that opportunity one man honestly grasps is legitimately open to all. Let us do these few things, and there will soon not only be no Bolshevism in America, but no threat or even talk of Bolshevism.

William Randolph Hearst

IT was a home of two tiny rooms. The room in the rear was not much larger than a good-sized clothes closet. The walls were as blank as an underground dungeon's. There was neither window nor ventilating shaft. The room in front, almost twice as large, though half-a-dozen steps would have brought anybody with full-grown legs across its entire length, was a kitchen and living-room by day, a bedroom by night. Its two little windows gave a view of a narrow, stone-paved court and, not ten feet away, the rear wall of another tenement. The sunlight never found its way into that little court. By day it was dim and damp, by night a fearsome place, black and sepulchral.

In this little bit of a home lived five persons, my father and mother, myself, my baby brother and Mr. Schmeel, our boarder. What squalid home in New York's crowded ghetto is without its boarder? How can that ever-present bogy, the rent, be met without him? He must be wedged in somehow, no matter how little the space may be.

My father had established this home, our first in the New World, through God knows how much toil and worry. It took him two years to do it, and he must have haggled over the price of many a banana in the stock on his pushcart in Hester Street before his little hoard of savings had grown large enough to hire and furnish those two miserable rooms and to send tickets to his family in Galicia.

I was only five years old when in the summer of 1896 we joined him in America, but I remember well the day when he met us at Ellis Island. He was like a stranger to me, for I had been not much more than a baby when he left us on our Galician farm; but no child could be on distant terms with him long. A quiet, unobtrusive man was my father, tall and slender, with a short yellow beard and mild blue eyes, and I have not forgotten the childlike glow of happiness that was in his face as he welcomed us.

I suppose it is the experience of most people that among the little scraps of our past lives that we carry with us the most insignificant things are apt to stand out more clearly than others of greater moment. I have found it so. I like to go groping into the past now and then, stirred by curiosity as to how far memory will carry me. In a quiet hour alone I wave the years away, and I am a child again, trudging along beside my father, who, weighted down with great rolls of bedding we had brought with us from the old home, is guiding us through strange, noisy streets. I am staring in wonder at the great buildings and the never-ending crowds of people. I am frightened, bewildered, ready to cry. I keep a tiny hand twisted in the tail of my father's coat, fearing to lose him.

At last we turn into a dark, dirty alley, more of a tunnel than an alley, for it runs under a tenement-house as it leads us to our future home in the building in the rear.

OH, how hot and stuffy were those two little rooms that we entered! The city was scorching under one of the hot waves that bring such untold misery to the tenements. Not a breath of air stirred. The place was an oven. But, flushed with heat and perspiring though he was, father ushered us in with a great show of joy and enthusiasm. Suddenly his smile gave way to an expression that reflected bitter disappointment and injured pride as he became aware of the disgust which mother could not conceal.

"So we have crossed half the world for this!" she cried, thinking bitterly of the comfortable farm-house we had left behind us. I can see her now as she stood that moment facing my father, her eyes full of reproach—a pretty, slender woman with thick, black hair and a face as fresh and smooth as a girl's.

I am sure it had never occurred to poor, dreamy, impractical Lazarus Ganz that his wife might be disappointed with the new home he had provided for her, or that he had ever fully realized how squalid it was. He was one of the most sensitive of men, and the look of pain in his face as he saw the impression the place made on her filled me with pity for him, young as I was. A five-year-old child is not apt to carry many distinct memories from that age through life, but that scene I have never forgotten.

But it was too hot that first summer, or during any of the following summers for that matter, to spend many nights in the rooms. As darkness fell on a stifling day we would gather the bedding in our arms and creep up flight after flight of narrow stairs, lighted by only a flickering oil lamp, to the roof.

Long rows of men, women and children are lying there under the stars. We look off over miles and miles of house-tops to where they disappear in a blue haze. We spread the bedding we have carried from below, and we lie down to sleep. All the stars of heaven are winking roguishly down at me as I slip away into dreamland.

LITTLE by little, I grew acquainted with the dreadful side of want and with its terrors. I soon came to realize that as the first of each month drew near there was much counting of the money in my father's pouch and much figuring and discussing, while the faces of father and mother and even of the boarder grew gloomier with every hour. A knock on the door at such times would be followed by a dreadful silence. Father and mother would exchange furtive, anxious glances, and would remain glued to their chairs as if paralyzed with fear.

Another knock. Father pulls himself together, moves stealthily to the door, opens it slowly and cautiously and peers out. If he then throws the door open wide, and stands bowing and smiling and wringing his hands, we know at once, even though the hallway is too dark to disclose the caller, that it is the landlord, Mr. Zalkin.

A bull-necked, scowling, over-bearing person is Mr. Zalkin. He is a man of few words, in fact of only two words, "De rent." Father and mother are profuse with explanations and apologies, but Mr. Zalkin pays no attention. He stands in the doorway, giving only one answer to the torrent of words that are bestowed upon him—"De rent."

At last he goes away with a disgusted grunt; but we know he will return the next day, and the next, and the next, uttering those two awful words, "De rent," until the money is produced.

Mr. Lipsky, on the next floor above us, is the only person in the house who is not afraid of Mr. Zalkin, not because he is more likely to have his rent ready but because he is a man of courage, resource and independence. I know this because I was visiting Mr. Lipsky at the moment when Mr. Zalkin made one of his calls on him. The rent must have been long overdue, for before the usual "Come in" could be spoken in response to the knock, Mr. Zalkin rushed in breathless, crying "De rent!"

Slowly Mr. Lipsky rose from his chair, dignified and imperturbable. He fixed a cold, unwavering eye on Mr. Zalkin. "Like this you come into a house?" he



"As I write, I wave the years away: I am again Marie Ganz, the immigrant child."



"I am staring in wonder at the great buildings and the crowds. I am frightened, bewildered, ready to cry."

inquired softly. "Like this a gentleman, a landlord, should behave?"

Mr. Zalkin, who had picked out the one chair having a back and had seated himself on it, looked bewildered.

"De rent," he repeated, but in a much milder tone.

"Never mind de rent," retorted Mr. Lipsky. "What right you got to come in without being told 'come in'? What right you got to grab a seat without being invited to sit down? Maybe when you pushed the door open before I said 'Come in' my wife was around the house half-dressed. Besides, in America a gentleman, a landlord, takes off his hat when he comes in a house. Take off your hat and go outside, knock on the door, and when I say 'Come in' come in, and not before. And wait until I ask you before you sit down."

This was a brand-new experience for Mr. Zalkin, who had almost always found his tenants cringing before him. He was too slow-witted to adjust himself to such an unusual situation without loss of dignity, and Mr. Lipsky's stronger personality seemed to have hypnotized him. Mechanically he proceeded to obey instructions. He stepped out into the hallway, closing the door softly behind him. Again there came a knock, this time far less insistent.

Mr. Lipsky waited a full half minute before giving utterance to a deliberate "Come in-n."

Mr. Zalkin pushed open the door and entered meekly, but in his bewilderment he had forgotten to remove his hat.

"De hittel! De hittel!" (The hat, the hat) Mr. Lipsky reminded him. Off came the hat.

"Good-morning, Mr. Zalkin," said Mr. Lipsky.

"Good-morning, Mr. Lipsky," returned the landlord, fidgeting uneasily with his hat.

"Sit down, Mr. Zalkin."

Mr. Zalkin sat down.

"What can we do for you to-day, Mr. Zalkin?"

"De rent!" gasped the caller.

Mr. Lipsky looked vague.

"Oh, de rent," he echoed. "I'll tell da truth, Mr. Zalkin; I ain't got it."

ANOTHER regular caller was added to our list when my father made a memorable investment in a sewing-machine. Father did not reveal immediately the financial basis on which he had purchased the machine, and mother asked no questions, though it must have puzzled her how he ever raised the money. It was a marvelous machine, and its arrival produced a sensation. It could sew stitches so fine that they could scarcely be seen. I had never seen mother so happy or so enthusiastic, and I myself was so excited that I ran out to spread the news through the neighborhood.

A week later the secret of the financial transactions that had enabled father to get the machine was revealed. Mr. Lefkowitz, who was destined to be a regular caller at our home for many years to come, presented himself at the door. He asked for twenty-five cents, the first instalment on the sewing-machine.

Every week thereafter Mr. Lefkowitz called for the twenty-five-cent instalment. Sometimes he got it; more often he didn't. The average of his collections must have been about twenty-five cents a month instead of twenty-five cents a week. But he was a polite and agreeable man. He never protested, never argued. He was always willing to wait another week for payment. He had the patience of Job. Years passed; he was still coming for his instalments, and had become an old friend. Indeed, it was only two years ago that he stopped coming; he had collected every penny at last, though it had taken him eighteen years to do it. There were tears in his eyes when he received his last twenty-five cents and as he realized that after so long an intimacy his weekly calls had come to an end.

Father told us that he had hesitated a long time between buying the sewing-machine or a clock. Many of our neighbors had bought on the twenty-five-cents-a-week plan a marble clock surmounted by a bronze horseman carrying a spear, and father had a great longing for such a useful decoration.

Our time-teller at home was the shadow in the court-yard, and, figuring by it, we were never more than half an hour wrong. The shadow would creep along the stone flagging, and then up the wall of the opposite tenement, and from long study of it we could approximate the time at a glance. Dark days, when the shadow failed to appear, caused us some trouble, and I would have to run out now and then to look at the clock in a drug-store window a block away. Clocks and watches are not absolute necessities; they are luxuries; and the purchase of luxuries in our neighborhood meant trouble sooner or later.

Yet other families had clocks, and even watches, without being completely ruined by them. Surely they must be very clever to steer their way without meeting disaster through all the difficulties that such an investment brought. What made them clever? School. And, most of all, the American school. It was plain that any graduate of an American school knew enough of the ways of the world to find the problems following the investment in a timepiece as simple as adding 2 and 2. I was seven years old, and I knew it was high time I was going to school myself.

One day while I was relieving father at the push-cart that he might go home to get his midday meal and a nap, a group of children of my own age passed. I asked them where they were going.

"To school," they replied.

"Can I come along?" I asked hopefully.

"Sure, Greeny."

I left the cart to its fate.

SOON I was at Public School No. 4, at Pitt and Rivington Streets. I singled out the teacher, and walked up to her, saying: "If you let me come to your school I'll bring you bananas. My fader has a full cellar from dem."

The teacher laughed. It was a sweet and kindly laugh, and I was sure it was not given because I was a greenhorn, so I didn't care. She told me she was sure I was a good little girl, and admitted me to the class.

Of course, I was not enrolled that day, but the only thing I needed to become a regular school pupil was a vaccination certificate. I heard that at a dispensary in Essex Street I could get such a slip. Barefoot, I ran to the place, and arrived breathless. An officious man at the door refused to let me in.

"Give me the ticket!" I panted. "For why shouldn't you give me the ticket?"

A crowd of waiting mothers, who were there on the same errand as I, jeered.

At that moment there came upon the scene an important-looking man in a blue uniform, with shining brass buttons. I recognized him as a horse-car driver with whom I had once scraped an acquaintance. He must be a man of authority, I was sure, and I turned to him appealingly. He exchanged a few words with the door attendant, with the result that I was admitted. Without further trouble I got my ticket—the magic blue ticket that was to admit me to an American education.

I ran home to my mother, who was sick in bed, and displayed the ticket proudly, explaining to her how I had got it all by myself. (*Continued on page 50*)



"You are even less a gentleman than you appear to be, aren't you?" she said coolly.

The Aristocrat

By Larry Evans

Illustrated by Will Grefé

A GIRL came slowly down the flight of iron steps which led from the road-head at the sea wall to the shore of yellow sand—came serenely into the tropic brilliance of that island afternoon with all the poise and seeming un-self-consciousness of one who, having calculated well her entrance, walks forth upon a painted scene. And the scythe-like sweep of beach, the rhythmic swells, even the varnished tree-fronds, seemed suddenly part of a picture that had been prepared by a scenic artist too lavish with his pigments—all an overtinted setting under the floodlight of the sun. And with her coming came drama of a kind—a slice of human comedy—not over pleasant nor highly diverting, for the audience had not foregathered to applaud, and the audience had been kept waiting over long. . . .

I had seen the man, and knew his story. For a long time I had been curious to see the woman, just as vulgarly curious, I suppose, as the rest, for I turned as quickly to look as any of the others, when her name was flashed sibilantly from lip to lip, and certainly there is no other word which can express adequately the stir and stares which greeted her from the veranda of the Casino, even though, as the wife of a sugar-millionaire at a table near us had just finished assuring her companion, the membership list of the Beach Club was really a roster of "their very best people—quite the only worth-while families on the Island."

Perhaps you have seen a Manhattan rabble streaming along at night behind a racing patrol-wagon, straining to be on hand to stand, nudging and leering, while a clean-up squad out on a raid herds a few tawdry unfortunates across the sidewalk. No? Well, nobody on the Casino veranda leered—no, indeed! The rabble was ever too careless about exhibiting on its face its enthusiasms and emotions. But what super-deadly, smug confidence in her iniquity!

At our table Cap'n Eben alone failed to strive to gain a better view, though in truth he sat directly facing the sea-wall and the steps and had no need to twist about. Feeling his eyes upon me I turned, ashamed of my surrender to morbid impulse, but he had looked down again. He seemed to be telling a fortune with a few stray leaves in his tea-cup, preoccupied, absolutely uninterested in the passing sensation. And yet, when a low ejaculation broke from the lips of Berkeley's Boy, the third at our table, immediately he cocked a quizzical eye in my direction.

BERKELEY'S BOY had been farmed out, as it were, with Cap'n Eben, because of a propensity, alarming to his Wall Street father, to turn and look at anything feminine and attractive, and to turn and follow after if, in addition to pulchritude, there was the added zest of a piquant reputation. In point of fact the prospect of a year-long loaf through the Seven Seas on the schooner *Mary Ann* had been lure enough, without the necessity of arguing the other matter. For cargoes meant little to Cap'n Eben. He owned two steel lines which carried freight enough. The *Mary Ann* came and went, like a swallow on the wind.

And so far I hadn't noticed that the little skipper had given himself much concern over his sacred trust; in each fresh crisis he left the worrying to me. Clearly now he already anticipated another such occasion; recognized it in fact with something akin to malicious enjoyment. For there was no mistaking Berkeley's Boy's case. Desperate, I diagnosed it instantly, a sort of spontaneous combustion brought about by one inflammatory glance. Apparently, too, he had heard the worst, or best, depending upon the point of view one has in such matters. If he hadn't it was to be heard now. A sing-song buzz was beginning to pour into the vacuum-like silence about us, the sound that swarms of bees make when angry. And yet with my first glimpse of her I wondered how—— Behind us the wife of the sugar-millionaire spoke my thought aloud. And she must have been echoing her husband; she did not appear to be one who did her thinking for herself, and her reasoning seemed purely masculine.

"But—why, *that* can't be her!" she murmured. "All the very dreadful things they say about her! Why—why she doesn't seem that sort of a person at all."

"Huh!" The retort, succinct and eloquent, came from a larger, richer woman. Much larger and much richer—the kind whose opinion is always echoed by her husband.

"But she's so—so quiet-seeming, and—and sort of self-contained." This with unusual insistence, apparently. "Henry says he wouldn't wonder if——"

"Yes," with vast disdain, "and so does John! So does every bald-headed old simpleton who has no business wondering about her at all, one way or the other. But what does a *man* know about a woman like her? Don't a jury of 'em acquit one, about every month or two, of shooting her husband, just because she looks so sweet and frail? Huh! Husband shooting will be less popular and a trifle more dangerous when women are impaneled, you may be sure."

"But all those outrageous stories, and—and—why, she's pretty—just pretty! And she's been here two weeks without making herself conspicuous."

INTO the other woman's voice crept a note of hostility, a peculiarly personal note, such as had seemed to distinguish the earlier silence of the entire beach.

"Inconspicuous! Do you call that bathing-suit inconspicuous? Look at it! Look at it!"

And then, suddenly, it was not so difficult to understand. It was not the piquant reputation which had

offended, but the fact that so far she had failed to live up to that reputation which was such a bitter affront to Respectability. Hadn't the younger set lionized a celebrity the season before who led a peacock about on a golden chain, and was said to scorn the attentions of anything less than a prince of the blood?

And the girl? Her courage was a splendid thing. Had it not been it would have broken long before her feet had carried her twenty paces toward us on the way to the sea. Pretty? The word was too stingy, by far. She was amazing. In many cities I had heard men mouth her praises unpleasantly, and had expected it to be a thing of the flesh entirely, a crimson peony kind of beauty, full-blown. Now it was the fine bravery of her, the frank, clear eagle-look which had puzzled the sugar-millionairess, that made me stop and think. But as for her bathing-suit—well, there is no doubt but what the fat lady had the right of it. It drew the eye—indeed, it drew the eye!

NOT that it was as daring as many upon the beach that afternoon. Utter freedom of movement had been the excuse on which a good portion of them had been patterned, though some were never dampened by the waves, or at least very deeply submerged. And hers—why, it had a skirt! I suppose it is a matter difficult of masculine analysis, but slowly I arrived at the conclusion that it was that skirt which, in the eyes of the women, totally damned its wearer.

For it was too short—or too long. A little less of it and there would have been nothing but the one-piece affair, of freedom-of-movement style, which had become too common even to startle any more. A little longer and it would have been—just a skirt. But as it was—insouciant, is that the word?

It stuck out all around like a child's very crisp pinafore. It was absolutely inadequate as a skirt. It was flippant, and demure. And black—black cap and sheer black stockings and black sandals laced with black ribbon high about slim and rounded legs. Yes, even a man could understand that a woman a little too fat or one a little too thin, would condemn a suit like that. For it would be beyond them. It betrayed too much. But there was, too, more tenable ground for their condemnation. Its very calculated innocence, a challenge and an invitation and a dare, seemed in spite of the eagle-look to represent the ultimate in sophistication, a triumph of a costume for "a woman like her."

Berkeley's Boy's comment was only an amplification of the large lady's exclamation.

"Oh, boy," he breathed. "Get that ensemble, will you! Wouldn't it knock you dead?" And then, wisely: "Some day the musical-comedy managers will learn. Pink silk tights! Bah! It's the black silk stockings and the twelve-inch skirt that gets the old boys in the front row every time."

And then, the next moment, something happened which sent through me a surge of exultation. It was too many against one. Something which made plain how wrong, how nastily wrong, they all were.

A man spoke to her. It must have been very softly, for it was so quiet that a whisper would have carried far. And whatever he said it stopped her short. There was one brief instant in which I was afraid—afraid that she would toss her chin and elevate her shoulders and fling away like one of the kind they said she was would have done. But it was wasted worry. Instead she stood there, before us all, looking down at him until he was forced to lift his head. He had spoken, of course, without looking up. And then she was speaking. Her voice carried to us easily, a clear, steady treble:

"You are even less of a gentleman than you appear to be, aren't you?" she said.

His attempt at blank astonishment was overdone.

"I—I beg your pardon!" he stammered.

"You should," she answered coolly, and passed on. "Sit still, please!"

Cap'n Eben's command was quick enough to check Berkeley's Boy's impulse to make a fool of himself. And, unruffled, the little skipper who looked most of all like an old-fashioned parson, capped the order with a bit of characteristic advice.

"Never," he admonished, "never complicate a difficult situation by hampering with assistance a person who is plainly capable of taking care of herself."

And by that time the girl had waded out, to her knees, to her waist. Head up she waited a great, green comber. Her chin dropped, her bare arms flashed. She cleaved it like a lance. One quick flirt to clear her face of spray and she started seaward. Cap'n Eben nodded his head, jerkily, in approval.

"I—I think I'll take a dip myself," said Berkeley's Boy, tentatively and with a vast display of indifference.

Cap'n Eben remained silent. What use was there for me to comment upon his sudden decision. It was the end of the bathing hour and a little while before he had expressed himself as too lazy to make the necessary change, but the surf was rapidly filling again with bathers who, apparently, were likewise suddenly inspired. Even the red-headed person who had accosted her rose and sauntered down the sand, in no wise out of face, for he smiled in our direction, a canine smile, as he passed. The large lady behind us shook a playful forefinger at him.

"Naughty—naughty!" she chided.

THEREUPON Cap'n Eben did an unusual thing, for him. He faced squarely about and measured her with a long and level glance. But she was impervious.

"—so like his dear mother," she was rattling on. "A true Molineaux—all the Molineauxs have red hair. It would be like that hussy to make a try for him. The brazen effrontery of it! I must compliment Freddie upon his splendid self-possession. After all, blood will tell!"

"Damnation!" he barked, "damnation! What a bright day will have dawned for scoundrels with curly hair when women are impaneled. Let's get out of this, please. I can't stand any more."

We rose and went around the corner.

"Do you believe that blood will tell?" he rather snapped the question at me, which again was an exceedingly astonishing performance for him.

I admitted that it would. But I had recognized Berkeley's Boy's bright blond mop of hair close beside the girl's black-capped head. It seemed a more pressing matter.

"Of course I know, in advance," I told him, "that you'll patronize me as though I were a meddlesome old woman, but just what are you going to do about—this?"

"Dangerous?" he kept a sober face, but I colored a trifle at his tone. "I thought you were—prejudiced already in her favor?"

Plainly enough he had seen my exultation in her disposition of the red-headed person. Cap'n Eben missed little.

"I wasn't thinking about her side of it," I protested. "No doubt, as you have already remarked, she is quite capable of managing any situation. But he'll make a compound, conspicuous ass of himself."

"Isn't he bound to, anyway, over some one?" Cap'n Eben queried gently. "Though he does seem to have made unusual progress at that. It's the startled, embarrassed look in his eyes, I suppose, that interests 'em. The—novice look. But if she's harmless—"

"Her husband might not be," I took my turn at snapping.

"Jealous?" he asked.



He sang to her nights, to the tinkle of his own mandolin.



"I just threw that young whelp out of the Beach Club," he proclaimed.

"They say she's never given him actual cause to be." I was not yet mollified. "But he follows her from port to port. A ghastly sort of surveillance. And you can see the kind of talk it's made—the sort of thing she has to endure."

"I saw," said Cap'n Eben, again grim. "Now, suppose you begin at the beginning."

"She married Monte King," I began, "Broadway King—the King of Broadway, they called him——"

"Old Caleb King's boy," he interjected

"You've heard?"

"Mebby—mebby not" He dropped easily into his New England vernacular.

I went on.

"——he must have been a lovable chap, for they say the whole faculty went sneaking around to shake hands with him and bid him good-by, individually, after they had done their duty, collectively, and thrown him out of college.

"LACK of funds until he was twenty-one had kept him within certain bounds—his allowance wouldn't have supported more than a half-dozen middle-class families, I suppose—but when he reached that age a legacy from another member of the family removed that restriction and he began to show just how fast a pace he could travel. His appearance was enough to set necks to craning and waiters a-scurrying in every café from the Flatiron to the Circle. And, incidentally, he had weathered two chorus-girl suits when he met her.

"She had been a chorus-girl, too, though that part of her career was never stressed particularly in the advertising—the surface-car, Subway variety of chorus-girl, and not the *genus* limousine-sedan. But she was on the Roof when Monte first saw her. Zimmerman had 'discovered' her the season before.

"Maybe you remember the sensation she made and the stories that attended her flash to fame. The morganatic daughter of an Austrian noble, the fugitive favorite of a European educated Turk—oh, half-a-dozen press-stories, all calculated to swell the box-office takings. One look at her seems enough to prove how preposterous they were, but the public liked it. It always does. Nobody would have been interested in a past as fresh as a spring morning, and just as clean. Nobody was, anyhow, except Monte King. And he married her.

"DON'T for a moment believe that it was the usual marriage of a rich ne'er-do-well and a notorious dancer. It was the opposite. King, Senior, the instant he heard of the affair, started up-town from a very important business conference—started in a thoroughly businesslike frame of mind, to ascertain her price. And he stayed to speed the wedding!

"You know the rest. The country for six months, and then back to town. An exuberant dinner or two, with a little too much wine, to celebrate his return, and then a week of dinners, and then a month. For almost a year she stuck and did her best—better than her best, at times. And he grew worse and worse. Long before the end it was bad—very bad.

"And then, they both agreed—she and the old man—that there might still be a chance if she went away.

"So she's been turning up, here and there, for the last year or two—Ostend and St. Moritz and Monte Carlo—the most fashionable places and the most obscure, with always the old tales following after—the Austrian-noble fable, and the fable of the educated Turk. And Monte. Sometimes it's two weeks, sometimes as many months, for it's harder now for him to borrow money than it used to be. But he always turns up in the end, never bothering her, however, never speaking to her, or coming very near. Watching her, he says, when he's very drunk—just watching. It's no great wonder if she's tired at last of waiting."

In silence Cap'n Eben looked at his watch.

"You think she is?" he asked.

I shrugged my shoulders.

"Aye," said Cap'n Eben, musingly, "it occurs to me that mebby that bathing-s it—well, mebby she is sort-of tired waiting, after all.

"I knew Caleb King well, once," he continued. "Knew him almost too well. Beat him on a shipping deal, and it took me a year to do it. A real good fighter, Caleb—but square! Blood will tell, eh! Mebby—mebby. Anyhow, she's a nice-appearing girl."

We dined and dawdled the evening away. And long before ten o'clock came I knew that he was purposely killing time. The reason for it he did not divulge, however, even after he had hired an open, decrepid conveyance harnessed to two bony ponies and driven by a native.

I suppose we stopped at every café, every bar, every dive and disreputable dispensary in the white quarter of the town in the hours that followed. Finally we left the upper reaches of the town, and thereafter the growing squalor of our surroundings kept pace with out physical descent. Pavement gave way to dirt alleys; forbidding shacks lined the way, more and more frowsy as we neared the water front. And there our search ended abruptly. Just ahead of us, under the flare of a dripping torch that set weird shadows writhing upon the building front, they were throwing a white man out of a native rumshop.

The two bouncers swung the man, who was in conventional dinner dress, off the steps and shot him in a limp bundle into the gutter. For a moment he lay huddled like a soiled pile of rags.

Silently Cap'n Eben signed for them to lift the prostrate form, but the latter had started to rise, alone He clambered unsteadily but surely to the seat beside the driver.

He was almost unrecognizable. I had seen him years before, the year he played quarter for Harvard and ran the first kick-off back through a broken field for the only score of the game. One hundred and sixty-four pounds of bone and muscle the tables had listed his weight. He couldn't weigh more than one hundred and twenty-five now, skin stretched tight over bone structure. Under the brim of his jauntily raked hat the corded hollows in the back of his neck were pitiful. But it was he, all the same. It was Monte King.

At the hotel we experienced no difficulty with our passenger on the box. He descended with alacrity at the first invitation, and we entered the lobby a picturesque trio.

The night-clerk at the desk gave King one comprehensive glance, and then bowed and addressed Cap'n Eben by name. But in spite of his affability he started and showed reluctance when he read the name Cap'n Eben had entered upon the register.

"I'm afraid we won't be able," he began.

Cap'n Eben gave the clerk a bill.

"If he makes any inquiry in the morning with regard to the matter," he suggested punctiliously, "you might apprise Mr. King that he himself paid for several days' lodging in advance. And the house valet might see to fresh flannels and charge them to me. I—I should, however, prefer to remain unmentioned——"

"Quite so, sir. I understand."

A man is truly important who commands such courtesy from a night-clerk.

We went back aboard the *Mary Ann*. And in two days which followed Berkeley's Boy failed signally to put in his appearance. Just once I remarked this ominous circumstance to Cap'n Eben; I suggested that it would not be unwise to dispatch a peremptory command for him to report aboard immediately, by the steward whom he was at the moment sending ashore on an errand which he pointedly neglected to divulge to me. But he seemed little perturbed. Later I learned the steward's errand. I made it a point to be on hand when he returned.

"Mr. Crane sends his compliments, sir," he came below to report, "and says he will be pleased to send an invitation to Mr. King immediately, sir."

But just how great the disaster which he was courting might prove to be did not develop until we went ashore, late the next day, to attend the banquet which the Board of Trade was tendering Cap'n Eben.

Apparently Berkeley's Boy's affair had outstripped my worst imaginings. (*Continued on page 77*)



Her eyes were open. She glided straight toward the young lieutenant and bent over him.

Held in Bondage

By F. Britten Austin

Illustrated by W. T. Benda

Can a clever and unscrupulous man—a specialist in manipulating the human mind—permanently change a woman's personality so she will forget forever her own love and her own language? Can there be slavery of the Soul?

TWO French officers, wearing the red-velvet band of the medical service upon their caps, followed an old woman down the staircase of a pleasant villa-residence on the outskirts of Mainz.

"The bedrooms will suit perfectly," said the elder of the two officers, a major, in German. "And now a sitting-room?"

The old woman led them along a passage and, without a word, threw open the door of a room lined with books. The two officers entered, looked about them.

They were startled by a man's voice behind them.

"Good-day, messieurs!"

They turned to see a tall civilian, pince-nez gleaming over exceptionally vivid blue eyes, fair moustache, fair hair cut short and brushed up straight from a square forehead, smiling at them from the doorway.

"I am Doctor Breidenbach—at your service," he said courteously in accentless French.

The major stepped forward.

"I am Major Chassaigne, monsieur. I—and my assistant, Lieutenant Vincent, here—have been allotted quarters in your house. Here is the *billet de logement.*" He held out a piece of paper. "It is issued with the authority of the Army of Occupation and countersigned by your municipality. I regret to put you to inconvenience——"

"Not at all! not at all!" interposed the German affably, taking the billeting order. As his face went serious in a scrutiny of the document, the two officers had an impression of extreme intelligence and ruthless will-power. He looked up again with a nod of assent, his smile masking everything behind its gleam of blue eyes and white teeth. "Perfectly correct, monsieur! Please consider my house at your disposition. I am charmed to be of assistance to any *confrères* of my profession." He smiled recognition of their red cap-bands. "Although you wear another uniform than that which I myself have but recently quitted, we serve in a common cause—the cause of humanity, *n'est-ce pas?* which knows no national animosities."

"We desired a sitting-room," said Major Chassaigne, ignoring this somewhat unctuous profession of altruism.

The German waved his hand about the room.

"If this will suit you——?"

"Your library, monsieur?" queried the lieutenant.

"My work-room," replied the doctor. "Before this deplorable war interrupted my studies, I had some little reputation in my special branch of mental therapeutics. If you are interested in psychology, normal and abnormal, you will find here a very complete collection of works upon the subject. Use them freely, by all means. Well, if you are satisfied, gentlemen, I will leave you, for I am a busy man. I was just about to visit some patients when you arrived. *Auf wiedersehen!*" He smiled and left them.

Vincent turned to his senior, with a puzzled expression.

"What is it about that man I do not like?"

The older man shrugged his shoulders.

"Too friendly by far. They are all the same, these *boches*—they would do anything to make us forget," he said, divesting himself of his belt. "I am going to have a rest and a cigaret before we walk back into the town."

The young man wandered around the room, scanning the titles of the books on the shelves, picking up the various bibelots scattered about. Suddenly he uttered a startled cry.

"*Mon Dieu!* Look at this!"

THE major turned to him. In his hand he held a small snapshot photograph. He stared at it, trembling violently.

"What is the matter?"

"Look!—*It is she!*" The young man's face was a study in horrified astonishment.

Chassaigne looked over his comrade's shoulder at the photograph. It represented their host arm in arm with a good-looking young woman.

"*She?*" he queried, with a tolerant smile. "Be a little more explicit, my dear Vincent."

The young man turned on him.

"You remember the deportations from Lille? The women and girls the *boche* snatched from their homes? —My fiancée was among them." His voice checked at the painful memory. "Other women have been traced, returned to their relatives. She has never been heard of again."

"My poor friend!" murmured the major sympathetically.

Vincent stared once more, as if fascinated, at the photograph in his hand.

"It is she—in every detail! Yet—" His tone was puzzled. "No! I cannot believe it! It is some chance resemblance. This woman is obviously happy



With a frightened gesture she drew herself up and looked at him without the faintest recognition.

—content, at least." He looked up, passed over the photograph. "Chassaigne, you are an analyst of the human mind. What relationship do you diagnose between those two people?"

The major took the print, scrutinized it critically.

"Friends, certainly—lovers, possibly," was his sententious verdict.

"Then it cannot be!" cried the young man. "My fiancée was—is, I am sure of it—incapable of a faithless acquiescence in the wrong done to her."

"Can one ever be sure about a woman?" said the major, with a gentle cynicism. "However, I agree with you that it is improbable that the person in the photograph is your lost friend. It is, as you say, a chance resemblance."

"If I could only be certain of it!" The young man was obviously stirred to the depths. "I *must* make sure, Chassaigne—I must get to know this woman—find out who she is!"

Both men turned at the sound of the door opening behind them. A young woman, tall, dark, strikingly handsome, stood timidly upon the threshold. It was the woman of the photograph.

"Doctor—Doctor Breidenbach?" she faltered, as though disconcerted by an unexpected meeting with strangers.

Vincent stared at her, held in a suspense of the faculties where he seemed not to breathe. At last he found his voice.

"*Hélène!*" he cried. "Hélène! It *is* you!" He sprang to her, clutched her arm. "What are you doing here?"

With a frightened gesture of repulsion the young woman disengaged herself from his grasp. She drew herself up, looked at him without the faintest recognition in her eyes.

"*Ich spreche nicht französisch, mein Herr!*" she said in a tone of cold rebuff.

"Hélène!"

She shrank back in obviously offended dignity, and, without another word, haughtily left the room.

Vincent reeled away from the closed door, his hands to his head.

"My God!" he groaned. "Am I going mad?"

Then, ceding to a sudden impulse, he eluded his friend's restraining grasp, dashed to the door.

"Hélène!"

He found himself confronted by the smiling figure of Doctor Breidenbach.

"Pardon the unintended intrusion, messieurs!" he said, good-humoredly apologetic and taking no notice of Vincent's excited appearance. "My ward, Fräulein Rosenhagen, was unaware that I had guests. I merely wished to reassure myself that you require nothing before I go into the town. Is there anything you desire of me?"

"Nothing, thank you," interposed Chassaigne, quickly, before Vincent could speak.

"*A tantôt,* then!" He nodded amicably and went out.

"We ought to have questioned him!" cried Vincent, resentful of the missed opportunity.

"We ought to do nothing of the kind, my dear Vincent," replied Chassaigne. "Calm yourself. Be sensible. What question could we possibly ask that would not be ridiculous? You may be utterly wrong."

"*It is she!* I swear it!" asserted the young man vehemently. "Do you think I cannot recognize a woman I have known all my life?"

HE commenced to pace up and down the room in wild agitation. His friend contemplated him with a gaze of genuine solicitude.

"You may be mistaken for all that," he said gently. "Doubles, although rare, exist——"

Vincent glared at him in exasperation.

"My fiancée had three little moles just above her right wrist—I looked for those three moles when I held that woman's arm just now—*and I found them!* Are doubles so exactly reproduced as that?" he asked, furiously.

"It sounds incredible, certainly," agreed Chassaigne. "But her attitude——"

"I know," said Vincent, recommencing his pacing up and down the room. "She looked at me like a complete stranger. But," he ground his teeth in jealous rage, "if she has consented to live with that man—she might have pretended—to hide her shame——"

"My friend," said Chassaigne, seriously, "in that young woman was neither shame nor pretense. I observed her closely. She genuinely did not recognize any acquaintance in you. She genuinely did not even know French. She was genuinely resentful of your familiarity. That was no play-acting performance. She was taken by surprise. She had no time to prepare herself for it."

The young man beat his brow.

"Oh, I am going mad!" he cried. "It was she, I swear it! —and yet—she did not know me! It baffles me." He stopped for a moment, then looked up with a new idea. "Chassaigne! You are an authority on these things. Is it possible—by hypnotism or anything of the sort—to change a personality completely?—so that they forget everything—start afresh?"

Chassaigne met his glance, hesitated.

"It is—perhaps—possible," he said slowly. He went up to his friend, put his hand on his shoulder, drew him to a chair. "Sit down, my dear fellow. Let us be calm and think this out. If you are right—if this young woman is indeed your—your friend—your suggestion might *perhaps* be the key to the enigma. But we shall achieve nothing by getting excited."

Vincent allowed himself to be gently forced into the chair. He looked white and ill, thoroughly shaken. His friend, contemplating him, was impressed by his appearance. Could such a shock be produced by a merely imagined resemblance? He felt that it could not—and then those three moles! His mind reverted to the young woman, to her indubitably genuine nonrecognition, and he felt more than ever puzzled. With a quiet deliberation he drew up a chair and seated himself close to his comrade.

"Now let us analyze this problem," he said. He spoke in a calm, consulting-room voice which eliminated in advance all emotion from the discussion.

Vincent looked up, his eyes miserable.

"Have you ever known of such a case?"

"Of a personality *permanently* changed? No."

"Is it hypothetically possible?"

"Hypothetically—yes."

"By hypnotism?"

"By hypnotism and suggestion."

"But a woman cannot be hypnotized against her will, can she?"

"No—technically not—but her will may be stunned, so to speak, into abeyance by a sudden shock or by terror, and then, virtually, she might be hypnotized against her will. It is possible."

The young man took a deep breath.

"That acquits her moral responsibility. But you say it is hypothetically possible to change a personality *permanently?* It sounds fantastic to me. Would you please explain?"

CHASSAIGNE leaned back in his chair and lightly joined the finger-tips of his two hands. He spoke in the impersonal tone of a professor elucidating a thesis.

"Well, my dear fellow, to begin at the beginning we should have to analyze personality—and human personality is a mystery I confess myself unable to explore. You are aware, however, that there are people who have double personalities—even triple and multiple personalities—which differ utterly. For some reason which eludes us, one of these submerged personalities in an individual may suddenly come to the top. He, or she, entirely forgets the personality which was theirs up to that moment, forgets name, relations, every circumstance of life—and is completely someone else, quite new. There is a recent case, exhaustively studied, of a young woman with four such personalities—over which she has not the slightest control, and which differ profoundly, mentally and morally. I mention this merely to show you how unstable personality may be."

"These are pathological cases," interposed Vincent. "My fiancée was a thoroughly well-balanced woman."

Chassaigne nodded.

"Before the war, when you last saw her. She must have gone through great stress since. But let us continue. Under hypnotism a person is extraordinarily susceptible to the suggestions of the operator. He will carry out perfectly any *rôle* indicated to him. The reason is that in the hypnotic condition the con-

scious personality is put to sleep and the subjective mind—the dream-creating consciousness which is independent of the will—is paramount. That subjective mind possesses little if any power of origination, but it has a startling faculty of dramatizing any suggestion made to it. Tell a hypnotic that he is President Wilson at the Peace Conference and he will get up and make a speech perfectly in character amazingly apposite, expressing ideas that are normally perhaps quite alien to his temperament. Tell him that he is Napoleon at the Battle of Waterloo and he will act the part with a reality that is impressive. He believes himself actually to be Napoleon. Under hypnotism, then, the personality which is mirrored in the Ego—which you believe to be the essential, unchanging you—may be utterly changed——"

"Yes," objected Vincent. "But that is only during the hypnotic trance. It is not permanent."

"Wait a moment," said Chassaigne. "Suggestions made during the hypnotic trance may and do persist after the subject has awakened from it. I may, for example, suggest to the hypnotized person that when he wakes he will have forgotten his native language—and he will forget it. If he knows no other, he will remain dumb until I remove the suggestion. I may suggest to him that a person actually in the room is not there—and he will not perceive him. I may suggest that in a week, a month, a year, at such and such an hour, he will perform some absurd action—and punctually to the moment, without understanding the source of his impulse, he will perform it. Post-hypnotic persistence of suggestion is a scientific fact."

"Then—in this case?"

"In this case we have to do with a clever and possibly unscrupulous man who is a specialist in manipulating the human mind. Of course, he practises hypnotic suggestion as a part of his profession—it is the chief agent in modern mental therapeutics. It is possible that by some means he got this young woman into his power after she was dragged from her home. It is possible that he was violently attracted to her and, finding that she did not reciprocate his sentiment, proceeded to subject her individuality to his. How would he do this? He would drug or stun her volition by terror—as, for example, a bird is helplessly fascinated in fear of the snake. Then, using some common mechanical means such as the revolving mirror—staring into her eyes—anything that would fatigue the sensory centers of sight—he would induce a hypnotic trance. In that trance he would suggest to her that her name was no longer Hélène whatever it was—but Fräulein Rosenhagen, that she was a German woman ignorant of French, that she was perfectly happy and contented in his society. In the supernormally receptive state of the hypnotized mind he could give her lessons in German, which would be learned with a speed and accuracy far surpassing that of ordinary education. He would suggest to her that all his lessons persisted after waking. Finally, he would constantly reiterate these suggestions in a succession of hypnotic trances—once the first has been induced, it is easy to bring about the second—until he had reconstructed her personality, or rather imposed a new one upon her consciousness.

"There, my dear Vincent, presuming that you are correct in your recognition of this young lady, is a theoretical explanation of the phenomenon which confronts us. For that the young woman genuinely did not recognize you I am certain."

"She is held in the most diabolical slavery ever conceived, then!" cried Vincent, in despair. "A slavery of the soul! But can nothing be done?"

Chassaigne shrugged his shoulders.

"Something can be attempted, my dear fellow. I promise nothing." He rose from his chair. "Now, I want you to promise to keep quiet—not to interfere. Fortunately, I speak German, and can talk to her in the language she believes to be her own. Wait a minute." He roved around the room, opening the cupboards under the bookcases, the drawers in the writing table by the window. "Ah, here we are!" he ejaculated. He held up a small silver mirror which revolved quickly upon its single support under the motion of his fingers. "I expected that our friend the doctor would possess this little instrument." He smiled. "Very considerate of him to go out and leave us to ourselves! Now we will try and profit by the circumstance. I am going to find that young lady and bring her to you. You will maintain the attitude of a complete stranger who regrets an impulsive familiarity for which a mistake in identity is responsible. Master yourself!" He put the little mirror on the table and went out of the room.

A few moments later he returned, held the door wide open for the young woman to enter. He spoke in fluent German.

"My young friend, Fräulein, will not be consoled until he has had the opportunity of a personal apology!"

THE young woman inclined her head gravely, and somewhat shyly advanced to the center of the room. Vincent rose to his feet, his face deadly white, trembling in every limb, and bowed. Ignorant of German, he could not utter a word. Chassaigne turned to him, spoke to him in French.

"Look closely at Fräulein Rosenhagen, *mon ami*,—and satisfy yourself."

The muscles of his face tense (*Continued on page 81*)



Suddenly she rushed into his arms. "Oh, don't let them take me!" she shrieked.

My Adventure in Wonderland



By Epitacio Pessoa
President of Brazil

ONE comes to your country prepared to be awed by its grandeur, by its magnificence. I had read much of our sister republic, the United States of America, before I came to it. I had studied its wonderful history. I had studied its growth. I had read to get an intimate knowledge of things which circumstances had decreed that I should know only at a distance. I had visualized your great city of New York and your magnificent national capital with its broad streets and wonderful buildings. I had permitted my mind's eye to sweep along your Mississippi River, the Father of Waters. While reading I had traveled in imagination over your West, your North, your East, your South. I thought I knew all that there was to know of your country, and I had set myself the promise that I should some day see these things at first hand merely to confirm what I had read. I thought that nothing would surprise me. I thought, as you people put it, that I "knew it all;" but I didn't.

The French cruiser which carried me from Paris to visit your country having been disabled on the way, American hospitality, not content with keeping within the bounds of its own territory, extended itself to me in mid-ocean, for the U. S. S. *Imperator* came to our assistance and brought me to your shores.

Even before I had caught my first glimpse of your country through the morning mists, your generous welcome manifested itself in spectacular fashion. While we were still far out at sea four United States destroyers came speeding to greet us; and then—oh, what a sight as they came out of the clouds!—two wide-winged seaplanes swept downward to us, bringing America's message of friendship even out of her skies.

With the flag of Brazil flying from their mastheads, the four destroyers led us into New York's harbor, while overhead the two great, droning birds circled and soared. Much I shall have to tell to my own people of that soul-stirring arrival at the portals of your country. Dull and soulless must be the traveler who on coming for the first time into that wondrous bay is not thrilled by the scene and all that it brings to mind. But that day the effect was intensified by the splendid welcome of a mighty nation. Fort Jay fired twenty-one guns as we passed, and immediately the salute was repeated by the guns of Fort Wadsworth and of the U. S. S. *North Dakota*, which lay at anchor off Tompkinsville. It was a gray day and drops of rain were beginning to patter on the decks, but perhaps it was better so, for ahead of us in the distance in the gathering storm the huge city, with its cloud-piercing towers—a scene that might have come out of the Arabian Nights or Grecian mythology—bore a haunting, mystical fascination which I am sure could never have been equaled under different atmospheric conditions.

IT was a scene that was full of promise of the mysterious, of magic castles and palaces; and it fairly took my breath away. I had come prepared to be surprised; but truly I was enchanted.

Suddenly there loomed out of the fog and rain the Statue of Liberty. And what a vision it was which that goddess presented to us as she held her torch into the obscuring clouds and gazed upon us through the veils of the storm in silent majesty! Surely there was never a more beautiful, more awe-inspiring monument than that tremendous product of French genius. Not only because of her beauty and splendor, but in full recognition of all that she symbolized, I was proud indeed to lift my hat to her.

To a stranger your city of New York is like a beautiful lady of whom he has heard much and whom he has instinctively admired. The day comes when he meets that lovely creature of his dreams, and he is left speechless. To carry the simile further, the better he gets to know the lady the less he understands her, she is so vast, so deep, so beautiful.

The City of the Paradox I should call your wonderful New York. For example:

I stood on the top of the Woolworth Tower. The vast city spread out at my feet. There came to my ears a dim hum and buzz, and the ant-like figures hurrying to and fro far below brought home to me the fact that there lay the hub of all human activity. This impression was further accentuated by the idyllic hills near by on the New Jersey shore. The silent, dreaming hills were in strange contrast to all the tremendous stir of life that was going on beneath me. As I stood there, up under the dome of the sky, there came to me the reverberations of the roar of industry that was flowing through the city's streets, intensifying my ever-growing impression of your amazing energy. What a bedlam of sound to rise so far into the skies! If it had been a holiday my wonder would not have been so great; but this was an ordinary weekday.

Where is my paradox? Be patient a moment. I was in this same city on Independence Day. What a contrast! One hears of you as a demonstrative people, who make much of your fête days. I had visualized your July Fourth as a carnival day. I had pictured large crowds in the streets. I had expected to hear booming guns, and laughter, and cheering men and women, in fact all the noises that are peculiar to the carnival crowd. Yet, lo and behold! the quietest of all my days in your country was this July Fourth. Your days of work were deafening; your gala days full of peace and quiet. Surely it is a strange, paradoxical country in that respect.

Another paradox; I am told that when you bury the Old Year you mourn it to the tune of much revelry. It struck me as strange that a people should inter the past with such frantic merrymaking. To my way of thinking, the passing of happy and prosperous years should naturally bring sighs of regret. We are brought so much nearer to the end of our days, and so much more of the joy of living is gone forever.

THE impression which New York made upon me will remain vivid to the end of my life. It was a beautiful and wonderful city by day; by night even more so. In the evening your White Way, as you call it, your Rialto, ablaze with its lights of many colors, was magnificent. It was alive. It buzzed with energy; it echoed with laughter, with joy. Each person was an electron, a living, pulsating unit in a rapidly whirring human dynamo.

I could understand at the end of my first day in your country, and especially after I had visited not only New York but Washington, where that wealth of energy displayed by your nation in the prosecution of the war came from. Its wonderful force is something which nothing written can properly and with justice describe. I had read much about it, but I had never come within miles of realizing what I was reading. The United States should be seen and not merely read of. This message I shall tell all whom I meet.

Your women are wonderful. I have never seen so many tall women in all my life as I have in one day in your country. Our women are somewhat short, and rather dark—brunettes you would call them—and they are very beautiful, too. But there is something about your women that makes me understand a great many things for which your men have earned fame. In fact, I am really beginning to suspect the real source of inspiration for your men who are doing great things. I now can better understand the reason for the world-famed hyphen, "American-beauty."

Your women are Americans possessing all the fervor and force which that word "American" everywhere in the world implies, and they are indeed beautiful. If Joan of Arc had sisters their descendants have most certainly emigrated—all of them—to your country. Small wonder that so much was heard and said throughout the world during the war of the "home force" of the United (*Concluded on page 54*)



"You have no right to call me that! Suppose anybody should hear you!"

On the Brink of a Precipice

By Derek Vane

Illustrated by Baron Gayne De Meyer

"COME along, Beautiful Eyes," he said. "Let us run away. I have had tourists enough to last me the rest of my life."

"You have no right to call me that," she said. "Suppose anybody should hear you!"

"There is nobody to hear except these Moors, and they wouldn't understand, though they say the same thing themselves in their own language; that's where I picked it up. Listen," and he opened his Guide Book. "'*Ayn Hali* (Eyes of Ali) is a term used by the Arabs to express the highest beauty, Ali, Mahomet's son-in-law, being famous for his beautiful eyes.' I rather liked the idea. It struck me as being original and poetic and, above all things, suited to *you*.

"But come, we are wasting time, what shall we do? We have only two or three hours in which to see all the wonders of Casablanca. Shall we go and watch the snake-charmer, or listen to the story-teller, or interview the Incense-seller, whose duty in life it is to fumigate the True Believer?"

"I thought you wanted to get away from the other passengers? Why shouldn't we go for a stroll out there past the hills? It looks delightful."

"By all means. I didn't dare to suggest it, but there is nothing I should like better."

"What a charming old place it is," the girl said, as they stopped a moment to look back; "the most Moorish place we've seen yet, I think. Look at the old water-gate and that funny square with the shops all round it, no bigger than bathing boxes, and that caravan crawling along as though it had just stepped out of a picture. I think I should like to stop here."

"Shall we desert?" he said with a half laugh —"go on until it is too late to return? The Captain wouldn't give us more than an hour's grace at most. What would your husband say?"

"He would just come ashore himself to find me," she said. "That's all, so our little adventure would fall rather flat. He would never think we had done it on purpose. He's the least-suspicious person in the world."

"He's a model husband. I don't see what fault you could find with him. It's a curious thing, though, that we are apt to get rather discontented with models and patterns. Poor weak human nature, I suppose."



"Shall we desert?" he said with a half laugh,—"go on until it's too late to return?"

"That's nothing in our favor," the girl said a little sharply. "It's our own fault—our misfortune, whichever way you like to put it—if we can't appreciate the best. I know Gerald is as good as they make 'em—far better than you are."

"And yet I suit you best?"

"THAT again is my misfortune, dear Anthony. I don't deny it, you see, but I don't glory in it either. I always thought that whoever wrote, 'We needs must love the highest when we see it,' didn't know much about human nature. The 'highest' often irritates you by its superiority—not that Gerald has any idea of being superior, poor boy! But he's too good for me, I'm afraid."

"Birds of a feather don't often flock together in matrimony, do they? Now, Miss Linford would have suited him much better. They have everything in common and she adores him, which you don't."

"I don't adore anybody—not even you. Don't flatter yourself."

"I know you don't. We are both of us too selfish to worship blindly; we should never lose sight of self. All the same, we care more for each other than we are ever likely to care for anybody else and I think the world will be rather a dreary place for both of us when the time for parting comes."

"And yet we didn't know one another till we met on board less than a fortnight ago."

"What does that matter? What is time in love's reckoning? Oh! Beautiful Eyes, I am sick at heart when I think of the future. What is to become of me if you won't listen?"

"I like you," she said, "I don't deny it; you fascinate me, but I don't trust you. In my saner moments I know I should live to be sorry if I threw up the good I know for the evil I know not."

"Thank you. But I think you are wrong—honestly, I do. We should get on very well together life would be a long holiday. We both have the *joie de vivre*, we could not help being happy. 'Gather ye roses while ye may' before the evil days come when you have no pleasure in them. Oh, my dear, we have only one life; isn't it a pity not to make the most of it?"

"You don't give me credit for a conscience, evidently. To tell the truth," turning squarely round and looking him straight in the face, "I am not sure that I could do without Gerald; I should miss him dreadfully. We've been married four years and I've got accustomed to his being always there. Besides," slowly, "he's so kind, I shouldn't like to hurt him."

"And what about me? Don't you care what I suffer? You puzzle me sometimes, Lallie; I wonder whether you have a heart at all. You play with fire like a child, you seem almost as ignorant and innocent—and yet I don't know. What is to be the end of it all—have you made up your own mind?"

"Certainly not. Why are you so tiresome? Why can't you let things go on as they are for the present? We have another week before us. Who knows what may happen? I like to live from day to day. Now I've had enough of serious talk."

WHEN they got back to the steamer, Gerald Holden and Miss Linford were having tea together on deck, looking very cool and comfortable lying under the awning in their long chairs.

"There! what did I tell you?" Anthony said in a low tone. "Do you think we have been missed?"

"You seem to forget that they have known one another all their lives," she answered rather crossly for she was hot and tired. "Why shouldn't they have tea together?" As soon as Gerald caught sight of his wife he sprang up and went to meet her.

"There you are!" he exclaimed rather unnecessarily. "I was beginning to wonder what had become of you; we got back some time ago. Sit down and I'll tell the steward to bring you some fresh tea. You had better join us, Crawford," he added, turning to Anthony.

The ship's doctor, who was a general favorite, sauntered up just then and was induced to sit down too, though he entered a protest against the pernicious custom of tea-drinking, describing it as a drug-habit, at which they all laughed.

"Tea and cigarets," he declared, "I should put down as two of the most pernicious habits of the day. They sap your energy and drug your conscience, you think of all the fine things you are going to do, but you never do them. They give you a sense of *bien-être*, which is fatal to any great effort."

"I am a confirmed tea-drinker," Anthony declared with a laugh. Dr. Bridge looked at him coolly.

"And don't you agree with me?" he inquired. "I should think you took things pretty easily. It may not have done you much harm yet, in other respects you look fit enough, but I have a theory that tea is as bad for the nerves as drink, though its effect is more insidious. I wonder if you would mind writing me down a few words—anything will do," he finished rather abruptly.

"Certainly," Anthony said, a little surprised. He scribbled something on the back of an envelope and handed it to the doctor, who folded it up and put it in his pocket.

"You will wonder what I want this for," he said. "I have quite a collection of such scraps, they help me to work out my theory. You know one must have some hobby on board ship, or you get very slack. My idea is that, not only the character, but the physical condition of a person, is betrayed more in the handwriting than in anything else. If you have nerves," looking at Anthony, "I shall find them here."

"What did you do that for?" Miss Linford asked presently when she and the doctor were alone. "Why did you want to see Mr. Crawford's handwriting?"

"Didn't I explain why?"

"You gave some explanation, certainly, but I am not at all sure that it was the real one. Can't you trust me? You and I are pretty good friends."

"Why do you want to know? I am an idle man, human nature interests me, and I have a fancy that I learn more about it this way than any other. I have studied some hundreds of specimens and I am getting quite clever in the art of interpretation."

"Why are you particularly interested in Mr. Crawford?"

"Am I? Well, suppose I acknowledge that I am, what then? I might put the same question to you. Your interest is obviously greater than mine."

"Naturally. I," she waited a moment, "I have known Gerald longer than you, and I have his happiness very much at heart. You see, I trust you."

"I hope we can trust one another. We are both Gerald Holden's friends and we should like to help him if we could. It's a little difficult, however, as he is not aware that he's in need of any help."

"Let's be frank. I'm afraid there is no time to be lost if we would save him from a terrible trouble. He is absolutely devoted to his wife, he hasn't a thought for any other woman, it seems too cruel that she should think so little of him."



"Lallie Holden may be heartless but she's charming. She's like an inconsequent child."

"What can we do? What length are you prepared to go?"

"Any—if necessary—to save her for his sake—not for her own," bitterly. "I know him and I know he would never get over such a blow. Of course the principal person concerned is often the last to hear the truth. Gerald has no suspicion, but others are beginning to talk."

"I know. Well! I'll go to my cabin now and examine the handwriting. I think I've a pretty good idea of his character, but the microscope may show me something I don't know, then I shall be in a better position to help you. How would it be to try a little plain talking with Mrs. Holden. Would she listen to reason?" Grace Linford laughed.

"HAVE you ever heard of a woman in love listening to reason? And I am afraid there is no doubt that she cares for Crawford as much as she can for anybody, otherwise I am quite sure she wouldn't have gone so far. She has a great respect for the world and its opinions and she is wise enough to know when she is well off. Therein lies our chief hope."

"You have not a high opinion of her. She may be selfish and heartless and soulless but that does not prevent her from being charming. She is like an inconsequent child. I don't believe she really means any harm, but we must save her from herself!"

"I am sorry if I seem hard, but when I think of Gerald I can't forgive her."

Miss Linford tried to waylay the doctor after dinner to hear his report on Crawford's handwriting, but she was not successful. He managed to evade her the next day too until late in the evening, then she caught him unawares.

"Why are you avoiding me?" she asked bluntly. "You must know how anxious I am to hear what you've found out. Come and sit down. What's the matter?"

"I'll talk to you with the (*Concluded on page 54*)



Drawn especially for Hearst's Magazine by Lucien Jonas, the famous French war arti

THE HOMECOMING.



Heaven

By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

WE come then to the messages which tell us of the life beyond the grave sent by those who are actually living it. I have already insisted upon the fact that they have three weighty claims to our belief. The one is that they are accompanied by "signs" in the Biblical sense, in the shape of "miracles" or phenomena. The second is that in many cases they are accompanied by assertions about this life of ours which prove to be correct and which were beyond the possible knowledge of the medium after every deduction had been made for telepathy or for unconscious memory. The third is that they have a remarkable though not a complete similarity from whatever source they come. It may be noted that the differences of opinion become most marked when they deal with their own future, which may well be a matter of speculation to them as to us. Thus upon the question of reincarnation there is a distinct cleavage, and though I am myself of opinion that the general evidence is against this Oriental doctrine, for which I have never been able to see a shadow of proof, it is none the less an undeniable fact that it has been maintained by some messages which appear in other ways to be authentic.

Before entering upon the substance of the messages which I should wish to emphasize, the second of these two points, so as to reinforce the reader's confidence, is the authenticity of these assertions. To this end I will give a detailed example with names. The medium was Mr. Phenix of Glasgow. The sitter was Mr. Ernest Oaten, the President of the Northern Spiritual Union, a man of the utmost veracity and precision of statement. The dialogue which came by the direct voice, a trumpet acting as megaphone, ran like this:

The Voice. Good-evening, Mr. Oaten.

Good-evening. Who are you?

The Voice. My name is Miller. You know my father.

No, I don't remember any one of the name.

The Voice. Yes, you were speaking to him the other day.

To be sure. I remember now. I only met him casually.

The Voice. I want you to give him a message from me.

What is it?

The Voice. Tell him that he was not mistaken at midnight on Tuesday last.

Very good. I will say so. Have you passed long?

The Voice. Some time. But our time is different from yours.

What were you?

The Voice. A surgeon.

How did you pass?

The Voice. Blown up in the *Bulwark.*

Oh, you were the surgeon of the *Bulwark?*

The Voice. No, but I was aboard at the time.

Anything more?

The answer was the Gipsy Song from "Il Trovatore," very accurately whistled, and then a quickstep. After the latter the voice said, "That is a test for father."

THIS reproduction of conversation is not verbatim, but gives the condensed essence. Mr. Oaten at once visited Mr. Miller, who was not a spiritualist, and found that every detail was correct. Young Miller had lost his life as narrated. Mr. Miller, Senior, explained that while sitting in his study at midnight on the date named he had heard the Gipsy Song from "Il Trovatore" which had been a favorite of his boy's, and being unable to trace the origin of the music had finally thought that it was a freak of his imagination. The test connected with the quickstep had reference to a tune which the young man used to play upon the piccolo, but which was so rapid that he never could get it right, for which he was chaffed by the family.

I tell this story at length to make the reader realize that when young Miller and others like him give such proofs of accuracy which we can test for ourselves we are bound to take their assertions very seriously when they deal with the life they are actually leading, though in their very nature we can only check their accounts by comparison with others.

Now let me epitomize what these assertions are. They say that they are exceedingly happy and that they do not wish to return. They are among the friends whom they had loved and lost. They are very busy on all forms of congenial work. The world in which they find themselves is very much like that which they have quitted, but everything keyed to a higher octave. As in a higher octave the rhythm is the same, and the relation of notes to each other the same, but the tonal effect different, so it is here. Every earthly thing has its equivalent. Scoffers have guffawed over alcohol and tobacco, but if all things are reproduced it would be a flaw if these were not reproduced also. That they should be abused, as they are here, would indeed be (*Continued on page 80*)

My Friend Linnard

By K.C.B.

ONCE upon a time there was a clerk in a general store in a small mountain town in a Western State. He was very ambitious and hoped some day to own the store. It was a good store, as those stores go, and sometimes netted its owner as high as $15 profit a day, some of it in cash.

And he was a good-enough clerk, too, as clerks went in those days, but that didn't help him a bit when he finally made a blunder that drove from the store its best customer.

He was discharged.

Taking his hat and coat, he walked to the foot of Main Street where the mountain stream went by on its way down into the valleys below.

There were numerous rocks on the banks of the mountain stream where at eventide came lovers to commune; and, in the mornings or afternoons or to tell the real truth, any old time, came miners and others to sleep off the effects of the bad whisky that had been sold them by the iniquitous innkeepers of the neighborhood.

Here our hero sat himself upon a rock.

It would be idle to jump into the river, he told himself, because while it was a very fast river it was also a shallow river and would simply drive him from rock to rock, bruising his body and offering no particular opportunity for drowning.

There was the saloon, of course, at which he might drink. He hadn't had a drink since the last St. Andrews banquet, however, and he always shuddered when he thought of beginning again.

"What shall I do?" he asked himself, aloud.

Out of the depths the answer came:

"Buy yourself some grub and come along up in the mountains with me."

It was a human voice he heard, a little "stewed" in spots, but still a human voice.

And so they met.

And together, on that afternoon, they went up into the hills.

One of them was a prospector, the other our discharged general-store clerk.

And naturally they found gold. So the ex-store clerk became wealthy, and the prospector drank himself into a watery grave, or, in other words, was washed off a rock at the foot of Main Street when the milldam broke and went tearing down where the mountain stream had been.

And just a few months ago, in a nationally popular magazine, I saw the picture of the clerk as he is today. And with the picture was a page of type in which our hero pointed out in ringing words the Road to Success. He spoke about integrity and hard work and strong drink, but he never mentioned the general store or the old prospector or the St. Andrews banquet.

I HAD in mind the tale I have just told when I sat down some time in July last with Mr. D. M. Linnard, who has so suddenly become a foremost figure in the hotel world of the United States.

Consequently I expected Mr. Linnard would begin or end his conversation with a few well-chosen lines of stereotyped advice to ambitious young men.

I gave him plenty of opportunity to do so but he didn't. Then I looked him in the eye and asked the usual question:

"To what do you attribute your rapid rise and success?" And Mr. Linnard answered:

"To a doctor out at Rossland, B. C., who told me that so long as I remained in that country I could not hope for good health and advised me to seek a more equable climate."

I knew then that I was "on a live one," and had at last found a really successful man who was willing to admit that chance had played at least a tiny part in his success.

And then I discovered that there were other "accidents" besides the Rossland doctor in the career of Mr. Linnard. As a young man he had gone into business "back home" in New Jersey and had failed. Then he determined to seek new fields and bought himself a railroad ticket to the Pacific Coast. That was in 1893, and while he didn't say so I presume he stopped off at Chicago to see the World's Fair. In any event, before he reached the Pacific Coast he had become excited about the gold discoveries in British Columbia. His westward trip, therefore, ended at Spokane whence he went up to Rossland, which in those days was one of the livest mining camps in the world. He liked the mining game and the fever took hold of him. But he couldn't stand the excitement, and late in the nineties he gathered up his small accumulation of wealth, and upon the aforementioned advice of his physician went southward to California.

As a matter of fact there really isn't much difference so far as one's future finances are concerned, between being turned out of a grocery store because of a blunder and being turned out of a mining camp because of one's health, so you see that up to this point, at least, the stories of the ex-grocery clerk and Linnard really do parallel each other in so far as they affect the future.

I WILL admit, however, that the grocery clerk turned out to be more a creature of chance than did Mr. Linnard. If his benefactor, the old prospector, had not imbibed so freely, he probably would never have gone to sleep on the rock and have awakened just in time to answer the ambitious lad's question:

"What shall I do?"

Or the old prospector—so far as either liquor or locale is concerned—might easily have been a blacksmith instead of a prospector and the store-clerk mining millionaire might have gone away with him and spent his life tugging at the bellows.

If we would answer this question, and that is what we are trying to do, we must go with him from Rossland down into California. Arriving there he rested for a time and then in Pasadena went out and bought himself a boarding-house. It was almost an hotel, so nearly an hotel that it had a regular name. It was the "Casa Grande." In a very little while Linnard acquired such a reputation he found himself compelled to close his doors against any new guests. Then it occurred to him to double his dining-room capacity and rent all of the vacant rooms in near-by dwelling-houses. But even this didn't satisfy. He wanted a real hotel.

AND so it was that the Maryland Hotel was reared in the heart of Pasadena. If you have ever been there—I have on frequent occasions—you will agree that before the building and grounds came into being they must have all been first seen through the soul of an artist. And for a little while the Maryland sufficed. But the wealth of the East that came each year to Pasadena made demand for a still greater hotel, so the mind of Linnard evolved the bungalow idea. Blocks of land adjoining the hotel were purchased, houses moved away and bungalows were erected—all facing on a court where all the year around the grass is green and flowers bloom. And so once again the Greater Maryland with its bungalow colonies, sufficed for a little while. But the dream spirit of Linnard was not yet satisfied. There were other hotels in Pasadena and he wanted them. His first step was to secure the management of the Huntington. This was one year prior to California's greatest tourist year, the year of the San Francisco Exposition. But with it came misfortune for Linnard: the Maryland burned. But workmen moved ashes and timbers still warm while a new Maryland arose.

That was four years ago. In those four years, with the Maryland and Huntington as a beginning, Linnard has acquired the largest string of hotels under one management in these United States. He has added the Green at Pasadena, the Fairmont and Palace in San Francisco, the Belvedere (formerly the Potter) at Santa Barbara, the Alexandria in Los Angeles, opened in June the Ambassador at Atlantic City, is building in Los Angeles the California, to be the largest hotel in California, and will open in New York some time next summer the new $7,500,000 "Linnard."

The thing that impressed me the most as I talked with Mr. Linnard at the opening of the Ambassador in Atlantic City was that he never once spoke of the money his hotels were making.

"HE hasn't any idea," one of his managers told me, "of how much money he is making. He knows the figures, of course, but they don't mean anything to him except that his hotels are successful and that the public must like them."

I don't want the reader to get the impression that Linnard is working all these great hotels on his own capital. It takes a vast amount of money to do what he has done and he has had the enthusiastic backing of a money-eyed man who believes in him implicitly.

"Assuming that I have been successful," Mr. Linnard said to me, "most of the credit must go to those who believed in me and financed me. For a number of years I have wanted to do just what I have been enabled to do during the past four years but I couldn't find anyone who could see my dream as clearly as I could see it. When I finally did succeed in finding interests willing to care for the financial end of the burden I was then able to get out and give 100 per cent. of my energy to the fulfillment of my dream.

"We talk a lot, all of us, about the necessity of labor and capital getting together if we would have peace and contentment. Did it ever occur to you that a combination of the dreamer and capital might also work to the betterment of us all? And don't you believe that the dreamer is as great an essential as capital or labor?"

And I said I did. And I do, providing the dreamer is as sane a dreamer and as hard a worker as Linnard.

I HAVE said that we didn't mention money or profits. But that wasn't true. We did. Linnard has an idea that those who operate his hotels for him, from the dishwashers to the managers, are just as much entitled to their share of the profits as he is himself. He doesn't mean to say that a dishwasher should have as much as the manager, but rather that each in his own sphere should receive a proper proportion.

"We are working out a plan now," he said, "that I think will take care of this." Then he showed me the real Linnard smile. It is really a wonderful smile and he uses it frequently and each time exactly alike—be the smilee a millionaire guest or a bell-boy.

But—best of all—he hasn't the faintest idea of any message I should give you for him about how you should proceed to become rich and successful.

P.S. I believe he did say it was a good thing to "just go ahead."



EVER since Queen Isabella pawned her jewels to enable Columbus to discover America—and probably long before that—Men with Vision have had to struggle for the help of Men with money. Many a valuable hour has been wasted listening to Dreams, it is true; but on the other hand, many a magnificent Idea has starved to death for lack only of a sympathetic hearing.

D. M. Linnard

The Voice from the Machine

Crimes of the Arm-Chair Club - VI

By Arthur Somers Roche
Illustrated by Gerald Leake



His machine drifted, its engine cut off, within a few yards ot the shore. "Where am I?" he demanded.

IS it easier to commit a given crime undiscovered or to discover who committed a given crime? A hot debate led the millionaire members of the Arm-chair Club to agree to commit a list of twelve crimes. But circumstances often alter cases—as this story shows.

"IT'S like this, gentlemen," said Cranahan. "We left New York for a month's cruise. When we're less than a week out from the city, the Ballantyne portrait, worth a couple of hundred thousand dollars, is stolen from the *Sea-Bird*. One thing is certain: that one of us who is a thief has outside aid."

"It's been pretty evident from the beginning," said Sewall.

"Maybe; it's certain now," said Cranahan.

"Well, what about it?" demanded Sinsabaugh. His exquisitely pressed flannels, his faultless linen, his whole get-up, from his Panama hat to his buck shoes, denoted the foppish idler. Only those who came into close contact with him knew of the ninety-horsepower brain behind the mild countenance. That mild countenance bore a frown of perplexity now.

"What *about* it?" Cranahan echoed. He looked about the saloon of the *Sea-Bird*, that palatial ocean-going yacht, now anchored in Gloucester Harbor, aboard which the twelve members of the famous Arm-chair Club, the most exclusive organization in America, had hoped to evade the depredations of the crook who had made their lives miserable for the past five months.

They had failed. Despite the presence of New York detectives aboard the yacht, the Ballantyne portrait had been stolen, and the criminal among them had committed his fifth crime.

"What *about* it?" Cranahan said again. "This much about it! It's a case of newspaper publicity——"

"Because you're the one that's standing the gaff this time, eh, John?" Glendenning's round face bore something akin to a sneer.

Cranahan flushed. "I've been standing the gaff all along, haven't I? Answer me that, Glendenning." But he waited for no reply. "We've all shared all the losses equally, haven't we? Well, then. But the situation has changed. All along we've felt that we could capture the criminal ourselves, but—— Five months ago in a moment of idiocy unusual even for us we signed a crazy contract to commit crimes. Each of us bound himself to commit whatever crime Inspector Burke should write opposite our names. He's dead. The agreement is stolen. But for five months we've been drifting along, knowing that one of us was enough of a crook for the whole bunch and that when the rest of us threw up our hands he'd go right on, once a month committing the crime scheduled for that month."

"Oh, fudge, John," yawned Sinsabaugh. "We know that story the way we all knew our prayers once."

"Yes, but I'm gettin' at something," said the big head of Oriental Exchange, Ltd.

"You're taking a long time," piped Herriman.

"Then I'll be brief," snapped Cranahan. "I thought—and you agreed with me—that if we got aboard my yacht, sailed away—well, *how* could the crook commit the fifth crime? He just couldn't."

"But he did, piracy on the high seas! That's a hell of a crime," said Sewall. His whiskers bobbed up and down in the intensity of his emotion.

"Sure. And we learned what's just been said—that the crook among us has outside aid. Well, the sixth crime is due in a month. Suppose that, instead of being on a yacht, where we have to be surrounded by the crew and stewards, we went off by ourselves? Suppose that just we twelve alone went to the camp at Loon Lake?"

"I don't get it," said Sinsabaugh.

"Just the twelve of us at our Maine fishing-camp," explained Cranahan. "We take a train from Gloucester here right to Woody Junction. There we buy canoes, load ourselves down with truck enough to keep us a month and—stay the month there."

"Camp out a month? Without any servants? It would kill me," said Sewall.

CRANAHAN guffawed. "A week ago you thought that learning stud poker would be the moral death of ye, Sewall." In his amusement the financier dropped into that brogue which only excitement ordinarily betrayed in his speech. "And a few evenin's of stud have brought new manhood to your shrunken soul, Sewall. A few weeks in the open'd bring new blood into your shrunken veins, put fat on your old bones and hair on your chest. Anyway," and his face darkened, "it's this or publicity."

"Why?" asked young Bernard. "I, for one, Mr Cranahan, can't very well afford a month away from my practice. I went on the cruise because—well, I thought that, at sea, if the crook attempted anything——"

"I tell ye it's possible—it's probably certain—that the crook bribed some of my crew," roared Cranahan "But in the woods at Loon Lake there won't be any crew. People won't even know we're there. We'll go aboard a train right now. No one will send a wire even. Why should anyone? We all left New York for a month's vacation, didn't we? Does it matter if we make it a week or so longer, or take it on land instead of at sea? Not a bit. And what I have to say is this: the man who refuses to go on this trip lays himself open to suspicion as the crook among us, the man who's holding that paper, that we foolishly signed, over our heads, who's committing crime after crime under cover of that threat and——" He paused, glaring defiantly about him. "We've tried for five months to catch the criminal," he continued, after a moment. "For five months we've lived in mortal terror of what new crime would follow the last. Well, I, for one, will live in terror a month longer. Not more than that.

"At Loon Lake, twenty-five miles from the nearest settlement, we'll spend a month The crook is a good sportsman. He always commits his crimes right on schedule. We'll wait a month for him. He'll make the effort, that's a cinch. And he can't have any outside aid, that's a cinch, because if any outsider comes along—we'll drive him away, that's all.

"Alone, no outsiders! Each watching the other! How can we live a month together, helping each other cook, wash dishes, chop wood, fish, hunt, without the guilty man betrayin' himself?"

"But if he shouldn't?" demanded Nebidan. Quiet, retiring, he rarely spoke. His very reticence made a question from him assume added import.

"Then I'm back to where I started," said Cranahan. "This asinine joke of ours has cost us in the hundreds of thousands already. Like the rest of you, I thought that any price was worth paying if it avoided publicity. But the Ballantyne portrait has made me change my mind. If we don't catch the crook this



From Sewall's lips came prayers. "Annabelle, Eloise. I beseech you, darlings! Roll a six for papa."

month, then—then the story goes to the newspapers and the police."

A whistle broke from eleven pairs of lips.

"I'm for Loon Lake," said Nebidan, gently. He looked about him, challengingly.

There came a chorus of assent from the rest.

Cranahan rose to his feet. He looked about the saloon. "It's too luxurious, this 'boat is, anyway," he chuckled. "It's fat and lazy we all are, wid the exception of Sinsabaugh and Sewall and young Dick here. And Herriman, what's a living skeleton. It's fat that some of us need and lean the rest of us. We'll have a chance to get it in the Maine woods. Pack yer bags, lads, not forgettin' the cards and the chips, and—oh, yes, there's two young ladies I must be rememberin', Annabelle and Eloise."

Over Sewall's too-pious face spread an expression of dismay.

"John Cranahan," he said, "I've been corrupted far enough. I've learned to play stud poker, but—no woman shall go on this party. You're a bachelor, John Cranahan, and have no decency, but some of us here are both married and respectable. Who are Annabelle and Eloise?"

Cranahan grinned. "Ye'll meet them at Loon Lake," he said. . . .

THIRTY-FIVE years before, Dick Bernard's father, looking for water-powers, had stumbled, with his two guides, upon Loon Lake. An impulsive man was Bernard Senior. The nearest railroad was twenty-five miles away. Nothing but the roughest of corduroy roads led into the almost trackless wilderness wherein, at the base of a sizable mountain, Loon Lake snuggled. The lake would make a bully fishing and hunting place for the Arm-chair Club. Before he left Maine Bernard had acquired, in the name of the club, a deed to five thousand acres of forest, mountain and stream.

Here, when the cares of finance grew too heavy, members of the club came, to sleep amid the pines, to tramp the woods for partridge or for deer, to whip the brooks for trout and the lake itself for bass.

A clubhouse, with bunks enough to take care of the complete membership, had been erected. Also a boathouse and a cookhouse.

But two years ago Jean Portaud, who lived there all the year around, and took care that fire and other evils did not harm the place, had heard the call from the battlefields of Europe. With Jean gone, it had not seemed worth while to engage anyone else to guard the place. The State would see few sportsmen, anyway, until the Hun had been driven back.

So it was to a deserted camp that Cranahan led his followers two days after they had left the *Sea-Bird*. Woody Junction had gasped its amazement at seeing New York sportsmen enter the forest without guides, but—had Cranahan's party wanted them, they would not have been procurable.

But it had been possible to procure canoes in plenty, and even the timid Sewall, shamed thereto by Cranahan's jeers, had professed joy at wielding a paddle. The twenty-five miles, with its dozen carries, had been made, amazingly enough, between sunrise and sunset.

But it was a different body of men upon whom Dick Bernard gazed, four weeks after their arrival at Loon Lake. A month ago a dozen men, all save himself and the burly Cranahan, too exhausted to do more than tumble upon the hard bunks and fall into slumber, had arrived here.

They had been a puny lot. Even Sinsabaugh, who took the best of care of himself, had been too tired from the canoe trip to move for two days. Upon Dick and Cranahan had devolved the jobs of cooking meals, of chopping wood, of hauling water.

BUT at the end of a week there had come a change. Ambition had stirred in middle-aged hearts. There had been a prodigious overhauling of tackle, much loud boasting, and—men who never went to bed before midnight fell asleep at half-past seven and arose at dawn.

For five months, too, none had trusted his neighbor. But somehow, here in the clean woods, suspicion died. What mattered money that might be stolen when there were trout to catch?

DICK, bearing with him a string of fish that would make Cranahan's eyes sparkle with honest envy, stood in the doorway of the cookhouse and grinned.

There, upon the floor, sat Cranahan. Kneeling beside him was Sewall, the once too-pious. Queer motions of his right hand was Sewall making, and from his finger-tips came snapping sounds. Also, from his lips came prayers.

"Annabelle, Eloise. I beseech you, little darlings! Roll a six for papa. Think, Annabelle! Cogitate, Eloise! Who were you when I met you? Nothing but the slaves of a great big burly Mick named Cranahan. But now, my ivory angels, you belong to me, to Papa Sewall who loves you, and— take your dirty little dice, John," he cried in disgust.

Cranahan picked up the dice. He breathed upon them. He crooned to them.

"Did the nas'y bad man speak harshly to my little ones?" he asked. "Did he call them bad names? Well, bless your baby hearts, show old man Sewall a seven. Right in his face, sweethearts! Seven!" The mystic number, the number that has possessed religious significance throughout the centuries, appeared. Cranahan roared with joy.

What a bully crowd it was! How incredible it was that there was among this group of men a criminal! Criminals are a mean, skulking lot. But there was no mean skulker in the Arm-chair! In the city one might not have admired all the characteristics of all of them. Even in the woods one didn't. But in the woods one thing stuck out. All of them possessed a certain rugged goodfellowship that was incompatible with treachery.

And men who will, with cheerfulness, accept the unpleasant little tasks, are men who will not stoop to crookedness. At least, so Bernard believed.

It was a jolly meal. There were decks upon decks of flapjacks; there were savory trout, fresh broiled; there was bacon; there were baked potatoes; there was canned fruit and good coffee. But, best of all, among these men who, a month ago had been so distrustful of each other, only amity reigned now.

It was not until the end of the meal, when Cranahan, at the head of the table here as in New York, pounded a heavy fist for order, that silence descended upon the group. Then only for a moment.

"Gentlemen," he cried.

"Hear, hear," piped Herriman.

"Don't listen to him," shrilled Sewall. "He's won four hundred from me at craps and he's probably about to propose some new devilment!"

Cranahan chuckled. "'Tis the end of devilment I'm going to talk about, gentlemen. Do ye realize the date? The first of the month, eh? Well, 'tis the date on which the man who's made our lives miserable the past half year will, if he's a good sport, make his sixth attempt upon our reputations and purses."

THE gathering sobered suddenly. Suspicion, that had hidden its slimy head for four weeks, peeped out again. Men unconsciously drew apart.

"Somehow," said Cranahan, "although one among us is a criminal, he is not an ordinary criminal. All of us have been acquainted with each other, intimately acquainted, for years. We know each other's characters."

"We must," sneered Sinsabaugh, "when one of us is a blackmailing thief and we don't know which one."

Cranahan nodded his shaggy head. "True for you, Sinsabaugh, but—what we do know about each other is that not one of us is a piker. The criminal is the same as the rest. There's no piker in this bunch. Every man here, crook or otherwise, is a good sportsman. The criminal's rule has been to steal upon a certain date. If that date passes without a crime 'tis my own belief that the curse will be lifted."

"Let us hope so," said Nebidan.

Cranahan smiled grimly. "There's been no outsider come near this camp since we've been here. None of us have been in communication with the outside world. That is pretty certain. Now, then, if we all agree to stick together until midnight, watching each other closely, what chance will the crook have to pull off another crime? Only seven hours, gentlemen."

"I wanted to try a certain pool," began Sewall. But he withdrew his suggestion almost immediately. Suspicion, bitter resentment, lived again in the breasts of all. Bass, that had been the most important things in the world half an hour ago, were relegated to the rear now.

"Give us a tune on the machine, Dick," suggested

Cranahan. For tension was in the gathering now; tempers, that had been well-behaved for a month, gave evidence, in surly glances and blazing eyes, of running away from their owners.

Bernard walked over to the phonograph in a corner of the room. Jean Portaud had been wont, in the winter months when his assistants were gone, to while away the dark hours with the cheap machine.

SINSABAUGH, not so exquisite now as a month before, rose to his feet. No one had ever seen Sinsabaugh grin until the past month. A smile, usually somewhat superior, and always the faintest of labial movements, was the nearest concession to mirth his features ever betrayed. But his grin was wide to-day.

"Give me a waltz, Dick," he asked.

Bernard complied. In a moment the room was in an uproar. For Sinsabaugh, the dandy, the near-fop, was giving an imitation of Pavlowa that was the most shriekingly funny thing that the State of Maine had ever witnessed.

"Encore," cried eleven throats. Suspicion, fear, was gone from the hearts of all. Only mirth remained.

Bernard turned the record over and recranked the phonograph. He let the needle slip down upon the face of the disk. But Sinsabaugh, poised for another burlesque, slowly straightened. From the lips of the others smiles faded. For it was no waltz that the record played. It was a monologue. And a monologue that struck terror to the hearts of the members of the Arm-chair. For it began, in a wheezy voice that none recognized.

> "Gentlemen of the Arm-chair: To-night is the date for the performance of the sixth item in the contract I should be ashamed of myself if I let little difficulties prevent me from adhering to my program. To-night I will take from Mr Nebidan the hundred thousand dollars that he has brought with him into these Maine woods."

That was all; the needle suddenly came upon ungrooved surfaces; it merely protested screechingly. No further words were uttered.

No request was made of Dick, but he felt the unanimous demand. He reset the needle on the outer edge of the disk, and the amazing speech was made again.

Cranahan was first to break the frightened silence. "That record, Dick! Let me have it!"

Mutely, Bernard handed it to him. The man who ruled Oriental Exchange stared at it, turning it over with fingers that, despite himself, shook. He gave it back to the young lawyer; he stared about the open-mouthed, terrified group.

"So," he said, heavily. "The crook among us has been laughing at us—— Nebidan, is what he says true? Have you a hundred thousand dollars with you?"

Nebidan nodded.

Cranahan's voice took on a rasping quality "What's the idea, Nebidan?"

The man whose canning interests were greater than those of any other American drew a long breath.

"It's *my* idea," he said defiantly.

Cranahan's bushy brows drew close together. "Think so? Better think again, Nebidan. I think it's an idea that ought to be shared with everyone here. If the money's stolen you'd ask us to pay, wouldn't you? To make up the loss? What the devil are you bringing a hundred thousand into the woods for?" His voice grew suddenly angry.

NEBIDAN met his glare with equal anger. Bernard shrugged; the almighty dollar had entered into the Eveless Eden and—discord reigned.

"Well, I was on my way to a certain important meeting, a month or so ago, and stopped into the Arm-chair for the regular luncheon. You sprung the cruise idea on us. I had a hundred thousand cash with me. You said that the man who left the club, even for a business call, would be suspected as the criminal, and—— I took the money aboard the *Sea-Bird*. I still have it." He looked about him as though inviting criticism.

If he wanted it, his wish was granted.

"A fine stunt," piped Herriman. "Bringing that much cash into the woods. Inviting attack upon us——"

"How?" demanded Nebidan. "I told nobody——"

"How do we know you didn't?" demanded Glendenning harshly. "Here this phonograph informs us that you have a whale of a wad of cash with you and——" His voice rose. "Say, Nebidan, your yarn sounds fishy to me. Suppose you prepared that record, sprung it on us, then claimed your money was gone——"

Bernard swung in between the two men; he hurled himself upon Nebidan, restraining the punch that the canning king was about to launch at the banker.

"Easy, Mr. Nebidan, easy!"

Cranahan seized the canner's other arm. "Behave yourself, Nebidan," he roared.

The canner gasped, choked, suddenly relaxed. But he glared at Glendenning. "You'll settle for that later, Glendenning," he said.

"Any old time at all, Nebidan," snarled the banker. Bernard smiled inwardly. A month ago, before the rough outdoors had started the blood circulating in their veins, these two dignified financiers would have died before they would have descended to such barbarism as fisticuffs. Even the suspicion and mutual fear that the depredations of the criminal had engendered would not have aroused them to the point of seeking physical strife. The woods was a great place!

"Enough of this," cried Cranahan. "Glendenning, you've been too hasty. Nebidan's reason, his explanation, is sufficient."

"You'll think so, maybe," sneered the banker, "when, to-morrow morning, he claims that his money is gone and demands that we each settle pro rata."

"If the money's gone I'll bear the loss myself," said Nebidan.

TO which Glendenning returned a sneer of disbelief. Cranahan frowned upon him.

"Nebidan, you'll do nothing of the sort," he declared. "But—this phonograph record—you'll admit, Nebidan, that, with none of the rest of us knowing anything about your money, it looks as though you'd planted this record, and——"

Nebidan reached into his shirt. He drew forth a wallet. "There's the (*Continued on page 60*)



Dick turned his fall into a flying tackle and caught the knees of the fugitive.

Husbandry

By W. W. Jacobs

Illustrated by Everett Shinn

"DEALING with a man" said the night watchman thoughtfully, "is as easy as a teetotaler walking along a nice wide pavement; dealing with a woman is like the same teetotaler, arter four or five whiskies, trying to get up a step that ain't there. If a man can't get 'is own way he eases 'is mind with a little hasty language, and then forgets all about it; if a woman can't get 'er own way she flies into a temper and reminds you of something you oughtn't to ha' done ten years ago. Wot a woman would be whose 'usband had never done anything wrong I can't think."

I remember a young feller telling me about a row he 'ad with 'is wife once. He 'adn't been married long and he talked as if the way she carried on was unusual. Fust of all, he said, she spoke to 'im in a cooing sort o' voice and pulled 'is mustache; then when he wouldn't give way she worked 'erself up into a temper and said things about 'is sister. Arter which she went out o' the room and banged the door so hard it blew down a vase off the fireplace. Four times she came back to tell 'im other things she 'ad thought of, and then she got so upset she 'ad to go up to bed and lay down instead of getting 'is tea. When that didn't do no good, she refused her food, and when 'e took her up toast and tea she wouldn't look at it. Said she wanted to die. He got quite uneasy till 'e came 'ome the next night and found the best part of a loaf o' bread, a quartern o' butter, and a couple o' chops he 'ad got in for 'is supper 'ad gorn; and then when 'e said 'e was glad she 'ad got 'er appetite back she turned round and said that 'e grudged 'er the food she ate.

And no woman ever owned up as 'ow she was wrong: and the more you try and prove it to 'em the louder they talk about something else. I know wot I'm talking about because a woman made a mistake about me once, and though she was proved to be in the wrong, and it was years ago, my missus shakes 'er 'ead about it to this day.

It was about eight years arter I 'ad left off going to sea and took up night-watching. A beautiful summer evening it was, and I was sitting by the gate smoking a pipe till it should be time to light up, when I noticed a woman who 'ad just passed turn back and stand staring at me. I've 'ad that sort o' thing before, and I went on smoking and looking straight in front of me. Fat middle-aged woman she was, wot 'ad lost her good looks and found others. She stood there staring and staring, and by-and-by, she tries a little cough.

I got up very slow then, and, arter looking all round at the evening, without seeing 'er, I was just going to step inside and shut the wicket, when she comes closer.

"Bill!" she ses, in a choking sort o' voice, "*Bill!*"

I gave her a look that made 'er catch 'er breath and I was just stepping through the wicket when she laid hold of my coat and tried to hold me back.

"Do you know wot you're a-doing of?" I ses, turning on her.

"Oh, Bill, dear," she ses, "don't talk to me like that. Do you want to break my 'art? Arter all these years!"

SHE pulled out a dirt-colored pocket-'ankercher and stood there dabbing her eyes with it. One eye at a time she dabbed, while she looked at me reproachful with the other. And arter eight dabs, four to each eye, she began to sob as if her 'art would break.

"Go away," I ses, very slow. "You can't stand making that noise outside my wharf. "Go away and give somebody else a treat."

Afore she could say anything the potman from the "Tiger," a nasty ginger-'aired little chap that nobody liked, come by and stopped to pat 'er on the back.

"There, there, don't take on, mother," he ses. "Wot's he been a-doing to you?"

"You get off 'ome," I ses, losing my temper. "Wot d'ye mean trying to drag me into it. I've never seen the woman afore in my life."

"Oh, Bill!" ses the woman, sobbing louder than ever. "Oh! Oh!! Oh!!!"

"'Ow does she know your name then?" ses the little beast of a potman.

I didn't answer 'im. I might have told 'im that there's about five million Bills in England, but I didn't. I stood there with my arms folded acrost my chest, and looked at 'im, superior.

"Where 'ave you been all this long, long time?" she ses, between her sobs. "Why did you leave your 'appy 'ome and your children wot loved you?"

The potman let off a whistle that you could have 'eard acrost the river, and as for me, I thought I should ha' dropped. To have a woman standing sobbing and taking my character away like that was a'most more than I could bear.

"Did he run away from you?" ses the potman.

"Ye-ye-yes," she ses. "He went off on a vi'ge to China over nine years ago, and that's the larst I saw of 'im till to-night. A lady-friend o' mine thought she reckernized 'im yesterday, and told me."

"I shouldn't cry over 'im," ses the potman, shaking his 'ead, "he ain't worth it. If I was you I should just give 'im a bang or two over the 'ead with my umberella, and then give 'im in charge."

I stepped inside the wicket—backward—and then I slammed it in their faces, and, putting the key in my pocket, walked up the wharf. I knew it was no good standing out there argufying. I felt sorry for the poor thing in a way. If she really thought I was her 'usband, and she 'ad lost 'im— I put one or two things straight and then, for the sake of distracting my mind, I 'ad a word or two with the skipper of the *John Henry*, who was leaning against the side of 'is ship, smoking.

"Wot's that tapping noise?" he ses, all of a sudden. "'Ark!"

I knew wot it was. It was the handle of that umberella 'ammering on the gate. I went cold all over and then when I thought that the potman was most likely encouraging 'er to do it I began to boil.

"Somebody at the gate," ses the skipper.

"Aye, aye," I ses. "I know all about it."

I went on talking until at last the skipper asked me whether he was wandering in 'is mind, or whether I was. The mate came up from the cabin just then and o' course *he* 'ad to tell me there was somebody knocking at the gate.

"Ain't you going to open it?" ses the skipper, staring at me.

"Let 'em ring," I ses, off-hand.

THE words was 'ardly out of my mouth afore they did ring, and if they 'ad been selling muffins they couldn't ha' kept it up 'arder. And all the time the umberella was doing rat-a-tat-tats on the gate, while a voice—much too loud for the potman's—started calling out: "Watchman, ahoy!"

"They're calling you, Bill" ses the skipper.

"I ain't deaf," I ses, very cold.

"Well, I wish I was," ses the skipper. "It's fair making my 'ead ache. Why the blazes don't you do your dooty, and open the gate."

"You mind your bisness and I'll mind mine," I ses. "I know wot I'm doing. It's just some silly fools 'aving a game with me, and I'm not going to encourage 'em."

"Garn with you," ses the skipper. "Ain't they got anything better than that to play with? Look 'ere! if you don't open that gate, I will."

"It's nothing to do with you," I ses. "You look arter your ship and I'll look arter my wharf. See? If you don't like the noise, go down in the cabin and stick your 'ead in a biscuit-bag."

To my surprise he took the mate by the arm and went, and I was just thinking wot a good thing it was to be a bit firm with people sometimes, when they came back dressed up in their coats and bowler-hats and climbed on to the wharf.

"Watchman!" ses the skipper in a hoity-toity sort o' voice, "me and the mate is going as far as Aldgate for a breath o' fresh air. Open the gate."

I gave him a look that might ha' melted a 'art of stone, and all it done to 'im was to make 'im laugh.

"Hurry up," he ses. "It a'most seems to me that there's somebody ringing the bell, and you can let them in same time as you let us out. Is it the bell, or is it my fancy, Joe?" he ses, turning to the mate.

They marched on in front of me with their noses cocked in the air, and all the time the noise at the gate got worse and worse. So far as I could make out there was quite a crowd outside, and I stood there with the key in the door, trembling all over. Then I unlocked it very careful, and put my hand on the skipper's arm.

"Nip out quick," I ses in a whisper.

"I'm in no hurry," ses the skipper. "Here! Halloa, wot's up?"

It was like opening the door at a theater, and the fust one through was that woman, shoved be'ind by the potman. Arter 'im came a carman, two big 'ulking brewers' draymen, a little scrap of a woman with 'er bonnet cocked over one eye, and a couple o' dirty little boys.

"Wot is it?" ses the skipper shutting the wicket behind 'im, "a bean-feast?"

"This lady wants her 'usband," ses the potman, pointing at me. "He run away from her nine years ago, and now he says he 'as never seen 'er before. He ought to be 'ung,"

"Bill," ses the skipper, shaking his silly 'ead at me. "I can 'ardly believe it."

"It's all a pack o' silly lies," I ses, firing up. "She's made a mistake."

"She made a mistake when she married you," ses the thin little woman. "If I was in 'er shoes I'd take 'old of you and tear you limb from limb."

"I don't want to 'urt 'im, ma'am," ses the other woman. "I on'y want 'im to come 'ome to me and my five. Why, he's never seen the youngest, little Annie. She's as like 'im as two peas."

"Pore little devil," ses the carman.

"Look here!" I ses. "you clear off. All of you.



"Oh, yes," she ses, trembling with temper, "you always do wot I tell you, don't you?"



"One of the draymen was holding up my arm and showing all of them the mermaid, while the others struck matches so as they could see better."

'Ow dare you come on to my wharf? If you arn't gone in two minutes I'll give you all in charge."

"Who to?" ses one o' the draymen, sticking his face into mine. "You go 'ome to your wife and kids. Go on now, afore I put up my 'ands to you."

"That's the way to talk to 'im," ses the potman, nodding at 'em.

THEY all began to talk to me then and tell me wot I was to do, and wot they would do if I didn't. I couldn't get a word in edgeways. When I reminded the mate that when he was up in London 'e always passed himself off as a single man, 'e wouldn't listen: and when I asked the skipper whether 'is poor missus was blind, 'e on'y went on shouting at the top of 'is voice. It on'y showed me 'ow anxious most people are that everybody else should be good.

I thought they was never going to stop, and, if it 'adn't been for a fit of coughing, I don't believe that the scraggy little woman could ha' stopped. Arter one o' the draymen 'ad saved her life and spoilt 'er temper by patting er on the back with a hand the size of a leg o' mutton, the carman turned to me and told me to tell the truth it it choked me.

"I have told you the truth," I ses. "She ses I'm her 'usband and I say I ain't. 'Ow's she going to prove it? Why should you believe her, and not me?"

"Look here!" ses the skipper, speaking very slow, "I've got an idea, wot'll settle it p'raps. You get outside," he ses, turning sharp on the two little boys.

One o' the draymen 'elped 'em to go out, and arf a minute arterwards a stone came over the gate and cut the potman's lip open. Boys will be boys.

"Now!" ses the skipper, turning to the woman and smiling with conceitedness. "Had your 'usband got any marks on 'im? Birthmark, or moles, or anything of that sort?"

"I'm sure he *is* my 'usband," ses the woman, dabbing her eyes.

"Yes, yes," ses the skipper, "but answer my question. If you can tell us any marks your 'usband had we can take Bill down into my cabin and ——"

"You'll do *wot?*" I ses, in a loud voice.

"You speak when you're spoke to," ses the carman. "It's got nothing to do with you."

"No, he ain't got no birthmarks," ses the woman, speaking very slow, and I could see she was afraid of making a mistake and losing me, "but he's got tattoo marks. He's got a mermaid tattooed on 'im."

"Where?" ses the skipper, a'most jumping.

I 'eld my breath. Five sailormen out of ten have been tattooed with mermaids, and I was one of 'em. When she spoke agin I thought I should ha' dropped.

"On 'is right arm," she ses, "unless he's 'ad it rubbed off."

"You can't rub out tattoo marks," ses the skipper.

They all stood looking at me as if they was waiting for something. I folded my arms—tight—and stared back at 'em.

"If you ain't this lady's 'usband," ses the skipper, turning to me, "you take off your coat and prove it."

"And if you don't we'll take it off for you," ses the carman, coming a bit closer.

ARTER that things 'appened so quick I hardly knew whether I was standing on my 'ead or my 'eels. Both, I think. They was all on top o' me at once, and the next thing I can remember is sitting on the ground in my shirt-sleeves listening to the potman, who was making a fearful fuss because somebody 'ad bit his ear arf off. My coat was ripped up the back, and one of the draymen was holding up my arm and showing them all the mermaid, while the others struck matches so as they could see better.

"That's your 'usband right enough," he ses to the woman. "Take 'im."

"P'raps she'll carry 'im 'ome," I ses, very fierce and sarcastic.

"And we don't want none of your lip," ses the carman, who was in a bad temper because 'e 'ad got a fearful kick on the shin from somewhere.

I got up very slow and began to put my coat on again, and turnin' I 'ad to tell that silly woman that when I wanted 'er 'elp I'd let 'er know. Then I 'eard slow, heavy footsteps in the road outside, and, afore any of 'em could stop me, I was calling for the police.

I don't like a policeman as a rule, they're too inquisitive, but when the wicket was pushed open and I saw a face with a helmet on it peeping in, I felt quite a liking for 'em.

"Wot's up?" ses the policeman, staring 'ard at my little party.

They all started telling 'im at once, and I should think if the potman showed him 'is ear once he showed it to 'im twenty times. He lost his temper and pushed it away at last, and the potman gave a 'owl that set my teeth on edge. I waited till they was all finished, and the policeman trying to get 'is hearing back, and then I spoke up in a quiet way and told 'im to clear them all off of my wharf.

"They're trespassing," I ses, "all except the skipper and mate here. They belong to a little wash-tub that's laying alongside, and they're both as 'armless as they look."

It's wonderful wot a uniform will do. The policeman just jerked his 'ead, and said "outside," and the men went out like a flock of sheep. The on'y man that said a word was the carman, who was in such a hurry that 'e knocked his bad shin against my foot as 'e went by. The thin little woman was passed out by the policeman in the middle of a speech she was making, and he was just going for the other when the skipper stopped 'im.

"This lady is coming on my ship," he ses.

I looked at 'im, and then I turned to the policeman. "So long as she goes off my wharf, I don't mind where she goes," I ses. "The skipper's goings-on 'ave got nothing to do with me."

"Then she can foller him 'ome in the morning," ses the skipper. "Good-night, Watchman."

HIM and the mate 'elped the silly old thing to the ship, and, arter I 'ad been round to the "Bull's Head" and fetched a pint for the policeman, I locked up and sat down to think things out; and the more I thought the worse they seemed. I've 'eard people say that if you have a clear conscience nothing can hurt you. They didn't know my missus.

I got up at last and walked on to the jetty, and the woman, wot was sitting on the deck of the *John Henry*, kept calling out: "Bill!" like a sick baa-lamb crying for its ma. I went back, and 'ad four pints at the "Bull's Head," but it didn't seem to do me any good and at last I went and sat in the office to wait for morning.

(*Continued on page 74*)

Little Pictures of Big Men

Drawings by Gluyas Williams — Sketches by John Temple Graves



SENATOR UNDERWOOD OF ALABAMA

THERE has not been a day within the last two decades of the American Congress in which Oscar Underwood of Alabama was not a marked and masterful figure in either the House or the Senate. The oldest member does not recall the time when the smooth-faced and tranquil Alabamian was not a leader—powerful, influential, and deferred to by his enemies and his friends.*



SENATOR HARRIS OF GEORGIA

ONE of the very newest of the new crop of statesmen who have come to Washington with the 66th Senate, is William J. Harris of Georgia.

And Senator Harris is as new in type and method as he is in the modest and gentle face which looks at the Vice-President from the outer edge of the Democratic benches. He is one of that remarkable type of new public servants in great legis-*



SENATOR "JIM WATSON OF INDIANA"

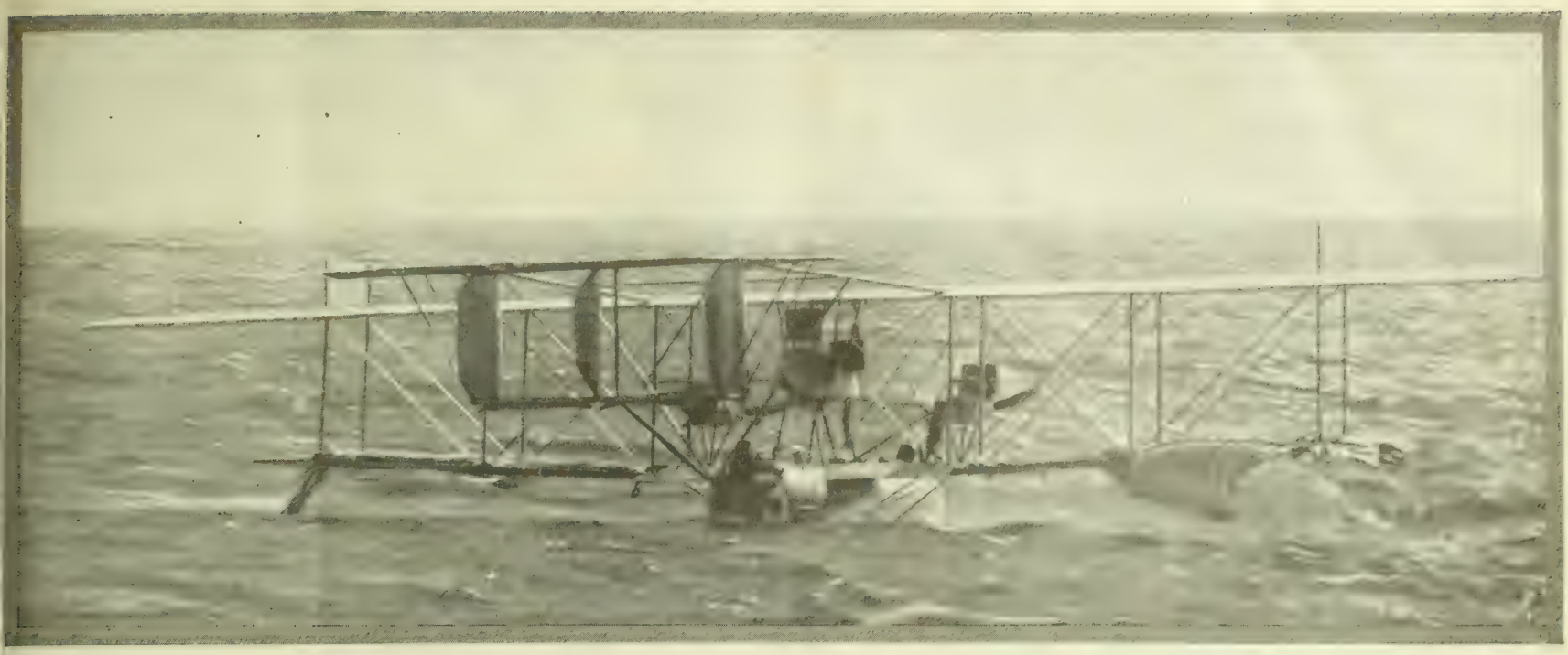
EVEN a dignified literary magazine has a right to be familiar with a public man when his entire constituency and the entire electorate of his State set the example. The familiarity of Indiana with the name of its senior Senator is non-partisan, of long standing, and is the familiarity of a fondness which breeds admiration and never carries any lesser feeling.*



SENATOR FLETCHER OF FLORIDA

THE most effective Senator perhaps that the State of Florida has sent to Washington since David L. Yule of Confederate memories is Duncan U. Fletcher of Jacksonville. In many respects he is a model Senator. He is at least a constructive statesman, "always on the job," and his diligent efforts have been crowned with notable achievements. He is a legislative tree which has borne good fruit,*

(Concluded on page 70)



"Thus ended an air voyage of over 1,200 nautical miles and a water run of more than 205 nautical miles."

Safe in the Middle of the Ocean

Aboard the NC 3

By Lieutenant-Commander Holden C. Richardson

Let it never be forgotten that American Naval aviators made the FIRST flight across the Atlantic! To Richardson, who had charge of preliminary experimentation and who, as Chief Pilot, flew with Towers in the NC-3 *is due much of the credit for this glorious feat.*

AFTER several hours' fighting our way through the fog and the rain it was evident we were off the course. Since we had but two hours more gas, it was essential that we know our whereabouts, and Commander Towers asked McCulloch and me if we did not think we could "land." We glanced at the sea, and decided it was possible, though as we were up about 500 feet we decided to "look see" close to the surface first.

Closer inspection indicated conditions OK, and we throttled down to make a landing. We struck the first crest rather hard, and then found a long deep hollow ahead. We dropped into this and zoomed to the crest, touching easily and expecting to stick to the surface, but the swell dropped out from under us sharply and set us down very hard on top of the next crest.

THIS time we stuck. We were greatly surprised to find that the forward engine struts were buckled like a bulldog's legs. The flying wires were slack, the aileron wires very slack, and further examination showed that the hull was leaking. Several longitudinal frames buckled and cracked, one hull truss-wire had carried away, and the truss attachments to the bulkheads were strained, but fortunately the bottom planking of the hull had not carried away.

It was evident that we could not have resumed flight even had the sea been smooth. The seas were running from 8 to 12 feet high, and were superposed on a heavy ground swell, which at times added four to five feet to this height. The wind was blowing about twenty-five miles an hour.

WE were riding comfortably to an improvised sea-anchor headed to the wind, and the wind was sending us toward the islands. We had made our "landing" at 13:30 GMT May 17, 15½ hours out from Trepassey, having covered 1,200 nautical miles.

Whenever we attempted radio, which was frequently, we dared not open out the engine as it would both rack badly and drive us across the seas, punishing the hull severely and endangering us by the side pressure on the wing-tip floats.

We took account of our supplies. They amounted to a few dry sandwiches, jelly sandwiches, and a few wet ones, some chocolate almond bars, rusty, greasy radiator water, and one emergency ration apiece.

The next morning about 6 o'clock we were aroused from a half-sleeping condition by a noise which sounded as though the hull were breaking in two. Investigation showed that the seas had grown so steep that the lower elevator had caught in a wave, wrenching the tail surfaces badly, and the noise I had heard was the whipping of the control column.

Cross seas were running and the peaks of these lapped the wings at times, and as the seas receded they kicked at the cloth and made a noise like the rattling of a tin roof. Each time these seas lifted the wings they broke some of the wing ribs, and ultimately the loss of these ribs caused the cloth to sag between the front and rear spars and then the seas washing over the wings would fill them with big pools of water, whose weight greatly increased the danger of our rolling over.

It became necessary then to slice the wings to eliminate this danger. At 11:30 A.M., just twenty-two hours after landing, the left-tip float broke away and we drifted away from it before it could be recovered. This placed us in a very serious condition, and made it necessary to man the controls. We at once attempted to broadcast an SOS giving our position and asking for assistance.

We got no acknowledgment to our calls. By manning the controls we were able to keep the left wing clear of the water most of the time and to prevent yawing. All day Sunday we kept a member of the crew out on the right-wing tip, and as all members of the crew were busy standing on the right-wing tip, or pumping out the water, or tightening up the wing-tip float wires, or cutting away damaged portions of the wings as they continued to disintegrate, there was no opportunity for anyone to get sleep or much rest.

About noon we sighted some land clouds, and as these opened up we could see Pico. At first we were not certain of it, as we saw only a small portion of one slope, but as its contour did not change, while the contour of the land did change, we were soon satisfied it was land.

TO taxi to land looked impracticable in the heavy seas then running, and the idea was therefore abandoned in favor of sailing to leeward, trusting that the wind would remain favorable in the direction, and that by steering we could make a course which would carry us to the northward of San Miguel, and into the route of shipping. This decision was arrived at after serious misgivings, for it involved another night at sea, and it was hard to give up the sight of land.

In the meantime the pilots had all been to school and learned by stress of necessity how to "fly" backward, and only once in a while were we caught in cross seas which put our left wing under. It was surprising how quickly the heavy seas would change direction as the wind shifted, and how quickly they would build up as the squalls came.

Our eyes were strained and tired, and frequently we thought we saw searchlights or vessel lights, only to find that it was a spouting wave peak, or phosphorescence of a white cap. But early the next morning Bo'sun Moore sighted land dead astern at 10:23 GMT, and we soon made it out to be San Miguel.

The effect of this discovery was remarkable. All hands had fully realized our serious situation, and the consequence that might follow the loss at any time of the right-tip float, but aside from making preparations to have fresh water available in case we should capsize, and providing lashings of communication for lashing us to the wreckage, we had none of us confided our thoughts to the others. But now all hands cheered up and came out on deck, and our spirits steadily rose as the land became plainer.

SHORTLY after we had sighted land we had put over two canvas buckets as a drag from the bow to keep us from making too much sternboard and from yawing. This worked well and at the time much reduced the frequency with which the tail would dip into the water. We also tried out oil on the water, but were running too fast to leeward for it to be effective.

The land was steadily getting plainer, but we had to keep well off shore, for there was probably a sea breeze close to the island which might drive us to the shore on the rugged coast to the west of Ponta Delgada. On the other hand, we did not want to get too far out when it came time to taxi into the harbor.

As we approached the harbor we sighted shipping behind the breakwater, and the *Harding* at anchor in the entrance. We signaled instructions to stand close by while we ran in under power. About that time we hauled down our distress signal and set our colors flying right-side up. The seas were too rough to attempt towing.

We had to work strongly across the wind, and this could only be done at considerable risk; that this risk was a real one was proved shortly, for as we arrived off the breakwater, our right-tip float let go, and dragging up two wires with the deck ripped open, nearly made us capsize in full sight of the harbor. We at once started the center rear engine, cut the float adrift, and with sharp use of the controls were able to keep right side up.

Our danger was so great at this time that we signaled the *Harding* to stand close by and be prepared to lower a boat. Fortunately the wind was so strong that the aileron remained effective, and we were able to taxi to our moorings.

AS we entered the harbor of Ponta Delgada it was a perfect bedlam of noise, with whistles shrieking on all steamers in the harbor, the crews cheering wildly and the shores lined with cheering crowds. Thus ended an air voyage of over 1,200 nautical miles, and a water run of over 205 nautical miles, in which our sea plane had proved airworthy and seaworthy, under most trying conditions.

Body and Soul

Illustrated by



Civilization to-day is engaged in a secret battle for existence against gathering powers of violence!

Out came Sanang, moving slowly, partly stupefied.

THE girl's direct gaze met his with that merciless searching intentness he already knew.

"What do you wish me to do?"

"Enter the service of the United States."

"Wh-what?"

"Work for the Government."

She was too taken aback to answer.

"Where were you born?" he demanded abruptly.

"In Albany, New York," she replied in a dazed way.

"You are loyal to your country?"

"Yes—certainly."

"You would not betray her?"

"No."

"I don't mean for money; I mean from fear."

After a moment, and, avoiding his gaze: "I am afraid of death," she said very simply.

He waited.

"I—I don't know what I might do—being afraid," she added in a troubled voice. "I desire to—live."

He still waited.

She lifted her eyes: "I'd try not to betray my country," she murmured.

"Try to face death for your country's honor?"

"Yes."

"And for your own."

"Yes; and for my own."

He leaned nearer: "Yet you're taking a chance on your own honor to-night."

She blushed brightly: "I didn't think I was taking a very great chance with you."

He said: "You have found life too hard. And when you faced failure in New York you began to let go of life—real life, I mean. And you came up here to-night wondering whether you had courage to let yourself go. When I spoke to you it scared you. You found you hadn't the courage. But perhaps tomorrow you might find it—or next week—if sufficiently scared by hunger—you might venture to take the first step along the path that you say others usually take sooner or later."

The girl flushed scarlet, sat looking at him out of eyes grown dark with anger.

He said: "You told me an untruth. You *have* been tempted to betray your country. You have resisted. You *have* been threatened with death. You *have* had courage to defy threats and temptations where your country's honor was concerned!"

"How do you know!" she demanded.

He continued ignoring the question: "From the time you landed in San Francisco you have been threatened. You tried to earn a living by your magician's tricks, but in city after city, as you came East, your uneasiness grew into fear, and your fear into terror, because every day more terribly confirmed your belief that people were following you determined either to use you to their own purposes or to murder you——"

The girl turned quite white and half rose in her chair, then sank back, staring at him out of dilated eyes. Then Cleves smiled: "So you've got the nerve to do Government work," he said, "and you've got the intelligence, and the knowledge, and something else—I don't know exactly what to call it—Skill? Dexterity? Sorcery?" he smiled—"I mean your professional ability. That's what I want—that bewildering dexterity of yours, to help your own country in the fight of its life. Will you enlist for service?"

"W-what fight?" she asked faintly.

"The fight with the Red Specter."

"Anarchy?"

"Yes . . . Are you ready to leave this place? I want to talk to you."

"Where?"

"In my own rooms."

After a moment she rose:

"I'll go to your rooms with you," she said. She added very calmly that she was glad it was to be his rooms and not some other man's.

Out of countenance, he demanded what she meant, and she said quite candidly that she'd made up her mind to live at any cost, and that if she couldn't make an honest living she'd make a living anyway.

He offered no reply to this until they had reached the street and he had called a taxi.

On their way to his apartment he re-opened the subject rather bluntly, remarking that life was not worth living at the price she had mentioned.

"That is the accepted Christian theory," she replied coolly, "but circumstances alter things."

"Not such things."

"Oh, yes, they do. If one is already damned, what difference does anything else make?"

He asked, sarcastically, whether she considered herself already damned.

SHE did not reply for a few moments, then she said, in a quick, breathless way, that souls had been entrapped through the ignorance and innocence of evil. And asked him if he did not believe it.

"No," he said, "I don't."

She shook her head. "You couldn't understand," she said. "But I've made up my mind to one thing; even if my soul has perished, my body shall not die for a long, long time. I mean to live," she added. "I shall not let my body be slain! They shall not steal life from me, whatever they have done to my soul——"

"What in heaven's name are you talking about!" he exclaimed. "Do you actually believe in soul-snatchers and life-stealers?"

She seemed sullen, her profile turned to him, her eyes on the brilliantly lighted avenue up which they were speeding. After a while: "I'd rather live decently and respectably if I can," she said. "That is the natural desire of any girl, I suppose. But if I can't, nevertheless I shall beat off death at any cost. And whatever the price of life is, I shall pay it. Because I am absolutely determined to go on living. And if I can't provide the means I'll have to let some man do it, I suppose."

"It's a good thing it was I who found you when you were out of a job," he remarked coldly.

"I hope so."

She said: "Even in the beginning I didn't really believe you meant to be impertinent"—a tragic smile touched her lips—"and I was almost sorry——"

"Are you quite crazy!" he demanded.

"No, my mind is untouched. It's my soul that's gone. . . . Do you know I was very hungry when you spoke to me? The management wouldn't advance anything, and my last money went for my room. . . . Last Monday I had three dollars to face the future—and no job. I spent the last of it to-night on violets, orange juice and cakes. My furs and my

The Slayer of Souls -III

By Robert W. Chambers

Armand Both



She made a swift motion with her left hand and out of her empty open palm came a blinding beam of light.

gold bag remain. I can go two months more on them. Then it's a job or—" She shrugged and buried her nose in her violets.

"Suppose I advance you a month's salary?" he said.

"What am I to do for it?"

The taxi stopped at a florist's on the corner of Madison Avenue and 58th Street. Overhead were apartments. There was no elevator—merely the street door to unlock and four dim flights of stairs rising steeply to the top.

HE lived on the top floor. As they paused before his door in the dim corridor:

"Are you afraid?" he asked.

She came nearer, laid a slim hand on his arm:

"Are *you* afraid?"

He stood silent, the latch-key in his hand.

"I'm not afraid of myself—if that is what you mean," he said.

"That is partly what I mean . . . you'll have to mount guard over your soul."

"I'll look out for my soul," he retorted drily.

"Do so. I lost mine. I—I would not wish any harm to yours through our companionship."

"Don't you worry about my soul," he remarked, fitting the key to the lock. But again her hand fell on his wrist:

"Wait. I can't—can't help warning you. Neither your soul nor your body are safe if—if you ever do make of me a companion. I've *got* to tell you this!"

"What are you talking about?" he demanded bluntly.

"Because you have been courteous—considerate—and you *don't* know—oh, you don't realize what spiritual peril is!—What your soul and body have to fear if you—if you win me over—if you ever manage to make of me a friend!"

He said: "People follow and threaten you. We know that. I understand also that association with you involves me, and that I shall no doubt be menaced with bodily harm."

He laid his hand on hers where it still rested on his sleeve:

"But that's my business, Miss Norne," he added with a smile. "So, otherwise, it being merely a plain business affair between you and me, I think I may also venture my immortal soul alone with you in my room."

The girl flushed darkly.

"You have misunderstood," she said.

He looked at her coolly, intently: and arrived at no conclusion. Young, very lovely, confessedly without moral principle, he still could not believe her actually depraved. "What did you mean?" he said bluntly.

"In companionship with the lost, one might lose one's way—unawares. . . . Do you know that there is an Evil loose in the world which is bent upon conquest by *obtaining control of men's minds?*"

"No," he replied, amused.

"And that, through the capture of men's minds and souls the destruction of civilization is being planned?"

"Is that what you learned in your captivity, Miss Norne?"

"You do not believe me."

"I believe your terrible experiences in China have shaken you to your tragic little soul. Horror and grief and loneliness have left scars on tender, impressionable youth. They would have slain maturity—broken it, crushed it. But youth is flexible, pliable, and bends—gives way under pressure. Scars become slowly effaced. It shall be so with you. You will learn to understand that nothing really can harm the soul."

For a few moments' silence they stood facing each other on the dim landing outside his locked door.

"Nothing can slay our souls," he repeated in a grave voice. "I do not believe you really ever have done anything to wound even your self-respect. I do not believe you are capable of it, or ever have been, or ever will be. But somebody has deeply wounded you, spiritually, and has wounded your mind to persuade you that your soul is no longer in God's keeping. For that is a lie!"

He saw her young features waking with poignant emotions as though struggling to believe him.

"Souls are never lost," he said. "Ungoverned passions of every sort merely cripple them for a space. God always heals them in the end."

He laid his hand on the door-knob once more and lifted the latch-key.

"Don't!" she whispered, catching his hand again, "if there should be somebody in there waiting for us!"

"There is not a soul in my rooms. My servant sleeps out."

"There *is* somebody there!" she said, trembling.

"Nobody, Miss Norne. Will you come in with me?"

"I don't dare ——"

"Why?"

"You and I alone together—no! oh, please—please! I am afraid!"

"Of what?"

"Of giving you my c-confidence and trust—and—and f-friendship."

"I want you to."

"I must not! It would destroy us both, soul and body!"

"I tell you," he said impatiently, "that there is no destruction of the soul—and it's a clean comradeship anyway—a fighting friendship I ask of you—*all* I ask; all I offer; wherein, then, lies this peril in being alone together?"

"Because I am finding it in my heart to believe in you, trust you, hold fast to your strength and protection. And if I give way—yield—and if I make you a promise—and *if there is anybody in that room to see us and hear us—then* we shall be destroyed, both of us, soul and body——"

He took her hands, held them until their trembling ceased.

"I'll answer for our bodies. Let God look after the rest. Will you trust Him?"

She nodded.

"And me?"

"Yes."

But her face blanched as he turned the latch-key, switched on the electric light, and preceded her into the room beyond.

THE place was one of those accentless, typical bachelor apartments made comfortable for anything masculine, but quite unlivable otherwise.

Live coals still glowed in the hob grate; he placed a lump of cannel coal on the embers, used a bellows vigorously and the flame caught with a greasy crackle.

The girl stood motionless until he pulled up an easy chair for her, then he found another for himself. She let slip her furs, folded her hands around the bunch of violets and waited.

"Now," he said, "I'll come to the point. In 1916 I was at Plattsburg, expecting a commission. The Department of Justice sent for me. I went to Washington where I was made to understand that I had been selected to serve my country in what is vaguely known as the Secret Service—and which includes government agents attached to several departments.

"The great war is over; but I am still retained in the service. Because something more sinister than a Hun victory over civilization threatens this Republic. And threatens the civilized world."

"Anarchy," she said.

"Bolshevism."

She had become very white. She said nothing. He looked at her with his quiet, reassuring smile.

"That's what I want of you," he repeated.

She did not stir in her chair.

"I want your help," he went on, "I want your valuable knowledge of the Orient. I want whatever secret information you possess. I want your rather amazing gifts, your unprecedented experience among almost unknown people, your familiarity with occult things, your astounding powers—whatever they are—hypnotic, psychic, material.

"Because, to-day, Civilization is engaged in a secret battle for existence against gathering powers of violence, the force and limit of which are still unguessed.

"It is a battle between righteousness and evil, between sanity and insanity, light and darkness, God and Satan! And if Civilization does not win, then the world perishes."

She raised her still eyes to his, but made no other movement.

"Miss Norne," he said, "we in the International Service know enough about you to desire to know more.

"We already knew the story you have told to me. Agents in the International Secret Service kept in touch with you from the time that the Japanese escorted you out of Kiao-Chau.

"From the day you landed, and all across the Continent to New York you have been kept in view by agents of this government.

"Here, in New York, my men have kept in touch with you. And now, to-night, the moment has come for a personal understanding between you and me."

THE girl's pale lips moved—became stiffly articulate: "I—I wish to live," she stammered, "I fear death."

"I know it. I know what I ask when I ask your help."

She said in the ghost of a voice: "If I turn against *them*—they will kill me."

"They'll try," he said quietly.



"You *are* a sorceress," he whispered. "What—what are you doing to me?"

"They will not fail, Mr. Cleves."

"That is in God's hands."

She became deathly white at that.

"No," she burst out in an agonized voice, "it is not in God's hands! If it were, I should not be afraid! It is in the hands of those who stole my soul!"

She covered her face with both arms, fairly writhing on her chair.

"If the Yezidees have actually made you believe any such nonsense"—he began; but she dropped her arms and stared at him out of terrible blue eyes:

"I don't want to die, I tell you! I am afraid!—*afraid!* If I reveal to you what I know they'll kill me, If I turn against them and aid you, they'll slay my body, and send it after my soul!"

She was trembling so violently that he sprang up and went to her. After a moment he passed one arm around her shoulders and held her firmly, close to him.

"Come," he said, "do your duty. Those who enlist under the banner of Christ have nothing to dread in this world or the next."

"If—if I could believe I were safe there."

"I tell you that you are. So is every human soul! What mad nonsense have the Yezidees made you believe? Is there any surer salvation for the soul than to die in Christ's service?"

He slipped his arm from her quivering shoulders and grasped both her hands, crushing them as though to steady every fiber in her tortured body.

"I want you to live. I want to live, too. But I tell you it's in God's hands, and we soldiers of civilization have nothing to fear except failure to do our duty. Now, then, are we comrades under the United States Government?".

"Oh God—I—dare not!"

"*Are* we!"

Perhaps she felt the physical pain of his crushing grip for she turned and looked him in the eyes.

"I don't want to die," she whispered. "Don't make me!"

"Will you help your country?"

The terrible directness of her child's gaze became almost unendurable to him.

"Will you offer your country your soul and body?" he insisted in a low, tense voice.

Her stiff lips formed a word.

"Yes!" he exclaimed.

"Yes."

For a moment she rested against his shoulder, deathly white, then in a flash she had straightened, was on her feet in one bound and so swiftly that he scarcely followed her movement—was unaware that she had risen until he saw her standing there with a pistol glittering in her hand, her eyes fixed on the portières that hung across the corridor leading to his bedroom.

"What on earth," he began, but she interrupted him, keeping her gaze focused on the curtains, and the pistol resting level on her hip:

"I'll answer you if I die for it!" she cried. "Tell you everything I know! You wish to learn what is this monstrous evil that threatens the world with destruction—what you call anarchy and Bolshevism? It is an Evil that was born before Christ came! It is an Evil which not only destroys cities and empires and men but which is more terrible still, (*Continued on page 74*)



Her eyes glowed with envy. If only she could get some for his grave, just one little bunch.

All Saints' Day

By Maurice Level

Illustrated by H. R. Ballinger

DRAPED in a loose hospital wrap that made her seem even thinner than she was, the girl was standing lost in thought at the foot of her shiny white bed.

Her childish face was wasted, and her blue eyes, sad, fathomless and circled with dark rings, were so unnaturally large they seemed to light up her whole face. Her cheeks burned with a hectic flush, and the deep lines that ran down to her mouth looked as if they had been worn there by the flow of unceasing tears.

She hung her head when the house-surgeon stopped beside her.

"Well, Little No. 4, what's this I hear? You want to go out?"

"Yes, sir . . ." the voice was hardly more than a whisper.

"But that's very foolish. . . . You've only been up two or three days. In weather like this, too. You'd certainly fall ill again. Wait a day or two. You're not unhappy here? . . . Has anyone been unkind to you?"

"No . . . oh, no, sir. . . ."

"What is it then? . . ."

There was more energy in her tone as she said:

"I must go out."

And as if anticipating his question she continued quickly:

"This is All Saints' Day. I promised to take some flowers to my sweetheart's grave. . . . I promised. . . . He has only me. . . . If I don't go, no one will. . . . I promised. . . ."

A tear shone under her eyelid. She wiped it away with a finger.

The house-surgeon was touched. And either out of curiosity, or so as not to seem awkward and leave her without some word of comfort, he asked:

"Is it long since he died?"

"Nearly a year . . ."

"What was the matter with him?"

She seemed to shrink, to become even more frail, her chest more hollow, her hands thinner as, her eyes half closed, her lips trembling, she murmured:

"He was executed. . . ."

The house-surgeon bit his lip, saying in a low voice:

"Poor child . . . I'm very sorry. If you really must go out, go. . . . But take care not to catch cold. You must come back to-morrow."

ONCE outside the hospital gates, she began to shiver.

It was a dreary autumn morning. Moisture trickled down the walls. Everything was gray: the sky, the houses, the naked trees and the misty distance where people hurried along anxious to get out of the damp streets.

It had been the middle of summer when she had fallen ill, and her dress was a brightly-hued one of thin cotton. The crumpled ribbon that encircled her wasted neck made her look even more pitiable. The skirt, blouse and necktie might have smiled back at the sunshine, but in the chill gray setting they seemed to droop with sadness.

She started off with an uncertain walk, stopping every now and then because she was out of breath and her head swimming.

The people she passed turned to look after her. She seemed to hesitate as if wishing to speak to them, then afraid, walked on, glancing nervously from right to left. In this way she crossed half Paris. She stopped when she came to the Quais, standing to watch the slow, muddy flow of the river. The piercing cold cut through her and, feeling she could not bear much more, she started off again.

When she got to Place Maubert and the Avenue des Gobelins she felt almost at home, for she was now in the neighborhood in which she had lived. Soon she began to see faces she knew, and she heard someone say as she passed:

"Surely that's Vandat's girl. . . . How she has changed!"

"Which Vandat?"

"Vandat the murd . . ."

She quickened her steps, pressing her hands against her face so as not to hear the end of the word. . . .

It was getting dark when she at last arrived at the wretched little hotel where she had lodged before she fell ill. She went in. Street-girls and their men were playing cards in the little café down-stairs. When they saw her they called out:

"Hullo! Here's Blue Eyes"—for that used to be her nickname. "Come and have a drink, Blue Eyes. Here's a seat . . . come along. . . ."

Their welcome touched her, but the thick, rank smoke made her cough, and she could hardly breathe as she replied:

"No. . . . I've no time now. . . . Is Madame in?"

"Yes, there she is." (*Concluded on page 71*)

Do Fortunes Just Happen?

By William Atherton Du Puy



Are millionaires Supermen? Is Success an Accident? Or must we really believe all that we are told in the "Do-as-I-Do" articles? Mr DuPuy's answer is most interesting.

IF you wanted to cross the Sahara Desert or explore the penguin-infested areas of the South Pole, you would not, I take it, look in the copy-books for platitudes to guide you. Rather would you fraternize with the histories of great explorers on the chance of their slipping you the seven-league boots of their own experience.

If it should be your ambition to make a million dollars, a hankering probably more widespread than that for exploration, would it not then be logical that you should follow the trail blazed by those plutocrats most securely barricaded behind large stores of glistening gold and precious stones?

I reached the conclusion years ago that this latter method of procedure was correct, and have based upon it an intensive study of fortune making. I have known many millionaires and have studied their ways. I have accumulated quantities of information. I have followed many men from the hamlet of poverty to the city of wealth and have observed the methods leading to the transition. Even I, myself, have the ambition for great wealth. I am on my toes waiting for the big moment for action. If there is among the readers of this magazine an occasional individual who yearns to pass the eventide of his life lolled in luxury's lap, or the prime of his manhood in the paths where blooms the primrose, I offer him herewith the benefit of my investigations.

But before we have gained too much speed on this road to wealth, I raise the hand of warning. There is an element in fortune making which laughs at logic, which sets aside the theory of the race to the swift, the victory to the strong. Millionaires, I have found, are not supermen. On the average they have less education and reading than the high-school graduate, and are less-interesting companions than are automobile salesmen. Not all, by any means, accumulated their fortunes because of weird qualities of judgment, nor the burning of seas of midnight oil.

CONFIDENTIALLY their fortunes—in most cases—have just happened to them.

There is a danger in stating this because by attributing the accumulation of fortunes to a possession of the sterner virtues, youth is bribed into a maintenance of those virtues. I hold, however, that the rewards of virtue are sufficient without claiming for it profits that do not accrue and, further, that facts should be faced. The fact is that fortunes just happen to men. They get into the groove of money making and millions fall into their laps. Fortune drifts the barks of a few through the one deep channel among the reefs of adversity and into the harbor of plenty. Once started their virtue seems to lie chiefly in sitting steady in the boat. Listen to the story of some of these and discern where you can the finger that points the way for you.

Take first, if you will, the case of Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, one of the most deserving of millionaires. I asked him for an interview some years ago. He said he would be glad to see me. Would I come to his house at twelve o'clock of a Thursday night? I went and talked to him until five o'clock in the morning. It is his favorite time for conviviality. He works at night and sleeps by day.

The invention of the telephone and the amassing of hundreds of millions for which it has been responsible was not merely an accident but a series of accidents. Mrs. Bell was deaf and dumb, and Dr. Bell, who is possessed of a mind peculiarly suited to original research, was trying to find a way to make speech visible. By converting speech to electric current he hoped he could reveal it to the eye by electric flashes. He did not succeed in doing so, but he found that sound was traveling over his electrically charged wire.

Amused by this fact, he ran a wire from his attic to his basement and talked back and forth on it. It had never occurred to him, however, that the principle had commercial possibilities. He was entertaining friends some time later and told them of his discovery. He sent them to the basement and went to the attic and talked to them on his wire.

It was one of these guests who saw the commercial possibilities. He pointed them out. A great light dawned. Early next morning Dr. Bell applied for his patents. Time was saved by the fact that he resided in Washington. At three o'clock that afternoon another individual appeared at the Patent Office and made an application covering the same principle.

Had Dr. Bell not lived nearer the Patent Office than his North Carolina rival, had his friend not pointed out the commercial value of the invention, had Mrs. Bell not been afflicted, the massing of telephone millions would have been to the credit of a different group of individuals. But Dr. Bell had been ready for his opportunity when it came.

CHRISTIAN GIRL (yes, the name is real) was during the war in charge of the production and delivery of automobile war trucks and their parts. He is a sandy, convivial little man, with heavy-lensed glasses and $30,000,000 invested in plants that manufacture spare parts.

Twenty years before he came to Cleveland from a farm in Indiana. He worked as a water-boy on construction work, as a white-wing sweeping the streets. There were times between when he was hungry. He was better satisfied when he got a job driving a milk-wagon, for then there was no objection to his refreshing himself from his stock in trade. He held this job for years. Inclined to reading and study, he eventually took a civil-service examination, passed, and became a postman. For several years and over many routes in Cleveland he delivered letters. Eventually he was assigned to the industrial section of the city. There he met Michael McIntyre. Mike had hammered out on his anvil an automobile spring which, he held, embodied a principle that would make it the best on the market. He told the postman why. His contentions seemed reasonable to a mind trained in street-sweeping, milk-wagon driving, and delivering letters.

A partnership was formed to which the mechanic contributed his spring and the postman $100. Backed by the financial acumen acquired on the one hand at the anvil and on the other in making a postman's pay support a family these two plunged headlong into the industrial world. The millions have come in a brief ten years. Enterprise and intelligent effort contributed, to be sure. The prime fact, however, was that they were in the money-making groove.

It was along about 1904 that Henry Ford went to Detroit with his idea of manufacturing a poor man's car. He had almost nothing but his theory, backed by certain plans and specifications. It was necessary that he should incorporate the idea that he might get it financed. For incorporation papers lawyers are considered necessary. Ford needed a lawyer. But he proposed paying his fees in stock. Lawyers listened to his proposition until he reached the matter of payment. There all interest ceased. Ford went from one law office to another but no attorney would handle his business on the terms proposed.

Finally he found John Anderson. John was not busy. He could risk an hour or two on this promoter. He incorporated the Ford Motor Company and took a block of stock in payment. It is reported that this stock had a face value of $1,000. It is further said that Anderson later offered it for sale for $200, found no buyers and was forced to keep it.

A personal friend of Mr. Anderson tells me that he has seen single checks for dividends of $100,000 that have been received from this stock. An amusing aftermath to this story is that any lawyer in Detroit is now said to be willing to incorporate any enterprise, however wild, and take out his fee in stock, brushing aside favorite clients to do so.

VICTOR FRANKLIN, of Camden, New Jersey, has transmitted an adaptation of his name to all the world and made a huge fortune through a conspiracy of circumstances not of his making nor at the time approved by him. Before financial lightning struck him he ranked merely as a competent manufacturer. He contracted to produce certain graphophones. The firm for which he manufactured was formed by Emil Berliner, the inventor who had helped Dr. Bell's telephone by developing the transmitter. This undertaking took the form of three corporations, one holding the patents, one in charge of production, one in charge of marketing. The result of this complicated structure was litigation and the graphophone industry soon found itself so entangled that it was unable to operate.

Victor Franklin was more involved than any other creditor. His plant had been prepared for quantity production and his materials were on hand. As the least of several risks, he proposed to proceed with the manufacture and get his money when the machines were sold. To this the various corporations agreed so he went ahead. But before long a reorganization of the whole enterprise became necessary, and Victor Franklin had to take stock for his bills. In the conference that followed an attempt was being made to get a striking name for the company and its machine. Someone suggested that there were possibilities in the first name of Victor Franklin (*Continued on page 77*)



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

He hated the perfumes emanating from their over-dressed bodies. He despised their laughter and their smartness and their lobster-palace slang.

This Light Must Live

A Novel of New York

By Arthur Stringer

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

From the Canadian Rockies comes a vigorous young sculptor to New York. He marries an artists' model of Greenwich Village. In this chapter they discuss the good old questions of the stage and chorus girls generally.

THE STORY.—Owen Storrow, a young sculptor, came down from Canada to study and work at his art in New York City. He stops at "The Alwyn Arms," a cheap hotel, although Augusta Kirkner, an aunt and a matron of means, has offered him a studio in her Brooklyn home. Storrow's first day is full of incident: a fight to the finish with the brawny engineer of the hotel; and when he climbs back to his room, the discovery that a careless hotel clerk has assigned his room to another. This maroons him on the fire-escape, till the girl on the floor below his takes him into her room and impulsively administers to the bruises of his recent battle. It is a case of love at first sight, though not without complications for the girl, Torrie. For Krassler, the musical-comedy producer, upon whom she is depending for a chance on the stage, discovers Storrow's presence and misinterprets according to his nature. Owen goes to his aunt's cottage on Long Island Sound, and there rescues his cousin, Charlotte Kirkner, from drowning. But he returns to New York, where he meets Chester Hardy, who advises him to quit sculpture and write a novel of the great Northwest. Then Storrow finds that Torrie Throssel occupies the studio adjoining his own, and their former intimacy is resumed. When Modrynski, a veteran artist, unhesitatingly condemns his modeling, Storrow definitely decides to go in for literature. Then he marries Torrie Throssel.

"DO you mean you've quarreled with Krassler?" Storrow heard himself demanding, with that prospect too obviously anything but a disturbing one.

Torrie shook her head.

"The whole thing's been taken off. Seibert said the play hadn't a chance for Broadway, and there was a dispute about bookings. Then the backer refused to put up the last two thousand dollars for costumes and Krassler said *that* was the straw that broke the camel's back."

Storrow's relief at this acknowledgment was overcast by a coloring of disappointment in the discovery that the return to the *status quo* had not been as entirely a voluntary one as it had promised. But it was a big cloud, he remembered, which hung above Torrie. Yet it was clearly one with a silver lining from his point of view. And she in time would see it as he saw it.

"Do you feel bad about this?" he finally asked her. Her attitude, as she sat readjusting the hairpins in her thick crown of hair, took on a touch of the judicial.

"I did, Honey, when I couldn't keep from thinking that you hated me," she said as she stood up and shook out her skirts. "And that play may have been rotten, as Seibert said it was. But I wasn't doing my part so rottenly, and Seibert knows it!"

This caused Storrow to look about at her.

"You mean you've a feeling it might lead him to offering you something else?"

She hesitated for a moment. Then she swung about with a shrug of abandonment.

"I'm not thinking about it at all. The thing's over. I've got to take my medicine without kicking." Then, arrested by his suddenly sobered face, she added, speaking first quietly and then in a slowly ascending key: "And it's brought us together, Honey, no matter how crazily we may have been acting. All I've got now is my solemn-eyed old Cave-Man—and instead of just getting the crusts of life together we're going to sit down to the whole blessed big pie. So kiss me, kiss me quick, or I'll start to scream and disgrace you before this whole stifling old building!"

Instead of kissing her, however, he stood staring at her in wonder, alarmed at that strongly rising note of hysteria in her throaty voice. For the first time in his life, indeed, he found himself without any inclination to kiss her.

"Kiss me—quick!" she commanded. For the first time, as he turned away from her, he saw the square-faced bottle of dry gin on the table, with the sugar and seltzer and squeezed lemons beside it. She had been drinking, he saw, drinking a good deal more than could be good for her. Not that she was drunk, or even thick-tongued and muddled. But instinct and early training combined to make a woman's use of intoxicants still repulsive to him. The men and women in Torrie's world, he remembered, took a view quite opposite to his, which they would have laughed at as provincial, as smug and mid-Victorian. And that world, in a way, was already his own world. He had entered it and was being made a part of it; and in Rome, he concluded, it was acknowledged best to

do what the Romans did. There were still certain aspects of that world which he could not comprehend. Its casual liberties, its freedom of intercourse, its topsyturvydom of standards, were still a bewilderment to him. He dreaded, as all men of sensibilities dread, the accusation of narrowness. And still again he made it a point to remember that he was a newcomer to this great city so contradictory in aspect and so indecipherable in impulse. It was not only too big to be changed; it was also too complex in its blind interweaving of strata for him to choose and cleave to any one particular plane. It was he himself, and not the city, that must change. Yet inevitable as those changes were, he had no intention of leaving life little more than a mush of concessions. He would always insist on elbow-room for his soul.

And it was becoming more and more difficult, he felt, as he crossed to Torrie's side and kissed her for the sake of peace, and purely for the sake of peace, to distinguish between advance and retrogression, between enslavement and emancipation. For just a moment, before he drank down the gin-rickey which she had mixed for him, he entertained a suspicion that his wife's insistence on physical contact was for inflammatory and obliterative ends, to burn up in a flame of passion all traces of more trivial emotion, as the experienced burglar has been known to burn the mansion after ransacking its treasure-chests. But by the time he had finished his second gin-rickey he no longer gave harborage to such battered suspicions. It was a new world, he told himself, and he was there to make the most of it, to make the most of it with Torrie at his side. And as though to seal that determination he asked for still another gin-rickey.

STORROW, in making the most of his new world with Torrie at his side, found a number of things to tax both his patience and his resolution. His studio, in the first place, betrayed symptoms of becoming embarrassingly overcrowded, once the Vibbard apartment had been cleared of his wife's belongings and the communicating door had been duly locked and sealed. Torrie, too, had little of Storrow's sense of orderliness, and sustained application to that work with which he knew life could alone be justified became more and more difficult. Yet he was unable to accuse Torrie of not doing her part. She had imposed on her friends, he grew to understand, a tacit conspiracy of absenteeism, and few indeed were the callers, outside of the irrepressible Pannie Atwill and the persistently loyal Hardy, who came to interrupt them.

It struck Storrow as odd, as the weeks slipped by, that the constraint existing between Torrie and Hardy, instead of diminishing, grew both more active and more observable. He spoke of this one night, after coming home in time to witness Torrie bidding his friend from the Avenue a none-too-cordial farewell.

"Why don't you learn to like Hardy a little better?" he asked as Torrie proceeded to shake up the cocktails with which they now invariably preceded dinner.

Instead of answering that question Torrie turned and asked him another.

"What does the note of Ecclesiastes mean?" she half-indifferently inquired.

"The note of Ecclesiastes?" he repeated. "Who used that phrase?"

"Chester Hardy did. He seemed to insinuate that that's the note we're going to end up on. He may know what it means, but I don't."

Storrow stopped short.

"What was Hardy talking about?" he demanded.

"As far as I can make out, he doesn't seem to think we're suited to each other. He says we look at life from altogether different sides. And he announced to me, Honey-Bun, that now you were in my hands, I'd have to treat you as though you were made of Dresden china."

"And what particular business is all that of Hardy's?" asked Storrow out of the silence that had fallen over him.

"That's what I've been wondering," observed Torrie as she handed Storrow his cocktail. He stared down at the thin-shanked glass abstractedly. That, he remembered, was one of Torrie's contributions to their *menage*. After he had emptied it, still without speaking, he realized that he had been tired in both body and mind.

"By the way, how did you happen to know Hardy?"

Torrie, before answering that question, crossed to the kitchenette and just as slowly returned to the table.

"Doesn't everybody know him? I happened to meet him, the same as other people do."

"When?"

"Two or three years ago," she patiently replied.



Storrow caught Vibbard by the *Avenue de la Paix* cravat and slapped his face, from side to side, as a kitten slaps a spool.

"And he's been nothing but a casual friend?"

Torrie, stooping over the table, looked up sharply.

"He's never even been that. What'd interest me in that dried-up fish who's always prowling around inspecting people as though they were museum specimens? And I know what's the matter with him at this very moment. He's souring with envy, just plain every-day envy. He missed his chance of getting any happiness out of life, and he's sore, without knowing it, at seeing us trying to be happy!"

"That dried-up fish," Storrow carefully reminded her, "has been a good friend of mine."

"But you can't get away from the fact, Honey, that it was *me* you married. And I intend to come first, no matter what the outsiders may say. And we're going to be happy, aren't we, Owen, no matter what Hardy may imagine?"

"That, I think, depends more on ourselves than on Hardy."

She came and sat on the arm of his chair, apprehensive of returning solemnities.

"If we love each other, my own, it's nobody's business, and nothing matters. But you must love me. You must. I've got to have it. Do you? *Do you?*"

"Of course," he said, capitulating before the barrage of her caresses, at the same moment that he stood conscious of the celerity with which that artillery could always be wheeled into place.

"Then kiss me! No, not that way. *My* way!" Then muffled, through her contented cries of protest, she murmured: "You . . beloved . . big . . brute!"

IT was Pannie Atwill who invaded the studio the next night as Storrow sat at a paper-littered work-table absorbed in his story, the loquacious Pannie even more loose-jointed.

"Hello, Torrie! How's tricks? I just gotta get a peek at your map to make sure they haven't planted you over to Greenwood! Hello, there, Cap'n Kidd! But gimme a gasper quick or I'll pass away." The next moment her exuberant young lungs were filled with smoke. Then she regarded Storrow out of one corner of her eye. "Say, Torrie, why is that big Woof-Woof of yours so afraid of me? No, Shakespeare, don't stop the masterpiece. Keep right on dreamin', for rent-day's on the road and the high cost o' lovin' ain't lowerin' any as far as I can see. But look here, Torrie Throssel, don't you get fat, whatever happens. There ain't no such animal as a perfect thirty-eight, not in our world. And, dearie, you sure ought to doll up a little, even if that soul-mate o' yours isn't askin' for a pink mesh over the peach-basket."

"Can that!" was Torrie's preoccupied command, keyed down to the plane of Pannie's comprehension. But Pannie was not to be silenced.

"If I owned that book-worm over there I'd make him sit up nights and dig out an Amurrican *C'mil* for me to star in and put that Klennert dame out o' business. What's doin'? Yes, of course; I knew you'd take it serious once you got it. Well, as Donnie Eastman used to say, it's a great life if you keep the lining in! And speakin' o' that toiler reminds me. Donnie took the bunch out to Krebbler's last night, and believe me it was some party. The bubble-water flowed knee-deep. And Demmy-Verge Dyckman got doin' her Castle-stunt on the table and we was all put out at three A.M. And Donnie was askin' me what mausoleum you was nailed up in and if you was too dead to sit in a Rolls-Royce some afternoon when the walkin' was heavy. But of course the Big Push over there'd blow up if he thought you was gettin' a lungful of open air. That's men for you!"

"Oh, no, it isn't," quickly corrected

Torrie through the intervening blue haze of smoke. "It was the state of matrimony I entered, not a state prison."

"What's the difference, dearie?"

"The difference is that I'm in it because I like it, because I prefer it, and not because I can't escape it."

"Go on, birdie!" mocked her loquacious visitor. "I was that way once, but he was a plumber and he took to usin' the pipe-tongs on me. But what I come to tell you was that I'd given posin' the shake and signed up with "The Girl of Girls" company. And Bennie Veals is sure workin' the feet off'n us in that new beach-dance he brought straight back from H'waya with him. He cussed me to-day until that Adam's apple o' his was workin' with a three-inch plunge and ended up by inquirin' if I ever suspected I'd got nothin' north o' my neck-bones. And when we was peelin' back in the duds-room I asked them Broadway fairies if havin' to take langwige like that lyin' down had anything on gettin' gooseflesh doin' the spring nymph stuff in a draughty studjeo wit' the steam off and the janitor dead at the wheel!"

"Then why do you stay where Veals can treat you that way?" asked Torrie as her husband got up from his chair and walked with a suppressed groan to the window.

"You know what the stage is, dearie, once you get bit with the bug," remarked Pannie as she turned and inspected the distressed Storrow with an indifferent eye. "Do I disturb you, Homer?" she smilingly inquired.

Storrow swung about on her, stung beyond endurance by that final impertinence.

"Not as much as you disgust me," he cried, seeming to see personified in Pannie all that was abhorrent in the new life into which he was so insidiously being elbowed.

Pannie, digging a rouge-stick from her handbag and passing it imperturbably across her lips, continued to survey her host with contemptuously appraising eyes.

"Sweeten up, old top, or that grouch'll be takin' you back to where the caribou graze," she had the effrontery to assert.

IT was uttered lightly enough, that careless taunt of a slangy chorus-girl, but it struck sharp as an arrow-point against the nettled flank of consciousness. It awakened in Storrow's mind his first faint spark of longing for that saner world of peace and open spaces which was now denied him. It made him think of an arching sky of robin-egg blue, of steel-gray waters lapping against lichened rocks, of pine-clad ridges black against the setting sun, of the sound of the wind through spruce and fir, and the smell of burning tamarack. And for the first time, deep in the core of his heart, he nursed a vague but unmistakable regret for other days.

"I don't think Pannie deserved that," reproved Torrie when the apparently unperturbed Miss Atwill had taken her departure.

"Is that the type of woman you want to spend your life with?" countered her still-indignant husband.

"That sounds intolerant."

"Then it's a type I intend to be intolerant with," was the other's prompt response. Torrie sat silent for a time, apparently weighing what she was about to say.

"People are apt to misjudge Pannie," she finally observed. "Her bark is always a good deal worse than her bite. She keeps up that trick of clowning because her friends demand it of her. And she has more friends in this town, Owen, than you would ever imagine. And having friends, don't you think, is really one of the final tests of life?"

"At Krebbler's about three o'clock in the morning?" demanded Storrow, detecting a knife-edge buried in the rose-leaves of Torrie's quietly uttered interrogation.

"That," retorted the meditative-eyed woman in the faded armchair, "was probably her little revolt against the drabness of life, the kind of revolt that too much monotony and too much restraint can start in almost any woman."

Storrow, on thinking this over, decided to make no reply to it. But the import of the message, if message it was meant to be, remained deep in his mind, leaving there an area of sensitiveness as sore to the touch as flesh in which a thorn lies embedded.

Torrie, on the other hand, had the satisfaction of finding him less intolerant than of old to the friends who formed the habit of dropping in more and more often to see her. Pannie Atwill herself proved incapable of nursing a grudge, though Torrie's secret advice as to restraint left her with a new and unlooked-for bashfulness in the presence of the slightly bewildered Storrow. Yet he was able, as he understood her better, to formulate an opinion of Pannie which was not untouched with admiration. Modrynski also made his appearance, before the end of the month, as immaculate as ever but complaining of the neuritis in his legs, which made the climbing of so many stairs an inheritance-tax on devotion. With Storrow, as he sat sipping vermouth and nibbling arrowroot biscuits, he was both affable and courtly, talking art with the airy and imperious volubility of a Whistler. With Torrie he was abstractedly and paternally affectionate, leaving with her as he took his departure a crumpled handful of seats for the Metropolitan which he felt sure she and her young friends could make use of.



Storrow saw the sharp recoil of her body as Torrie let the tapestry fall back in place.

"IT'S a great thing, Torrie, this being young," he said as with slightly palsied fingers he buttoned his fur-lined overcoat. "But that's something you and your muscled Romeo over there won't know until your fine young bodies start to wear out! Good-by, my dear, and remember not to be too happy. There's nothing so devastating to an interesting woman as too much happiness. It kills line. And line, to the artist, is life!"

Torrie, as she closed the studio door, turned and faced her still-frowning husband.

"You see what you've got to do, Honey-Bun? You've got to beat me! If you want to keep me fit to look at you've got to keep me miserable. Modrynski says so. And Modrynski is an authority."

"That man seems to look on human beings as nothing more than bone and muscle," remarked Storrow.

"That's what he pays, I suppose, for being a sculptor. That's what *you* pay for having been one. Sometimes I feel that you've forgotten I've got a soul and only want to remember that I've got a body, a body that's not uncomfortable to hold when it's not getting in your way."

Storrow glanced about quickly at this unlooked-for note from her. It was a reproof, he felt in his heart, though still tacit reproof. And he was firmly yet secretly resolved that it should prove unmerited.

When Donnie Eastman appeared the next day, with a high-powered touring-car stripped of its hood, Storrow found that resolution of his being put to the acid test. He had no desire for joy riding with a "Johnnie" who lisped. He was anxious to get on with his work so that Hardy could run a guiding hand over his last half-dozen chapters, as the older man had promised. But Torrie was insistent. She was first petulant and then imperious. Rather than see his authority put to the test, rather than behold her riding off with the quite undisturbed Donnie Eastman and the three-rainbow-hued show-girls already piled in his back seats, Storrow yielded the point and climbed into the rakish-lined car of battleship gray.

The excursion did not begin (*Concluded on page 86*)



The door opened softly, and Katharine gave a little shriek.

The Box with

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Have you a right to steal your robbed you? Dick Beverley way—with rather odd results as

THE STORY: Jocelyn Thew, who has consistently fooled the Secret Services of two continents for a long time, had been offered half a million dollars to take certain important diplomatic documents out of America to Europe. Thew knows he is being watched, suspected of having the papers with him, in spite of the fact that the Secret Service men are at Halifax guarding the box with broken seals, which is supposed to hold those very papers. So he lures with a fake message James Crawshay, of the English, and Hobson, of the American Service, to Chicago, where they learn rather late of the fake. At that very hour Thew is in New York planning to leave his companion conspirator, Norah, behind and to sail for England in less than twenty-four hours. In fact, he is at the home of the society girl, Katharine Beverley, making the strange request that she sail the next day on Thew's ship, the *City of Boston*, to accompany a certain dying man to England as his special nurse. She is under

"TELL me, Mr. Crawshay," asked Mr. Brown, "how long was the gap of time between your losing sight of Jocelyn Thew and when you picked him up in London?"

"Very short indeed," was the emphatic reply. "Jocelyn Thew must have left the *City of Boston* at about eight o'clock on the Monday morning. He met Gant at five o'clock that evening at Crewe station. Gant had come direct from Frisby, the little village near Chester where he had left the body of Phillips. It is obvious, therefore, that Gant had the papers with him when he joined Jocelyn Thew. They traveled to London together but parted at Euston, Gant going to a cheap hotel in the vicinity of Regent Street, while Thew drove to the Savoy. Gant called at the Savoy Hotel at nine o'clock that evening, and the two men dined together in the grillroom and took a box at a music hall—the Alhambra. Up to this time neither of them had received a visitor or dispatched a message—Thew, in fact, had spent more than an hour in the barber's shop. They returned from the Alhambra together, went up to Thew's room, had a drink and separated half-an-hour later. This, of course, is in a sense posthumous information, but Scotland Yard has it tabulated down to the slightest detail, and we are unable to find a single suspicious circumstance in connection with the movements of either man. At four o'clock the following morning, when both men were asleep in their rooms, the cordon was drawn around them. Since then they haven't had a chance."

"The fact that the papers are not in the possession of either of them," Mr. Brown said reflectively, "proves that they have made some move of which you have no record."

"Precisely," Crawshay agreed, "but it must have been a move of so slight a character that chance may reveal it to us at any moment."

"Describe Jocelyn Thew to me," Mr. Brown begged.

"He has every appearance," Crawshay declared, "of being a man of breeding. He is scarcely middle-aged—tall and of athletic build. He dresses well, speaks well, and I should take him anywhere for an English public-school and college man."

"Did New York give you his record?"

"In a cloudy sort of way. He seems to have had a most interesting career, ranching out West, fighting in Mexico, fighting in several of the Central American states, and fighting, I shrewdly suspect, against England in South Africa. He seems to have been a sort of stormy petrel, and to have turned up in any place where there was trouble. In New York the police always suspected him of being connected with some great criminal movements, but they were never able to lay even a finger upon him. He lived at one of the best hotels in the city, disappeared sometimes for days, sometimes for weeks, sometimes for a year, but always returned quite quietly, with apparently any amount of money to spend, and that queer look which comes to a man who has been up against big things."

"He is an Englishman, I suppose?"

"He must be. His accent and manners and appearance are all unmistakable."

"HOW long was he suspected of being in the pay of our enemies before this thing transpired?"

"Only a very short time. There was a little gang in New York—Rentoul, the man who had the wireless in Fifth Avenue, was in it—and they used to meet at a place in Fourteenth Street, belonging to an old man named Sharey. That's where Miss Sharey comes into the business. There were some queer things done there, but they don't concern this business, and New York has the records of them."

"Jocelyn Thew," Mr. Brown repeated slowly to himself. "Where did you say he was staying?"

"At the Savoy Court."

Mr. Brown looked fixedly at the cables, fluttering a little in the breeze which blew in through the half-open window.

"All this isn't very encouraging, Mr. Crawshay," he sighed.

"Up to the present no," the former admitted. "Yet I can promise you one thing, sir. Those papers shall not leave the country."

"I am glad to hear you speak with so much confidence," Mr. Brown observed drily. "Mr. Jocelyn Thew seems at any rate to have managed to secrete them without difficulty."

"That may be so," Crawshay acknowledged, "and yet I am convinced of one thing. They are disposed of in some perfectly obvious way, and within the next forty-eight hours he will make some effort to repossess himself of them. If he does, he will fail."

Mr. Brown glanced at his watch.

"I am very much obliged to you for coming to see me," he said. "You are doing your best, I know, and I beg you, Mr. Crawshay, never for a moment to let your efforts relax. The mechanical side of the watch that is being kept upon these people I know we can rely upon, but you must remember that you are the brains of this enterprise. Your little band of watchers will be quick enough to see the things that happen and the things that exist. It is you who must watch for the things which don't happen."

Crawshay smiled slightly as he rose to take his leave.

"I do not as a rule suffer from over-confidence, sir," he said, "but I think I can promise you that by Wednesday night not only will the papers be in

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His strength was going. He shot one of them through the shoulder.

Broken Seals

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

own money from the man who solved the problem in his own you will find in this chapter.

obligations to Thew and consents. Thew, with his sick man, attended by Katharine and a doctor, is safely aboard ship and out of sight of land, when a seaplane appears and puts Crawshay aboard. The detective begins at once to investigate Thew's activities, and discovers him using the wireless to get in touch with the German raider *Blücher*. Crawshay silences the wireless, but the German heaves in sight and pursues them till they make good their escape. Katharine's patient dies. Crawshay has every one on board searched, and finds, to Katharine's own surprise, a sealed box in her trunk. When the box is opened, it reveals only blank papers. Crawshay follows Thew to London, where he learns that the documents have been smuggled in with the dead man. Norah reappears. Crawshay calls in more secret service men and settles down to a new campaign, which begins with a dinner invitation to Katharine, who fears that her brother Dick may be further involved.

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our hands, but Mr. Jocelyn Thew will be so disposed of that he will be no longer an object of anxiety to us."

"Get on with the good work, then," was Mr. Brown's laconic farewell.

LATE on the following afternoon, Jocelyn Thew and Gant paced the long platform at Euston, by the side of which the special for the American boat was already drawn up. Curiously enough, in their immediate vicinity Mr. Brightman was also seeing a friend off, and on the outskirts of the little throng Mr. Henshaw was taking an intelligent interest in the scene.

"Perhaps, after all," Jocelyn Thew declared, "you are right to go. You have been very useful, and you have, without a doubt, earned your thousand pounds."

"It was easy money," the other admitted, "but even now I am nervous. I shall be glad to be back once more in my own country."

"You are certainly right to go," the other repeated. "If you had been different, if you had been one of those men after my own heart," Jocelyn Thew went on, resting his hand for a moment upon Gant's shoulder, "one of those who, apart from thought of gain or hope of profit, love adventure for its own sake, I should have begged you to stay with me. I would have sent you on bogus errands to mysterious places. I would have twisted the brains of those who have fastened upon us in a hundred different fashions. But alas, my friend, you are not like that!"

"I am not," Gant admitted, gruffly but heartily. "I have done a job for you and you have paid me very well. I am glad to have done it, because I love Germany and I do not love England. Apart from that my work is finished. I like to go home. I am happiest with my wife and family."

"Quite so," his companion agreed. "I know your type, Gant—in fact, I chose you because of it. You like, as you say, to do your job and finish with it,—and you have finished."

THE doctor turned for a moment deliberately round and looked at his companion. He was a heavy-browed, unimaginative, quiet-living man. The things which passed before his eyes counted with him, and little else. The thousand pounds which he was taking home was more than he had been able to save throughout his life. To him it represented immense things. He would probably not spend a dollar more, or indulge in a single luxury, yet the money was there in the background, a warm, comforting thing.

"You have still," he said, "a desperate part to play. Can you tell me honestly that you enjoy it, that you have no fear?"

Jocelyn Thew repeated the word almost wonderingly.

"'Fear!' Do you really know me so little, my friend of few perceptions? Listen and I will confess something. I have fought for my life at least a dozen times, fought against odds which seemed almost hopeless. I have seen death, with hungry, outstretched arms, within a few seconds' reach of me, but I have never felt fear. I do not know what it is. The length of one's life is purely a relative thing. It will come in ten or twenty years, if not to-morrow. Why not to-morrow?"

"If you put it like that," Gant grunted, "why not to-day?"

"Or at any moment, if you will. I am quite ready, as ready as I ever shall be. If I fail to bring off what I desire within the next few days there will be an end of me. Do I look as though I were worrying about that?"

"You don't indeed," the doctor agreed. "You ought to have been in my profession. You might have become the greatest surgeon in the world."

"Even that is possible," Thew admitted. "Unfortunately, there was a cloud over my early days, a cloud heavy enough even to prevent my offering my services to the world through the medium of any of the recognized professions. So you see, Gant, I had to invent one of my own. What would you call it, I wonder!—Buccaneer? Adventurer? Explorer? Perhaps my enemies would find a more unkind word. . . . Now you had better step in and take your seat. Behold the creatures of our friend Brightman and the satellites of the aristocratic Crawshay close in upon us! They listen for farewell words. Is this your carriage? Very well. Here comes your porter, hungry for remuneration. Shall I give them a hint, Gant?"

There flashed in the hunted man's eyes for a moment a gleam of almost demoniacal humor. Gant glowered at him.

"You are mad!" he exclaimed.

"Not I, my dear friend," Jocelyn Thew assured him, as he gripped his hand in a farewell salute. "Believe me, it is not I who am mad. It is these stupid people who search for what they can never find. They lift up the Stars and Stripes and find nothing. They lift up the (*Continued on page 84*)

As Adam Perritt's Wife

In Fee Simple - II

By Frederick Irving Anderson

Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson



She was holding his bundle of letters. "These are *mine*," she said.

Can a woman forget the Past? And will she blame Fate—or You? What would you say to the woman whose fiancé had given his life for yours?

ONE got the idea on entering the offices of Armstrong, Black & DeForest, Forty Wall, that the obeying of the law must be a very formidable task, in which highly organized assistance is required. Armstrong, Black & DeForest had long been established on a grand scale for this very purpose. There were batteries of attorneys, counselors, and notaries, hidden away in cells, each as busy over his work as some hunky managing an automatic machine of whose brains he has no conception. There were miles of files against the walls; acres of windows looked down on the contiguous topography—for the foundry in which Armstrong, Black & DeForest drop-forged legal opinions for the trade occupied an entire floor in a skyscraper.

When T. Jasper walked in, Messrs. Armstrong, Black & DeForest hadn't the least idea who he might be, nor interest either. This was one of the big surprises the world had in store for T. Jasper. They didn't come out to the front gate to express this ignorance or lack of concern in person. They stayed in some remote cell in the interior, delegating underlings to sift T. Jasper—which they did suspiciously. He was now a young giant, with the physique of a longshoreman; but he carried himself like a gentleman. Just now he was dressed as a stoker; his hands were hard and horny; his head was clipped smooth; and the pores of his skin were filled with coal dust.

"My wife's aunt!" exclaimed the young man at the door. "Who let you in?" T. Jasper explained that he had come to find his father.

"Get in the freight elevator—and get off at the last stop," suggested the young man. "He will probably be waiting for you there."

This flippancy was lost on T. Jasper. He produced his crumpled scrap of paper bearing the magic name of this firm; he handed it to the youth, saying that he had been told to present it in person at this place by one Skinner, American consular agent at Chiquili. Skinner was undoubtedly a person of distinction at Chiquili; but he seemed utterly unknown here, to T. Jasper's amazement and chagrin.

"How long have you had this?" asked the clerk.

"Since the fourteenth day of June of last year."

"You have been some time on the road!" remarked the supercilious clerk.

"Yes," agreed T. Jasper simply. "I was shanghaied. I sailed to China ports; when we came back the Canal was closed, so we had to round the Horn. We got in this morning—and I came directly."

"And when you finally arrived, what did you expect to get from us?" asked the interlocutor who barred the way.

"I expected to be put in communication with my father," said T. Jasper patiently.

"And who is your father, pray?"

"My father is Thaddeus Jasper, of Cerro de Llama, Peru."

The young man made a note of this, and passed the tab on to an office-boy. After a time he told T. Jasper to be seated. They were looking him up, like an obscure word in the dictionary. It took a long time.

FINALLY the young coal-heaver was invited to follow still another young man, who led him down an alleyway lined with glass walls; to an inner compartment, where he was left standing with a bald-headed man seated at a table reading. A quarter of an hour later the bald-headed man began scooping up the papers that had riveted his attention; and he said aloud without looking up:

"There is no way in which we can assist you.' There was a finality in the tone that discomfited T. Jasper.

"But my only desire is to get word to my father," he said simply. "To let him know that I am all right."

"You seem poorly equipped for the *rôle* you have assumed," said the man, now looking up and eyeing T. Jasper for the first time. The young stoker misunderstood, thought the lawyer was sneering at his appearance, and he reddened in mortification.

"I have only now come ashore," began T. Jasper. "My first concern is my father. I was given to understand——"

"You say you are T. Jasper?" inquired the lawyer.

"Yes, sir; my father——"

"Then you are a fugitive?"

"Yes, sir; I——"

"A deserter—and a murderer?"

"I killed a man—yes. In self-defense," stammered T. Jasper, now hopelessly bewildered that this man, who was to have befriended him, should have become his tormentor. "But it isn't about myself," he pleaded. "It's about poor old pater! I want to get word to him that I came through all right."

The man smiled dryly; he summoned a boy and directed him to gather up the voluminous files and take them away. Evidently they all referred to T. Jasper, and he was through with them. Then the lawyer, putting the tips of his fingers together with maddening deliberation, the while he studied the stoker, said:

"You say that you are T. Jasper—guilty of a capital offense. Yet you seem to overlook the fact that T. Jasper met his death, according to certified information, on the night of the fourteenth of June of last year. As I say, you are poorly equipped for the *rôle* you would assume. Do not interrupt me, if you please. Furthermore," went on the lawyer, his voice hardening, "if you were his son, you could hardly be in ignorance that Thaddeus Jasper of Cerro de Llama—this father for whom you are so solicitous—died at sea on the sixteenth of September following."

T. JASPER was staring aghast. His senses were rocking under the shock of this last blow. Poor old pater! Dead—and for months!

"In any event," the man was saying as he rose, "it is not the type of litigation in which we are

accustomed to engage. I suppose it is our duty to turn you over to the police—but under the circumstances we will forego that step. If you will call at this address you may be able to inform yourself and secure advice."

He thrust a card into T. Jasper's hand and left the room. Mechanically, T. Jasper obeyed the summons of a clerk who led him out. The sixteenth of September! That was ages ago. For nearly a year he had been hurrying to this tryst as the one avenue to his old identity. And now that was closed. They had turned him out like a shabby tramp, suggested that he was a feeble impostor. This was T. Jasper's first bout with legal ethics in its respectable black. He had not the slightest suspicion that they knew all about him, had been expecting him, that they were inviting him, in their eminently respectable way, to call round at the back door, where they would whisper and connive with him. Nor had he any idea that he was a rich man, and that they had already laid their plans to assist him to his inheritance at the cost of a pretty penny. It was an hour later than he roused himself.

After aimless wandering, he had drifted to a bench in Battery Park, dully conscious of his surroundings. Out in the Bay stood the gigantic figure of Liberty; beyond lay a group of ships at anchor—bark, brigantine and steamer. His ship was among them, two thousand tons of rust and slatternliness even at this distance. It was home to him, the only home he had known for almost a year.

T. Jasper bestirred himself, and made inquiries as to the address on this new slip of paper. It was in Pearl Street, and the firm name was Worden & Cotterman. Pearl Street is the crookedest street on the island, and Worden & Cotterman plied their trade at its most acute turn.

His greeting here was totally different. Whereas the eminent vendors of law in the first instance had found it necessary to look him up in their dictionary, here he was welcomed as an individual of utmost consequence. Messrs. Worden & Cotterman received him without the intervention of office-boys and clerks; they overlooked his shabby attire; they seated him in the best chair in the house, and drew up to him with the air of awaiting his word of command. But T. Jasper said nothing.

"Copper has gone to thirty-five cents, Mr. Perritt!" ventured Worden, by way of breaking the ice. T. Jasper had announced himself as T. Jasper. He sat up suddenly.

"I am not Adam Perritt!" he cried desperately. "I am done with this masquerading. My father is dead! Poor old dad! His death is on my head. What are my own troubles to me now? I come to find out about my father—Thaddeus Jasper, of Cerro de Llama— —"

Worden coughed discreetly behind his hand.

"Oh, that end of it is very satisfactory," he said airily, as though T. Jasper were questioning the authenticity of some document. "There is no trouble there. We have the death certificate from the ship's doctor and all the necessary papers. The facts of his death are abundantly established. Ease your mind on that score."

"But I am his son!" cried T. Jasper with vehemence. "Good Lord! Does that mean nothing to you? After months of helpless wandering I am come here to find poor old dad——"

"On the subject of the son of Thaddeus Jasper, of Cerro de Llama," interrupted Cotterman smoothly, "there too the facts are abundantly established. He is dead—drowned. If you have any doubts on that score, this will convince you, Mr. Perritt."

He picked up a sheaf of papers from the table. The sheet on top was an official document, with a wax wafer and a ribbon attached. He began to read, running the words together so rapidly that T. Jasper, in his anguished state, did not comprehend, until finally the lawyer reached the concluding paragraph, which he rendered articulately:

"'After my just debts have been paid, I direct that the residue and remainder of the estate, real and personal, of which I die possessed, be given to Adam Perritt, one-time fireman aboard the American ship *Elfreda*, Peter Toller, master, to have and to hold unto his heirs and assigns forever, in consideration of the great love and esteem I bear him for his kindness to my only son, Thaddeus Jasper, Junior, the facts of said son's death, on the night of June 14th, in the present year of our Lord, being now abundantly established; and I hereby appoint said Adam Perritt sole executor of my estate, without bond.'"

COTTERMAN thrust the papers into T. Jasper's hands. There was no mistaking the signature; the sight of the palsied scrawl of his father, so familiar to him, acted as the key to unlock in his brain the full understanding of all the misery and misfortune he had brought on himself and others.

"Naturally, you are a prey to deep grief," suggested Cotterman with oily emphasis, as he noted T. Jasper's agitation.

"But there is no estate," said T. Jasper dully. "So why torture me with all this rigmarole?"

"So?" cried Worden, chuckling. "Let me tell you, Mr. Perritt, that your—ah—ahem!—benefactor, just previous to his death, was shrewd enough to convert his holdings into the bonds of the Chiquili Exploration Company. They are quoted thirty-seven dollars above par, sir. If you prefer cash, we would be pleased to advise you as to other investments, Mr. Perritt." As he said this, the lawyer regarded his partner gravely.

"You say there is no estate! My dear sir! It runs into—ah—ahem!" He was about to say that it ran into six figures, but his partner kicked him under the table; there was no telling how many figures their fees would run into, and it was just as well not to be too explicit.

"It runs—ah—into a very tidy fortune, sir; especially for a stoker who has never had more than sixty dollars a month in his life." The quality of Mr. Worden's emphasis on this last was unimpeachable.

"If I could prove that T. Jasper was alive, and Adam Perritt dead," asked T. Jasper slowly, "what then? What course would the law take in that event?"

"My dear sir," said Cotterman, leaning forward and fixing T. Jasper with his glittering eye, "by the statutes we lawyers are constituted officers of the court. There is a legal remedy for every wrong. We protect our clients from others and we protect them from themselves! If you should be so foolhardy as to go into court with that contention, we would petition the court to appoint a committee of your person and estate."

He drew back and surveyed T. Jasper triumphantly.

"No, you can't squirm out of it, Mr. Perritt," he went on, evidently enjoying the humor of it. "We have taken every step necessary to complete the circle of your identification. See! Here is an affidavit signed by Captain Toller of the *Elfreda*, to the effect that he put Adam Perritt ashore at Balboa; and here is another, signed by reputable parties at Panama, swearing that the stoker put ashore from the *Elfreda* as Adam Perritt was later shipped as stoker aboard the steamship *Victory*. And here is still a third, executed only this morning, and signed by John Hines, master of the steamship *Victory*." (*Continued on page 66*)



"Adam," called the old woman in her shrill treble, "I have fetched a man of God! Tremble for your transgressions!"



"I don't know where my own people lived or what they were. Until I was seven years old I thought I was an Indian.''

Resurrection Rock

By Edwin Balmer

Illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer

THE STORY—Messages which he is convinced are from the spirit world induce Lieut. Barney Loutrelle to strike out into the Michigan woods in search of St. Florentin, a town of which he had never heard and of which even the train officials can tell him nothing. There he hopes to find out about "Resurrection" and an unknown man named Bagley. On the train he encounters Ethel Carew, discovers that her home is St. Florentin and that her father, killed in action some months before, was probably the Philip Carew from whom Loutrelle's spirit messages had come. She agrees to take him on to St. Florentin and to help him in his search.

ETHEL glanced up at Loutrelle quickly. The speculation concerning him which she had been forming during the morning, and her thought that his errand to St. Florentin was likely to influence her affairs, seemed better founded than she had guessed. He too, was feeling an association of their interests—an association not yet to be defined, but not powerless for all that.

"Do you want to tell me something of your father, Miss Carew?" he asked.

"You mean where he lived? That was in Wyoming; we had a ranch once on the Powder River; later we—my father and myself, Mr. Loutrelle; my mother died when I was three—we moved to Sheridan and he became interested in a large number of development projects. I know a good deal about them and what he did until he went to France a year and a half ago; he had irrigation and water-power works planned in Wyoming and Montana and other parts of the West. Is that what you wanted to know?"

"Partly. Then he wasn't connected particularly with this section?"

"Only through me—or my mother's family."

"Or with Charlevoix County across the lake?"

"Not at all; why?"

"That's the only place I ever was, before I went into the war—the section about twelve miles inland and six or seven miles this side of Boyne. You know that particular part, Miss Carew?"

"They've farms there, haven't they? Then your people lived——"

"I don't know where my own people lived or what they were," Loutrelle interrupted quickly. "And the part I'm thinking of isn't farms. It's much like this," he glanced about at the trees, "second-growth woods, only a bit older; and Indians like Asa Redbird."

"You mean——"

"I lived with them; yes, Miss Carew. Until I was seven years old I thought I was an Indian myself. Some Chippewas—a good man, Azen Mabo and his wife—had me. I don't remember ever thinking that they were my parents; I guess I had some sort of memory of other Indians who had me before. But I can remember the day Azen told me that I was white."

HE said this quite without bitterness, simply as a statement of a fact; but Ethel saw his lips press tight together, involuntarily; his eyes gazed vacantly far away and something within Ethel's breast seemed to tug and draw taut. Consciously as she observed him, she was looking for mark of Indian in his features—for a sallowness of skin or flattening of cheekbone. The glare of the noon sun, and the dazzle from the snow, gave a light to exaggerate any coarseness or blunting of feature; but it showed him only fairer of skin and with purer proportions in his face than he had seemed to possess before. And, unconsciously, her gaze gave him to her now, as a little boy in poor, ragged clothing—a fair-skinned, good-looking little boy with that same pleasant, likeable look in his gray eyes—standing in an Indian hut in woods like these and looking up at an Indian, like Asa, who was telling him that he was white.

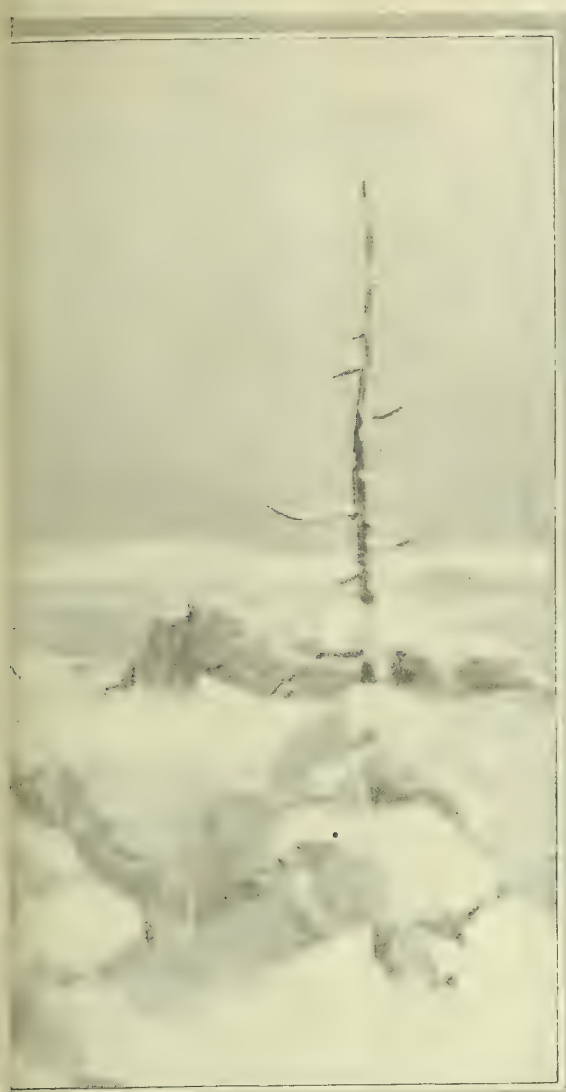
"Azen told me he got me from another Indian—a man named Noah Jo, who had had a boat and moved around a good deal," Loutrelle went on. "He didn't find out much about me; for Noah Jo was sick when he sent for Azen and died about the time Azen got there. Azen took, with me, Noah Jo's rifle and boat and gear and some other things; one of them was a ring which Noah Jo said went with me. Azen showed it to me then, Miss Carew; and years later, he gave it to me. Would you like to see it?"

"Please," Ethel said, that strange tug pulling at her harder. What he was saying to her was no oft-repeated or cheaply told tale, she was sure; he was bringing himself to relate these circumstances of his life only after a struggle with his pride. And she could guess how hard and bitter must have been the building of that pride by the little boy—a white boy in the Indian shack in the woods.

He took off a glove and, putting his hand inside of his coat, he felt in some secure inner pocket and took out a little chamois bag from which he drew a ring—a woman's ring, Ethel saw when she received it. It was a small but remarkable ring of gold, without jewels but decorated in a beautiful and stately manner. It was an old ring, not marked with a date, but of a fashion which suggested a century, or two centuries, gone. Ethel could not visualize it alone upon a woman's hand; its original possessor, she thought, certainly had counted this only one among many ornaments for her slender fingers. And the image it called up caused Ethel to glance up at its present owner with new estimation which he met by color deepening upon his cheek though his eyes met hers steadily.

"What did that mean to you?" she asked, holding it a moment longer before giving it back.

"Nothing much at first, that I remember," he said. "I was white; but for a while I went with the Indians more than with the white. Indian boys and girls, as well as white, attended the same little schoolhouse on the Charlevoix road. I was either Barney Mabo or some people called me Barney-with-the-Mabos, giving me no last name of my own. When I got older, I used to do chores for the white farmers around; and they treated me like white. One of them got me a job in Boyne City so I could go to high-school. That was



when Azen gave me the ring; he knew I wasn't coming back to him—to stay. He never showed the ring to anyone else—except maybe to some of his Indian friends. I never did, Miss Carew."

He considered it for a moment, holding it in the palm of his bare hand; they were proceeding slowly side by side. "Being a woman's ring," he said, "I supposed it was my mother's—whoever she was and however she happened to give it, and me, to Noah Jo. But it didn't seem to me that I could do anything about finding her, except by accident. So I just kept the ring and tried not to think too much about her. Being busy helped. You see," he smiled a little in his retrospection as he put the ring away, "it wasn't any absolute cinch going through Boyne high-school and supporting yourself. Then the war came along; and I went."

"In 1917?"

"No; just after the Marne; with the Canadians."

"Oh! Did you? That was fine!"

"I had the luck to be pinged a little the next fall—a 'cushy blighter;' you know?"

"Yes; a wound taking you back to London."

"THAT'S it. I spent the winter of 1915-16 there, Miss Carew. I was just a kid, not hurt a lot but temporarily on crutches, though I could get about pretty well. England was laying herself out for the Canadians. We'd been having our big losses together; almost everybody had someone who'd gone 'west;' and most of 'em couldn't realize it. London—and all England, Miss Carew—was full of people trying to get in touch with fellows who'd been reported killed—just their names brought home on a government telegram and maybe a package of letters returned later."

"Yes; I know," Ethel said quietly, her breath catching a little.

"So it wasn't strange that a good many people were trying to find out more."

"You mean trying to trace men, reported killed, who might merely have been missing."

"Yes; they did that; but more generally they accepted the truth of the government report but tried to reach their dead."

"Oh!"

"You see 'Raymond' had recently been killed—— "

"You mean—— "

"Sir Oliver Lodge's son; yes, Miss Carew. His father and mother and friends were receiving messages which they published and which they were sure must be from him; and thousands of other people—not a crazy lot but scientists and lawyers and editors and judges and king's counselors and hard-headed merchants and all sorts of Englishmen—were getting communications which they believed must be from their men who'd been killed."

"Oh!" Ethel murmured again. She did not hear what he said during the next moments. Her thoughts had gone from him to the letter he had shown her; she was rehearsing the words which referred to her father. "Oh!"

THEY were still following, mechanically and without effort, the wide course of the old St. Florentin road which lay two feet or three feet or five—according to the depth of the new drifts—below the glistening crust of the snow. The air had become so calm that the midday sun was dispensing more appreciable warmth. Ethel could feel it mitigating the cold of the air upon her cheek; she could see it beginning to melt the surface of the tiny snow ridges rounded up on the lower boughs of the trees. The sun failed to quite dissolve the snow, succeeding only in making it fluid enough to refreeze as ice on the bottom of the twigs and mantle the boughs more closely.

It was quite comfortable pushing along the skis; indeed, Ethel felt warmth and loosened her coat-collar. They had passed no one; and except for scars on the drifts here and there which probably marked Aza Redbird's trail to Quesnel, they saw no mark of human presence. Bird tracks patterned a powdery drift; a dog—probably the property of one of Asa's neighbors back in the woods—had crossed the road. Once a shadow flapped and passed obliquely before them; and Ethel, gazing up, saw a hawk high in the sky.

". . . talked a lot about it," Loutrelle was saying when next she was conscious of hearing. "But I had no particular reason for being interested. I'd lost some pals, of course; but we never talked in the trenches of caring to communicate with them. All that sort of thing was back home in England; and it seemed silly or queer, what I'd learned of it from Huston. His aunt and his cousins—the girls—went in for it hard; they'd lost their men, you see. They were all sure they were getting messages back and forth and could find out all sorts of things. They had a 'sitting' one evening at their house when I was with them for dinner and it occurred to me, if there's anything in this rot, why not try to find out about myself? So I sat with them and asked them to inquire about my mother and father. I'd not told any one of them—even Hus, then—anything except that I had no parents; and I received in reply the foolest sort of tosh. 'There is someone here who is loved by another—a mother—very distant,'" he continued, quoting another's voice. "'There is a dark-eyed, fatherly man who also loves him. They do not know where he is.'

"Well, Miss Carew," he ceased to quote. "It was worse than gipsy fortune-telling or palm-reading. But having got me to try, the Adleys wouldn't leave me alone till I'd tried other mediums, and if variety in my life was what I wanted they gave it to me.

"I'd supposed that my mother probably was dead; and if there was anything at all in these séances which so many important people believed in, I thought I could at least find out whether she was living or dead. But when I asked one medium, I'd be told she was living; the next would say she was dead. About my father likewise. Rot or nothing. Then I returned to duty and forgot all about it at the front till I was laid up in London again for a few weeks ending last October. Hus Adley, who'd finally lost an arm and was permanently on duty in London, had gone quite over to the civilian enthusiasms, and he dragged me around to sittings in a private house on Cavendish Square. You know London, Miss Carew?"

"I know Cavendish Square," Ethel said.

"It's of no great importance except you see the



She could understand better now the marks which the struggle had left upon him.



She was aware that he must have overheard her talk over the telephone.

neighborhood wasn't one where you'd look for cheap frauds."

"No. What happened?"

"Several affairs which startled other people."

"But yourself?"

"Well, I got a few surprises, too."

"Of what sort?"

"Facts about myself instead of foolishness. Somebody connected with that affair—I'm not saying that the information came from spirits—but somebody in that room seemed to know just about everything concerning me. And I found out that my father was living but my mother was dead."

"How did you find that out?"

"At the sitting."

"BUT you said that at other sittings you'd been told such things before," Ethel objected, "and you thought it was rot."

"Because of the other things told me at the same time about matters which I knew were foolish. But this time—well, I admit several shocks. The medium told little details about me for years back, especially about my life over here. She knew about my ring and Azen Mabo and Noah Jo; about my friends in Boyne high-school—people I'd never mentioned."

"How did she know?"

"That's what gave me a jump. Of course she might have learned those things if she'd taken the trouble or if Hus had sent a staff of detectives over here. Everything could have been learned naturally."

"Then why didn't you think it was?"

"I haven't said it was learned unnaturally; but it was such a mixed lot of facts, Miss Carew. It seemed to me a most enormous waste of time for anyone to have sent over here collecting all those facts about me. I'm normal, Miss Carew; I don't prefer weird explanations. But I admit I walked the streets of London that night. For you see, one of two things must be true; someone dead, but able to communicate with me, knew a lot about me; and might tell more; or the someone was living; and then——"

"What?"

"I couldn't figure his—or her—reasons."

"For?"

"Communicating with me that way."

"So you believed——"

"Nothing yet. But of course I went back to the same woman, alone this time, the next afternoon."

"And you got?"

"Nothing at all."

"Oh!"

"That rather let me down. The next day I had to go back to France. I was at the front; but Hus stayed in London and kept trying to find out more for me and on November 7th wrote me the letter I showed you."

"About my father!"

"Of course I'd no idea who he was then or why he wanted me."

"But what did you do?"

"Nothing right away. We were fighting hard until the 11th."

"Of course; but then?"

"I was kept with the battalion. I had more time to myself; but no chance to go to London."

"Or to try to 'get' my father where you were, Mr. Loutrelle? I suppose that meant through a sitting in France."

"To tell the truth, it seemed all silly stuff to me again, Miss Carew; the jump I'd got from that one good evening had worn off. Then I had the luck, on the twelfth of December, to get a special discharge. I wired Hus in London that I was coming and we'd have a good time. But he wired back not to come to England but to get passage to America; said he was writing in explanation. This letter came two days later."

He halted again and put his hand into his coat pocket, drawing out an envelope similar to the other and with English stamp and postmark. Ethel recognized the same vigorous handwriting. Taking out the letter, she turned her back to the sun and read:

"Dear Barney:

"If you've never taken anything on trust before, take this from me, old top. Beat it for home—particularly to the town of St. Florentin in Northern Michigan. Do you know it?

"If you don't, find it! It's not on any map I've looked at, I admit; but it's somewhere near a Strait which must be Mackinac.

"Now I'll not tell you why I'm ordering this. You'd say tosh and rot; but go! Particularly find someone named Roxane or perhaps it's a house or a place near the water. Wait around. There'll be someone named Bagley there and Carew—not the Philip Carew I've mentioned before, unless there's another; maybe a relation.

"You're to tell Bagley you're Dick and you'll take things over. Now I don't know what this refers to; and neither will you, probably. But it's all I can find out. I don't think you'll learn more except by going. Only believe me, if I were you, I'd go at once. HUS."

"P. S. You may have to look out when you get there. But you can see to yourself."

ETHEL looked up. "Did anything follow?"

"In explanation from Hus? No."

"Then what did you do?"

"Started . . . It must look silly to you, I suppose. But the war was over; I was let out. I had nowhere to go except to Hus—and he didn't want me—or else come back here. So I came here."

He was now dissembling, she knew, the effect upon himself of his experience in London and this letter.

"I'd have come, in your place, I think," Ethel said quietly. "Though I suppose that your friend means that he obtained this information by—unusual methods."

"Yes."

"From my father?"

"He doesn't say that."

"But you think it."

"A good many times since leaving France I've thought that the whole business was a hoax, Miss Carew, especially when I got all the way to Chicago and even to Escanaba without finding anyone who had ever heard of St. Florentin."

"But now?"

He looked down, his gray eyes challenging hers honestly and seriously.

"What do you think, Miss Carew?"

"Well, certainly there is a St. Florentin—and you didn't know it in December."

"No; nor till this morning. But that's not denying there might be someone in London who knew it."

"Then there's the Rock."

"To which the same applies," he said.

"But that couldn't apply to me, Mr. Loutrelle. No one in London in December could have known I was to go to St. Florentin. I didn't know it myself, then."

"But you often came; someone might know that."

"Yes; but our meeting this morning——"

"Was a coincidence, of course, Miss Carew. But I've been thinking a good deal about it, too. Against it, there's one wild shot anyway. There's no Bagley about."

"No."

"Well, what do you think?"

She made no immediate answer but gazed down at the letter which she re-read before returning it to him.. "What do you suppose (*Continued on page 68*)

The Judgment

By
Angela Morgan
Decoration by Vincent Aderente

THEN all the nations, they stood up
Like mountains, one by one;
For the last trump had sounded
And blood was on the sun.
And blood was on their guilty hands,
Red as the eye of Mars;
No grief could wash that crimson white
'Neath the accusing stars.

'WHAT mean these ghastly mounds of sod?
Lo, tell me why such gifts ye bring:
Is this the world's high offering
To Him who gave His breath?
I brought you only life," said God,
"Why have ye brought me death?"
Then all the nations, they stood up
To tell the reason why,
And none was loath
To give her oath
In the white courts of the sky.
"Bring ye no petty pleas to me!"
Said God, "from men created free."
"Nay, free we were not, God," said one
With a great sobbing voice;
"Ours not the blame for war begun,
Nor ours the word; we had no choice;
Tortured to see our brothers slain,
Under the whip we fought, in pain."

"YEA, Lord, my sister speaketh well!"
Another cried, and smote her breast,
"Under the lash this wrong befell—
No pity was there, and no rest."
And all the nations, one by one,
Their tale of bondage spoke;
Their naked backs beneath the sun
Bore each a grievous yoke.
Whether a monarchy that told
Its wrongs beneath a scepter's might,
Autocracy, with rod of gold,
Republics, with their freer light,
One vindication, one alone
Was theirs to plead before the throne. . . .
A sudden blight fell on the sun
And all the nations, one by one
Beheld a pall as black as night
Cover God's features out of sight.

"HOW listened ye to kings' command
And heard not mine. . . . 'Possess the land'!"
And all the nations, they went down
Like sunset, out of sight:
When lo, within the East there rose
A new and wondrous light.
"The star! The star!" cried everyone,
Men bowed themselves in prayer.
In grandeur rose that silent sun. . . .
And the New World was there!





Benny the Duck's blow stuns the *Butler.*

Three Wise Fools

By Austin Strong

THE average man of middle life drops into a rut and as he drops into that rut his perspective narrows until he can not see over the edges. He has lost his way. Youth and its guiding star of hope and interest have faded out of his sky. He shambles along. His life becomes spent in resistance to the pressure of keen young spirits with their everlasting desire to be doing something. His muscles are stiff, his joints creak, "his mind has a formal cut." He is drifting steadily downward and Nature has already begun to look upon him as something that encumbers her plans, and she prepares to push him off the boards to make way for the ambitious and virile successor. And the folly of it all! For this man at fifty could still be young, could enjoy all the good things in life and keep up with the procession of dancing, laughing spirits had he not fallen into a rut and stayed in it until it has shut him hopelessly within its confines.

Walter Camp

FINDLEY—Umph! What in the name of—What's come over the servants in this house—that fool Gray has forgotten the spoon—the spoon! Of all the amazing idiots!

Dr. Gaunt—Here's your spoon! I took it!

Findley—You took it—what for?

Dr. Gaunt—To prove a point in my thesis here on the "Unburied Dead!" Teddy, you're one of them.

Findley—What?

Dr. Gaunt—For two years at exactly 8.45—Government time—your right hand has reached for that spoon. For two years at 8.46 you have swallowed that medicine—and for two years it hasn't done you the least bit of good!

Findley—Well, you prescribed it.

Dr. Gaunt—Two years ago. Teddy, don't you see the awful significance of that spoon! Because it was not in its proper place—



Benny the Duck: "It's all up with me now!" *Sidney:* "No, no, I'll help you to escape."

the top of your head was in imminent danger of exploding.

Findley—What's the matter with you to-night, Dick—you're queer!

Dr. Gaunt—No, Teddy—we are all three of us queer. We're deep in grooves—we're chained by habits, harnessed by custom. We're knee-deep in ruts—while flowered meadows beckon us on every hand! Ha, ha,—Ruts! Teddy, ruts! We're resting on our achievements—we're living on what we have done and not what we are going to do. And worst of all—we're satisfied. We need to be galvanized into life—throw off our chains, climb out of our ruts and roll among the buttercups!

Findley—Roll among the buttercups! Don't you think it's time you went to bed, Dick?

Dr. Gaunt—No! What we need is inspiration. Something "to stab our spirits wide awake!" We need youth — color — danger—excitement—revolution—pain will do, or riotous sin!

Findley—Now for the *first* time you interest me! What would you suggest?

Dr. Gaunt—Well, I'm rather vague about such matters, but I can imagine something wicked. Champagne, champagne out of a satin slipper—something red-headed!

Gordon—Hello, folks.

Dr. Gaunt—Ah, it's your prodigal.

Findley—Umph!

Gordon—I thought I'd just drift in!

Findley—Drift—yes, that's the word for you! (*Findley always shows his fondness for his nephew by quarreling with him.*)

Dr. Gaunt—Gordon, do you see that cold piece of human clay sitting over there? Take a good look at him. For there you sit forty years from now. At your age he was exactly like you—only wilder!

Gordon—Wilder!



When *Sidney* (Helen Mencken) crooks a finger, all Three Wise Fools jump to wait upon her.



Dr. Gaunt: "You're knee-deep in ruts, Jimmy. Every day for two years you've taken the same dose."

Dr. Gaunt—Yes, and as a psychoanalyst I can tell you that forty years from now you will have the same habits—the same body and face and temper and be settled in the same ruts as that terrible result of a well-ordered life—sitting over there stewing in his own iniquity! If you don't believe me—here's documentary evidence—a photograph of the three of us taken at your age! Your uncle, Judge Trumbull, and myself.

Gordon—Why, what's written here—Athos, Porthos, Aramis!

Dr. Gaunt—The Three Musketeers.

Gordon—You three?

Dr. Gaunt—Yes.

Gordon (*looking further in the photograph album*)—I say, who's the peach?

Dr. Gaunt—Rena Fairchild.

Gordon—She's a pippin, Doctor! Why, here are ome more pictures of her—why, the whole book's full f her.

Dr. Gaunt—We were in love with her.

Gordon—We?

Dr. Gaunt—Yes, your uncle, Judge Trumbull, and I.

Gordon—Oh! the Three Musketeers.

Dr. Gaunt—Yes, all with the same girl.

Gordon—One for all and all (*Continued on page 62*)



"In this picture we find an extraordinarily difficult subject handled with complete success."

Castelucho-the Sargent of Spain

By Gardner Teall

IT is not so many years ago that a young Spaniard, Claudio Castelucho, found his way from Barcelona, his native city, to Paris. The world lay before him; dreams of becoming a fine painter were his, for in his heart he cherished the ambition to achieve fame as an artist. He had studied drawing before his resolve to seek his fortune in the French capital, had studied it with a thoroughness that unmistakably betokened his bent; yet I do not think that in his youthful productions one would have found hint of all that the future was holding in store for him.

DURING his study years Castelucho was quite aware of the fact that when we view Nature we do not see objects as they are in actuality, nor do we, without directed effort, examine closely to discover the minutiæ of realism. The superficial painter so often accepts this phenomenon as lending approval to superficial productions, in consequence of which such a painter's work bears the stamp of the transitory, even if endowed with those pleasing qualities of the moment, because their impression is not a lasting one. I think Castelucho realized the necessity of mastering the fundamentals of art, which fundamentals are never apart from an investigation of reality in order that the artist may avoid its pitfalls, its commonplaces. At any rate, master them he did, even though, in the process, his early productions appeared more solid than pleasing. The result was that, in the end, the paintings of Castelucho won generous and unstinted praise when they came to be shown in the two Salons.

Castelucho studied with Whistler for a time, but one does not find in his work any suggestion of Whistler. In the "Danse de la Peur," recently exhibited in the Petit Palais, Paris, one finds much more that is reminiscent of Sargent's influence than of Whistler's. How vibrant it is, how expressive of the Spanish temperament that is Castelucho's heritage. Withal, Castelucho's art is, as one of his critics has said, "distinctive and personal, pervaded by the joy and sparkle of Spanish life." In this picture we find an extraordinarily difficult subject handled with complete success, with remarkable skill. There is not an uninteresting note in the whole composition. What a study of light, as we see it thrown from above upon the dancer. Somehow that great disk reminds us of Cowper's lines:

> "The rout is Folly's circle, which she draws
> With magic wand. So potent is the spell
> That none decoy'd into that fatal ring,
> Unless by heaven's peculiar grace, escape,
> There we grow early gray, but never wise."

The central figure in this "Dance of Fear" is a fine characterization. Her whole movement, her whole expression seems to be interpreting, through the mysteries and through the magic of the dance, Shakespeare's lines:

"I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine."

The dancer portrayed by Castelucho has succeeded in making effective Cervantes' observation that fear has many eyes.

SPANISH painting takes little account of such things so dear to the Italian masters as what Brinton calls the "suavity of form and the imaginative fervor." Castelucho's paintings are no exception to this national impress.

Castelucho made his début at the Salon of 1897 (Société des Artistes Français) and followed by exhibiting at the Salon of 1898 (Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts). He was then twenty-eight. Castelucho's paintings cover a wide subject field—figures and landscapes. His "Fleurs au Luxembourg," the "Toros à Sevilla," an "Interior of the Alhambra," his portraits of women (these did, in the earlier examples, show Whistler's influence), the dancing subjects painted between 1904 and 1911, his still-life, flower, and his boudoir subjects all display an ability of high order.

While we are well acquainted in America with those two Spanish moderns, Sorolla and Zuloaga, we have had little opportunity over here to study the many excellent works of other contemporary Spanish painters of importance, Castelucho among them, although his name is widely known in Europe. In figure painting Spanish genius rises to its height, and Castelucho must rank with modern Spanish masters in this respect, and his art is as distinctive as is that of Sorolla and Zuloaga, still containing as it does something essentially racial that his French training and residence in Paris have not disturbed.

"SHE looked as though Allegre had caught her in the precincts of some temple . . . in the mountains"

Thus begins the narrative that captivated the fancy of the young adventurer, Don George,—the story of the lovely and mysterious Doña Rita, heiress of the distinguished painter, Henry Allegre.

"As a matter of fact, Henry Allegre caught her very early one morning in his own old garden full of thrushes and other small birds. She was sitting on a stone, a fragment of some old balustrade, with her feet in the damp grass, and reading a tattered book of some kind. She had a short black, twopenny frock and there was a hole in one of her stockings. She raised her eyes and saw him looking down at her thoughtfully over that ambrosian beard of his, like Jove at a mortal. They exchanged a good long stare, for at first she was too startled to move; and then he murmured, '*Restez donc.*' She lowered her eyes again on her book and after a while heard him walk away on the path. Then she crossed the street. She had a hole in her stocking because she was then careless and untidy and totally unconscious of her personal appearance. She told me herself that she was not even conscious then of her personal existence. She is of peasant stock, you know. This is the true origin of the mysterious girl that the privileged personalities great in art, in letters, in politics, or simply in the world, could see on the big sofa during the gatherings in Allegre's exclusive Pavilion: the Doña Rita of their respectful addresses, manifest and mysterious, like an object of art from some unknown period; the Doña Rita of the initiated Paris. Doña Rita and nothing more—unique and indefinable."

Then follows Don George's account of his own first impression of Doña Rita—the beginning of an immortal love.



JOSEPH CONRAD

Portrait Bust by Jo Davidson

The Arrow of Gold

By Joseph Conrad

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JOSEPH CONRAD—a Polish lad who at seventeen did not know a word of English, and had yet to catch his first glimpse of the ocean—published at thirty-seven in English a marvelous story of the South Sea Islands, based on his own experiences.

Sixteen years at sea—as able seaman, officer, and sailing master—ielded the young Teodor Jozef Konrad Korzeniowski ("Joseph Conrad" he called himself when he became a British citizen) adventures enough for twenty-three novels and books of short stories.

Into every romantic corner of the globe he nosed—China, India, the Malay Archipelago, Sumatra, Australia, South America, the West Indies, the Congo, the Red Sea, Spain, France, England and Russia.

When he came ashore for good, after a horrible adventure in the Congo, he brought with him his first novel, "Almayer's Folly," and he has been writing steadily and brilliantly ever since. "Almayer's Folly" was accepted by the first publisher who read it, and attracted considerable attention; and the "Nigger of the 'Narcissus'" which followed it a couple of years later won Conrad international fame as the great English novelist of the sea. Of all the tales he brought back with him "Typhoon," a brief account of a storm in the China Seas off Formosa, and "Lord Jim," a novel of cowardice and remorse and courage, are probably the most distinguished. "Chance," "Youth" and his island tale "Victory" are also of first rank.

"The Arrow of Gold" is the story of a great love—and a great love story, that will be held in memory so long as love stories are read!

THE woman of whom I had heard so much, in a sort of way in which I had never heard a woman spoken of before, was coming down the stairs, and my first sensation was that of profound astonishment at this evidence that she did really exist. And even then the visual impression was more of color in a picture than of the forms of actual life. She was wearing a wrapper, a sort of dressing-gown of pale blue silk, lapped round her and held together by a broad belt of the same material. The white stairs, the deep crimson of the carpet and the light blue of the dress made an effective combination of color to set off the delicate carnation of that face, which, after the first glance given to the whole person, drew irresistibly one's gaze to itself by an indefinable quality of charm beyond all analysis and made you think of remote races, of strange generations, of the faces of women sculptured on immemorial monuments and of those lying unsung in their tombs. While she moved downward from step to step with slightly lowered eyes there flashed upon me suddenly the recollection of words heard at night, of Allegre's words about her, of there being in her "something of the women of all time."

All this was part of the enchantment she cast over me. Woman and the sea revealed themselves to me together, as it were; two mistresses of life's values. The illimitable greatness of the one, the unfathomable seduction of the other working their immemorial spells from generation to generation fell upon my heart at last.

It was past four o'clock before I left the house. But in those four hours since midday a complete change had come over me. For good or evil I left that house committed to an enterprise that could not be talked about.

Don George has pledged himself to work with Doña Rita in the cause of the Pretender to the Spanish throne.

But lest love of Doña Rita grow out of this association a kindly woman warns Don George.

"You may be sure of one thing, that she is both flesh and shadow more than any one that I have seen. Keep that well in your mind: She is for no man! She would be vanishing out of their hands like water that cannot be held!"

After months of close intimacy in their service of the Pretender, Doña Rita is drawn to confide somewhat of her past. Don George has hitherto known practically nothing of her except the vibrant warmth of her personality and his love for her.

"I WAS about eleven years old then," said Doña Rita, "and I was very friendly with the goats. We clambered amongst the stones together. . . The boy was a wealthy cousin of mine. He had an unhappy mouth and unhappy eyes and he was always wretched about something. He used to curse God, yes, that boy, sitting there on a piece of rock like a wretched little Prometheus with a sparrow pecking at his miserable little liver.

"One day he came up and sat down very dignified a little bit away from me and told me he had been thrashed for wandering in the hills.

"'To be with me?' I asked. And he said: 'To be with you! No. My people don't know what I do.' I can't tell why, but I was annoyed. So instead of raising a clamor of pity over him, which I suppose he expected me to do, I asked him if the thrashing hurt very much. He got up, he had a switch in his hand, and walked up to me, saying, 'I will soon show you.' I went stiff with fright; but instead of slashing at me he dropped down by my side and kissed me on the cheek. Then he did it again, and by that time I was gone dead all over and he could have done what he liked with the corpse, but he left off suddenly and then I came to life again and I bolted away.

"After that he made my life very lively for me. Sometimes he used to come on me unawares and then I had to sit still and listen to his miserable ravings, because he would catch me round the waist and hold me very tight. But if I caught sight of him at a distance and tried to dodge out of the way he would start stoning me into a shelter I knew of and then sit outside with a heap of stones at hand so that I daren't show the end of my nose for hours. Then as the sun was about to set he would make me swear that I would marry him when I was grown up. 'Swear, you little wretched beggar,' he would yell to me. And I would swear. Oh, I swore ever so many times to be his wife. Thirty times a month for two months. I couldn't help myself."

Doña Rita lapses into silence and it is not from her but from her maid that Don George learns that she is still harassed by fear of her cousin. It is for this—and perhaps for some subtle conviction she has that she must always remain aloof from love—that Doña Rita begs Don George to leave her.

"TAKE this fancy out and trample it down in the dust," she said in a tone of timid entreaty.

But with every word urging me to get away, her clasp tightened, she hugged my head closer to her breast. I submitted, knowing well that I could free myself by one more effort which it was in my power to make. But before I made it, in a sort of desperation, I pressed a long kiss into the hollow of her throat. And lo—there was no need for any effort. With a stifled cry of surprise her arms fell off me as if she had been shot. She stood there lost in vision—or was it a sensation—of the most absorbing kind. And I left her looking fixedly at me, with a sort of stupefaction on her features—in her whole attitude—as though she had never even heard of such a thing as a kiss in her life.

I must say that for the next three months I threw myself into my unlawful trade with a sort of desperation, dogged and hopeless, like a fairly decent fellow who takes deliberately to drink. At last came the day when everything slipped out of my grasp. The little vessel, broken and gone like the only toy of a lonely child, the sea itself, which had swallowed it, throwing me on shore after a shipwreck that instead of a fair fight left in me the memory of a suicide. It took away all that there was in me of independent life but just failed to take me out of the (*Concluded on page 62*)



Now that the day of the airship is dawning, science must forecast weather long enough ahead to cover trans-Atlantic voyages.

New Kind of Weather
Chinese and Candy
10,530 Bugs
1/100,000,000 th of an Inch
No Harm from War

By Henry Smith Williams, M.D., LL.D.

THE advent of the airship as a practical commercial vehicle gives to the science of weather prediction a new status.

As the time is near when we shall all travel more or less by the air route, it is obvious that the science of forecasting the weather is by way of taking its place as a public question comparable to the problem of good roads, and of public hygiene.

Such being the case, it is interesting to know on high authority that there are possibilities of developing the science and art of weather prediction so that the forecast will cover a period of several days—long enough, let us say, for the trans-Atlantic or trans-Pacific voyage.

This optimistic opinion is expressed by Dr. C. C. Abbot of the Smithsonian Institution, who tells us, however, that very large additions to our present knowledge are necessary before such forecasting of weather at long distance will be possible. The new knowledge refers primarily to conditions not on the earth itself but at the surface of the sun.

IT has long been known that the sun's surface presents ever-changing series of spots; that the increase and decrease has a tendency to periodicity; that there is a slight but measurable corresponding fluctuation in output of solar energy; and that sun-spot activity is directly associated with certain phenomena of the earth's atmosphere, notably those of a magnetic character. Extensive observations, however, at various parts of the earth's surface reveal an interesting paradox. It appears that at a sun-spot maximum, when the sun gives out more heat, the temperature at various regions of the earth's surface is lowered instead of raised. Attempts at explanation are found in the suggestion that additional numbers of electrons shot out from the sun-spots serve as centers of condensation of moisture in the earth's atmosphere, and thus produce clouds that shield the earth's surface from the sun.

THE additional observations in question must be made at astronomical stations located in cloudless regions. Each of these stations, it is estimated, will cost five thousand or ten thousand dollars, and call for an annual expenditure of about the same sum. But this seems a trifle compared with the possible benefits to be derived. Even at the maximum estimate, a thousand of these observing stations could be installed and maintained for a year for a sum that the great war cost us during each *day* of its maintenance. And unlike the war expenditure, the outlay for sun-spot observatories would come back. It would be repaid many fold through saving in aërial commerce,—provided of course, the anticipations as to making weather prophecy an exact science are justified.

CHINESE AND CANDY

IN these days of food shortage and ascending prices, it would seem that any promising addition to the dietary would receive hearty welcome. It appears, however, according to the report of Dr. David Fairchild, Agricultural Explorer in charge of foreign seed and plant production of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, that the public is very capricious in its taste, and that the introduction of a new food plant calls for tact and perseverance. It is not enough that the plant should furnish food that is wholesome and nutritious. The public will have none of it unless a sentiment has been created in its favor that amounts to a fashion.

DR. FAIRCHILD tells some amusing anecdotes illustrating the prejudice against unfamiliar foods; his experience with the mango. With great pride he sent the first specimen to the then Secretary of Agriculture.

"Never shall I forget the disappointment when I learned that one smell of it was enough; that he gave it to one of his friends; that this friend tried it on his family, who passed it on to the colored man that cut the grass; the colored man gave it to the chickens, and they all declined to like it—my precious and only mango, which I knew Englishmen in India would rave over!"

BUT the experimenter had merely taken his mango to the wrong market. Subsequently he experimented on a more extensive scale, to find out ultimately that for every person who disliked the mango there were a dozen who liked it, and a half dozen who were enthusiastic about it. And so it is with other fruits and vegetables to which one has not been accustomed. One must take into account not merely individual, but national predilections. The American taste in foods, for example, is something quite different from that of the Chinese. "The Chinese do not like soft-berry fruits, such as raspberries, and prefer to eat their stone fruits while still hard; they eat their rice without salt; they do not like butter nor milk because it smells too strongly of the cow; they are not, as we are, absurdly fond of sweet candy (they find it too sweet); they cannot understand how we can bear the flavor of tomatoes, nor why we don't all like the flavor of soy sauce instead of meat gravy."

This is in explanation of the difficulty in introducing the soy bean, which is a favorite vegetable in the Orient. Obviously we cannot be guided by the taste of the foreigner in selecting the best varieties of this or any other exotic vegetable.

AMONG the unfamiliar food-plants to which Dr. Fairchild refers are the Arracacha, a favorite vegetable among the Venezuelans; the soy bean, of which over a thousand varieties have been introduced for experiment; the dasheen, of which over a hundred varieties have been tested from among those grown in one form or another by millions of people throughout the tropics; the kaki or Oriental persimmon; the Chinese jujube; the paitsai, or Chinese mustard; and the chayote. The last named is a species of mango squash which for a long time has been cultivated by a few French descendants in New Orleans, Charleston, and Savannah, but which recently has claimed the attention of the experts of the Department of Agriculture who are planning for the distribution of a thousand bushels of chayotes, to be accompanied by the most carefully-thought-out literature,—a highly creditable propaganda in the endeavor to educate the public to the point of accepting good things that are available

10,530 BUGS

WHEN numbers are in question the insect population so preponderates over all other living things that it seems as if the world should be regulated largely for its convenience. And in point of fact it is. Taking the insect population by and large, we may say of it that it follows its own free will, practically unmolested by man. Meantime there are thousands of insect tribes to which man pays habitual tribute. Not willing tribute, assuredly; but tribute measured in monetary terms none the less.

Estimates as to the amount of this tribute are mere guesses, but the annual sum runs high into the millions. Were man left to his own devices in combating the insects, his task would be entirely hopeless, and the human race would quickly perish. Fortunately, however, we have a group of wonderful allies in the great tribe of *insectivorous birds*, and by them the insect hosts are kept somewhat in check.

Few things are more singular than the resignation with which farmers in general accept the visitation of the insect pests. A striking illustration of this is furnished by Professor Harry B. Weiss, of the New Jersey State Department of Agriculture, who has kept records for a good many years of the inquiries made by interested persons for information as to the possibility of combating insect pests. In the years 1913 to 1917, inclusive, the total number of inquiries ranged from 329 to 592 annually. Only this insignificant number of individuals in a population of two and a half million thought it worth while to seek authoritative knowledge as to what might be done.

WHAT is equally surprising, perhaps, is that the number of species of insects referred to in the various inquiries year by year ranges from 133 to 167; whereas the total number of species of insects recorded from New Jersey is 10,530. Of the insects that do attract attention, by far the greater number fall into three groups, the order known as Homoptera, which includes the locusts and various tribes of plant lice; Coleoptera, or beetles; and Lepidoptera, or moths and butterflies. Of other orders, the numerous flies and the tribe that includes ants and bees attract a certain amount of attention; and all the rest are practically ignored.

Among the species of insects which receive especial attention in Professor Weiss's report are the peach borer, the little red house-ant, the house-fly, the plum curculio, the codling moth, the roach, the San José scale, the cabbage maggot, the elm-leaf beetle, the rose chafer, and—as a matter of course—the mosquito. In general, it is stated, that aside from a certain small group of insects with which the entomologist is quite familiar, but which constantly harass the agriculturist, the insects that attract widespread attention are those which have been forced upon the attention of the public by advertising. "Public attention was directed to them and not attracted by them."

IT is desirable that there should be a great deal more advertising devoted to injurious insects and the ways of combating them. The endeavor would give a return in the saving of dollars and cents that would ultimately redound to the advantage of every individual who pays for farm produce.

To cite a single illustration, there are tens of thousands of apple trees within easy reach of New York that bear year after year abundant crops of apples that are not fit for mar-

keting, because they are blighted by insects. Make war on the insects and the apple crop would be tremendously augmented.

ONE-HUNDRED-MILLIONTH OF AN INCH

MYSTERY is always charming; and assuredly there is no mystery in the physical world that is more elusive than the question of the structure of the unit particle of matter, the atom.

In recent years it has come to be accepted as a working hypothesis by physicists that every atom consists of a central nucleus of positive electricity about which are grouped electrons or unit particles of negative electricity in varying numbers. The favorite supposition has been that these electrons are flying in more or less circular orbits about the central mass, somewhat as planets revolve about the sun. The most recent hypothesis, however, as presented by Dr. Irving Langmuir, at the last meeting of the National Academy of Sciences, controverts the assumption that the electrons are in motion, and substitutes a plan according to which the electrons are arranged in certain fixed geometrical figures.

IT is believed that the nucleus of the atom constitutes about a millionth of the diameter of the atom itself, the latter totaling a diameter of about one-hundred-millionth of an inch. According to Dr. Langmuir's hypothesis, the nucleus of the atom may have varying charges of positive electricity, and thus can hold a greater or smaller number of electrons. The feeblest nucleus holds a single electron, and constitutes an atom of hydrogen gas. Helium, now coming into prominence as a substitute for hydrogen in filling balloons, is the next lightest element, having two electrons. Then in succession the heavier and heavier elements have added electrons, until we reach the heaviest of all, uranium, which has a group of 92 electrons.

Of course Dr. Langmuir's hypothesis will come in for examination and criticism from many angles, and it may ultimately be quite displaced. But for the moment it has the field, and the merit is claimed for it of affording plausible explanations of a number of technical anomalies that have puzzled the chemist.

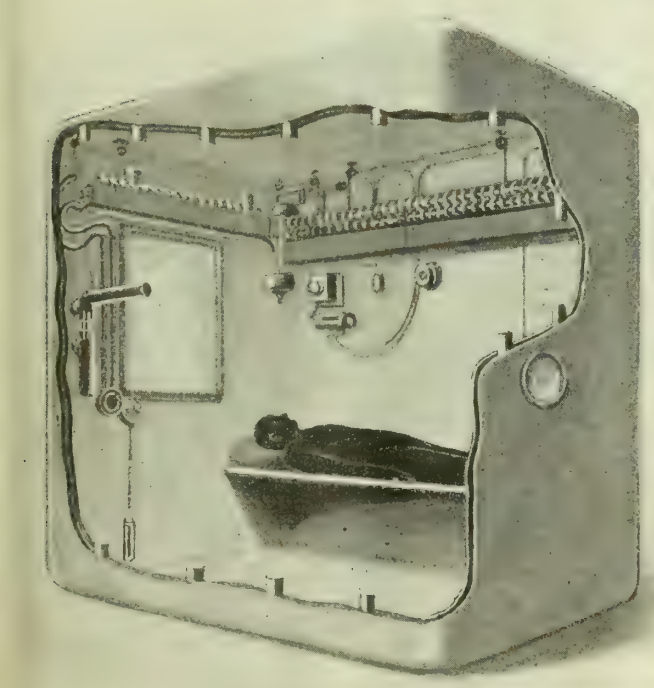
NO HARM FROM WAR

THE Curator of the Division of Physical Anthropology of the U. S. National Museum, Dr. Ales Hrdlicka has made a study of the effect of the war on the American people, and his conclusions are very gratifying. Dr. Hrdlicka points out that the birth and death rates are so balanced in this country that there is a natural increase each year of about 515,000 males; and that therefore our total casualty list is from a racial standpoint almost negligible. "Taking the war loss in its entirety," he says, "it seems safe to say that no permanent harm whatever need be feared from it by the American people, and that even without immigration three or four years may completely suffice to obliterate its traces, except, of course, so far as individuals are concerned."

Moreover, he urges that even for this loss there have been far-reaching compensations. These are chiefly of an educational character. He notes, for example, that our soldiers received instruction with reference to the dangers of venereal diseases which will be of enormous value in safeguarding them in future; that a great check was given to alcoholism; that contact with European conditions opened the eyes of the soldiers to a great variety of things that otherwise could not have become known to them. He calls attention also to the medical progress, which includes the healing of a large number of men who were infected with hookworm and who had hitherto led a dragging and almost useless existence, but who became like new men. Also to the fact that thousands of cases of defective teeth and concomitant poor digestion were corrected. Modern hygiene and proper diet were inculcated. "The general and all-sided improvement in the drafted men was in fact such that it came to constitute the brightest feature of the otherwise serious and difficult process of the formation of a great army in this country."

Emphasizing the idea that the many-sided compensations, physical and mental, are bound to have a beneficial effect on the further development, biological and otherwise, of this nation, Dr. Hrdlicka adds that this optimistic view cannot be applied to most of the European peoples who participated in the war. Their losses were both actually and relatively enormous in comparison with ours.

It has been argued that wars, killing off a large element of the best part of the population, have been potent factors of national decadence. The influence in this regard of the great war must make itself disastrously evident in Europe for an indefinite time to come. That America has largely escaped this influence is matter for congratulation, but should give us an enhanced sense of responsibility and a fuller conception of our political and economic duties toward our less-fortunate European contemporaries.

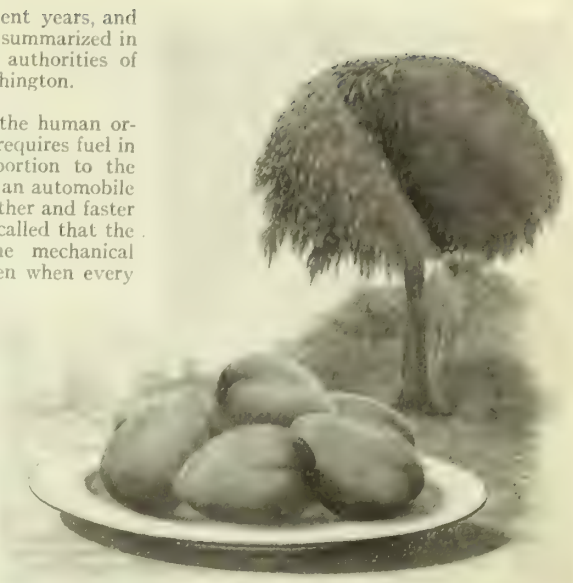


The respiration chamber of the Calorimeter for determining the effect of food on human beings.

HOW HOT IS A BABY?

AT a time when many millions of people, in various parts of the world, are hovering close to the border of starvation, it is peculiarly important to ascertain just what are the minimum requirements of the average individual as to both quantity and quality of food. A great deal of work in this direction has been done in recent years, and the newest developments are summarized in a recent publication by the authorities of the Carnegie Institute of Washington.

IT is familiarly known that the human organism is a machine that requires fuel in increasing quantities in proportion to the amount of work done, just as an automobile requires more gasoline the farther and faster it travels. But it must be recalled that the human organism, unlike the mechanical engine, is never at rest. Even when every voluntary muscle is relaxed, breathing continues, the heart beats steadily, and the various functions of digestion and assimilation go on without cessation. The slightest muscular exertion is accompanied by an increased output of energy which is measurable. The delicate instruments utilized in the Nutrition Laboratory can measure the modification in the output of heat caused by so simple a movement as the raising of the hand from the side to the mouth. The amount of energy utilized in masticating food can be directly measured. It has been shown, for example, that the muscular work involved in chewing gum may increase heat production by approximately seventeen per cent. A man who is standing gives out more heat than one who is reclining. A new-born infant gives out sixty-five per cent. more energy when crying than when silent. After eating an individual's heat production increases by from twenty-five to forty-five per cent.



The mango—a fruit yet unappreciated by Americans.



The Chinese soy bean, the dasheen and the chayote, all of which may become familiar articles of our diet.



A comparison of standard units of measurement of our system and of the metric system.

Especial attention has been given recently to determining the normal metabolism—as measured in heat production—of the average individual when at rest. Tests are made during complete repose, about twelve hours after a meal. The results furnish a standard for estimation of the amount of food required as a minimum; and it is comparatively easy to estimate the added quantities required to enable the individual to carry on the practical activities of life.

NOWADAYS most of us are familiar with the word calory, as the unit of heat; so the record which tells us that the average man was found to require 1,631.74 calories and the average woman 1,349.19 calories is not altogether unintelligible. The amount is little less than half the number of calories established by the Inter-Allied Scientific Food Commission as necessary for rationing in the case of men doing average work eight hours per day. It would appear then that about half the fuel we require in the way of food is utilized in maintaining the life processes, the remaining half being available for the performance of work.

As a matter of course, large individuals have a higher average heat production than small individuals. In determining the individual requirements, three items are taken into account, namely, height, weight, and age. It appears that our bodily machines steadily decrease in heat production as we grow older, after adult life, the decrease amounting to about 7.15 calories per year with men and 2.29 calories with women.

COMMON-SENSE MEASUREMENTS

WHEN an American pays his first visit to England, he is sure to come away with very pronounced ideas as to the absurd monetary system there in vogue. The use of so cumbersome a system as pounds, shillings, and pence strikes him as inherently absurd. He hears it related that two or three bookkeepers are required in an English business house to do the work accomplished by one in America, owing to the difficulties of computing percentages according to this cumbersome system. And yet when the same American goes over to the Continent and attempts to do a little shopping, he is as much annoyed by the meters, liters, and grams of the tradesmen as he was by the pounds, shillings, and pence of the British; and he wonders why the Continental cannot deal in simple units like yards, pints, and pounds.

All of which indicates the power of preconception. For of course the meter-liter-gram system is a decimal system, having all the advantages over the antiquated system of yards, pints, and pounds that the system of dollars and cents has over the cumbersome coinage of England. It chances merely that Continental Europe (and practically all other parts of the world except England and the United States) long ago adopted the plan of making a logical application of the decimal system all along the line; whereas we have agreed with our British cousins in refusing to accept the simple and effective system, holding obstinately to our antiquated methods in favor of which nothing whatever can be urged except the fact that we are accustomed to them.

I Visit Europe and America

The Tellings of Henry E. Dixey - IX

WHEN "Adonis" was finally closed for the season, I took a steamer to London where I met some old friends and then went over to Paris to make the visit I had missed on my last trip.

On the way over I met Archibald Forbes, the celebrated war correspondent. He was very entertaining. He told me many of his experiences in the wars and of the talks he had with great men and women, including many kings and queens. One day in the smoking room Forbes was telling me about the surrender of Napoleon III. I noticed a little Jew drummer eyeing him distrustfully. But Forbes was so intent upon what he was saying that he did not notice anybody. He had a rather high, strong voice, and everyone in the room could hear him tell me of the surrender. So naturally the little drummer thought he was telling the story for the benefit of the room. Forbes was calling all the great men by their first names:

"I was in Bismarck's tent when in walked Von Moltke and said, 'Napoleon is approaching—let us go to the King.' We were about to leave the tent when in walked William." (Meaning King William, of course.)

THIS seemed a whopper of a lie to the little Jew who naturally didn't know who Forbes was. So he came over to where Forbes was sitting, and looking at him said:

"Say, what do you take us for? You have got a nerve sitting there talking of Bismarck, Von Moltke and King William as if they were waiters. Let me tell you something. I am a German myself and I go most every place, but I have never got nearer to them than their pictures. So give us a rest on such guff."

He turned and walked out of the room very much pleased with what he had said. Much to my amusement and surprise, Forbes went right on talking as if he had never heard the fellow, and from what I know of the man I don't believe he did.

In Paris I met Frank Marra, an Italian. So I said, "Come on with me, we'll see Italy together."

Our first stop was Turin. I went to the Armory there. Those old Italians must have been very small because I couldn't get a single one of the suits of armor around my chest. Then we went to Florence, a delightful city. I visited all the art galleries.

Then to Rome. I went, of course, to the Vatican, and to most of the other churches, St. Peter's particularly.

The Sistine Chapel was painted by Michaelangelo. He had an understanding with the Pope that no one should disturb him while he was painting. The subject on the lower part of the wall was, as everybody knows, Hell and Purgatory, and the upper part was Heaven. One of the secretaries of the Pope, a very nosey individual evidently, used to creep into the Chapel and watch Michaelangelo paint. Michaelangelo's eye lit on him and got an impression of his face without the secretary knowing it. Eventually the Chapel was finished, and the Pope, the Secretary and Cardinals came in to see it. Lo and behold, when this nosey secretary looked more closely at Purgatory, he found his own picture!

The secretary pointed to the picture and said indignantly to the Pope, "See, Michaelangelo must have seen me in the Chapel while he was painting and has put me in Purgatory." The Pope, who was evidently a good comedian gone wrong, said, "Well, I can't do anything. If Michaelangelo had put you in Hell I might do something for you; but since he placed you in Purgatory, you will have to work out your own salvation."

WE went all around Rome. I saw the table where the thieves shook dice for Christ's clothes. We also went to the famous House of All Nations. There were women of every description, beautiful women of all nationalities—Japanese, Chinese and everything else. As I passed one room I looked in and saw a black figure standing up looking in a mirror, with just a little drapery on. As I saw her in profile she looked like that magnificent ebony statue you see of a girl holding a tray. Except her feet, she was the most perfectly formed woman I had ever seen.

As I stood in the doorway I said, "My goodness, when did you get away from Twenty-seventh Street?" (That street in New York is where a lot of the colored people used to live in those days.) She never took the slightest notice of me. One of my friends said, "Don't guy like that, Harry; that's a Nubian queen." "Nubian nothing," I said. "Look at her heels."



My impersonations of Sir Henry Irving fascinated me strangely—I *was* Sir Henry.

We sauntered into a large drawing-room at the end of the hall. All of these women came in and grouped around, making a very wonderful picture with all the different national dresses on the different types. We had some wine and song, and when we were leaving I chanced upon the Nubian again. She held back as if she wanted to say something to me, and when all the others happened to be some distance away she said to me with a marked Italian accent: "How did you know I came from Twenty-seventh Street?"

Well, I nearly fell over. I told her I was only joking.

She went on, "I was born in Twenty-seventh Street, and when I was thirteen years old an Italian sea-captain took me away with him and educated me. He died some years ago. He left me some money, but, not knowing anything about business, I was beaten out of it, and I drifted here."

From Rome we went to Milan. A wonderful city! Went through the Cathedral, which looked like pick-up lace from a distance. I saw the body of St. Charles Borromeo in the crypt. He was in a crystal casket with something that looked like an oval metal cover over him. They go through a certain ceremony and lift this cover and disclose St. Charles with all his jewels on. One jewel was a cross made of emeralds, each emerald as large as the top of my thumb.

IT was amazing to me to see all this wealth locked up in the churches of Italy, while on the steps of the Cathedral people were eating decomposed fruit, and lottery mendicants selling tickets all over the country. I said to my friend: "You could take one of these pieces of art to America and sell it for enough money to feed the poor of Milan for a year." He was very much shocked that I would think of desecrating the Church by taking anything away.

I went to Venice expecting to stay two days and stayed seven. It was a fairyland to me. One house belonged to two brothers; it was situated on the canal; they had a quarrel, it seemed, some years ago, and as the house belonged to both of them, neither one of them would sell his interest to the other. One brother said, "I own half of it," and went to law. The Court said, "Yes, you own half of it." "Then," said he, "I'll take it." So he had men come and the house cut in two, taking his half away and leaving the other half for his brother. Weren't they sassy devils, those old gondola boys?

I came back through Brussels, and had a delightful day there. Then on to London and took the steamer for home. I had eaten so much spaghetti and drunk so much red wine in Italy that I got very stout, so much so that when I opened the new season at Asbury Park I hardly could get into my "Adonis" dress.

A funny accident happened the first night I opened in "Adonis;" I got to my hotel about five o'clock, rang the bell. My room looked out over the water. I rang the bell and a big, fresh negro came up. I was shaving myself when the negro came in. I said, "Get me so-and-so and so-and-so, so-and-so and so-and-so," naming several things I wanted. As I spoke I happened to turn around and there he was sitting down by the window smoking a cigaret. Well, I had just come from abroad where all the servants are servants and pay you great respect, so I was a bit shocked to see this negro sitting down there nonchalantly, as if he were a long-lost friend.

I said sharply, "Get up on your feet!"

"What's that?" he said. "Get up on your feet when I am talking to you, and listen; and throw away that cigaret!"

HE grinned, "Oh, I'm very comfortable where I am." I made a rush for him, grabbed him by the back of the breeches (I was very powerful at the time), and threw him out of the window into the water, and went on shaving.

Some of the guests of the hotel came rushing up and said, "My God, Mr. Dixey, what have you done? What have you done?"

I went right on shaving.

"What have I done?" I asked.

"You've thrown a man out of the window!"

"Did I?" I replied.

"Yes—a terrible thing," they protested. "We can't have that in the hotel!"

I went right on shaving and never answered.

But when I came downstairs, I saw a great deal of very marked respect on the faces of the rest of the colored population of that hotel, and from that time on I got their politest services.

This little incident—different as it was—reminded me of something that happened at Virginia City, Nevada, on my first trip West.

Gambling houses were wide open.

In the afternoon a lot of us boys played keno in a place where they had all kinds of gambling games. There we came across a little miner, an Irishman about four feet high. Alongside of him was a big burly fellow, and as the little fellow reached over to get his chips the big fellow said to him:

"Don't do that," and pushed him back into his seat.

The little Irishman protested, "You wouldn't do that to me if I had my gun."

The big fellow leaned back in his chair and laughed. "Sure I would," he said. "You go and get your gun."

The little fellow went out saying, "I live way up on the hill but I'll be back here in thirty minutes," and the big fellow shouted, "I'll wait for you."

My friend nudged me and said, "There's going to be trouble here! Let's get out."

"Well," I said, "wait till the little fellow comes back—then we can run."

Half an hour elapsed and the big fellow said, "I guess that little Mick won't be back! I'll go look."

So he pulled out a gun and went out on the street and we all followed him. There in the distance was a tiny speck coming down the hill, and as it grew larger we made out the little Irishman all dressed up in his best suit of clothes with his gun down at his side. As he neared us the big fellow said:

"Well, he's a corker! He's all right, that little fellow! I wouldn't shoot him any more than I would shoot myself!"

So he went out in the middle of the street and held up his hands and said, "I apologize! I apologize!" So the little fellow put his gun back in his pocket. "That's all right, then," he said.

"Why are you all dressed up?" the big fellow asked. "You look as though you have been all shaved too."

The little fellow replied, "Yes, I expected to get killed, so I shaved myself and put on my best suit of clothes so as not to give the undertaker any trouble." (*Continued on page 61*)



IF WE WERE AN ILLUSTRATOR WE COULD MAKE A CUTE LITTLE PICTURE FOR THIS

[From the Georgetown, Ky., Times]

Members of the church filled the pantry of their pastor, Rev. Joseph Hagin. It was a pleasant surprise to the pastor.

(*B. L. T. How do you like OUR illustration?*)

EDITOR

Gentlemen, Be Seated!

By B. L. T.

LONG before the Great Drouth was even dreamed of, Oliver Wendell Holmes anticipated the changes needed to bring up to date a great deal of excellent poetry. Invited to send a little poem to be read on a festive occasion, the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table dashed off a few lines, in which the local clergyman made "a few slight changes," as follows:

COME! FILL A FRESH BUMPER

Come! fill a fresh bumper,—for why should we go
logwood
While the nectar still reddens our cups as they flow?
decoction
Pour out the rich juices still bright with the sun,
dye-stuff
Till o'er the brimmed crystal the rubies shall run.

half-ripened apples
The purple-globed clusters their life-dews have bled;
taste *sugar of lead!*
How sweet is the breath of the fragrance they shed!

rank poisons *wines!!!*
For summer's last roses lie hid in the vines
stable-boys smoking
That were garnered by maidens who laughed
long-nines.
through the vines.

scowl *howl* *scoff* *sneer*
Then a smile, and a glass, and a toast, and a cheer,
strychnine and whisky, and ratsbane and beer
For all the good wine, and we've some of it here!
in cellar, in pantry, in attic, in hall.

Down, down with the tyrant that masters us all!
Long live the gay servant that laughs for us all!

OH, LOR', PATIENCE, THEY ARE OLD STUFF

SIR: I have waited in vain for some gadder to call your attention to the firm of Lide & Cheatham, druggists in Meridian, Miss. PATIENCE.

THERE are wheezes that, like kind words, can never die. Age cannot wither them, nor repeated printings stale their infinite jocularity. We should say that at least once in two months we find in our mail this deathless

CARD OF THANKS

I desire to thank the friends and neighbors most heartily in this manner for their coöperation during the illness and death of my late husband, who escaped from me by the hand of death last Saturday. To my friends and all who contributed toward making the last moments comfortable and the funeral a success I desire to remember most kindly, hoping that these few lines will find them enjoying the same blessing. I have also a good milch cow and a roan gelding horse eight years old which I will sell cheap. God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. He plants his footsteps on the sea and rides upon the storm. Also a black-and-white shoat cheap.

SHOP TALK—OR PUTTING THE EDITOR IN HIS PLACE

"YOU are half a page shy!" shrieks the Managing Ed.;
"Please rush! We are going to press!"
And us without half an idea in our head!—
Our feelings we leave you to guess.

If he means half a sheet of our script, we'll engage
On the instant that trifle to write;
But if he means half of a magazine page—
Well, as Browning once murmured, "Good-night!"

Assuming the former, the job's about done;
The gap in the column is filled.
The copy-boy starts for the shop on the run,
And the cry of the printer is stilled. *B. L. T.*

THE EDITOR REPLIES

The yawning abyss still gruesomely gapes,
The printer is still to appease:
Some misses'-size paragraphs—various shapes
To advantage can be used, if you please. *K.M.G.*

AS the Freudians can see symbolism in everything, from ships and shoes to sealing-wax and kings, we wish one of them would interpret a dream we had the other night. In this nightmare we found ourselves wearing a hard-boiled hat, sometimes referred to as a derby—or, more specifically, a derby hat. What dreadful, unspeakable secret is imprisoned in our so-called unconscious? We are curious to know—we are curious to know.

ABBREVIATED CLASSICS

RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER—*Listen!*
THE VAMPIRE—*Stung!*
BEN BOLT—*That reminds me.*
THE PIED PIPER—*Rats!*
THE INFERNO—*Hell!*
DON JUAN—*You behave!*
CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE—*Giddap!*
VENUS AND ADONIS—*How calm the ocean is to-day!*

"WANTED—A man with a wooden leg to mash potatoes. Brin Valley Inn."—South Haven, Mich., Tribune.

Why not get that other old-stuff assistant, the woman with one tooth to bite holes in Swiss cheese?

GENTLEMEN, BE SEATED

[From the Melrose, Wis., Chronicle]

Some people often wonder why it is that editors generally wear long-tailed coats. We don't think it will be telling tales out of school when we state that the skylights that our wives often put into our pants do not always match color with the other goods, and a long-tailed coat is the most appropriate under the circumstances—or over it either for that matter.

In the Players Club of New York he is not spoken of as Booth, or Edwin Booth, but Mr. Booth. Imagine, then, the hit made by a midland architect who was being entertained at the club, and who inquired, as he regarded the portrait, "Is he the man who founded the Booth Fisheries?"

YOU are married, perhaps, and have an automobile. And you may have reflected that it is much easier to get married than to buy a car. You must have a license to wed, but you do not have to renew it every year; nor do (*Concluded on page 72*

On the Brink of a Precipice

(Concluded from page 19)

greatest pleasure on any subject except that," he said, emulating her plain speaking. "But I think—at all events for the present—that I had better not discuss Mr. Crawford."

"Because I am not sure that I have the right to do so. Altogether it seems to me that what I discovered by a mere accident I ought, in honor, to keep to myself, if possible."

"You will let the worst happen?" she exclaimed—"let her go off with Crawford and break Gerald's heart?"

"No, if nothing else will stop her, if the worst is going to happen and we can't prevent it in any other way, then I will speak. Mrs. Holden is not a romantic girl, ready to sacrifice everything for love. I think she would fight shy of trouble, she hates pain and suffering, she does not belong to the ministering-angel type of woman. If she ran away with Crawford she would expect a continuance of her present easy, pleasure-filled life. If we can show her that the chances are it would be something quite different . . ." he paused. "Besides," he added, "I fancy I might induce Crawford to give her up."

"And yet you won't speak?" she said a little indignantly.

"Not at present," he replied, and as he saw that she was not in the humor to talk of other things he soon left her. He found a quiet corner away from everybody and sat with his arms on the railing looking at the sea. It was a lovely night, the moonlight shimmered on the water, making a rippling white track, and the air was as soft as a caress. The doctor took off his cap and passed his hand through his hair.

"It's a beautiful world," he was thinking, "and a terrible, unsatisfying one . . . 'Pleasure with dry lips and pain that walks by night.' Why can't we straighten things out? Why do we all want what we can't get? All her love's given to Holden, who doesn't even see it, while I," he threw out his hand with a despairing gesture. "And then, those two, playing at love—it's not the real, vital thing with either of them —on the edge of a precipice. It's horrible!"

Only a few nights later the two—Crawford and Lallie Holden—were once more playing at love, up on deck long after everybody else had gone below. Lallie had retired unusually early, but as soon as her husband was asleep she had slipped up to meet Crawford. The trip was almost over, the time for separation had almost come. Something must be decided; they were to talk it out that night. They were quite safe, nobody had seen them and nobody was likely to do so. Supposing a sailor should chance to come along he could be silenced with a tip. Lallie wore a long cloak with the hood drawn over her head, in which she could defy recognition.

"You must make up your mind," Crawford was saying, "you have played with me long enough. I'm not going to wait any longer. Which is it to be?" He spoke sharply, almost harshly; the suspense was getting on his nerves.

"He or I?" he said. "Choose. Which is it?" Her face was white and strained, the careless gaiety had gone, she had reached the most critical moment of her life, and in her heart, she was hesitating still. When Crawford was not with her, she could resist



"I don't adore anybody. Don't flatter yourself," Lallie countered.

him, even wish that they had never met; but the sight of his face, the sound of his voice, put all her good resolutions to flight. He turned to her.

"Beautiful Eyes," he said, "look at me—look me in the face and tell me the truth. Shall I go? Don't you want me?" The words came in a different voice, slowly, softly, heavy with tenderness. "Are you sending me away, little girl? It'll be for good and all, remember."

He held out his hand, his eyes on hers, compelling, entreating. She shivered and her hand went out a little way to meet his. They had almost met, when her cautious glance about showed something large and black swinging unexpectedly close over their unsuspecting heads. She started back with a little cry and they both looked up in alarm. One of the boats carelessly tied after the day's lifeboat drill had worked loose and was hanging down in a perilous position. Naturally not wishing to call for help Crawford sprang up on the seat and, exerting all his strength, tried to push the boat back into place. Lallie saw him stubbornly holding up the heavy end of the boat, as it seemed, for a moment, then he swayed, slipped on the seat, and rolling off fell down almost at her feet. In the first moment she thought it was nothing more than a fall, but when she saw his face,—white and convulsed—when she spoke and there was no answer, when not a sound or a sign came to show that he heard, then she could no longer control her terror. He was dead. Even as they talked of love, death had come. In a panic of fear she flew along the deck and down the companion-way.

But even then some instinct of self-preservation made her wise. Instead of seeking her husband, she ran into the cabin of her husband's friend, Grace Linford.

"Help me!— Save me!" she gasped. "Anthony is dead and I don't know what to do."

It was a minute or two before Grace could ascertain what had happened. Then her first question was:

"Did anybody see you?"

"I'm afraid so, one of the men on deck. He saw me running along, but he couldn't have recognized me, it was too dark."

"But he'll guess who it was—everybody will. There'll be an inquiry, it'll all come out, Gerald will know. You'll be ruined."

"He mustn't—I couldn't bear it—you must help me. It would break his heart." Grace stared at her a second without speaking. Then she snatched the cloak from Lallie's shoulders and put it on her own.

"I suppose it would," she said slowly, "so I'm going to take your place."

"What do you mean? What are you going to do?"

"Save you, if I can. Let Gerald and all the world think that it was I who was keeping Mr. Crawford company—that *I* was in love with him." She laughed. "Go back to your husband and stop with him now if you can."

Grace fairly flew to the doctor's cabin and was fortunate enough to reach him first. In a few words she explained what had happened and what she was going to do.

"I'm not so very much surprised," he said. "I was sure, from his handwriting, that he had a bad heart. I meant to advise him to see a specialist as soon as he got home. But you—why should you do this thing? It's monstrous," hotly. "I can't be a party to it. Think of all the gossip—the disgrace. What will Holden say?"

"Don't!" she said sharply. "It would be worse for him if it were his own wife, wouldn't it? If he had the choice between her and me, which, do you think, he would let go to the wall? . . . Come! I shall want your help."

Could it have happened otherwise? That is the question you can't help asking about "The Trump Card," another vivid story of Derek Vane's, in an early issue of Hearst's.

My Adventure in Wonderland

Concluded from page 16

States. In a general way one would be under the impression that it was your enterprise at home that was referred to. I am beginning to realize, however, that that force emanated from the homes that sheltered the mothers, wives, the sisters and the sweethearts of men.

THERE never seemed to be a moment during that wonderful visit that was not full of interest and surprises. I was in Wonderland, bewildered and amazed by what I beheld.

The department stores were to me a constant source of delight and curiosity. I went shopping in them with results that were well worth while.

Your clothes are wonderfully well made, and cheaper than we could get them anywhere else in the world. In fact, I purchased two suits of "ready-mades" at one of your stores and they are the best that I ever had. I scarcely think that it will be beneath the dignity of a President to wear your ready-made clothes. Indeed, I like the suits that I bought in New York so well that I intend to order others when these are worn out.

I WANT the American people to know that I have gained an appreciation of trading possibilities between their country and ours which at long range I never could have obtained, though I have always looked forward to closer trade relations between the two countries. I shall carry back to my people the message that in unity between the United States of North America and the Federated States of Brazil there lies great benefits for both countries. American salesmen shall be made welcome in our country It will be to the profit of both countries to establish an interchange of trade and commercial courtesies. There are few things the United States manufacturers will not find a market for in our country. On the other hand, we have a few things to sell, too—leather, sugar, cocoa, coffee and manganese, for example. The two peoples should be made aware of the reciprocal advantages each has to offer.

But enough of business affairs for the present. My personal adventures in your country—matters of no moment in international relations—are still too fresh in my mind to be ignored. There was the adventure with the baby, for one thing. Your newspapers seem to be fond of trifling incidents of that kind, and they were inclined to twit me because I kissed a baby in its mother's arms. It was pointed out to me afterward that such is the custom among your ward politicians, particularly before elections. This is probably a good line of action for the professional politician to follow, but, you see, I am no politician. I am what you would call an Independent in politics, like your Mr. Hearst, for example. I made no campaign while a candidate for the Presidency of Brazil. In fact, as chairman of the delegates from Brazil to the Peace Conference I was many thousands of miles away while the campaign was being fought.

And then again I sometimes think of a certain fatherless and motherless little boy who, not so very many years ago, alone, had all the vicissitudes of life to struggle against. This little boy was only five years old at the time when a generous republic took a hand in his future, as it does in the fortunes of all orphans. It gave him an education, and, recognizing what they were pleased to call ability in the child, they also gave him the advantage of what you would call higher education.

This little boy became a doctor of laws and to-day he is the president-elect of his country, Brazil. For I was that boy.

So that is why I always kiss babies.

IN the youngster whose hand I kissed as I was about to enter the Shelburne Hotel at Coney Island—a perfectly natural act for me, though it caused so much comment in your most observant press—the world may find a future Messiah, not in a religious sense but in a scientific, or, what is quite as important, in a humanitarian sense.

I have always been fond of speculating on what the future is to bring. Indeed, who has not? But I have never felt myself nearer to the world immediately ahead of us than when I was in the United States.

There was very little that spoke to me of the past. It was only at the tomb of Washington that I felt a keen realization of all the splendid history that lies behind your But your cities speak only of the present and of the future.



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Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Into Anarchy—and Out Again

(Continued from page 9)

My story filled her with pride, and she began to get better, at once. Surely, she thought, she must have a wonderful daughter—a child of only seven who had succeeded alone in passing all the mysterious barriers of officialdom. She lost no time in spreading the news among the neighbors, and they marveled greatly.

One day as I came running in from school singing gaily I was met at the door by a very old woman, our neighbor, Mrs. Becker. Generous, self-sacrificing, old soul, she was an ever-present help in time of trouble.

"Be quiet, you young brat," she croaked. "Der good Above One has a new little brother given you."

I was led into the darkened little apology for a bedroom, where lay my mother. The old woman turned back the coverlet, and I got my first glimpse of a tiny, wizened object that represented my new brother Sammy.

Another mouth to feed! And six human beings now in those two crowded little rooms! It was no wonder father looked anxious as he came in from his cart. His face was drawn and white, and I noticed for the first time that his hair was beginning to turn gray. He had always been a slender, delicate man, but now his shoulders stooped more than ever and he looked pitifully frail.

"He is getting old," I thought.

What devils of despair must have been clutching at his heart I was too young to realize, but his depression was contagious, and I had a vague sense that black shadows were beginning to fall over our home.

"Chiala," said my father gently, "there are too many here. You are in the way. Run out and play."

Some invisible fairy must have been waiting outside for me, waving her magic wand, for the remainder of that day was to be gilded with the romance of a great adventure. As I reached the street a big man wearing a cap and a long coat was standing on the curb beside an empty carriage and pair of horses. I stopped to stare at him, for he did not look as if he belonged to our neighborhood; there was too prosperous and important an air about him. He caught sight of me, and I seemed to arouse his interest. I was a pretty child, so I have been told, and I had two thick, yellow braids, which fell below my waist and which often attracted attention from passers-by. He pulled in his horses as they were starting off, and stared at me, his good-natured face spreading into a grin.

"Hello, Goldielocks!" he called. "How'd you like a ride?"

"You mean it?" I returned, almost sure he must be joking. Never had I even dreamed that I should ever ride in a carriage behind two horses.

"Sure," he answered, and held out his hand to help me up.

I STEPPED in and sat down beside him, my heart beating fast. Away he went, rattling over the stone pavement at a terrific pace. In almost no time we were flying along what had been the western edge of the world for me, the Bowery, the jumping-off place, into the unknown. Then on and on into streets that were strange and wonderful, where there were no bearded men, where every woman wore a hat instead of going bareheaded or with a shawl over her hair, where there were no pushcarts, where there was no bargaining at the curbs, no gesturing with hands and arms or shrugging with shoulders, where even the faces were different—Gentile faces. No tenements now, with fire-escapes hung with bedding and where groups of women and children huddled at the doorways, but stately buildings that almost reached the sky and that bore no sign of family life.

STRANGER and stranger grew the streets. Gorgeous carriages passed by with men in gaily colored uniforms and tall, stiff hats on the boxes, and inside surely princes and princesses, such men and women and children, too, as I had never seen, all dressed most wonderfully, even the children decked with furs. Far behind now were the cloud-piercing buildings.

Suddenly from among the carriages comes a great, black shining thing. It flashes by with a chugging sound—a thing of magic.

"A carriage without horses!" I cry.

"Automobile," says the big man. "First you've seen? They're getting pretty common. The streets will be full of 'em soon."

IT is growing dark. Great white lights are throwing a magic glare over streets and buildings. All the windows of the palaces and of the great buildings glow with light. Mysterious shadows come and go. Nothing seems real. Am I awake or dreaming? Even the crowds of people are shadows, not living beings of flesh and blood.

It is too weird and fantastic to last long. The world begins to grow prosy again. We are leaving the magician's paradise behind. Familiar sights appear. Again we are in the streets I know, the streets of the tenements, and the walks are thronged with people of my own kind. Pushcart torches flare along the curbs, oil, gas and candle lights gleam feebly in dingy tenement windows, mothers crouch gossiping together on tenement steps, to hurdy-gurdy music little girls are dancing on the walks. I have come back to my own world.

For the first time in my life there came the realization, after all the splendors I had seen, of how miserable our home was. I was beginning to know the meaning of poverty.

Twelve-year-old Jimmie Casey, the firelighter, came on his weekly rounds the following evening, for it was Friday, and I told him all about my great adventure, adding many fantastic details from my imagination. Jimmie didn't seem to be so much impressed as I had expected.

"I've been in all them places," he said. "There ain't no place in this city I ain't been to. I ain't afraid to go nowhere. You kids down here never see nothing."

"You seen all them palaces, and them trees, and a carriage that goes without horses?"

"Sure. It's only the poor folks down here that never sees any of them things."

So it was that Jimmie Casey introduced the fiend Discontent into my life.

Jimmie received from each of thirty, perhaps forty, families, two cents for lighting their fires on the Sabbath, for from Friday's sunset to Saturday's no orthodox Jew may make or extinguish a light. He earned his two cents easily enough, merely by striking a match and touching it to the paper in the grate; it was the collecting of this stipend that was the hardest part of his job.

I did not need enlightenment from Jimmie Casey to know that the collecting of money earned was often the hardest part of making one's living in our neighborhood. How fortunate that my father was in a strictly cash business. Surely we should have starved if it had been necessary to extend credit for part of the ten or twelve dollars a week that he earned. Often I thought: "It is glad we should be that boarders must pay cash down every week." Our own boarder never failed us. He was scrupulous in money matters and was never an hour late with his weekly payment. I say he never failed us; I am overlooking the crisis that came in his affairs, and that brought a crisis into our own. It was Schmeel's ambition that was to blame. For years he had aspired to the presidency of his synagogue.

ONE day when the time for choosing a successor to the incumbent of that office was drawing near he announced himself a candidate. In this ambition he was encouraged, not only by my father and mother but by all of peddlerdom, for Schmeel was a peddler himself. Just before the election he took all his savings, about eighty dollars, and conducted a party of friends to the synagogue. There, through the influence of juicy herring, wine, caramel schnapps and sponge-cake, and partly because he was a bit of a Talmudic scholar, he made such a favorable impression that later he received the unanimous vote of the congregation.

His triumph was short-lived. During the festivities preceding his election he had contracted a cold, which developed into something worse. He took to his bed, and our combination kitchen, bedroom and living-room became a sickroom also.

The sick boarder became my personal charge, for mother was busy with the baby and the household affairs and father with his pushcart. Between the care of the patient and the household duties that fell to my lot there was no time for play. Indeed, as the future proved, there was never again going to be time for play.

With all her worries it was wonderful how my mother kept her youth. Her complexion remained as fresh as a girl's. There was not a wrinkle in her face, not a gray hair in her head. Yet, though she faced her troubles bravely, she could not conceal her despair over present problems nor her dread of the future. Every evening when father came home from his cart her eyes were full of anxiety as she studied his face. No one could fail to notice that there was something very wrong with him. His face had lost its color, his shoulders were more bent than ever, and he had an almost continuous cough which seemed to shake his whole body. He could no longer bear the strain of such long hours at his cart, and often he would have to leave me there in charge.

Schmeel's condition grew better fortunately in time to save us from absolute ruin; otherwise we should have found ourselves and all our household possessions on the street; but, although the boarder managed to get back to his work before long, father seemed to grow worse with every day. In July, 1899, a crisis came in his condition. One Friday at dusk, just after the three candles had been lit that were to burn through the Sabbath night, he came home white and trembling and sank exhausted into a chair.

"It is the end," he said hoarsely. "My strength is gone. No more shall I be able to go to my cart."

THE following day father remained in bed and Monday morning found a competing peddler at his stand. Our crowded home was no place for so sick a patient, and we had to send him to the hospital. He was, of course, a free patient in a public ward. We could do no more for him.

I was sent to take charge of the pushcart and I succeeded in selling the few remaining bunches of bananas to another peddler. Fourteen dollars of the money he paid me was turned over to the wholesaler to settle father's account with him, and only twenty-eight cents remained. It was all we had between ourselves and starvation.

That evening I crept up to the head of the staircase, and sat there on the top step alone in the dark, brooding over our trouble. It was a spooky, dismal spot. The tin flame of the stair-lamp was sputtering inside its grimy chimney and throwing just enough light to mark a wavering, ghostly yellow spot upon the wall. It was so still that I could hear a mouse scurrying across the dusty floor.

Suddenly it seemed that I heard my father's voice calling to me.

"Chiala! Chiala!"

Yes, it was his voice; there was no doubt of it. Yet I knew he was many blocks away. It was a miracle—either that or I had fallen asleep and had dreamed I heard his call. But perhaps it had not been a dream. Perhaps he really was calling to me. I fancied I could still hear the echoes of his voice, very faint and far off. Of a sudden came the conviction that he wanted me, and I hurried down the stairs and into the street. I knew where the big hospital was, half a dozen or more long blocks away. Father might be very sick and in need of me at once, and I set off at full speed.



"If you'll let me come to your school, teacher, I'll bring you bananas," I offered.

Breathless and almost exhausted, I came last into the shadow of the high, bleak spital wall. I rushed up to the door, ere I found my way blocked by a man in potless white uniform.

"Mine fader!" I cried. "Lazarus Ganz, is mine fader. I must see him."

"You must come to-morrow, little girl," d the man. "To-morrow is visiting day, to-day."

"No, no! Now it must be!" I cried. "Mine fader, he wants me!"

"To-morrow," repeated the man.

Stubbornly I stood there pleading, but he s as unyielding as if he had been a figure stone.

"To-morrow." It was all I could get m him. "To-morrow, to-morrow;" and, I turned away in despair, with the tears rting to my eyes, the word kept ringing ny ears. To-morrow! A dreadful premo- ion took hold of me. To-morrow might too late.

Very early the following morning I was akened by the wailing of my mother. I not need to be told what it meant. I w then that while I had been sitting on dark stairs I had heard my father's voice the last time.

All through that long, dreary day our ghbors, many of whom had never come to before, crowded our little home, some mpted by kindness and sympathy, some rely by curiosity. The cries of many urners mingled with mother's hysterical ling and with the screams of Moishe and baby.

That evening my father's body was brought ne. The coffin was placed in the center the outer room, where all through the ht Schmeel and another man sat beside it. ddled together in the bed in the tiny de room were mother, Moishe, the baby l myself. Neither door nor curtain sepa- ed the two rooms, and again and again woke from troubled sleep and saw the dim lines of the coffin, beside which burned olitary candle, and the dark figures of the mourners. I heard them chanting in voices the prayer for the dead taken from Psalms.

"*Yonuf basayser eliom bitzail shadai oinon.* May he be in the care of God l rest in the shadow of the Almighty."

At last the gray light of morning came eping into the room, and the chanting of prayer came to an end. That day we owed father's body to the cemetery. ere was only one coach, for our friends re too poor to afford the expense of accom- nying us to the grave. Mother and I and nt Rosie, whom I had never seen before, e the only mourners on the long, solemn e or at the grave.

THROUGH the seven days of *shiva* my mother sat in mourning on a low, den box, her feet clad only in stockings. ch is the custom of the ghetto. Many ghbors came to offer sympathy and help. metimes a woman would bring a cup of rm milk, another a few cookies, made, e as not, from the last scrap of flour in her me. The merest hint would have brought ers of money, too, from persons almost as r as ourselves, but mother was firmly ermined not to accept such assistance m them.

I suggested to mother that I might give my schooling and continue father's busi- s, but she would not listen.

One day came Ichael Schwartz to our flat. "I'll tell you what," he said to mother. the building from where I work in the p, upstairs is a place where they make rts. If you'll there go up they will give work to take out."

Before he or mother could say another rd I was outside the door, running full tilt the way to the skirtmaker's. I found building, a five-story brick structure, ich was reached by way of a narrow alley. idently the inside stairway of the building d been condemned by the authorities as safe, for the only way of getting in was by y of a steep flight of rusty iron stairs ting from the outer wall. The rust of the ticed steps cut into my bare feet, but I de the dizzy climb until I came to the rtmaker's door. I entered, and found a eatshop in full operation.

Forty or fifty men and women sat hunched , their heads bent low over as many foot- wer-sewing-machines. Pale, heavy-eyed k they were, some of whom I had often n in the streets, where their bent backs d rounded shoulders proclaimed their ans of livelihood.

Over all, in the center of the room, stood nan who, I immediately realized, was the boss. There was a surly expression in his eyes, and his face was cold and hard. I stood staring at him, and at last he noticed me.

"What you want?" he snarled.

It was too late to retreat. I spoke up bravely and to the point.

"Work. Work for mine moder."

"Tell her to come to-morrow."

"She won't come. She told me to get work I should take along home."

"Did your mother work by skirts?"

"Yes." It was not true, but the man frightened me.

We struck a bargain after I had explained to him the circumstances at home. He told me that my mother could get one and a half cents per skirt for sewing up the bottoms by hand. I was to take a batch of the skirts, and I should have to return them with the bottoms sewed before I could get more.

Forty skirts he gave me, a huge bundle, so heavy and cumbersome that I staggered under it, and it was a nerve-shaking experience carrying it down the steep stairs that hung dizzily from the outer wall.

Oh, how hard mother worked at the skirts Very late into the night she continued her sewing, and when I awoke at six in the morning every one of them was ready for me to take back to the shop before going to school. The boss was satisfied, and I carried another bundle of them home. Twice every day I went to the shop to return completed skirts and to get more, and after school hours I helped mother with the sewing. Often when the sewing of the day before had been left unfinished I would get up at four o'clock in the morning, and together we would sit by candle-light hemming the wide edges of the broad skirts then in fashion.

WE managed to keep the home together, mother and I, though at no time did our combined earnings amount to more than ninety cents a day. We made drastic reductions in our food purchases. Sometimes—alas! I should say very often—we borrowed a dollar from a relative, sometimes we managed to hold Mr. Zalkin off for two or three days. We paid back the money we borrowed, but usually we borrowed a dollar somewhere else to do it. I was old enough to discover that the more intricate one's finances became the easier it was, by tangling them up a little more, to squeeze something out of nothing. So it was that we kept our souls and bodies together.

Then our boarder on whom we depended was sick again

"He cannot live very long," mother whispered to me one morning. "He can hardly walk he is so weak. His cough is shaking him to pieces."

It was on the same day, when I returned from the shop with my pack of skirts, that I was startled by the frightened expression in her eyes as she met me at the door.

"Go quick for Mrs. Becker!" cried mother under her breath; and I ran out to spread the news of another death.

Then for two days we did no work, and immediately after the funeral we began puzzling over a more serious money shortage than ever. The week's income would be reduced one-third, we had spent at least a dollar on incidentals resulting from Schmeel's death, and we no longer had a boarder on whom we could rely for the payment of one-third of the rent.

Our luck turned just in time to save us from the certainty of eviction. Hersch Ditchik, a banana-peddling friend of Schmeel, called on us one evening when our fortunes were at their very lowest ebb, and at a moment when mother was in tears over our desperate situation, and inquired whether we wanted a boarder to take Schmeel's place. Did we want a boarder! Mother fairly rushed at him. With both hands she clutched him as if to make sure he was real and not a vision that might fade away into nothing.

"Sure we want a boarder!" she cried. "You can come to-day—this very hour. And just look what you get for four dollars a month! All the comforts of a home you shall have! A real folding-bed, with blankets and sheets on, and a pillow—oh, such a pillow! Look! Here is it. Feel for yourself; so soft with feathers inside. Never a bad dream you would have with such a pillow!"

Hersch Ditchik seemed to be impressed. I felt my heart give a leap. Our crisis was over. We should be able to look Mr. Zalkin in the face.

From the Bowery to a job on Fifth Avenue is a long jump. Small wonder the little Jewish girl found herself a stranger in a strange land—In Hearst's for October.



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Three Wise Fools

Concluded from page 47)

for one! And she turned you down? Well, —what became of her.

Dr. Gaunt—We never knew—she disappeared completely out of our lives.

Dr. and Findley—Oh! Jimmy! Hello, Jimmy. (*The Judge—the third of the Musketeers—enters, evidently bringing bad news.*)

Findley—What is it, Jimmy?

Judge—Boys, she's dead!

Findley—Rena?

Dr. Gaunt—Rena!

Judge—She died in abject poverty alone! It seems she'd married and had a child. Here is how the news reached me on an old piece of wrapping paper. "Athos—Porthos—Aramis—old friends. I am dying, I blame no one but myself. I am in no position to help my child—so I turn to you three, the best, the most chivalrous men I have ever known, to ask for help. If you will take Sidney I will rest in peace; and if there is a great beyond, I will pray for you always. For the sake of the old days, help and forgive in your hearts, yours in despair, Rena."

Judge—Rena turned to us in the end—after all these years!

Dr. Gaunt—Rena's child—why—there's no question. We must do everything in the world for him.

Judge—I knew you'd feel that way, boys! Teddy, you'd better tell Mrs. Saunders we'll use the Blue Room for the nursery!

Findley—Why not—oh come now—talk sense—I am willing to do as much as either of you fellows—more for that matter—but—surely we don't want a noisy, messy youngster upsetting our lives—changing the order of things here!

Dr. Gaunt—Changing the order of things! Splendid! That's just what we need—and, Teddy, it will get you out of a lot of these——

Findley—Damn ruts—will you please stop that noise for a minute and talk sense. We don't want the boy here—in the house. (*The argument threatens to become a riot when it is interrupted by the arrival of Sidney herself, demure and pretty. The Three Wise Fools promptly surrender to her charm.*)

Finley—But you're not a boy, you know.

Sidney—No, sir (*apologetically*)—did you want a boy?

Findley—We certainly did not—but we were expecting an infant.

Judge—This is your home—and welcome!

Dr. Gaunt—Welcome!

Findley—Welcome!

(*Four short weeks pass—and the whole house is magically transformed. The Three Wise Fools are gayer and younger—and much more foolish. They are giving Sidney a party.*)

Judge—Now this is a festival in your honor.

Findley—Yes, you have been here exactly one month to-day, so we are celebrating.

Dr. Gaunt—This is your luna-versary.

Judge—Hence the lunatic. Before you descended from above upon us we were quite normal and I may say useful citizens, but now we have become three sentimental maniacs.

Findley—I would like to say a word on the subject of ruts. A month ago our eminent psychologist told me I was dead, but they hadn't buried me yet. He said I was a mass of ruts, but if I had enough excitement and tonic emotion and buttercups and daisies I might live on forever. Naturally at that time I thought he was hopelessly insane. I now apologize to him publicly—I was a mass of ruts—I was dead and didn't know it, but after taking his wonderful tonic emotions—for four short weeks I now confidentially expect to live on forever—and the next buttercup I find I'm going to roll among it.

Sidney (*clapping her hands*)—What a lovely party this is! But are just we four going to be here?

Dr. Gaunt—Yes, just we four.

Sidney—Oh

Dr. Gaunt—But what of it? I suppose you want to invite the Cook and Saunders and Douglas and Gray.

Sidney—Now you're making fun of me again. I think it's all too wonderful just as it is only——

Findley—Only—only what?

Sidney—I thought Gordon was coming to see you to-night.

Judge—Tut, tut. Let's have our coffee. (*Sidney attempts to pour, and a pearl necklace spills out into her cup. She laughs delightfully, then bursts into tears. The Three Wise Fools tumble over one another in their effort to comfort her. At last she smiles again.*)

Sidney—Thank you! Thank you! Please



***Judge*—"And Rena turned to us in the end, after all these years!"**

forgive me. I couldn't help it. I just spilled over, didn't I?

All—Yes, yes, of course, of course.

Dr. Gaunt—Now let me put them on for you, Sidney. There. (*Gordon comes in, quite as though he had been invited.*)

Gordon—Hello, folks.

Sidney—Look at my luna-present.

Gordon—Oh, I say, they have come across. And so they should. Bully for them. I'm proud of them—(*Sidney and Gordon go off into a corner and chatter to each other, quite oblivious of the three old men.*)

Judge—There's something the matter with the bridge of my nose.

Dr. Gaunt—A clear case of out of joint. (*They go out and leave Sidney and Gordon alone. Gordon takes Sidney's hand and kisses it. She withdraws it hastily.*)

Sidney—Gordon, you—you don't know me.

Gordon—Yes, I do.

Sidney—Please don't. We mustn't think of each other that way.

Gordon—But it's too late to say that now. I do think of you in that way and you know it. I have thought of you that way ever since you came here that night. Don't you care a little for me, don't you, Sidney? Please tell me.

Sidney—I—I

Gordon—You needn't tell me now. I know you do. It just is—it's bigger than either of us. (*Gordon goes off upstairs to find his uncle. The door-bell rings, there is a struggle in the hall, the butler is knocked out and Benny the Duck bursts into the room, covering Sidney with a revolver.*)

Benny—Keep quiet, do you hear?

Sidney—Benny!

Benny (*astonished*)—Sidney!

Sidney—Oh, Benny, has anything happened to my father?

Benny—No, your father's all right.

Sidney—I was afraid he'd been caught.

Benny—But what are you doing here?

Sidney—This is where I live.

Benny—Where you live? Why, ain't this Judge Trumbull's house? He's the dog that sent me up. I've been waiting for ten years to get him.

Sidney—But you mustn't harm the Judge, Benny, you sha'n't.

Benny—I sha'n't eh? What's the reason I sha'n't?

Sidney—I won't let you. I'll stop you somehow.

Benny—We'll see about that. Get away from the door.

Sidney—No.

Benny—Go on, now, before I—I don't want to hurt you—Sidney—(*Benny throws her aside, but she picks herself up, runs to the window and calls for the police.*)

Benny—The bulls are watching this house, they'll get me sure.

Sidney—I couldn't help it. I had to do it.

Benny—And your father? They'll get him. This time they'll send him up for life!

Sidney—No, no. Listen, Benny, you can escape. By the roof. Here are the keys. Follow me. Hurry! (*They run up the stairs together as a detective enters, carrying the injured butler in his arms. The Three Wise Fools rush in, and Sidney herself returns shortly from her trip to the attic with Benny.*)

Dr. Gaunt—What is it?

Findley—What's going on here?

Poole—Your butler's been knocked out, doctor.

Dr. Gaunt—He got a hard blow here on the head. But his heart action's strong.

Poole (*after a trip upstairs*)—It was Benny the Duck, Judge. He's got out through the roof somehow. Someone in the house must have let him out.

Sidney—I—I

Judge—Why, you're trembling like a leaf.

Findley—There, there's nothing to worry about now, dear. An escaped convict got into the house, but the police frightened him away. (*To Poole.*) What makes you s sure that someone in the house helped tha man escape?

Poole—Because someone opened the sky light with this key and left it in the lock.

Sidney—Oh! (*They all look at her. Sh cowers and hides her face.*)

Judge—Why, Sidney, do you know any thing? Did you let him out?

Sidney—No. (*But Sidney has drav suspicion to herself and the Judge proceed with his questions.*)

Dr. Gaunt—Sidney, listen to me. You d know the criminal who came here to-night t assassinate Judge Trumbull. What possib relation have you with such a creature?

Sidney—I can't tell you. I can't te you.

Findley—If you don't tell us the truth— tell us everything—we'll hand you bag an baggage over to the police. They'll forc you to tell everything.

Sidney—They'll never get anything out o me, no, no, never, never.

Sidney flees the house, terrified lest the secr of her father's whereabouts be forced from he As soon as she has gone, the three old men convinced of her guilt, try vainly to get bac into their old ruts. But young Gordon does n give up so easily.

Gordon—If you cared for Sidney as muc as I do you'd have found out who alarme the police. Now, none of the servants di it. I've asked them all. And unless one o you three did it, it must have been Sidne Why, Judge, you owe your life to Sidne that's what I think.

(*Poole brings in Benny the Duck in han cuffs.*)

Benny—What are you bringing me he for? You won't get nothin' out of me!

Crawshay (*a frail man, marked with th prison pallor, follows them*)—I'm looking fo a man named Poole. He's a detective. The told me he's in here. There's a reward ou for me and I want——

Findley (*who had known Crawshay at th time of his trial and sentence*)—You mea you're giving yourself up? Now see here— you escaped from prison with Benny th Duck.

Benny—Oh, Governor, what are yo doing? You're crazy. They couldn't hav got you. I didn't squeal and she's a right.

Findley (*questioning Crawshay*)—I wan you to tell me something, Jack. Do yo know a girl named Sidney Fairchild?

Crawshay—That's why I'm here. I brough all this trouble on her and she's innocent.

Benny—They've got nothing on her at a They told me so.

Crawshay—Stop, Bennie, don't say an more.

Benny—Yes, I will. I'll say everythin now. It will kill her if you are sent u again, it will kill her.

Dr. Gaunt—What do you mean, Benny?

Benny—I'll tell you what I mean. He her father, Doc.

Crawshay—Benny—

Benny—Oh, you can't stop me now. He her father and it will kill her if he goe back.

Poole—That will do, Benny.

Benny—No, no, wait a minute, will yo lend me your pencil, Doc? (*Benny offer his signature as convincing evidence that it wa he, not Crawshay, who committed the crim The Three Wise Fools are delighted. Gordo rushes out and brings in Sidney, his arm about her and presents her to the Three Wi Fools.*)

All—Sidney!

Dr. Gaunt—Everything is all right, Sidney

(*Then they commence quarreling for pur joy.*)

Judge—We ought to be ashamed of our selves.

Dr. Gaunt—Jimmy, you should have ha more sense.

Judge—Well, it was your threatening ho with the police. That's what drove her ou of the house.

Dr. Gaunt—I surrender, Teddy. We can escape our ruts.

Judge—We don't want to escape them only there was something lacking before.

Findley—By Jove, that's so, Dick. W can stick in our ruts and at the time we ca roll among your buttercups——

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The Voice from the Machine

(Concluded from page 25)

money," he cried. "Take it, you, John Cranahan! Let the members of this club decide where to put it. That ought to be fair enough, oughtn't it?"

He looked from face to face. He saw nothing encouraging in their expressions. Bernard knew how he felt, for once, months ago, the evidence had piled up against Dick. That is, if Nebidan were not the crook, he could imagine the canner's feelings.

"Why, damn you all," almost shrieked Nebidan, "I'll tell you what to do! Lock me up in the cookhouse—or anywhere—set a guard over me—hide the money—my God, you don't believe that——" His voice died away. He could offer to fight Glendenning, but when eleven persons apparently thought him a thief, it was too much for him. In his eyes appeared panic.

"The point is this, Nebidan," said Cranahan, judicially. "No one here knew of your having so much money with you. You didn't tell any of us? No. All right, then. Dick puts a record on the phonograph. It announces what none of us have known—that you have the money with you, and that that money will be stolen to-night. Well, I think that your offer to turn the money over to us, and to be locked up yourself—I'm for it."

"Here's the money, Cranahan," snapped Nebidan. "Now lead me to your cookhouse!"

IT comes to this," said Sinsabaugh. "Someone smuggled that record into the camp. No one's been here since we arrived. So, then, it was brought in a month ago. Everyone of us claims that he knew nothing of Nebidan's money. One of us lies or—Nebidan is the crook."

"Kind of reckless for him to announce it this way," said Sewall.

Sinsabaugh turned on him. "Hasn't everything the crook has done been daring? Hasn't he announced himself in advance before? Nebidan simply thought that he could get away with it."

"That's what I think," snapped Glendenning. "He's the crook, and—what's that?" He rose to his feet and stared out over the surface of the lake. "No motor-boats here," he said, wonderingly.

"Motor-boat? It's an airplane," cried Cranahan. "It's—look!"

He pointed. High in the air, clearly visible in this hour before twilight, was a plane. It seemed hardly to move, yet the drone of its motor told of its speed.

"It's coming—by gosh, he's falling!" Herriman dropped into the expletive of his far-away mid-Western youth.

"Falling nothing," said Sewall, shriller than ever in his excitement. "He's shut off his motor and sailing down."

Apparently Sewall was right; in a moment it was certain that he was, for the plane, sliding at an acute angle for a moment, suddenly turned, half-circled and then, lightly as a bird, lit upon the water. And that the engine had not failed was proved by the fact that almost immediately its explosions shattered the forest stillness. Swiftly the "ship" taxied toward the rough dock which jutted out into the lake.

Cranahan stopped the rush for the landing-place. "This wallet," he cried. "Where'll I put it?"

There was an instant's pause. Even so strange a visitor could not make them forget, more than momentarily, the menace that the phonograph record had revived.

"Keep it yourself, Cranahan," said Sinsabaugh. "We're all watching you."

A slim young chap, leather-clad, removed a pair of goggles from his eyes.

"Where am I?" he demanded.

"Loon Lake, State o' Maine," answered Cranahan.

"I knew the last," the young fellow smiled. "Loon Lake, eh?" Without leaving his machine, which had drifted, its engine cut off, within a few yards of shore, he consulted a map. "H'm," he said, thoughtfully.

"What on earth you doing over here, though?" asked Sinsabaugh.

"The 'Express' prize. Ten thousand dollars for rounding New England."

"Didn't know that there was any such contest," said Cranahan.

"The 'Boston Express' only offered



the prize last week. My plane happened to be in good shape, so—I've made the first start. You people won't mind signing a statement that I descended here?"

"Not a bit," said Cranahan heartily.

THE young fellow's smile expressed relief. "Conditions demand that we keep within fifty miles, all the way, of Canada, New York State, the Sound and Massachusetts Bay. I'm all right, then. Glad of that. We're allowed five descents. This is my second."

Cranahan left the rest to ask the usual thousand questions of the aviator and walked to the cookhouse. He explained the aviator's presence to the interested Dick. "Better watch me while I go in," he said, with a grin. "No collusion, you know."

Nebidan looked up sourly as the burly financier entered.

"Tough luck, old man," he said sympathetically. "But it's about six now. At midnight you'll be released, and——" He busied himself selecting food from the stores on shelves.

"What's the row outside?" demanded Nebidan. For the aviator, to test his engines, started them, and the motor's roar could be heard.

Cranahan entered upon his second explanation. Nebidan's face dropped. "Thought it might be some motor-boat, with a gang of pirates——"

"Cheer up," said Cranahan. "There's no chance of anyone getting that money. At twelve you'll be out."

The canner grunted some angry answer, and Cranahan left. The engine was silent now; the young aviator had landed, having moored his craft to the dock. He was the center of an excited group who vied with each other in paying compliments to the youth's daring, who refused Cranahan the honor of being the sole person to hand food to the aviator.

Outside, by the cookhouse door, Bernard stared sulkily at the other building. Some time to-morrow, barring accidents, this young aviator would be sailing over New York City. Over New York, which was not only Dick's home, but was the abiding place of Nancy Darrell, the loveliest girl in the world. Of course, she was the assistant of the crook in the Arm-chair Club, but—that mattered nothing. She was Nancy Darrell, the loveliest of her sex.

And he, Dick Bernard, was in the heart of the Maine woods, at present stupidly standing guard over Nebidan, while Nancy Darrell was—well, she had been able to steal the Ballantyne portrait from Cranahan's yacht, but—he laughed harshly at the idea of her being in the Maine woods.

Inside the bunkhouse Cranahan placed something on the table that stood in the center of the room. It was a leather wallet, with the initial N in small gold type, upon it. As he did so, the young aviator drew close to the table.

"I'd like another sandwich, if I might," he said.

"Certainly, Mr. Farrell," said Cranahan. Sydney Farrell, the youth, had introduced himself.

Cranahan turned. For a moment, at t side of the table, the aviator stood by t wallet, with none to observe him, for t men were jostling for the privilege of get in the sandwich.

In front of the bunkhouse Dick Berna suddenly straightened up. He stared at t machine floating, lightly secured, on t water. It was a hydroplane. A flight arou New England was necessarily in great pa over land. Only happy chance, in eve of accident, could enable the aviator land upon water. A machine fitted wi wheels. . . .

It didn't seem reasonable that a man wou risk flying over hundreds of miles of la equipped with no landing whee Unless, of course, the aviator h planned a trip to Loon Lake onl That phonograph record! . . . Nev before had the mysterious crimin boasted vainly. . . .

"Better put that wallet awa John," said Sinsabaugh, in the bun house.

"Put it away yourself," sa Cranahan. "I'm tired of handling it

The young aviator strolled ca ually to the door. Sinsabaugh pick up the wallet. He turned it over in his hand "I thought," he said, "that there was initial on this thing."

Cranahan wheeled like a dancer on o toe. "There is," he cried.

Sinsabaugh held it up. "Look for you self." Then, still holding out the wallet, took a quick step toward the aviator. But was too late. The youth was through t door. It slammed and the aviator dropp into place a wooden bar that held in che the rush of ten members of the Arm-chair

The bunkhouse was forty yards near the lake than the cookhouse. Also, the bun house interfered with the view from other building. But suspicion had beg stirring in the heart of Dick Bernard. deliberately neglected his watch over N bidan. He wanted to talk to the aviator.

SO he was only ten yards behind wh "Mr. Farrell" burst from the coo house toward his hydroplane, moored lightly by the dock.

"Mr. Farrell" could run as well as f But Dick Bernard, until an attack of wat on the knee stopped his athletic career, h been a ten-second man. He was only a ya behind when fifty yards had been cover by the aviator and only five yards mo separated him from the shore of the lak

And then—the old knee twinged; it ga But as he went forward Dick turned his f into a flying tackle. Cleanly he caught t knees of the fugitive. His arms snapped t gether and together they sprawled upon t ground. Behind, from a window, Cranah roared encouragement.

"Got you," grunted Dick.

And then his grip relaxed. For, over h shoulder, Nancy Darrell spoke to him.

"Dick!" she breathed. He knew her; t ugly helmet could not disguise her from t eyes of love. For it was love; nothing l was the feeling that animated him towa this girl whom he knew to be a thief.

"Dick," she breathed again.

With a groan he opened his fingers th had gripped her just above her knees. A then she laughed. For, lithe as a boy, s had kicked herself clear. He rose. F knee sagged beneath his weight.

From her machine she glanced back him. Desperately he was crawling towa the dock. Her eyes held pity.

"Dick!" For the third time she spok him. He read the appeal and—he let go t rope. She was a thief, but—she was Nan Darrell. And then, whimsically, she laughe She had cut the rope before he seized it. I had not permitted her to escape. Escape w hers anyway; he had not been disloyal his fellow-members, but—if he had been. wouldn't have cared. For, as the machi taxied away, she blew him a kiss from h gloved finger-tips.

For the sixth time, by the aid of Nan Darrell, the Arm-chair criminal had ma good his wicked boast. But—this time Nancy Darrell had blown Dick Bernard kiss.

"The Clock with the Golden Hands" pro ises at last to throw the amateur thief of t Arm-chair Club into Dick Bernard's power Hearst's for October.

Visit Europe and America

(*Concluded from page 52*)

But they could be awful harsh with one other, some of these Western boys. I rheard one man say to a very successful ter:

"Bill, I'm broke. I haven't got a cent. ant you to help me."

The rich man took off his large slouch hat, ew it on the ground, emptied his pockets gold and silver, threw it in the hat, and ew in a gold watch and chain and a big pin. n he turned to the fellow and said:

"I haven't got a cent on me!" "I don't how you can treat me like that," whimed the man who was broke.

The rich man said, "I'll tell you just how going to treat you: There's a train leaves e in half an hour, and if you are not out of town by then I'll shoot you!"

remember talking to a friend one day ront of the elevator at the old Continental Hotel in Philadelphia when a big, faced, murderous looking fellow apached me and said:

"You are with E. E. Rice?" I said he my manager. "Well, you won't have anager very long after I lay eyes on . He has owed me money for three years I can never find him at the theater. w the first minute I see him it will be last."

LOOKED down toward the bar and there stood Rice in front of it, laughing with ewspaper man, and to my fiery friend aid:

"Do you see that man with his face turned way?" He said, "Yes." "Well," I , "that's Rice." Off he ran. The friend t I was conversing with got very indigt and upbraided me for such a churlish of placing my manager's life in jeopardy, ore I could tell him that Mr. Rice was ectly equipped to take care of himself. said, turning toward the bar, "Look!" re was Mr. Rice with his pass pad out, ing, and the ferocious man in front of as meek as a lamb (Rice was ever writing es). Rice was bidding him good-bye shaking hands with him. The man ked toward me. I said, "Well, did you him?" He said, "No, he gave me a ple of passes to see you to-night and he's g to send the money when next he plays Chicago." We had played in Chicago four ks before this and were not due there two years or more.

n the summer of '93 I again went to don. On board the steamer I met Dr. M. Phelps, and he induced me to go to many with him.

The Doctor, on the steamer, did not drink moke, and I said, "All I'll have to do is to k and look. Doctor will do all the ing, and if there is anything the matter me, he'll cure me."

ut the minute we struck Hamburg I had ther guess. If the Doctor could have ned to lift an extra glass with his feet he ld have done so; for he commenced to k with both hands. Therefore, instead he Doctor taking care of me in Germany ad to look after him. Otherwise the tor and I had a very instructive and resting time.

Hamburg I met the famous Dr. Shede and I saw him perform three great operas. One was cutting off part of the skull cure a disease. The patient was an old nan. Instead of using the saw to trepan skull, Dr. Shede used a chisel and a mallet chopped the bone around until he uncered the brain. Then he put iodoform in put the bandages on, and the next day n I passed through the hospital the old y was lying there awake.

"How do you feel?" I asked her.

he answered in German, which the Doctor nslated for me, "I feel all right but my d aches a little bit." I said, "I should k it would!"

We took the steamer next day down the ne to Cologne. When we landed at inz we went to a hotel. I must describe appearance at the time. As my trunk gone on from Southampton to London, ad nothing but a bag with a few things in and I walked off the steamer with a pair of k trousers and a pea-jacket on and a mer cap, and as even in those days I n't care anything about Germans or many, I was very careless in my appearce. Likewise the Doctor. And when we landed at this hotel in Mainz we looked so disreputable that the waiter treated us as a Hotel Belmont waiter would treat a tramp if he came in there. In spite of our appearance we had plenty of money and didn't worry any. I had about three thousand dollars cash with me, and while the waiter was surveying me, I lifted up his long apron and took pack after pack of cards out of his apron, out of his vest, and from under his coat-tails. His hair almost stood on end, and he ran away and told the cashier, who was sitting at a desk on the other side of the room. The cashier, a very important-looking man, came over to us and said in German, "What is this? What's the meaning of this?" I stood up, and I rubbed the cashier's hair and took a lot of money out of his hair, and I rubbed his ear and took a shower of silver out of his ear, out of his eyes, and from every place. He also had a fit and ran away. Then the proprietor came in. The waiter and the cashier had told him that there was a devil in there taking coins and cards out of them, and the proprietor knew they had nothing like that on them.

When we saw the proprietor approaching I took this horrible bunch of money out and laid it on the table and I told the Doctor to say, "Why can't we be served? We've got money to pay for it." The proprietor put things in shape very quickly. So we gave the order and finally got the food.

Going down the Rhine, Doctor pointed out all the beauties, and as we passed the Schloss Johannesburger, I said, "Why, there's a wine with that name!" He said, "Yes, it's supposed to be the finest wine." I said, "I remember giving a dinner in New York with that wine, and it cost me quite a price." He said, "You can get it for half that price here." I said, "Not on board the steamer!" Doctor replied, "Yes, you can." I said, "Call a waiter and get a bottle."

THE waiter brought two small glasses. I said, "No, no! Get beer glasses—big beer glasses," and the Doctor told him to bring two beer glasses. The waiter had an argument with us. He said he couldn't bring beer glasses unless there was beer in them. We insisted on beer glasses, and at last he brought the beer glasses. I at once began to pour this beautiful wine into the beer glasses, but the waiter said I couldn't do that! That wasn't the way to drink that wine! It was drunk from small glasses!

The people around us looked on us as boors, brutes, to desecrate this nectar by pouring it into a beer glass! The waiter beseeched me to drink it out of the small wine glass. I said, "I'm going to drink it out of a bucket if I want to!" And there, amidst all the disdainful looks of the Germans about us, Doctor and I drank our wine.

We landed in Cologne, a beautiful city! We got a guide and he showed us all over the Cathedral. They had the bones of eleven thousand virgins in it. One picture on the wall I still remember—a Biblical painting; in it one of the characters had a ring on his thumb. At the time I too wore a ring on my thumb. (This, by the way, is a good place to explain why I wore this ring on my thumb.) It was not placed there by any fair lady as some people thought. It was placed on my thumb as a talisman of good luck by Joseph L. White, a great singer, of the Boston and Albany Railroad in Boston. He said that his "Mammy" placed a ring on his thumb when he was a baby, and it was for good luck. I laughed and said I would like to have one. So he had a piece of gold cut out of the ring that he always wore on his thumb, and got the jeweler to weld more gold to it and set a ruby on one side and a diamond on the other, and put it on my thumb. It looked like affectation, so much so that I used to keep a glove on my left hand most of the time. And people made so many inquiries about it—why I did it. I had one or two fights over it. One man in the West said it looked effeminate to have a ring on my left thumb and I remarked, "Yes, I've got a ring on my left hand but I've got a good punch in my right!" When they brought him to he was convinced of the fact.

From Cologne we took the train to Ostend, and then London, and sailed for home.

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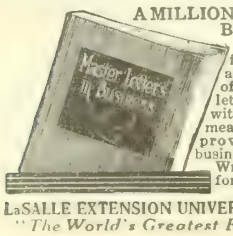
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The Arrow of Gold

(*Concluded from page 49*)

world. I slunk on and on shivering with cold, through the uproarious streets. Bedlam was loose in them. It was the time of Carnival.

At a café frequented by his Carlist comrades Don George comes upon a stranger with hunched-up shoulders and a twisted red gash of a mouth.

IT never entered my head whom I had there. How could it? The Rita that haunted me had no history; she was but the principle of life charged with fatality. Her form was only a mirage of desire decoying one step by step into despair. Then the man leaned far over the table, till his very breastbone was over the edge, as though his eyes had been stilettos and he wanted to drive them home into my brain.

"Tell me," he said, "between men, you know, has this wonderful celebrity – what does she call herself? How long has Rita been your mistress?"

[This then was the Cousin Ortega, the man of whom Doña Rita was so much afraid!] There was between us a most horrible fellowship; the association of his crazy torture with the sublime suffering of my passion. We hadn't been a quarter of an hour together when that woman had surged up fatally between us; between this miserable wretch and myself. We were haunted by the same image. But I was sane! I was sane!

It came on me suddenly, and I asked myself with rage and astonishment: "Must I then kill that brute?" There didn't seem to be any alternative. Between him and Doña Rita I couldn't hesitate. I believe I gave a slight laugh of desperation. I discovered that however much I had imagined I had given up Rita, that whatever agonies I had gone through, my hope of her had never been lost. Plucked out, stamped down, torn to shreds, it had remained with me secret, intact, invincible. Before the danger of the situation it sprang, full of life, up in arms—the undying child of immortal love.

Acting on his decision to protect Doña Rita at all costs, Don George lures Ortega, her cousin, to the Carlist headquarters for the night—only to discover that Doña Rita herself is in the same house. He goes to her room and whispers that Ortega is in the house.

I expected some effect from that name but I never expected to see what really happened. With the sudden, free, spontaneous agility of a young animal she leaped off the sofa, leaving her slippers behind, and in one bound reached almost the middle of the room. The vigor, the instinctive precision of that spring were something amazing. I just escaped being knocked over. She landed lightly on her bare feet with a perfect balance, without the slightest suspicion of swaying in her instant immobility. It lasted less than a second, then she spun round distractedly and darted at the first door she could see. My own agility was just enough to enable me to grip the back of the fur coat and then catch her round the body before she could wriggle herself out of the sleeves. She was muttering all the time, "No, no, no." And suddenly still, perfectly firm on her white feet, she let her arms fall and, from an abyss of desolation, whispered, "O! George! No! No! Not Ortega."

I stole another glance at her face and at that moment I heard that word [from outside the door]: "Beloved!" form itself in the still air of the room, weak, distinct, piteous, like the last request of the dying. [Ortega had discovered the whereabouts of Doña Rita.]

Then he positively bellowed: "Speak, perjured beast!" which I felt pass in a thrill right through Doña Rita like an electric shock, leaving her as motionless as before. She covered her face with her hands passionately. When she dropped them she had the look of one morally crushed.

"Do you expect a fellow to forget your tricks, you wicked little devil? Haven't you ever seen me dodging about to get a sight of you among those pretty gentlemen, on horseback, like a princess with pure cheeks like a carved saint? I wonder I didn't throw stones at you. I wonder I didn't run after you shouting the tale—curse my timidity! But I daresay they knew as much as I did. More. All the new tricks—if that were possible."

While he was making this uproar, Doña Rita put her fingers in her ears and then suddenly changed her mind and clapped her hands over my ears. Then she seized some garment lying on a chair near by (I think it was her skirt), with the intention of dressing herself, I imagine, and rushing out of the house. Determined to prevent this, I got hold of her arm. I used the least force possible and she managed to give me an unexpected push. Stepping back to save myself from falling I overturned the little table, bearing the six-branched candlestick. It hit the floor, rebounded with a dull ring on the carpet, and by the time it came to a rest every single candle was out. He on the other side of the door naturally heard the noise and greeted it with a triumphant screech.

He was at the end of his strength, of his breath, of every kind of endurance, but I did not know it. He was done up, finished; but perhaps he did not know it himself. How still he was! Just as I began to wonder at it, I heard him distinctly give a slap to his forehead. "I see it all!" he cried. "That miserable, canting peasant-woman upstairs has arranged it all. Let her die first." I heard him make a dash for the foot of the stairs. Instinctively I unlocked the door. Doña Rita's contralto laugh rang out loud, bitter, and contemptuous, and I heard Ortega's distracted screaming as if under torture "It hurts! It hurts! It hurts!" I hesitated just an instant, half a second, no more, but before I could open the door wide there was in the hall a short groan and the sound of a heavy fall.

The sight of Ortega lying on his back at the foot of the stairs arrested me in the doorway. One of his arms lay across his breast. The other arm was extended full length on the white-and-black pavement with the palm upward and the fingers rigidly spread out.

Fate had intervened to save Rita, but Ortega's death had a strange effect.

"He has killed me, Rita is dead," she said. "He has killed me," she repeated in a sigh. "The little joy that was in me."

Then taking her by the arm I led her toward the couch. She gave no sign but one of her wistful attempts at a smile. In a most businesslike way I took the arrow out of her hair and laid it on the center table. The tawny mass fell loose at once about h shoulders and made her look even more d olate than before.

"That object has haunted me," I sa "mostly at night. I dreamed of you som times as a huntress nymph gleaming wh through the foliage and throwing this arr like a dart straight at my heart. But it ne er reached it. It always fell at my feet a woke up. The huntress never meant strike down that particular quarry."

"The huntress was wild but she was n evil. She was no nymph, but only goat-herd girl. Dream of her more, my dear," she answered.

She lay down quietly. "No. can't close my eyes. Impossible. have a horror of myself. That vo in my ears. All true. All true."

She was sitting up, two masses tawny hair fell on each side of her te face. "Perhaps like this," I suggest drawing her head gently on my brea She didn't resist, she didn't even s she didn't look at me. . . .

Then follows a period of idyllic love in a retreat in the Maritime Alps in a rose-embowered cottage. After six months Don George suffered a serious illness and a slow recovery.

When Don George woke up after hour, or a day, or a month, there dusk in the room; but he recogni it perfectly. It was his apartment Doña Rita's house.

"Ask Rita to come in," he said.

"I can't do that, my dear bo said someone with affectionate gen ness. He hesitated a moment. "D Rita went away yesterday," he s softly. "Before she left the house gave me that arrow she used to w in her hair to hand over to you a keepsake and also to prevent you, said, from dreaming of her. T message sounds rather cryptic."

"Oh, I understand perfectly," Monsieur George. "Don't give the thing now. Leave it somew where I can find it some day whe am alone. But when you writ her you may tell her that now at the arrow has found its mark. There be no more dreaming. Tell her. She understand. She was supremely lovab he added, speaking of her as if she were l dead already on his oppressed heart.

"And elusive," said the other. "Som them are like that. She will never cha Amid all the shames and shadows of that there will always lie the ray of her per honesty. I don't know about your hone but yours will be the easier lot. You always have your . . . other love—you headed enthusiast of the sea."

"Then let me go to it," cried the enthusi "Let me go to it."

He went to it as soon as he had stren enough to feel the crushing weight of his (or his gain) fully and discovered that could bear it without flinching. After discovery he was fit to face anything.

The faithful austerity of the sea prote him from the rumors that fly on the tong of men. He never heard of her. Even echoes of the sale of the great Allegre co tion failed to reach him. And that must have made noise enough in the wo But he never heard. He does not kn Then, years later, he was deprived even of arrow. It was lost to him in a storm tastrophe; and he confesses that next da stood on a rocky, wind-assaulted shore, l ing at the seas raging over the very spo his loss and thought that it was well. It not a thing that one could leave behind for strange hands—for the cold eyes ignorance.

ABOUT BADNESS
By Elsie Janis

YOU may feel a bit of sadness
Without really being sad,
You may sense a touch of gladness
Without really being glad,
You may even feel some madness
Without being truly mad,
But if you feel a bit of badness
Then look out!

For a little bit of sadness
Will catch a fellow's eye,
And a little bit of gladness
Will send his spirits high,
And with a little madness
You might very well get by,
But when it comes to badness
There's a doubt.

For there's sadness that depresses
And there's madness that distresses
Also gladness that expresses
What the joy of life's about.
You can do without the gladness
Or the sadness
Or the madness
But that little bit of badness
People cannot live without.

From Elsie Janis's forthcoming book "The Big Show; or Six Months with the A. E. F."

SAYS Mr. Gouverncur Morris: "More and more I hear people say: 'Have you read Conrad's latest?' He is becoming necessary to contemporary education. Those who have not read him are not well-read. Those who do not intend to read him are of a foolish and slow mental habit. As for those who are engaged in reading him for the first time—how I envy them!



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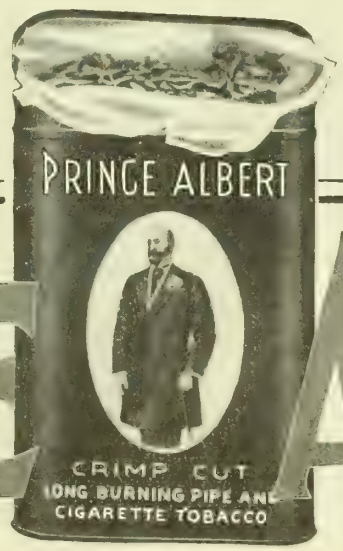
SAY, what a trick you'll turn for your tongue and taste and temper when you finally get down to bed-rock-smokes and let some of that topjoy Prince Albert float into your system! Just will put the quiz into your thinktank as to how much pipe or cigarette-rolling fun you've gone shy on—and, you'll work in a lot of double headers for quite a spell to get all-square!

What's the idea kidding yourself when you know what P. A. will do for your smokespot; when you know what it is doing for men all over the civilized world! You can't hit a happier job than to stock a supply of Prince Albert, jam that joy'us jimmy pipe chuck-full and blaze away! Why, it's like falling into feathers when you've been batting-it-out-on-a-board!

Prince Albert just can't help doing you a clever turn because it won't bite your tongue at any stage! Bite and parch are cut out by our patented process. Want you to know right here, and now, that Prince Albert will be as gentle with your tongue as a toy purr-kitty is with a stuffed mouse! You can rip champeen-smokespeed-records right up the back with P. A. for packing!

You don't need a percentage table to figure out what Prince Albert's quality and flavor and fragrance will do for your happiness every time the clock ticks! You'll get the answer quick! And, now it's your draw! Prince Albert is sold in toppy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half pound tin humidors, and, in that classy, practical pound crystal glass humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition!

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PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

His Plan Solves the Labor Problem

John Leitch—Strike Preventer

By B. C. Forbes

NOT so very long ago the newspapers were full of reports about the sensational strikes of silk-mill workers at Paterson, N. J. Every mill was closed except one.

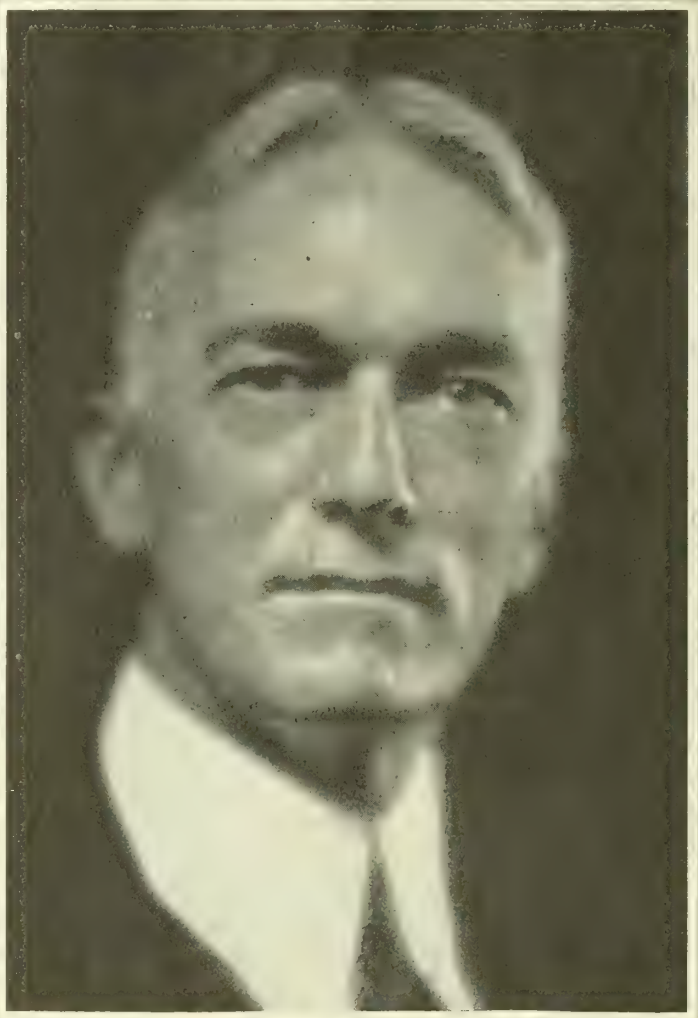
That one was the David Silk Mill. Even the thousands of strikers in their processions past hurrahed for that one mill and instead of trying to stop it actually rooted for its being kept going.

Why? Because Industrial Democracy was in operation there.

I was in a large factory one day when the inventor of Industrial Democracy entered. The moment the workmen bending intently over their benches caught sight of him, they cheered, cheered again, and again cheered.

ANOTHER scene: this time, not a teeming, busy, noisy factory, but a spacious dining-room in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. Around the table sit a score of large employers—the president of the Ingersoll Watch Company, the president of the famous Durham Hosiery Mills, the head of the largest brass concern in America, great cotton manufacturers, soap manufacturers, mining magnates, velvet manufacturers, piano makers; also leading educators. They have come from South, North and West, to do honor to this same man. To some of them, also, he has been a Moses, leading them out of the swamps of strife and strike and loss into a land of harmony and coöperation and profit. At the others, who know him not, he shakes his fist and abjures:

"God ranks man above bolts or sweaters or tables or razors. So must you—if you hope to stay in business. The old system of treating labor is doomed. That system has produced hate and discontent and bloodshed—the bombs which exploded simultaneously in more than half a dozen cities speak a loud warning to you and to every employer in America. Employers have too often 'worked' their men. It is up to employers to lose no time in working *with* their men—before labor decides that henceforth it will not work with employers. Give your men opportunity for expression; let them share with you the responsibilities of management; let them become real co-workers; give them a chance to put their souls into their jobs. They will not disappoint you; they will astound you. Some of you employers here, from years of practical experience, know that it can be done, that it has been done, that it works, that it pays—pays both you and your men, not only in dollars and cents, but in happiness, in mental growth, in spiritual development."



SAID President Wilson in his cabled message to Congress: "Those who really desire a new relationship between capital and labor can readily find a way to bring it about." . . . "Industrial Democracy," as my plan for establishing amicable, profitable relations between employers and workers has been called, fills the bill, as all those who have adopted it enthusiastically testify.

It is not a mere theory. It works! The only question is whether the workers or the employers who have tried it out are the stronger rooters for it.

John Leitch

THEN one employer after another got up and narrated his experiences—some of them almost incredible—under the system originated and installed by this man, John Leitch, ex-stockyard laborer, ex-skilled worker, ex-executive and ex-other *rôles* in his ten-years' practical preparation for the work he has been doing in the last ten, a work that was kept quiet for years but which has now become a sensation in the industrial world both here and in Britain. Leitch's plan has proved itself, under the stern, trying conditions of war not less than in peace. In place of harshness it brings into industrial organizations harmony; coöperation and self-expression in place of coercion and repression; higher wages instead of lower wages; yet it increases profits and the dividends of the stockholders.

More completely and satisfactorily than any other labor plan ever devised does it meet the specification laid down by President Wilson, in his cabled message to Congress:

"The object of all reform in this essential matter must be the genuine democratization of industry based upon the full recognition of the right of those who work, in whatever rank, to participate in some organic way in every decision which directly affects their welfare or the part they are to play in industry."

The plan, the method, the system which has brought such results that its author is cheered alike by the workers who operate under it and by the employers?

It is simplicity itself, as most great ideas are.

In one sentence, it is the application to industry of democracy as exemplified by the Constitution of the United States Government. He calls it Industrial Democracy. That's what it is—democracy in industry, the running of a factory or mine or other plant exactly as the United States of America is run, with a President, Cabinet, Senate and House of Representatives.

It is not a new-fangled, high-falutin', dreamy, idealistic idea that looks alluring on paper. In principle it is as old as the Sermon on the Mount, and it has for nearly ten years been tested and tried in practice, not in one plant, but in a score, covering such diverse products as pianos, silk, steel, tobacco-pipes, cloaks and suits, cans, velvet, copper.

WHEN Mr. Leitch, urged by far-seeing employers who realized the need for a workable solution of the labor problem, and also by numbers of enthusiastic workers enjoying Industrial Democracy, published his plan to the world, perplexed employers everywhere immediately rubbed their eyes. Leitch's statements appeared too good to be true.

Here was a business engineer who claimed actually to have attained a goal that they had been blindly, stumblingly, unsuccessfully groping toward for years.

Their first hurried inquiries, mainly among employers having Industrial Democracy in their plants, were so convincing that hundreds of corporations and firms are now exhaustively investigating and studying it. Scores are beseeching the originator of the plan to come and instal it forthwith. Associations of business men all over the country are clamoring to have it described to them at first hand. The United States Government itself recently asked the writer of this article for data to enable it to gather all the facts with a view to issuing an official bulletin for the enlightenment of American employers and the public, so much importance did Washington attach to the demonstrated success of Industrial Democracy.

As part of his training to fit him to introduce Industrial Democracy, Mr. Leitch devoted a decade to moving from one type of plant to another, filling all grades of jobs and performing many kinds of work, mingling intimately with all sorts and conditions of workers, becoming as one of them, learning their language, thinking their thoughts, diagnosing their ambitions, studying their grievances, and finally grasping their view of life. He was in his thirties when he set out on his quest for a solution of the troubles which the wholesale introduction of power machinery was bringing upon the industrial world. He has now turned fifty. He devoted to his mission the determination of Columbus, the zeal of Perry, the diligence of Lincoln. It became his Holy Grail.

LET Mr. Leitch tell in his own words how he finally evolved Industrial Democracy, as now applied with such success that it promises to be adopted throughout this country and even in other lands:

"One night, now long ago, I was pacing my room in a New York hotel wrestling with the whole problem of labor discontent and striving painfully to discover some remedy. I began to do some elementary reasoning. My mind went back over history. I traced the rise and fall of nations, ancient and modern. Coming to modern times I realized and recognized that democracy was the form of government best suited to the human race, and that the rule of autocracy was doomed. I then said to myself, 'If democracy is right, if democracy is a principle acceptable to both God and nations, why should it not be applied to industry? Why should democracy be confined to politics? Why shouldn't it be applied to great organizations of industry?'

"I next asked myself, 'Which country has the finest system of government in the whole world?' Immediately, of course, I saw that the United States of America had the very best form of government ever devised by the brain of man. Then and there I resolved to study out, from every angle, how our national form of government could be adapted to the government of a business organization. Thus was born the germ of the idea. I gradually reasoned out that the warmth which came from the close, intimate personal association of master and man in the pre-machinery days had disappeared, and that one vital need was to devise some method whereby this warmth and intimacy and friendliness could be restored.

"Another thought came to me in course of my study of the whole subject of the human equation in business and how modern industrial methods could be molded to harmonize with the make-up of human beings. Going back again to the experiences and the conditions of past centuries, I deduced that, in addition to the personal contact between employer and employed, there was another fundamental reason for the absence of widespread discontent and antagonism to the employers. A workman in the olden days was not a mere cog in a huge machine, a juggernaut. Not only was he not an automaton, but he was something more than a workman; he was a craftsman, a member of a guild; he was an artist; he could and did take pride in his work. He found satisfaction and joy in his product. The master craftsman took pains to teach the apprentice, and the latter felt grateful for the instruction.

"This gave me the idea that this spirit of pride in one's work and product must, if possible, be restored, or else the result would not be permanently satisfactory to the human beings who form the great majority of our industrial body, the workers."

WHEN this nation was born our forefathers signed a Declaration of Independence. When any corporation adopts Industrial Democracy there is signed forthwith a Declaration of Interdependence. President, executives, managers, workmen, all acknowledge their dependence on one another for satisfactory results. Unless the directors of a company as well as the principal executives accept unreservedly the principle of Industrial Democracy and pledge themselves to live up to it fairly, squarely and honorably, Leitch will not undertake to install it.



Corinne Griffith

In "The Girl Problem"

This scene forms a striking illustration of movie realism. Here Corinne in a robe de nuit is on duty in the model room of a prominent Fifth Avenue modiste which was recently reproduced at the Vitagraph studio.

Vitagraph Picture



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Corinne Griffith

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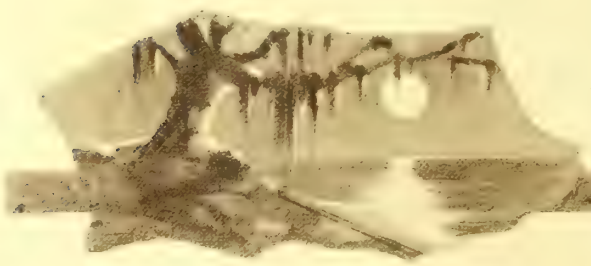
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uring all his years of experience in operat-g the plan in many plants there have en only two failures, and in both the blame emed to rest upon the employers, who felt tisfied that, all their old-time troubles ving been ironed out, they could afford to spense with Industrial Democracy—only find that they had made a colossal mistake. Here, briefly, is how Industrial Democ-cy is introduced into a plant.

First, Mr. Leitch must be absolutely con-nced that directors and president are sin-rely desirous of treating their workers stly and that they have no lurking intention trying to "put something over" upon e men.

Then he learns all he can about conditions the establishment, hours of work, rates of y, the sanitation and hygiene of the build-gs, the principal classes of workers em-oyed, and other details. He also mingles ostentatiously with the men in different partments for a few days.

Eventually a mass meeting of all workers d executives is then called, in the com-ny's time, as are all subsequent meetings, is being an inviolable rule, on the principle at the workers who attend meetings are gaged in company business and are there-re entitled to full pay for the time thus spent. Mr. Leitch, at this first meeting, talks very inkly to the workers. He tells them some-ing of what has been accomplished in her concerns under the Industrial Democ-cy method of running plants. He explains w it gives every man and woman on the yroll a voice in the management, how e workers can have any grievances re-essed, how they can, if they coöperate in e right spirit, bring about, not only better rking conditions, but better profits, and w every employee shares the savings on ifty-fifty basis with the company. He ncludes by telling them that they are en-ely at liberty to reject or accept his ser-ces in bringing about the new order out-ed by him. If they believe that he has me simply to be used as a catspaw by the mpany, and does not mean to be on the rel with them, then it's up to them to te to have nothing more to do with him.

THE machinery for the functioning of Industrial Democracy is explained. The binet consists of the executive officers, th the President of the company acting Chairman. The Senate consists of minor ecutives, department heads, foremen, and those whose position gives authority er the workers.

The House of Representatives, the founda-on of the whole system, is elected by the workers themselves, by secret-ballot voting, just as in the case of the House of Representatives at Washington. The number of representatives varies according to the size of the concern, there being a representative, as a rule, for every thirty or forty workers.

Before any change of hours or wages or policy or anything else affecting the business can be carried out, it has first to be voted upon favorably by the House and the Senate. The Cabinet has the power of veto, but in no instance so far has this power ever had to be exercised, so conscientious do the workers become in making sure that they indorse nothing not clearly for the good of the establishment as a whole.

Under this plan the severest critics of delinquent workers are their own fellow workers.

FOR example, on a certain Italian holiday a number of Italian workmen in one department stayed away. This naturally lowered the dividend of that department, and the other workers vigorously read the riot act to the offenders and passed a rule that if anyone again took a day off without due and adequate reason, a fine would be imposed, the money to go to swell the dividend fund of those who had stayed steadily on the job!

For, as you will have gathered, under Industrial Democracy, of every dollar saved, as compared with the old system, the workers receive fifty cents. These payments, called dividends, are distributed in a separate envelope every two weeks. Of course the amounts vary greatly. A five-per-cent. dividend on top of the regular pay is counted poor; ten per cent. is regarded as quite good; but twelve, fifteen and even twenty per cent. dividends are not uncommon.

Every intelligent worker consequently becomes an efficiency engineer, each determined to reduce waste, increase production and introduce economies. All ordinary troubles incidental to the managing of large forces are practically lifted from the shoulders of the executives and taken over by the rank and file. Careless individuals, slackers, malcontents, drones, anybody not calculated to help to bring about the highest results, is soon made uncomfortable and either cured or edged out by co-workers. The history of Industrial Democracy is rich in incidents illustrative of how effectively workers can bring laggards into line.

HERE is a concrete incident which occurred at one establishment: The men in one department were incited by an ex-employee, who had gone to work for a competitor, to demand an advance in wages and to threaten a strike if refused. The men laid their request before the House and a committee was appointed to consider the matter. After examining the books and obtaining complete data on the rates paid at different previous periods, and the present cost of living, the committee reported to the House that the demand was unfair. The men, instead of striking, were satisfied that they had received fair treatment and the would-be trouble-maker received the cold shoulder

One plant which has operated under Industrial Democracy for fully two years is the largest tobacco-pipe factory in the world, that of Leopold Demuth & Company, Richmond Hill, N. Y. I asked a member of the House of Representatives, a worker in the amber-mounting department, how the boys and girls of the factory liked to work under Industrial Democracy, and here is his reply:

> "When a man in my department has a grievance, he comes to me and tells me about it, and he knows that I will take up the question at the next meeting of the House of Representatives, and consequently the foremen in the Senate and the Bosses in the Cabinet will hear about it. They will act on it one way or another, and my experience has been that every question has been settled fairly."

Here is the graphic expression of James E. Jennings, a workman in the Packard Piano Co. of Fort Wayne, Ind., where Industrial Democracy has been in operation for the last six years: "There is as much difference between the old way of running things and the present way as between a hot box and a well-greased bearing. Harmony has replaced discord, and concord antagonism. We are now one happy family with one common purpose—making the finest pianos possible in the easiest and simplest way, and making such a success of Industrial Democracy that every employer and every employee will want to adopt it and obtain some of the advantages we are now enjoying."

THAT gives the workers' side. But how about the employer? How does he relish the loss of autocratic power? How do profits fare? And what about discipline and quality of product? Here are questions put to Leopold Demuth, the president of the company, and his replies:

> *"Has not Industrial Democracy undermined our authority, the authority of the employer?"*
>
> "No. It has not in the slightest impaired the authority of the employer. On the contrary that authority has been strengthened by reason of the fact that no important action is taken without the approval of the employees through their Representatives, and to day in our plant anyone inclined to be troublesome must reckon with the force of the opinion of his fellow workers, which is a most powerful factor."
>
> *"What effect has the community of interest idea had upon quality production?"*
>
> "Many of our men are piece workers. Some were in the habit of rushing their work so that they could make the most money regardless of the quality of their output. At the meetings of the lower House, the Representatives of the workers learned that this policy was lowering their dividends, for it was resulting in a great many seconds and thirds, and a large amount of waste. The Representatives brought home this fact to the workers, who began to realize that any gain made by rushing their work was more than offset by the loss in dividends caused by this method. Consequently, they soon began to turn out better pipes. Another important factor in raising the standard of quality is that, by reason of him having a voice in the management of the plant, the worker takes more pride in his product, as in the case of the craftsmen of old."

COULD you imagine piece-workers under the ordinary system of factory management coming to the boss and voluntarily suggesting that their rate be reduced from 42 cents to 11 cents? Yet that happened in the Packard Piano Company of Fort Wayne, Ind., where Leitch installed Industrial Democracy six years ago.

Sidney Blumenthal & Company, large velvet manufacturers, used to have almost 30 per cent. of their high-priced goods come through with defects of one kind or another. Last year, under Industrial Democracy, 88 per cent. came through perfect. Each worker receives a bonus of 20 per cent. on each perfect piece, and as many of these velvets sell for about $10 a yard, the saving amounts to a very large sum.

Pride in craftsmanship, it will thus be seen, is restored.

Unlike most profit-sharing plans, Industrial Democracy gives the workers genuine control over the factors which affect the making of profits. Firebrands have found that their torches will light nothing in establishments governed by this form of democracy. It is fatal to everything savoring of Bolshevism, and sabotage is unknown.



Industrial Democracy in actual operation; a meeting of the workers in Leopold Demuth & Company's factory, where the problems of management are decided.

As Adam Perritt's Wife

(*Concluded from page 41*)



"I am done with this masquerading," he cried. "I am not Adam Perritt!"

"Very well," said T. Jasper, suddenly making up his mind he rose to depart. The two partners chuckled gleefully.

"You may rely upon our discretion, Mr. ——" Worden paused and looked T. Jasper hard in the eye—"Mr. Adam Perritt!"

It was almost dark that night when T. Jasper reached his destination—the Cape. When he had finished this one last task, he promised himself, he would go to sea again.

The hotels were overflowing. But an accommodating clerk suggested he might find lodgings among the fishermen's homes for him; the thrifty fishing people make a harvest from the overflow. Together they fought their way through the boisterous crowds to a narrower street that hugged the huge sand-dune closely. They stopped at a small cottage, half-hidden in vines, with its clump of grass and an arbor.

No one responded to their knock. The hotel clerk, without any ceremony, lifted a screen and managed to open the door, and ushered in T. Jasper.

"It will be all right—make yourself at home," he explained. "She is a mild, inoffensive little person."

It was hot and sticky; the room was low-ceiled, with small, closely screened windows, but it was sweet and clean. T. Jasper sat down to think it over. Night had fallen, but he did not strike a light.

THEN unexpectedly T. Jasper's door opened, and a beam of light, striking across the room, revealed him sitting there.

"Oh, I didn't know anyone was here," said the woman at the door. "I beg your pardon." T. Jasper explained the clerk from the hotel had brought him here.

Later he bestirred himself and started out for a tramp before turning in. Back in bed, he counted the hours of the persistent town-clock, and at daybreak crawled out and dressed and went to an early breakfast.

When he returned the woman of the night before was setting his room to rights. She was standing at the dresser—a slight, girlish figure, with her back to him. In her hand, as though she had just picked it up, she held his precious bundle of letters. At sound of his step she raised her large dark eyes and encountered his reflection in the glass. As she turned, he noted the extreme pallor of her delicate face.

"I am Phyllis Hopkins." She was holding his bundle of letters. "These are mine," she said softly. "I found them here—I couldn't help recognizing them. I wrote them. You are from Adam, of course?" she asked, raising her eyes again.

"Of course there is only one explanation—how these happened to be in the hands of a stranger," she went on, as though she were thinking aloud. She sighed deeply as she turned her gaze to the rose-garden outside the window, and said, as though addressing someone absent:

"So that is over and done with, too!"

T. JASPER had a strange sense of relief. At least he had been spared the agony of inflicting the first shock. The clear-eyed woman had divined her loss and faced it. A glow of admiration for her simple courage ran through him.

"He was drowned, last year," began T. Jasper hoarsely. "In Chiquili harbor. He gave his life to save another man."

She looked at him startled. "I think you must be mistaken," she began uncertainly. "I have had letters from Adam within the last few months."

"Yes; I wrote them, madam," faltered T. Jasper.

"I have come here to tell you the whole story by word of mouth. It could not be written. I am a fugitive from justice—why, I am going to explain to you. It was Adam who saved me from capture. And for a year I have been living under the name and identity of Adam Perritt. We will come to that in detail later. If you interrupt me you have only to raise your voice, and turn me over to the authorities."

If he had expected her to flinch, he was disappointed. She said gravely: "Go on."

"Believe me, when you have heard the story, you will forever consecrate the memory of Adam Perritt in your thoughts. First," continued T. Jasper, "you must answer some questions for me. "Are there any kin of Adam left here?"

"No; all his people have gone—long ago. He was alone."

"Was there a will, do you know? Most sailors when they have plans to marry and settle down, make their wills."

"Yes," answered Phyllis Hopkins. "He left a will."

"You have it?"

"Yes."

"He left everything to you?"

"Yes."

"Keep that will in a safe place," said T. Jasper. "Adam left quite an estate, as you will gather from this document, which I will read to you."

HE picked up a packet of papers from which he took a copy of the last will and testament of his father. He read:

"'—I direct that the remainder of the estate . . . be given to Adam Perritt, one-time fireman aboard the American ship *Elfreda*, Peter Toller, master . . . to have and to hold unto his heirs and assigns forever . . . in consideration of the great love and esteem I bear him for his kindness to my only son, T. Jasper, Junior—the facts of whose death on the night of June fourteenth, of the present year of our Lord, are now abundantly established.'"

"The estate runs well over two hundred thousand," said T. Jasper. "So you can see that Adam Perritt's will is worth guarding well."

"But I do not understand," said Phyllis Hopkins, locking and unlocking her fingers. "You come to tell me that Adam Perritt is dead, and that you are T. Jasper. And then you read me from this paper that Adam Perritt, instead of dying for T. Jasper, actually survived him—and that it was T. Jasper who died on the fourteenth of June last year. And you offer to place in my hands, as my own legal right, a fortune of a quarter of a million dollars—certainly a sum which Adam never could have achieved in a lifetime. It is all so contradictory."

"I am coming to that," said T. Jasper, "but I want to tell it all from the beginning."

He told it bluntly, almost crudely at first. He endeavored only to shear the picture of all adornment, to paint the beginning with meager detail, dwelling only on that part wherein Adam Perritt, the stoker, had gone to his death for the fugitive whom he did not know by name.

"It seems to be my fate," T. Jasper said with unconscious pathos, "to bring misfortune to those whom I love, who are willing to make sacrifices for me. Adam Perritt—and my dear old father—both paid the price which by right I should have paid."

WHEN Phyllis Hopkins spoke, her concern for the living man had overshadowed for the moment her own grief.

"What do you propose to do now?" she asked.

"To pay my debt of gratitude, in so far as I am able," he said. "There is nothing I possess, even to life itself, for which I am to beholden to him. There is nothing I possess which I do not legally and cheerfully give to his heir. You have Adam Perritt's will. That removes the last difficulty."

"In your effort to repay Adam," said Phyllis Hopkins gently, "you are unjust to yourself. Since he had to die, I am happy that he died in this way. But that you should carry the burden of it through life with you is wrong. Adam himself would be the first to say that. You say that you can never thank him. You are mistaken. You have thanked him a thousand times in your own soul, and where he is he can understand."

Now for the first time she lost control of herself. She buried her face in her hands, and her quick sobs cut T. Jasper to the heart.

In their absorption neither had heard a step on the porch. The door opened, and someone came in, stumblingly. So distraught was T. Jasper that he did not look up till he heard the high, uncertain tones of an aged woman calling.

IT was an old woman, bent and withered, who felt her way toward the girl. Phyllis took the outstretched hand and held it.

"What is it, dear heart?" pleaded the elder, "tell me. Tell Granny," patting her shoulder soothingly.

"It's Adam!" breathed the girl.

"Adam?" exclaimed the old woman; she turned her withered old eyes in the direction of T. Jasper.

"Come near me," she commanded. T. Jasper obeyed, not knowing what to expect. The fingers moved searchingly over his face.

"So you have come back, Adam!" she crooned, in her queer voice.

"No—no!" said the girl, suddenly springing to her feet. She seized his hand convulsively, as if to crush back his determination to reveal himself. "Let me speak, Adam!" she cried; her tear-brimmed eyes were full of entreaty. But the old woman, putting her own interpretation on the emotional crisis she sensed, pushed the girl aside imperatively.

"You'll bide, Adam!" said the old woman, with palsied emphasis. "Bide till you make her your wife!"

"Granny! Granny!" broke in the frightened girl as she seized the old woman in her arms. "You don't understand. Don't! Don't——"

But the flood of ire was not to be lightly stayed.

"It must be made right!" The old woman's tones were high and piercing. "She's been as good as your bride, Adam Perritt, these five years gone," she went on. "She's been patient. It is not right that you should go away."

Phyllis, smothering her reproaches with soft caresses, drew the reluctant old woman gently to the door.

THE old woman, muttering to herself, started on her slow way. They watched her through the gate and down the street.

"Forgive her," said the girl, who had regained her composure. "These neighbors have been all the family I have known for years now. Life is so circumscribed here—and little things mean so much. They know I have had Adam's savings; they know I had bought the land in Truro for our house. They know that I have been waiting for him a long time. To be promised here is almost the same as being married. There is only the name lacking. If Granny knew that Adam were dead she would regard me as his widow."

A pathetic smile played about her lips.

"It was all so long ago," she said. "Adam and I were promised when we were boy and girl—hardly more than children! Then he went away, as all our men do—and I have seen him for a bare hour or two since."

T. Jasper, a thought slowly taking form in his mind, was silent. He opened the door and stopped short. There, coming in the gate, was Granny, followed by a tottering old man in quaint clerical garb. Little as T. Jasper understood the stern, unbending creed of these people, he realized a crisis was at hand.

"Adam!" called the old woman in her shrill treble, "I have fetched a man of God! Hark to what he has to say to you. And tremble for your transgressions!"

PHYLLIS made as if to step between them; but T. Jasper put out his hand and grasped hers. There was a smile on his lips, the light of sudden resolve in his eyes.

"I am going away in a few days, dominie," he said. "But not before I have given Phyllis my name. We have been promised all these years—and what can a voyage or two mean now?"

Phyllis, dumfounded, faced him wide-eyed. The old woman raised her eyes to heaven, as though she had called down a miracle. The preacher grasped T. Jasper's hand.

"My son," he said, "I am afraid I have been guilty of an unworthy thought toward you. Forgive me."

"Yes—yes," interposed T. Jasper. "Granny is getting old—and she doesn't hear very well."

Just then the church bells began to toll, and the old man and his companion, smiling, moved off. The girl turned on T. Jasper. Alternately paling and flushing, she asked:

"Why put me to this new pain? It will only make it harder to bear."

"The one thing I can give you that Adam would have given you," said T. Jasper, "is his name. Do not refuse it from me. In that way, too, I can share with you the money you otherwise refuse. After the ceremony I will leave you here, among your friends, honored, as Adam Perritt's wife should be honored."

"Of what avail would it be to go to the altar with a lie on our lips?" she cried. "Yet it would bind you for life—and me."

"It is not a lie!" cried T. Jasper. "He gave me his life, and I have accepted it in fee simple."

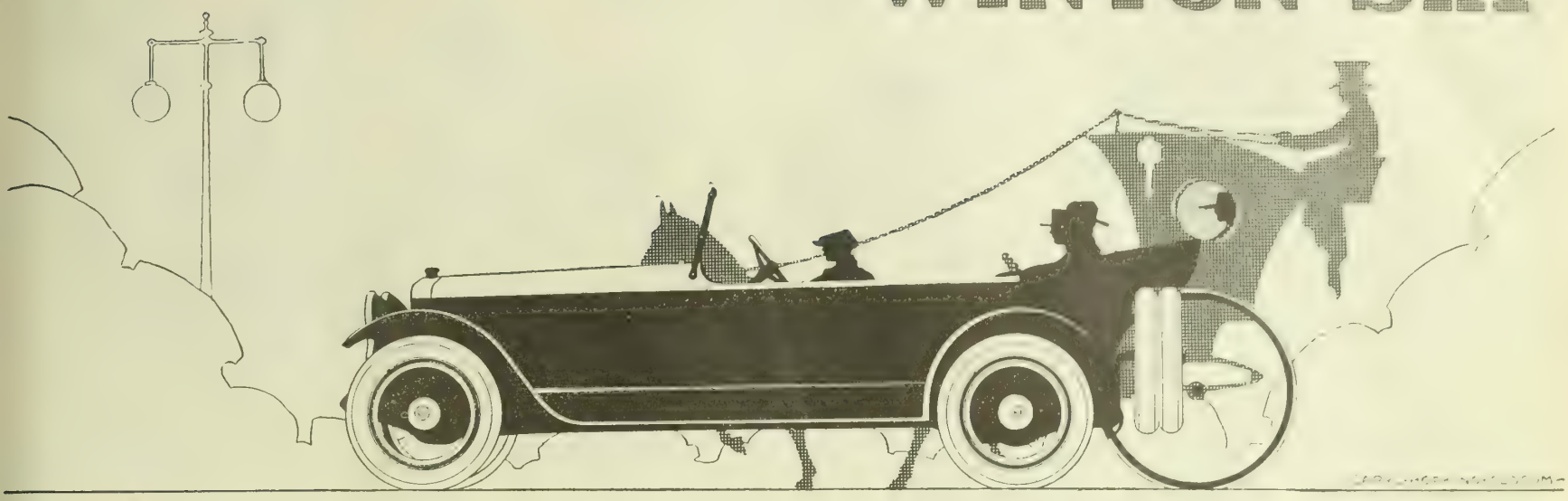
Overwhelmed by the strange compulsion of the world that had brought these two to such a pass, she wavered for a moment. Then of a sudden she gravely extended her hand, and said, as she met his troubled eyes:

"So be it. I accept Adam's name from you!"

IT was some six months later that Skinner, the exile of Chiquili—whither he had been sent because of political preferment—received a letter from his friend Waddell.

"I collided," wrote Waddell, toward the end, "with our late friend, Adam Perritt, in Tremont Street last week. Domesticated, tailored to the nines, and happy though married. To a Cape Cod school-teacher! Exactly! The innocent actually told me that the tip-end of the Cape is the most beautiful spot in the world! Styles do change! Blessed are the perjurers! May you inherit the earth!"

WINTON SIX

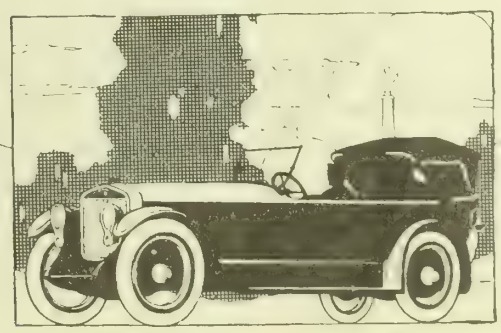


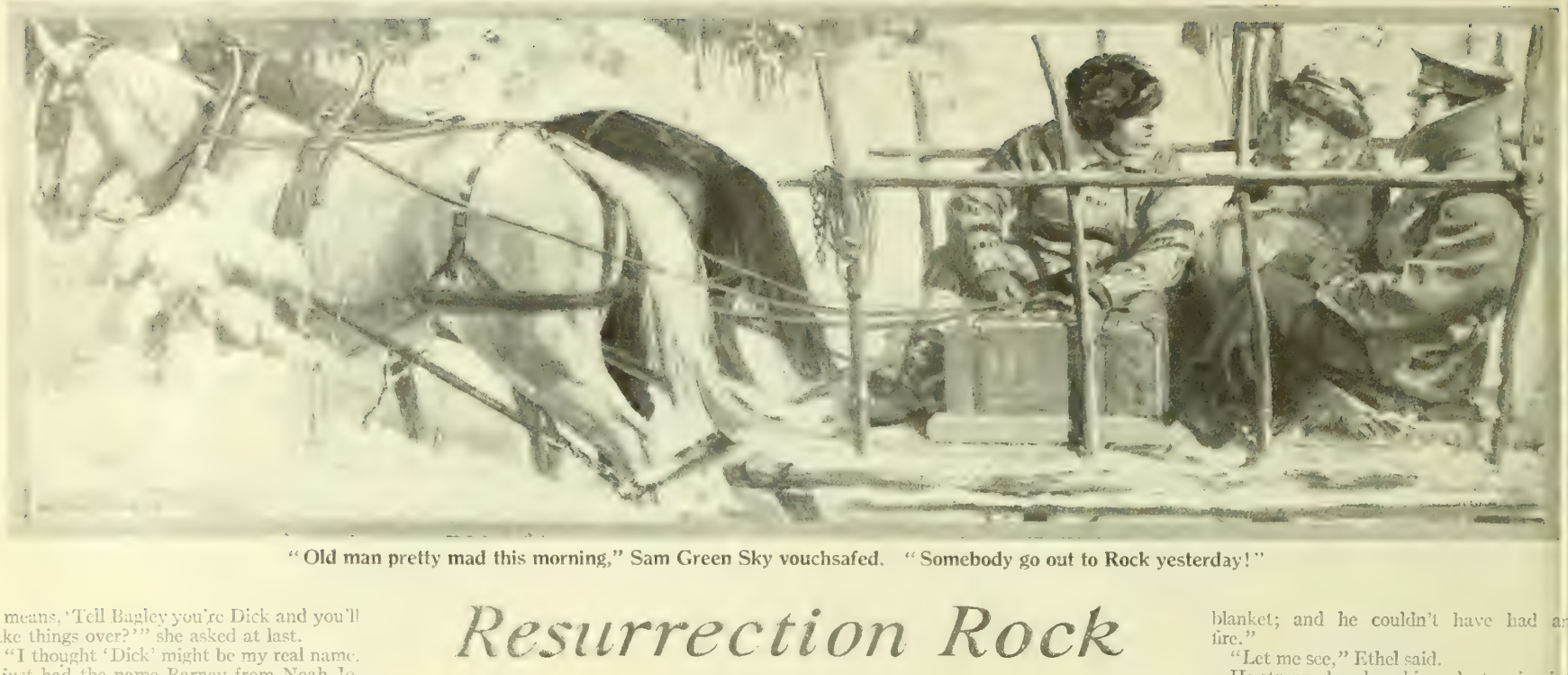
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BE glad if you have this desire, for it promotes invention and human progress, and produces the good things of life that make your world more glorious—like this magnificent new Winton Six.

Seeing this car, you will know that yesterday's cars are surpassed, that here are new thrills, new enjoyments, new happiness awaiting you. Beauty that captivates, power and speed that laugh at miles and hardest hills, comfort and style beyond previous "bests," a mechanism that harmonizes with your needs and stays in tune—all these are yours in this newest Winton Six, the surprise car of 1919. May we send you literature?

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"Old man pretty mad this morning," Sam Green Sky vouchsafed. "Somebody go out to Rock yesterday!"

Resurrection Rock

Continued from page 44

t means, 'Tell Bagley you're Dick and you'll take things over?'" she asked at last.

"I thought 'Dick' might be my real name. I just had the name Barney from Noah Jo. I took Loutrelle for myself from a man I liked when I started high school."

H[illegible] preceded for several moments in silence. They were climbing a steeper hillside than any they had yet encountered; and the surface of the snow showed the fresh imprint of snowshoes distinct from the scratches of Asa Redbird's trail. Where these new footprints had come in neither Ethel nor Loutrelle had noticed. Glancing back, they observed the marks as far back as they could see. After a few minutes, the trail left the road abruptly and vanished between the trees to the south.

"We're coming to where used to be an old lumber camp for the woodmen," Ethel said a little later as the gray walls of old shacks appeared through the trees to the right. "No one's there now, but we keep one cabin sound and with firewood."

"Oh, yes," Loutrelle recollected. "Redbird's Rest Cabin where you're to wait for the team."

Loutrelle pushed ahead and thrust open the weatherbeaten door. He removed his skis and took Ethel's also and stood them against the wall. They stamped down upon a dry, board floor. Loutrelle closed the door and a single rudely glazed window lighted the interior, which was perhaps twelve feet square, with an old bunk on one side; upon the other was a boulder fireplace with a couple of benches before it. A telephone instrument was upon the wall. There was dry wood and brush under the chimney, and Loutrelle struck a match and started a blaze which swiftly roared into red flame.

Ethel bent and swung out an iron crane set in the fireplace. She took a battered kettle from a shelf which held, besides, a few cheap dishes and a couple of tin boxes.

Loutrelle turned to the fire and stood on the other side of the hearth, his hands outstretched, absently gazing into the flames. Ethel from her seat watched his face boldly, so deeply was he sunk in thought. She could understand so much better than a few hours earlier the marks which struggle and self-discipline had left upon him during the process in which he had grown from the little white boy of the Indians to the young man he now was. She could see, too, and more plainly, the [illegible] good heritage in the pleasing contour and poise of his dark-haired head, the good proportion of his features, the curve of his lips, the clean turn of his chin; and—what she had not noticed before—his hands.

Ethel bent toward him, impulsively. "Why do you say that it would have been an enormous waste of time for someone to have sent to collect facts about you?" she asked almost [illegible]. "You [illegible] might be anyone."

He swung about suddenly, one hand going to the pocket where he had put away the ring.

[illegible] "Sometimes I've dreamed about being someone, Miss Carew; then I've thought what that meant and . . ." He did not finish but jerked up, as though shaking himself out of his realm of speculation and into the actual. "At Quesnel you wanted to telephone to your grandfather," he reminded, glancing at the instrument beside the chimney. "Redbird said the line was working this far."

"Yes," Ethel said, but arose only to take down cups and a stoneware pot from the shelf. Whereas, only a few hours earlier, Ethel had been restless to reach St. Florentin as quickly as possible, there to enter upon the effort with her grandfather which she had come—almost hopelessly—to spend, now the impulse of her impatience had passed. Until this encounter with Barney Loutrelle she had been absolutely alone and associated with anyone and unsupported—in her expedition to St. Florentin. She had been conscious of coming to her grandfather to wage combat with him involving people whom he knew, but of whose very names she was ignorant, and involving affairs of which he had no understanding; and she had felt the desperate disadvantage. But—well, she could not yet define in what respect she felt the disadvantage less from having met Barney Loutrelle; but she felt it.

But after a few minutes the bell rang.

It was a sharp, imperative ring; and, as the wire was down everywhere except to St. Florentin, Ethel knew that call came from her grandfather's. The curtness of the ring indeed gave her instantly a vision of her grandfather standing at the telephone instrument fastened upon the wall of his room and jerking the bell handle.

She took down the receiver and replied.

"Ah! Ethel!" Her grandfather's voice recognized her with irritable welcome. "So you did come, did you?"

Ethel made the obvious response and inquired about him and about her grandmother—inquiries which he ignored.

"You're at the cabin at last, I suppose. You're alone there?"

Ethel scarcely hesitated before replying "No"; but her grandfather noticed the hesitation.

"No!" he mocked her quickly. "Why didn't you want to tell me that; who's with you? How many?"

"Just one, grandfather."

"Who's he?"

"A Mr. Loutrelle, grandfather."

ETHEL said it again and heard her grandfather repeat it to himself, before deciding, evidently, that he did not know it and demanding of her:

"Who's a Mr. Loutrelle? A lawyer you're bringing, or one of your creditors?"

"No, grandfather; he's—" she hesitated, coloring a little and she turned as she heard Loutrelle moving. He had pulled the door open and he stepped out quickly, closing the door behind him to let her continue her talk unoverheard. But all she said now was "he's an officer just returned from France."

"Oh; friend of yours!" her grandfather's voice changed. "Why didn't you say in your wire yesterday you were bringing him?"

"I wasn't. I just met him on the train this morning, grandfather. I'm not bringing him there now. We just came this far together, that's all. He's on his way to the Rock."

"Where?"

"To the Rock, grandfather."

There was delay now at the other end of the wire; and Ethel, as she waited, could hear the mumble—but not the words—of the old man talking to himself.

"No one goes to the Rock, Ethel," he said at last aloud. "If he doesn't know that, surely you must have told him. Bring him here with you, my dear. I would like to see him. Bring him here with you; do you understand?"

"BRING him here with you," the old man ordered again; and Ethel heard him hang up the receiver.

Ethel crossed to the door and, opening it, looked for Loutrelle. He had tramped off through the snow, without putting on his skis, and evidently was exploring one of the old, dilapidated shacks on the other side of the road.

The lines of Barney Loutrelle's letter recurred to her, "Beat it for home—particularly to the town of St. Florentin in Northern Michigan!" His friend had urged in his emphatic way. "Go! . . . Believe me, if I were you, I'd go at once."

That surely indicated something soon about to happen; and then the postscript.

"You may have to look out when you get there. But you can see to yourself."

Ethel returned to the door and found Loutrelle on his way back to the cabin.

"Sam Green Sky, an Indian, is coming to meet us with a team," she announced. "I told my grandfather that you were with me and he invited you to St. Florentin."

She was aware that he must have overheard the first of her talk over the telephone and from it he must have inferred the nature of her grandfather's challenges.

"Do you want me to go with you?" he asked her directly.

"No," she replied frankly. "That is, if I were you I'd go right out to the Rock."

She had not considered at all what she said before she spoke; her words—as one's words sometimes do—had surprised her by betraying a feeling which had not yet formed itself in her thought. She did not want Barney Loutrelle to go to St. Florentin; but yet she had no more reason for not wanting that than her grandfather did want it—and did not want him to go to the Rock.

"You may have to look out when you get there," she found the warning from Loutrelle's friend iterating itself again to her.

"Let's go on then," Loutrelle was saying, and he scooped up snow, carrying it into the cabin and putting out the fire.

"Who uses this place?" Loutrelle asked now. "Just your family?"

"Oh, no. Anyone at all. It's never locked and we've always something here."

"Someone slept in that shack across there—under hardly half a roof and with no door," Loutrelle explained. "I could tell because the fellow burrowed out the snow for his blanket; and he couldn't have had a fire."

"Let me see," Ethel said.

He strapped on her skis and, stepping into his own, he led her to the ruin across the road where it was plain that, as he said, someone recently had hollowed out the snow and laid a blanket for sleeping. It was partly from observation of his clumsiness with snowshoes that Ethel said:

"He couldn't have belonged about here. Probably he came over from the railroad to hunt and got lost and just found this place in the dark. He was after fox, maybe."

Ethel did not believe that the man who had slept there in the snow burrow was a hunter; she did not form any idea of who or what he might be except that certainly he was a stranger in the neighborhood. And now a queer, shivery thought possessed her. She did not speak it; but Loutrelle did.

"Wonder if he might be Hus's Bagley?"

The sun, only a little lower to the west, was glaring down upon the snow, unclouded and still dazzlingly bright as Ethel and the young officer proceeded upon the way of the old St. Florentin wood road. Ragged points—capes and tiny peninsulas—thrust into the ice-sheet as though trying to reach but as though broken and cast back by a great black rock which rose abruptly out of and above the ice half a mile from shore.

The western rise of the rock, upon which the sun was shining, seemed sheer and towering; only about the base, where the lake had tossed up heaps and hummocks of ice, and upon the top, had snow gathered. Sometimes it seemed half shadow, half rock; sometimes all rock, without shadow, defying the sun. Desolate itself, it dominated desolation—ice and snow, lifeless rock, and ice and snow uninspected by moving thing.

"Roxane Island!" Ethel said, looking toward it but with no need to point as they stood upon the top of the ridge. "The old French Isle de la Roche Sanglante—the Island of the Bloody Rock."

Loutrelle nodded, his eyes narrowing a little as he tried to see it through the glare.

"THERE is a house upon it?" he asked incredulously.

"Yes; near the south end—part of the snow where the sun is shining must be on the roof of the house."

"But you said summer or winter it never has been open and never occupied."

"No; never."

"Except possibly," he said glancing at her and away to the house again, "possibly by the dead."

He spoke in a queer, neutral tone—neither quite seriously nor at all lightly. She had never heard anyone say "the dead" in just that way. It did not suggest that he had taken the revelations through his friend Hus more earnestly than he had stated; nor did it hint at greater scepticism. It betrayed better than all he had previously said, an open mind; and it made her think what long experience this young man, who had gone just after the Marne and had fought through the war, must have had with the dead.

The Rock now was constantly in sight and, glancing again and again at it, Ethel felt it dominating her mood.

Not the Rock alone, of course; wh

Diana's Discovery

By Beatrice Gordon

FROM her accustomed place on the little porch, Diana Montgomery watched her husband out of sight on his way to the early train. But for the third successive orning, Don did not look around or wave to r from the bend in the road. Hurt and dis-pointed, she stood looking wistfully after him r a moment longer than usual. She wondered guely how many husbands stopped caring r their wives in three years—and what, if ything, these other women did about it. hen she turned mechanically and entered e house.

Every day for months there had been evi-nces of a change in Don's affection for her. l of them were small, of course, so small she dn't been able to bring herself to mention em. Things were apparently just the same ever, but Don was growing away from her, e knew. He had given up almost every little monstration of his love. In the morning, read the paper all through breakfast, scarcely ving her a word. Then, at the last minute fore rushing from the door, he merely brushed r cheek in parting. All day long, she had just e memory of that hurried kiss.

At least two nights a week lately he had been aying downtown for dinner. Usually he would one late in the afternoon to tell her—"It's e busy season, you know," or "Got a big job at must be cleaned up tonight." And, of urse, such messages meant long evenings alone r Diana—long evenings when thoughts were ginning to come that she tried to push back. *as* it always business that kept Don in town? es, it had gone that far. Suspicion, just a shade suspicion, had begun to lift its head above the rizon of her great blind faith in her husband.

And so this morning, when again he had failed turn and wave "Good-bye," the hurt went eper in Diana's heart and all that forenoon she went about her work the change in Don as almost constantly in her thoughts. Then, the afternoon she had an inspiration. She uld surprise him that night with a real read," a dinner after his own heart. Every sh should be something of which Don was pecially fond. He could not help but see what ins she had taken to please him and maybe hen it was all over, he would take her in his ms as he used to and tell her how wonderful e was to be always planning for his happiness. he prospect of it sent her forth gaily on a arketing expedition and her plans for the sur-ise carried her all through a happy afternoon.

And then, as the hands of the clock were fall-g toward six-thirty, and the snowy cloth had en spread and the very best silver laid, and e golden sweet potatoes were growing brown the oven, and a juicy steak was just waiting s step on the walk outside to go over the roar-g fire—the phone rang. Diana caught up the ceiver, "Yes?" and, then—"I'm at the St. mes, just sitting down to dinner with Turner. rry. Get yourself a bite. I'll be home about n"—and before she could really grasp the rds, he had gone.

Diana dropped to a chair, sat there a long oment trying to adjust herself to the over-helming disappointment, then rose and half nning, half stumbling up the stairs, threw rself upon the bed in her own room and gave rself up to a flood of tears.

TWENTY minutes later, fairly worn out with weeping, she was roused by the sound of otsteps on the porch below. She jumped up d rushed to the long mirror—to see how red r eyes were. Then a familiar receding whistle oclaimed the caller only the boy with the ening paper and she was much relieved.

But the momentary excitement had dried up e fountain of tears. Diana was again herself w. She walked over to the mirror to arrange r hair, and as she stood there, her eye fell to a cture on her dressing table, a picture of herself ken the June they were married, a picture Don ed to call his favorite. There was a girlish arm about it, emphasized by the dainty, be-ming dress she wore. It was a dress that any e would have said must be Diana's even if ey had seen it in a shop window. But what id her gaze now was not the picture itself so uch as the contrast between it and what she w reflected in the mirror. She looked from e to the other, and then, slowly, she seemed feel coming over her a great understanding. nd with it came a firm resolve. She would t submit quietly to the loss of her husband's ve.

An hour later, the dining room cleared of its lver and linen, the carefully planned dinner ings put away for tomorrow, she was running rough a pile of magazines in the den. And, t eleven when Don came up the stairs she was st asleep, the trace of a smile still upon her ps.

FOR a few months things went on apparently as usual in the Montgomery home. Don was deeply engrossed in his work at the office where he was slowly but surely winning recognition from his firm. He frequently worked till late at night and always had to hurry to catch his train for town in the morning.

But there had been a subtle change in Diana. She had somehow chased away the shadow that formerly pursued her. During the day, she sang cheery little songs as she went about her work. And on more than one occasion she had failed to have dinner ready at the appointed hour. She seemed continually preoccupied—with something pleasant. Don noticed this, of course, and it bothered him a little.

When he came home at night and let himself in with his latch key, Diana was never there any more to greet him. He had to get his slippers and hang up his coat and hat himself. When he whistled, Diana was always in her room. And she would come down-stairs simply radiating some pleasant secret! Was she preparing some surprise for him—or what had come over her?

THEN finally one glorious October evening it all came out in a most wonderful way! Don had left the office a little later than usual. It had been one of those days—which happen in all offices and all kitchens—when everything seems possessed with contrariness. Arriving at his station, he walked slowly, thoughtfully, up the hill toward his home. He was wishing that he felt more as he used to feel about his home. He pictured to himself the bright, attractive girl he had married three short years before. How she had changed! Had *he?* He wondered.

From the bend in the road, he noticed that the house was lighted brilliantly. "Probably callers—or worse still, *guests*," he thought. "I *hope* not! There isn't anybody in the world I want to see tonight!"

Going up the porch steps, he tried the door. But it was locked and the curtains drawn. He listened, but heard no voices. So he produced a bunch of keys, turned the lock and entered What he saw amazed—transfixed him!

There stood Diana—yes, it surely *was* Diana—but a NEW Diana! She was waiting for him with a strange, glad light in her blue eyes! She was younger more beautifully alluring than ever before—and she was wearing the most wonderful and becoming dress he had ever seen!

Instantly he was conscious of a change within himself. Under the magic spell of reawakened love, he tried to speak, but could not. And so he came toward her slowly—both arms outstretched.

"Diana!" he cried in a voice she could never forget. He was the old, proud, tender Don once more!

IN THE big leather chair before the open fire that night, Don and Diana sat watching the dancing flames and talking of a new-found happiness. They had so much to say that words suddenly seemed inadequate. Most of what these two had to tell each other does not concern us. It cannot be told in minutes, nor yet in years; it cannot be perfectly told even in a lifetime, for it is endless and runs through eternity.

"I must have been blind, dear," Don said, after a long silence, "but— thank heaven!—my eyes are opened at last!"

"Well, it wasn't *your* fault, Don," Diana replied. "I don't know how it came about. But I grew careless about myself. You really never saw me in anything much but dowdy housedresses or something equally untidy—and I don't blame you. But I haven't told you the real secret yet.

"You see, I felt that you were growing away from me—I saw it in so many little things. And one night when you phoned that you were not coming home, I had a terrible cry about it. Then I caught a vision of myself as I had been. And I saw at once that no woman can hope to win—or hold—her husband's love and respect, unless she keeps herself attractive.

"Right there I resolved to try and remedy the trouble. But the *expense* looked like an insurmountable difficulty. You know we haven't had any new clothes to speak of—either of us—since we were married. The money has always been needed, even before we had it, for what seemed just *necessary* things.

"Well, while I was pondering over my problem, suddenly the solution flashed into my mind. I recalled reading a magazine article a few evenings before, about a girl who found the way to happiness, by learning how to make stylish, becoming clothes for herself.

"It told about an institute of domestic art and sciences, through which any woman could learn during spare time, right in her own home how to make all kinds of dresses and hats.

"So I hunted up that magazine and read the Cinderella story again. It was so convincing that I sent for more information.

IN JUST a few days a handsome book came telling all about the Woman's Institute and its 30,000 delighted members. I saw right away that here was just the opportunity I needed, so I joined and took up dressmaking.

"When my first lesson came, I knew *any* woman could learn to make her own clothes by this easy, fascinating method. The pictures make everything so plain that a child could understand. I really felt like a different woman just because I was so happy! I spent every minute I could on the lessons and at night, I dreamed I was wearing the kind of clothes that would bring you back to me!

"One delightful thing about the course is that almost right away you begin making actual garments. Why after only three lessons, I made the prettiest little housedress. It's in the closet of my room with a lot of charming, dainty things. I hid my work and lessons there because if you saw them too soon, it would have spoiled all my surprise for you!

"The course can easily be completed in a few months by studying an hour or two each day. The textbooks foresee and explain everything And the teachers take such a personal interest in your work.

"You see it makes no difference where you live, because all the instruction is carried on by mail. And it is no disadvantage, if you are employed during the day or have household duties that occupy most of your time, because you can devote as much or as little time to the course as you wish, and just whenever it is convenient.

"Besides learning how to make every kind of garment at a saving of half or more, I also learned the all-important thing in making clothes—the secret of distinctive dress—what colors and fabrics are most appropriate for different types of women, how to develop style and add those touches that make clothes distinctly becoming.

"Now thanks to this new practical plan I have more and prettier clothes than I ever had before in my life. And they cost only one-fourth of what *ordinary* clothes cost ready made. Some of the very prettiest things I have were made from out-of-date clothes of former seasons.

"I was soon able to work on even the most elaborate dresses and suits. I learned, too, to copy models in the shop windows, on the streets, or in fashion magazines. In fact, this wonderful method of the Woman's Institute has really made me more capable than most professional dressmakers—after just a few months of spare-time study at home!

"So that's the secret of my surprise, dear," finished Diana. "Just think what it is going to mean to us all the rest of our lives. And isn't it fine that *any* woman or girl anywhere can learn through the Woman's Institute to dress attractively at such little cost?"

"It certainly is," replied Don, drawing her face down close to his. "Any school that can teach women the things you have learned in so short a time is performing a wonderful service. Now—let's go and see the rest of this magic wardrobe!"

DIANA'S discovery will solve *your* clothes problem, whatever it may be. More than 30,000 women and girls in city, town and country have proved that you can easily and quickly learn at home, through the Woman's Institute, to make all your own and your children's clothes and hats or prepare for success as a dressmaker or a milliner.

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Loutrelle had brought her affected her as did discovery of the marks of the stranger in the roofless shack; and the way her grandfather had spoken to her and talked to himself . . . many affairs that morning which had begun so early. She was a little tired and was looking down at the snow only a few yards ahead of her as she went on.

A row of dark dots spotted the snow from right to left—dots which seemed to redden as she approached them and to grow larger. They were about two feet or a yard apart, rather irregularly, but in almost a straight line; and as she reached them, she saw they were drops—drops of blood.

She started and stared about. "What is it?" she cried, suddenly shaken.

Loutrelle stooped and scooped up snow containing a drop of the red stain.

"A wounded bird flew over here," he said. "Some one shot a bird; that's all."

"I didn't hear a shot."

"It might have been miles away."

"I didn't see any bird."

"We haven't been looking up. People may be hunting through these woods."

"Yes," she said, trying to get herself together better. She saw him sweep with his ski and brush aside from another spot, avoiding stepping over it as he went on. It probably was accident, she thought; but she followed in his trail rather than crossing the line elsewhere.

THEY entered woods again and soon heard a whip cracking and the voice of a man calling to straining horses.

"Gee-up; hoah, now; gee-up, you Sally!"

"That's Sam Green Sky," Ethel informed; and they came upon a white and roan team, strong, large mares pulling a wide-runnered woodsled through snow up to their hocks.

"B'jou, Miss Ethel!" Sam hailed and waved his arm while he set about turning his team back into the tracks they had just cleared.

He was chewing tobacco which he spat out, courteously, before speaking to Ethel and acknowledging his introduction to Loutrelle. He did not offer to shake hands, as had Redbird; but he accepted a cigaret and smoked it immediately when his passengers got on the sled and he drove back through the woods.

"Old man pretty well; pretty mad this morning; old lady well too," Green Sky vouchsafed genial information without urging. "Somebody come to Wheedon's yesterday, and go out to Rock. Old man go down to Wheedon; want to know about it; damn mad . . . " Sam's information began to run around a circle.

Ethel glanced at Loutrelle whom she found gazing at her and waiting for her to ask the question.

"The name of the man, Sam, the man who came to Wheedon's yesterday?"

"Oh; stranger. Nobody know him. Never seen here before."

"But he must have given a name, Sam."

"Sure. Mr. Bagley. That's all."

"Bagley, Sam? You said Bagley?"

"Sure thing; why not?"

"Where's he now, Sam?"

"Out there, I guess." He puffed cigaret smoke in the direction of the Rock at which he stared for a moment or so longer.

"Hasn't come back. What you know 'bout that?" Sam inquired cheerfully.

Ethel refrained from comment; and Sam, instead of pressing his question, philosophized. "Damn funny business long time 'bout that."

He had turned carefully away from Ethel and toward Loutrelle for his oath.

"Damn funny," Loutrelle agreed quietly.

She caught his glance again but he ventured no other remark in Sam's hearing until the sled approached a break through the trees leading to the east which pointed a forking road.

"If that's the way to Wheedon's, I'll be off here, please," Loutrelle said to Ethel.

She ordered Sam to stop, explaining, "Mr. Loutrelle wants to go to Wheedon's."

But she was quite sure, as she watched him fasten on his skis, that he was going directly to the Rock. She would go to the Rock, were she in his place; indeed, she wanted now to go to the Rock with him. Bagley—the man named in the letter from London whom nobody had known about until yesterday and who had never been seen here before—was at the Rock; Bagley to whom Barney Loutrelle was to say he was "Dick" and from whom he was to "take things over." What things?

She gazed at the Rock again and felt the blood running a bit colder within her, she looked back to Loutrelle who had pulled off his glove to offer his hand.

"B'jou, Miss Carew," he said, his eyes meeting hers. "You've been mighty good to me."

"Good-by," she replied unwillingly, taking off her glove also to grasp his hand. "You'll —" she stopped herself. She wanted to caution him, to say that she would like to help him and she would aid him, if anything went wrong. But, before Sam, she could not. "You'll come and see me soon, I hope."

"I hope so," he assured. Color had gone from his face, too. Bagley was at the Rock; that made the chain of the circumstances in his letter from Hus complete. He was impatient to be away, she saw; but he would not show it before the Indian. "Thank your grandfather for his invitation to me, please," he asked. "And tell him I will call."

He was relaxing his grasp on her fingers to withdraw his hand; but her pressure tightened. He did not understand that he was going into danger, she thought. His friend's letter had only barely suggested it. He expected to encounter strange things, perhaps; but not definite danger. And there was danger to him, she was sure. When she asked herself why she felt it, the reason was her grandfather.

"Call as soon as you can; come to our house to-night," she bade before letting go his hand.

"Thank you; but of course, I can't tell. B'jou," he added, looking at Sam Green Sky. "Obliged for the lift."

"B'jou," Sam returned. "Obliged for cigaret."

Loutrelle smiled at Sam's smile and gave him half-a-dozen more cigarets. Sam chirruped the horses on. Ethel sat so as to watch Barney Loutrelle as his figure moved off between the trees. He turned about once and waved at her; then, proceeding more swiftly, he soon vanished in a ravine. A few hundred yards further on, she heard the distant echo of his vigorous voice singing the lively tune of an old French song of the time of Napoleon:

. . . à Paris, à Paris . . .
"Ah, j'y étais mousquetaire!"

At that point, the St. Florentin road and the path to Wheedon's were just on opposite sides of the rise of ground; and Ethel recognized it was her new-found friend who was singing to himself as he went on alone to the Rock; and the lilt of the song, reaching her through the still air stirred the blood to warmth again within her.

"Ah, j'y étais mousquetaire!"

DANGER! No fear for him—if the danger was honest and open. She glanced and suddenly saw a dark figure, tall and broad but bent a little, standing with back toward her on the top of the ridge—her grandfather. He, too, seemed to be listening to the singing as he gazed over the ridge toward the path on the other side; he made no move of any sort; but in the very stillness and stealthiness of his standing there—hidden by a tree from view from the other side, Ethel now noticed—she felt menace. Imagined it, perhaps; for her mind was full of many things now.

Her grandfather heard the horses and Sam's voice and turned about. Ethel called up to him and waved; he waved back but for a moment did not reply. That is, he did not reply aloud. He remained standing; and Ethel knew that he was talking to himself—trying over what first he would say to her before he came down the hill and said it.

"Well, my dear, you're here, are you? Where's your friend from the train? That he, singing, eh? Won't come to my house. Did you ask him?"

"Yes, grandfather. But he said to thank you; he'd call later. He wanted to go first to the Rock."

"So he'll call later, eh? Now who is he? You can tell me that, I see. What's brought him back to the Rock? I'll know all about that fellow."

Ethel gazed into her grandfather's eyes—little, bloodshot but keen under his low, bushy, white brows. She said nothing aloud as she closed her lips; but to herself, defiance spoke.

"Not from me," the muttered words determined. "Never from me."

Lucas Cullen is afraid that the secret of a lifetime will be revealed by Barney Loutrelle and he takes steps to protect himself—in the October Hearst's.

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Advertisements are published for your benefit. Make use of them by reading them.

No. 4

All Saints' Day

(*Concluded from page 33*)

She smiled timidly at the manageress.

"I wanted to ask you, Madame, if I could get at my things. The clothes I have on aren't warm enough . . . ."

"Any clothes you left were taken up to the attic; they'll be there somewhere. I'll send someone to look for them. . . . Sit down by the stove and warm yourself."

"No. . . . I've no time now. I'll come back presently."

SHE went out, and the short stay in the stifling room made the cold outside seem more piercing than ever.

People were hurrying along laden with bead-wreaths and bouquets of flowers: some were in deep mourning and walked slowly and sadly; others, dressed in their best clothes, talked and laughed, and one saw at a glance that they were carrying their offerings to the cemetery as a matter of habit.

All along the side of the pavement barrows of flowers were drawn up. Chrysanthemums with curled petals drooped over clusters of roses; here and there mimosa shed its golden powder over bunches of violets.

Nearer to the cemetery, in front of the shops of the marble masons, pots of flowers were arranged on the shelves of stands, insignificant, with neat foliage and restrained colors; further on were immortelles and large bead-wreaths.

She looked at all this with eyes that glowed with envy. If only she could get some for him, just a little bunch . . . for him where he was lying at the far end of the cemetery in his poor, unconsecrated grave, a bare mound, without a single word to show that he was lying there.

"Murderer" . . . that meant nothing to her.

He was the being she adored, her Man, the lover who had possessed her whole soul. . . . In a moment of madness he had killed someone. . . . Had he not paid his horrible debt in full?

The day he had been arrested she had sworn never to have anything to do with any other man, never; to give up the life she had been leading, to work, to become an honest girl once more . . . to live in memories of him. . . .

She kept on looking at the flowers.

A seller held out a bunch of roses: "A bouquet? Some chrysanthemums then? Violets?"

She passed without replying, for she did not possess one sou.

Yet there was but one idea in her mind—flowers. She must have some flowers. . . . She must get some flowers for him somehow . . She had sworn she would.

The way that suggested itself was the obvious one, nor did it somehow seem to flash with her vows to remain true to his memory.

JUST as a good artisan returns to his factory, takes up his tools and starts on his work, she mechanically patted her hair into order, arranged her poor dress and began as she used to in the old days when her man, sitting playing cards in the café, was the only thing in the world she cared about.

"Stop! . . . I want to speak to you. . . ."

But she was emaciated, the sharp angles and deep hollows of her body showing clearly under her thin cotton dress: one glance at her and the men hurried away. And indeed even her face was no longer a face for pleasure.

In bygone days when she was pretty, when she really was the "Blue Eyes" everyone admired, it was different. Now she was only an object of pity.

The daylight was fading. Suppose the cemetery was shut before she was able to buy the flowers? . . .

A thin, misty rain was falling, silent, impalpable, and everything was becoming wrapped in gray shadows.

You could see nothing of her thin face now except her two great, sad eyes burning with fever.

A man was passing the corner of a quiet street, his coat-collar up, his hands in his pockets.

She brushed up against him and said softly, her whole heart's craving vibrating in her voice: "Stop! . . . Won't you come with me? . . ."

He looked at her for a moment. She had gone close up to him, her eyes penetrating his with the inspired expression of one conscious of a high mission.

He took her arm, and she guided him to the place she had so recently left.

The men and the girls in the café bent forward to see who was there, and as she turned toward the stairs she heard exclamations and bursts of laughter.

IT was almost dark when she threw a hasty good-by to her companion and set off at a run.

Stopping before the first flower-seller she came to, she seized the nearest bunch and threw down the two pieces of silver that clinked in her hands.

Quickly, quickly, she ran to the cemetery. People were coming away in little groups. She trembled. Would there still be time?

At the entrance the gate-keeper said:

"Too late! We're closing now."

"Oh! please, please. I only want to run in and out again. Just two minutes. . . ."

"Very well. But—quick."

Down the path she rushed, stumbling over the stones in the dark.

It was a long way. She could hardly breathe, something was burning so painfully in her chest. She stopped by the wall where those who are executed are buried, and fell on her knees, scattering her flowers on the earth. Hot tears streamed from her eyes, dripping between the hand she pressed against her face. She tried to pray, but she could not remember any of the proper words, and she just sobbed, her lips on the ground:

"Oh! my man . . . my man. . . ."

THEN, so worn out she had lost all sensation in her limbs, but with a feeling of ease, almost of joy in her heart, she rose and hurried away. She even smiled at the gatekeeper as she said:

"You see I haven't been long."

But now that it was over, now she had kept her promise, she became aware again of the cold and her exhaustion.

At last she got back to the hotel and stumbled into the door. The girls and men were still playing cards in the overheated, smoke-filled room. Silence fell on them all when they saw her. She tried to laugh.

A woman at the far end of the room threw herself back on her chair and cried:

"You've made a fine start, Blue Eyes. Needed a bit of nerve, didn't it?"

She shrugged her shoulders. The other went on:

"Did you know who it was?"

"No. . . ."

"Well, I'll tell you. It was Le Bingue."

Blue Eyes stammered.

"What do you say? Le . . ."

Emptying her glass and taking up her cards again, the girl called back:

"Yes, Le Bingue. . . . You know, the Executioner!"

By the same author

EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES

By
MAURICE LEVEL

In the October issue of Hearst's

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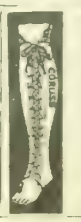
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"Hello Huck!"

Recall that golden day when you first read "Huck Finn?" How your mother said, "For goodness' sake, stop laughing aloud over that book. You sound so silly." But you couldn't stop laughing. To-day when you read "Huckleberry Finn" you will not laugh so much. You will chuckle often, but you will also want to weep. The deep humanity of it—the pathos, that you never saw as a boy, will appeal to you now. You were too busy laughing to notice the limpid purity of the master's style.

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Gentlemen, Be Seated!

By B. L. T.

Concluded from page 53

you have to have a license to operate your matrimonial bark. You do not, because you can't insure it against fire or theft, or collision with some other bark (although Lloyds might arrange a bet with you). You and your wife can park yourselves on any street corner and obstruct traffic, and no policeman will tell you to move on. You can get a marriage license in five minutes and get married in five more; but if you buy a car it takes all day before you are free to drive it out of the shop. If you haven't a bride you can find one in a day unless you are hard to suit; but you must wait two or three months for a car after your order is in. As to the upkeep—that's another matter.

SIDE-LIGHT ON GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP

SIR: Ike, my Man Friday, has had a hankering to see his mammy down in Tennessee, so the other morning he headed toward the South. An hour later he was back, and thinking he had been gambling and had lost his money, I said severely, "Ike, I thought you were going to Tennessee." "Yes'm, I'm going all right," said he, "but that there Democratic miseration sure did practice voodoo on the railroads. You-all got to lend me more money. Why, I ain't got enough to get there, let 'lone come back." LADY SAHARA.

IT SHALL, INDEED

SIRE: Shall it interest you to know that Mrs. E. Stuffbean is proprietress of the Red Ball Café at Plainfield, Ia.? With renewed assurances of my distinguished regard, I am, Sire, Your obt. servant,

G. B.

THE old party who watches parked automobiles near a popular restaurant, and receives therefor tips from the owners of the cars, was looking a trifle shabbier than usual. "How's business?" we inquired, and learned that it was rotten. "Prohibition?" we ventured. He nodded a meditative head. "You see," said he, "when they could have a bottle of wine or so with their dinner they'd be feeling good when they started for home, and they'd loosen up. Now—" He wiped the fenders of my flivver with a meditative cloth. I gave [Old English for "slipped"] him a quarter, and drove away, pondering on the ringing grooves of change, as Tennyson so neatly phrased it.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

Sometimes nothing, sometimes much. We missed the familiar names of the crack railroad trains when government ownership supplanted them with numbers. And romantic as the transatlantic flights have been, there is no romance in the numbers by which the airships were designated; not nearly so much as in Homer's catalogue of ships, which has ever been regarded as a purple patch of song. "I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came," said Pope; but even his juvenile numbers were more melodious than *NC-4* or *EZ-0*.

Try to imagine

"It was the schooner K-19,
That sailed the wintry sea."

Or fancy Alfred Noyes singing

"Like windswept withered leaves those little ships,
Now hurtled to the zenith and now plunged
Down unto bottomless gulfs, were suddenly scattered
And whirled away. Drake on the Q-15."

Or Cowper relating

"A land breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset;
Down went the RG-1,
With all her crew complete."

And put yourself in the place of the *Wedding-Guest* if Coleridge had written—

"He holds him with his skinny hand:
'There was a blimp,' quoth he."

IT is occasionally suggested to us that we refrain from discussing this, that, and the other subject, and confine ourself to running a humorous column. Being the soul of amiability, we never express the wish that readers confine themselves to reading.

IF you receive a letter on which is stamped, "Mr. Jones was obliged to leave before signing the above letter dictated by him," you may vault to the conclusion that Mr. Jones sliced off from the first tee at the appointed hour of 1:15.

THOU SHALT NOT COVET THY NEIGHBOR'S COOK

[From the Highland, Ill., Leader.]

Wanted—A covetable girl for general housework, Mrs. Clara Tuffli.

PREPAREDNESS IN IOWA

[From the Eddyville Tribune.]

Bargain in floral piece. Owing to the hour of a funeral having been changed, we have on hand a nice 16-inch floral pillow which we will sell cheap. Make some relative or friend happy while yet in life by buying them this nice floral piece. Lettering "Father" may easily be removed if desired for another member of the family. Sipes the Subscription Man.

TO JOY

Yea, Joy, my heart has ever kept
A roof for thee, the latchstring out,
A goodly fire, the hearthstone swept,
And bread and wine, and flowers about.

How happy have I been at times
When thou didst come to be my guest;
What feasts we had, what pleasant rimes,
What song, what laughter, and what rest.

Then came the time for thee to go,
How dark the morning was, how cold;
The winds, how fiercely did they blow,
How lonely was my heart, and old.

Yea, still for thee I keep a room,
And daily make it clean and sweet—
Nor once forget to haunt the gloom
With dreams of thy returning feet.

LAURA BLACKBURN.

SEPTEMBER

Isn't the weather delightful,
Azure or leaden the sky!
Such a relief from the frightful
Heat that we had in July.

Isn't it wonderful weather!
When does the sun cross the line?
Now then, dear friends, all together,
"Isn't September just fine!"

THIS SHOULD INTEREST THE PSYCHICAL RESEARCH SOCIETY

[From the Lewiston, Mont., Democrat-News.]

Information wanted. Will the party who loaned Sam Davis money on rifle No. 403757—22, and who was killed at Casper, Wyo., Feb. 24, 1919, please write A. X. Y., Democrat.

"YOU might say," communicates Borke, "that the Davenport Hotel in Spokane is an ideal place to lounge around in." Uh-huh. And you might say that the Congress, in Chicago, is just the place to pass a bad bill in." And you might say— But why deprive you of the pleasure?

FATHER BOOZE MELODIES

Old Father Hubbard he went to the cupboard,
To get him a snifter of rye;
But when he got there he said, "I declare,
I forgot that the country was dry!"

HAND-PICKED gems from college exams are submitted to us annually. Of this year's crop we like especially the following:

"It is admitted by men of intelligence, as well as students . . ."

"We should note carefully the differences between our own similarities."

A HUMANE HUSBAND

[From the Holt County, Mo., Sentinel.]

Mr. Jess Hines has bought a cream separator. Mr. Hines said he had got tired of having his wife groan about washing crocks.



The Perfect Hair Remover

DE MIRACLE, the original sanitary liquid, is equally efficacious for removing superfluous hair from face, neck, arms, underarms or limbs.

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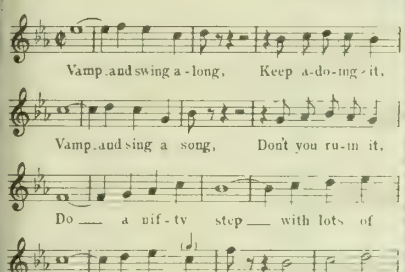
Song Lovers! / Four New Song Hits
Accepted by Everybody Everywhere!

You'll Sing, You'll Dance, You'll Love these Hits from "Song Headquarters"

THEY have thrilled audiences. They have enthused dancers. They have won singers, orchestras and jazz bands record makers and player-roll producers. They are truly the new song-hits of the day—the songs that folks will sing, whistle, dance and hum through Fall twilights and Winter nights. You'll fairly love them—their beautiful melodies their wonderful lyrics.

"The Vamp"
By Byron Gay

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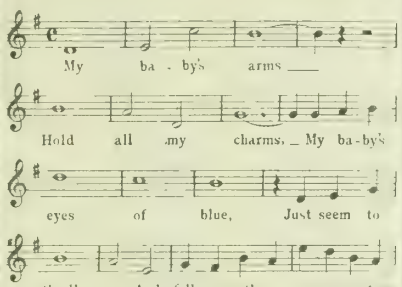


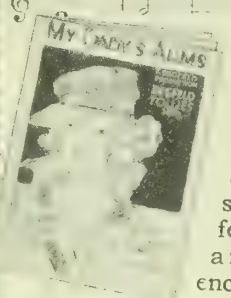
Sh-h-h! B-b-beware of "The Vamp!" After capturing every song center in the West, it is spreading its spell all over the country! "The Vamp" has been appointed the most wonderful song ever written for modern American dancing. Its rhythm is alive! Its melody is bewitching! Its lyric has a chuckle in every line.

A reward is offered to any one who can frown or keep his feet still when the band plays or the singer sings "The Vamp." It's a wonderful dance song—get it before it gets you.

"My Baby's Arms"
By Harry Tierney and Joseph McCarthy
Staged by Ned Wayburn

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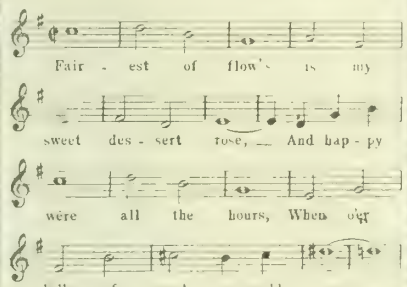


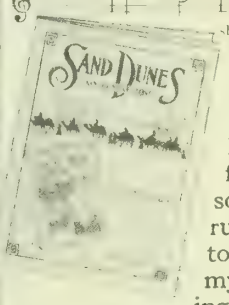
If you could hear New York audiences applaud this song at Ziegfeld's Follies and call for encore after encore—you would realize—it's a HIT! And if you could travel from New York to California and stop at all the theatres, restaurants and other song centers in between—you would know how fast this hit is spreading.

A sweet, wholesome melody, and cute lovable words—"My Baby's Arms" is a song you'll love—a song that will make you happier, make the world sunnier. Try it out—buy it today.

"Sand Dunes"
By Byron Gay

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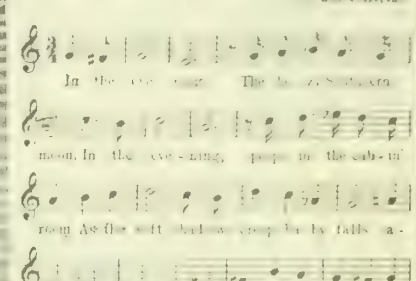


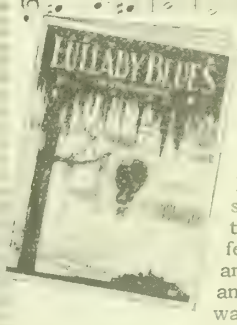
Somewhere down in everybody's heart is a love for oriental song—the weird rum-tum of the tom-tom — the mysterious luring chords of far-east music. That is why "Sand Dunes" is a sensational hit.

With the lights turned low at the end of the day, "Sand Dunes" is soothing, comforting, fascinating, good. With the lights ablaze and jazz bands, jazzing, "Sand Dunes" is a wonderful dance number, a fox-trot that makes feet step lightly, faces laugh brightly. "Sand Dunes" is a great song—get it.

"Lullaby Blues"
By Al. M. Kendall, J. Russell Robinson and Theodore Morse

© Leo. Feist, Inc.





The only lullaby ever written to keep folks awake!—"LullabyBlues." It's a dreamy, soothing tune that makes you feel good, smile and hum and sing and dance. It is a wa'tz melody truly beautiful that gets right on to your mind and into your heart and stays there.

And as to the words, just recall the songs with which your Mother rocked you to sleep—those are the words, the sentiment of "Lullaby Blues." Try it yourself—get the complete song wherever good music is sold.

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"By the Campfire"

"Thank God You're Here Mother Mine"
"A Girl in Chateau Thierry"
"Dreaming of a Sweet Tomorrow"
"Sweet Love Dreams"
"Persian Moon"
"Blue the Blues"
"In the Land of Lullaby"
"Your Heart is Calling Mine"
"Keep All Your Love For Me"
"Sweetie Mine" by Al Jolson
"Star of the East"
"Give Me All of You"
"Sing Me Love's Lullaby"
"Radiance in Your Eyes"

INSTRUMENTAL NUMBERS

"Aloma" "Bells of Bagdad" "Laughing Blues"
"Syria" "Djer Kiss" "Klondyke Blues" "Orange Blossom Rag"

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YOU can't get ahead, you can't advance in your work or business—you may even lose your grip on your present job—if you don't ***make yourself fit.*** You can do it, whatever your present condition and no matter what brought you to do it: you can regain your lost health and strength and feel the fire and pep and enthusiasm of youth coursing through your veins again, if you will only

Stop, Think and ACT

Don't think that your weakness and ailments that are dragging you down are a matter of course—something you can't possibly get rid of. You can overcome them and cast them off, if you go about it the right way, as thousands of other men have done and are doing every day. Drug store dope and patented piffle won't cure you; quacks and fake remedies help nobody but the men who make and sell them. Your own abuse of Nature's Laws perhaps unconsciously brought your ills upon you, and Mother Nature is the one doctor you want to go to for relief.

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Strongfortism, which is simply a method of utilizing Nature's curative power, will do for YOU what it is doing for my pupils in every part of the world. Strongfortism will show you how to develop every muscle in your body, internal as well as external, and strengthen every vital organ; how to make your blood rich and red; how to clear the cobwebs out of your brain; how to FIT YOURSELF so you can make a success in life.

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Body and Soul

(Concluded from page 32)

for it obtains control of the human mind, and uses it at will; and it obtains sovereignty over the soul, and makes it prisoner. Its aim is to dominate first, then to destroy. It was conceived in the beginning by Erlik and by Sorcerers and devils. . . . Always, from the first, there have been sorcerers and living devils.

"And when human history began to be remembered and chronicled, devils were living who worshiped Erlik and practised sorcery.

"They have been called by many names. A thousand years before Christ Hassan Sabbah founded his sect called Hassanis or Assassins. The Yezidees are of them. Their Chief is still called Sabbah; their creed is the annihilation of civilization!"

Cleves had risen. The girl spoke in a clear, accentless monotone, not looking at him, her eyes and pistol centered on the motionless curtains.

"Look out!" she cried sharply.

"What is the matter?" he demanded. "Do you suppose anybody is hidden behind that curtain in the passageway?"

"If there is," she replied in her excited but distinct voice, "here is a tale to entertain him:

"The Hassanis are a sect of assassins which has spread out of Asia all over the world; and they are determined upon the annihilation of everything and everybody in it except themselves!

"In Germany is a branch of the sect. The hun is the lineal descendant of the ancient Yezidee; the gods of the hun are the old demons under other names; the desire and object of the hun is the same desire—to rule the minds and bodies and souls of men and use them to their own purposes!"

She lifted her pistol a little, came a pace forward:

"Anarchist, Yezidee, Hassani, Bocize, Bolshevik—all are the same—all are secretly swarming in the hidden places for the same purpose!"

The girl's blue eyes were aflame, now, and the pistol was lifting slowly in her hand to a deadly level.

"Sanang!" she cried in a terrible voice.

"Sanang!" she cried again in her terrifying young voice—"Toad! Tortoise egg! Spittle of Erlik! May the Thirty Thousand Calamities overtake you! Sheikh, El Djelbel!—cowardly Khan whom I laughed at from the temple when it rained yellow snakes on the marble steps when all the gongs in Yian sounded in your frightened ears!"



"Wait! Neither your soul nor your body are safe if you make me a companion."

She waited.

"What! You won't step out? *Tokhta!*" she exclaimed in a ringing tone, and made a swift motion with her left hand. Apparently out of her empty open palm, like a missile hurled, a thin, blinding beam of light struck the curtains, making them suddenly transparent.

A man stood there.

HE came out, moving very slowly as though partly stupefied. He wore evening dress under his overcoat, and had a long knife in his right hand.

Nobody spoke.

"So—I really was to die then, if I came here," said the girl in a wondering way.

Sanang's stealthy gaze rested on her, stole toward Cleves. He moistened his lips with his tongue. "You deliver me to this government agent?" he asked hoarsely.

"I deliver nobody by treachery. You may go, Sanang."

He hesitated, a graceful, faultless, metropolitan figure in top hat and evening attire. Then, as he started to move, Cleves covered him with his weapon.

"I can't let that man go free!" cried Cleves angrily.

"Very well!" she retorted in a passionate voice. "then take him if you are able! *Tokhta!* Look out for yourself!"

Something swift as lightning struck the pistol from his grasp—blinded him, half stunned him, set him reeling in a drenching blaze of light that blotted out all else.

He heard the door slam; he stumbled, caught at the back of a chair while his senses and sight were clearing.

"By heavens!" he whispered with ashen lips, "you—you *are* a sorceress—or something. What—what are you doing to me?"

There was no answer.

And when his vision cleared a little more he saw her crouched on the floor, her head against the locked door, listening, perhaps—or sobbing—he scarcely understood which until the quiver of her slim shoulders made it plainer.

When at last Cleves went to her and bent over and touched her she looked up at him out of wet eyes, and her grief-drawn mouth quivered.

"I—I don't know," she sobbed, "if he truly stole away my soul—there—there in the temple dusk of Yian. But he—he stole my heart—for all his wickedness—Sanang, Prince of the Yezidees—and I have been fighting him for it all these years—all these long years—fighting for what he stole in the temple dusk! . . . And now—now I have it back—my heart—all broken to pieces—here on the floor behind your—your bolted door."

But the grasping fingers of the Soul-Slayers reach out to steal again both soul and body of Tressa Norne, as told in "The Knife from Mount Alamout"—in Hearst's for October

Husbandry

(Continued from page 27)

It came at last, a lovely morning with a beautiful sunrise: and that woman sitting up wide awake, waiting to foller me 'ome. When I opened the gate at six o'clock she was there with the mate and the skipper, waiting, and when I left at five minutes past she was trotting along beside me.

Twice I stopped and spoke to 'er, but it was no good. Other people stopped too, and I 'as to move on agin; and every step was bringing me nearer to my house and the missus.

I turned into our street, arter passing it three times, and the first thing I saw was my missus standing on the doorstep 'aving a few words with the lady next door. Then she 'appened to look up and see us, just as that silly woman was trying to walk arm-in-arm.

Turnin' I knocked her 'and away, and then, right afore my wife and the party next door, she put her arm round my waist. By the time I got to the 'ouse my legs was trembling so I could hardly stand, and when I got into the passage I 'ad to lean against the wall.

"Keep 'er out," I ses.

"Wot do you want?" ses my missus, trembling with passion. "Wot do you think you're doing?"

"I want my 'usband, Bill," ses the woman.

My missus put her 'and to her throat and came in without a word, and the woman follered 'er. If I hadn't kept my presence o' mind and shut the door two or three more would 'ave come in too.

I went into the kitchen about ten minutes afterwards to see 'ow they was getting on, besides which they was both calling for me.

"Now then!" ses my missus, who was leaning up against the dresser with her arms folded, "wot 'ave you got to say for yourself? Walking in as bold as brass with this hussy!"

"Bill!" ses the woman, "did you hear wot she called me?"

SHE spoke to me like that afore my wife, and in two minutes they was at it 'ammer and tongs. Fust of all they spoke about each other, and then my missus started speaking about me. She's got a better memory than

ost people, because she can remember ings that never 'appened, and every time oughed she turned on me like a tiger.
"And as for you," she ses, turning to the man, "if you did marry 'im you should ha' ade sure that he 'adn't got a wife already."
"He married me furst," ses the woman.
"When?" ses my wife. "Wot was the te?"
"Wot was the date you married 'im?" the other one.
They stood looking at each other like a uple o' game-cocks, and I could see as plain a pikestaff 'ow frightened both of 'em was losing me.
"Look here!" I ses at last to my missus, alk sense. 'Ow could I be married to her ien I was at sea? And when I was ashore was with you?"
"Did you use to go down to the ship to 'im off?" ses the woman.
"No," ses my wife. "I'd something better do."
"Neither did I," ses the woman; "p'eraps at's where we both made a mistake."
"You get out of my 'ouse!" ses my missus, ry sudden. "Go on, afore I put you out."
"Not without my Bill," ses the woman. f you lay a finger on me I'll scream the use down."
"You brought 'her 'ere," ses my wife, turning to me, "now you can take 'er away."
"I didn't bring 'er," I ses, "she follered ."
"Well, she can foller you agin," she ses. Go on!" she ses, trembling all over. "Git t afore I start on you."
I was in such a temper that I daren't trust yself to stop. I just gave 'er one look, and en I drew myself up and went out. 'Arf e fools in our street was standing in front the 'ouse, 'umming like bees, but I took notice. I 'eld my 'ead up and walked rough them with that woman trailing ter me.
I was in such a state of mind that I went like a man in a dream. If it had 'n been dream I should ha' pushed 'er under an nibus, but you can't do things like that real life.
"Penny for your thoughts, Bill," she ses.
I didn't answer her.
"Why don't you speak to me?" she ses.
"You don't know wot you're asking for."
I was hungry and sleepy, and 'ow I was ing to get through the day I couldn't think. went into a pub and 'ad a couple o' pints stout and a crust o' bread and cheese for ekfus. I don't know wot she 'ad, but hen the barman tried to take it out o' my oney, I surprised 'im.

VE walked till I was ready to drop. Then we got to Victoria Park, and I d no sooner got on the grass, than I laid wn and went straight off to sleep.
At five o'clock I got up to go back to the harf and, taking no notice of 'er, I walked to the street and jumped on a bus that as passing.
She jumped too, and, arter the conductor ad 'elped 'er off of 'er knees and taken r arms away from his waist, I'm blest he didn't turn on me and ask why I dn't left 'her at 'ome.
We got to the wharf just afore six. The *ohn Henry* 'ad gorn, but the skipper 'ad one all the 'arm he could afore he sailed, ad, if I 'adn't kept my temper I should ha' urdered arf a dozen of 'em. The woman anted to come on to the wharf, but I 'ad word or two with one o' the foremen, who wed me arf-a-dollar, and he made that all ght.
"We all 'ave our faults, Bill," he ses as 'e ent out, "and I suppose she was better-oking once upon a time?"
I didn't answer 'im. I shut the wicket cter 'im, quick, and turned the key, and hen I went on with my work.
For a long time everything was as quiet as he grave, and then there came just one ttle pull at the bell. Five minutes afterards there was another.
I thought it was that woman, but I 'ad o make sure. When it came the third time crept up to the gate
"Hello!" I ses. "Who is it?"
"Me, darling,' ses a voice I reckernised s the postman's. "Your missus wants to ome in and sit down."
I could 'ear several people talking, and it eemed to me there was quite a crowd out here, and by-and-by that bell was going ke mad.
Then people started kicking the gate, and houting, but I took no notice until presenty it left off all of a sudden and I 'eard a oud voice asking wot it was all about. I uppose there was about fifty of 'em all telling at once, and then there was the sound of a fist on the gate.
"Who is it?" I ses.
"Police," ses the voice.
I opened the wicket then and looked out. A couple o' policemen was standing by the gate and arf the riffraff of Wapping behind 'em.
"Wot's all this about?" ses one o' the policemen.
I shook my 'ead. "Ask me another," I ses.
"Your missus is causing a disturbance," he ses.
"She's not my missus," I ses; "she's a complete stranger to me."
"And causing a crowd to collect and refusing to go away," ses the other policeman.
"That's your business," I ses. "It's nothing to do with me."
They talked to each other for a moment and then they spoke to the woman. I didn't 'ear wot she said, but I saw her shake her 'ead and a'most direckly arterwards she was marching away between the two policemen with the crowd follering and advising 'er where to kick 'em.
I was a bit worried at fust—not about her—and then I began to think that p'raps it was the best thing that could have 'appened.
I went 'ome in the morning with a load lifted off my mind; but I 'adn't been in the 'ouse two seconds afore my missus started to put it on again. Fust of all she asked me 'ow I dared to come into the 'ouse, and then she wanted to know wot I meant by leaving her at 'ome and going out for the day with another woman.
"You told me to," I ses.
"Oh, yes," she ses, trembling with temper. "You always do wot I tell you, don't you? Always have, especially when it's anything you like."
She fetched a bucket o' water and scrubbed the kitchen while I was having my brekfus, but I kept my eye on 'er, and the moment she 'ad finished I did the perlite and emptied the bucket for 'er to prevent mistakes.

I READ about the case in the Sunday paper, and I'm thankful to say my name wasn't in it. All the magistrate done was to make 'er promise that she wouldn't do it agin, and then he let her go. I should ha' felt more comfortable if he 'ad given 'er five years, but, as it turned out, it didn't matter. Her 'usband happened to read it, and, whether 'e was tired of living alone, or whether he was excited by 'earing that she 'ad got a little general-shop, 'e went back to her.
The fust I know about it was they came round to the wharf to see me. He 'ad been a fine-looking chap in 'is day, and even then 'e was enough like me to see 'ow she 'ad made the mistake, and all the time she was telling me 'ow it 'appened, he was looking me up and down and sniffing.
"'Ave you got a cold?" I ses, at last.
"Wot's that got to do with you?" 'e ses. "Wot do you mean by walking out with my wife? That's wot I've come to talk about."
For a moment I thought that his bad luck 'ad turned 'is brain. "You've got it wrong," I ses, as soon as I could speak, "she walked out with me."
"'Cos she thought you was her 'usband," 'e ses, "but you didn't think you was me, did you?"
"'Course I didn't," I ses.
"Then 'ow dare you walk out with 'er?" 'e ses.
"Look 'ere!" I ses, "you get off 'ome as quick as you like. I've 'ad about enough of your family. Go on: 'ook it."
Afore I could put my 'ands up he 'it me hard in the mouth, and the next moment we was at it as 'ard as we could go.
Nearly every time I hit 'im he wasn't there, and every time 'e hit me I wished I hadn't ha' been. When I said I 'ad 'ad enough 'e contradicted me and kept on, but he got tired of it at last, and, arter telling me wot he would do if I ever walked 'is wife out again, they went off like a couple o' love-birds.
By the time I got 'ome next morning my eyes was so swelled up I could 'ardly see and my nose wouldn't let me touch it. I was so done up I could 'ardly speak, but I managed to tell my missus about it arter I 'ad 'ad a cup o' tea. Judging by her face anybody might ha' thought I was telling 'er something funny, and, when I 'ad finished, she looks up at the ceiling and ses:
"I 'ope it'll be a lesson to you," she ses.

You'll get a laugh out of another W. W. Jacobs story, "Artful Cards"—in an early issue of Hearst's.

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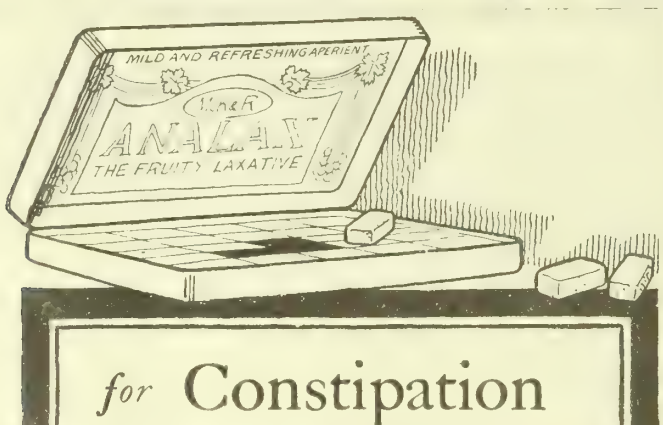
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Little Pictures

Concluded from page 28)

SENATOR UNDERWOOD OF ALABAMA



He came to Congress prepared for it equipped with knowledge, panoplied in the spirit and temper for the legislative arena, and he forged to the front at a bound, without waiting and without apology.

Roger Q. Mills of Texas, "Wilson of West-Virginia," and Oscar Underwood are the three great Tariff leaders that the South has contributed to public life since the Civil War, and of these Underwood is perhaps the soundest and the broadest, and certainly the most popular. He has given his name, as Wilson did, to a great Tariff Measure which has lived [and will be remembered. He did all this in the House, and it made him the famous leader of the Democratic Party on the floor, and projected him into a formidable candidacy for the Presidency which has been renewed by friends at every succeeding National Convention, and is likely to become chronic, as his friends never diminish in numbers.

Mr. Underwood has vindicated the highest expectation of his friends in his Senatorial career. He has been sound and American to the core—speaking seldom, but making each speech a political count when he enters debate. He is the author of: "I am for a Merchant Marine. I am for a Merchant Marine so strongly and believe it means so much to the country that I will take it any way I can get it. I am for a Merchant Marine without subsidy, but if I can only get a Merchant Marine by subsidy, I am for a Merchant Marine even with a subsidy."

A Government is always safe in such men as Oscar Underwood of Alabama.

SENATOR HARRIS OF GEORGIA



lative bodies whose service is steady and tireless but never blatant. It is probable that in twelve years of Senatorial service, William J. Harris will never essay a great Senatorial argument, or appeal to the galleries and the "Congressional Record" with an eloquent oration. But it is safe to wager that whenever his Senatorial career is done there will be found to his credit more things secured for Georgia men and Georgia towns and Georgia counties—for Georgia rivers and Georgia harbors than most Senators win in twice the time.

The new Senator was started by President Wilson in the beginning of his administration as the Director of the Census. Here he attracted the attention of the President to those qualities of judgment, fidelity and management which Wilson loves, and the Executive called him higher to the Federal Trades Commission of which he became Chief.

Senator Harris is of a remarkable family whose members win in public life unfailingly behind the gentlest and most unobtrusive manners. His brother, General Peter Harris, who succeeded as Adjutant-General of the United States, is one of the softest-mannered soldiers who ever signed an order, and yet you will search long before you can find a complaint against his administration in the records. His elder brother William, who is perhaps the ablest man of his race, has been content for two decades to be an admirable Superintendent of Public Schools in Georgia.

SENATOR WATSON OF INDIANA



"Jim Watson" is a name familiar to Indiana and all the Central States, as a dashing, brilliant, big-hearted statesman and publicist, indomitable, unchangeable in loyalty, undaunted in courage, a stalwart partisan, an unquestioned patriot, one of the keenest and strongest of Senatorial debaters, a great advocate of the Protective Tariff, and beyond all doubt or question, one of the best if not the very best political stump-speaker between the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains.

Here in the Senate, too, "Jim Watson's" personality has made a clean sweep of Senatorial regard. If there is not a more stalwart partisan on the Republican side, neither is there a more genuine American, or a bigger-hearted man, generous friend and colleague in the Chamber. He fights straight from the shoulder in the Republican ranks, but he "locks arms" from the heart in the corridors and cloak-rooms.

Bravely American was Senator Jim in the war legislation since 1917.

He was in the House of Representatives before he was thirty years old, and was the Republican "whip" until he came to the Senate in 1916.

A few months ago, Fernall of Maine suggested Jim Watson as the Republican nominee for the Presidency. The suggestion landed in the inflammable affections of the Indiana populace, and created such a sudden swift conflagration of enthusiasm that it took all the astute diplomacy of the Republican Committee to hold it before it prejudged the National Convention.

Well, Jim Watson has been for twenty years the teacher of the biggest Bible class in the State at Rushville, and there are hundreds of little children in Indiana whose nightly prayer is "God Bless Papa and Mamma and make Uncle Jim President!" There are some people who think this is better than the White House.

SENATOR FLETCHER OF FLORIDA



and he is therefore not likely to be cut down and cast into the electoral fire which consumes the politically useless.

Duncan U. Fletcher writes in his record that he was perhaps the largest force in the framing of the Rural Credits, a Farm Loan Bill under which $20,000,000 has been loaned to farmers, and under which the farmers of the country are getting financial accommodations at 5½% per annum, amortising these loans at 1%, thus paying 6½% to cover principal and interest on the money borrowed. He was Chairman of the American Commission and of the United States Commission that toured Europe to find and frame the plan and method of this Farmers' loan.

He has been the stalwart and unfailing advocate of a Merchant Marine.

The senior Senator from Florida and the junior Senator from Texas are Siamese Twins of industry and perhaps record fewer wasted hours during a Senatorial term than any two men in that illustrious body.

Fletcher of Florida is an old-fashioned States' Rights Democrat, and is always ready for a fight against the tendency to centralize power in the Federal Government. He is a Catholic American in National matters, but a sleepless sentinel over every movement to benefit the South or to defend it. He has done an amazing work as President for ten years of that remarkably constructive organization, the Southern Commercial Congress—without neglecting a single Senatorial duty.

Do Fortunes Happen?

(*Continued from page 34*)

which appeared on the door. So was born the Victor Talking Machine Company and so was the Victrola developed. The instruments are still manufactured in Camden, and Victor Franklin reaps his just profits from everyone.

EVEN Julius Rosenwald, the business administrative expert of the Council of National Defense, and advisor to the Government during the war, went unwillingly into the enterprise which made his fortune. He was in business in Chicago, and a mail-order house of the name of Sears, Roebuck & Company came to owe him $10,000. The creditor company was on the verge of bankruptcy and Rosenwald very reluctantly assumed ownership in the hope of paying himself out of the wreck. Sears, Roebuck & Company was then at the low level of its career. It started up out of the valley. Unquestionably the genius of Rosenwald had much to do with the climb up. But it was not a venture into which he voluntarily entered; it was forced upon him. Neither financial acumen nor choice had anything to do with this opportunity for success.

Col. Robert M. Thompson, for a long time president of the Navy League, prominent in the world of nickel manufacture, a man of large philanthropies, when a young man around New York, had an opportunity to buy an option on a copper claim on the Canadian side of the Great Lakes. As a graduate of Annapolis, his social connections were of the best, but in the financial world he was not rated. He did not know much about copper claims and had no way to determine whether this option was of value. His more experienced friends advised him against the purchase. He took the option, however, borrowing $2,000 for the purpose. He started work in his shaft and almost immediately struck a bed of copper ore that was almost inexhaustible. Through the remaining years of his career, which has been long, this copper ore has poured forth. If he made an error in judgment, such, for instance, as that at the beginning of the war when he plunged in cotton and lost $4,000,000, the copper mine paid him out. The luck of a first investment, and his readiness for the opportunity presented, assured his whole future.

I have even known an artist to make a fortune. His name is Charles J. Sindelar and he is still at work in New York. At the time of the big oil excitement at Beaumont, Texas, nearly twenty years ago, Sindelar was sent down there to make some pictures of Spindletop. Upon his arrival he walked out to the field and found the throng in the midst of the excitement of an auction sale of lots. He was surprised to see that the auctioneer was an old friend of his from New York, who at that moment was in the going, going, gone stage of selling a lot. He looked toward Sindelar and the artist nodded to him in the geniality of ancient friendship. The auctioneer mistook the nod as a bid.

"And sold," he said, "to this gentleman over here." He pointed to Sindelar.

The artist, flabbergasted, stood still and said nothing. He was shaken from his perplexity by a man who pulled excitedly at his elbow. "I will give you $5,000 for your buy," this man was saying.

Sindelar took him at his word and soon found himself in possession of a perfectly good check for $5,000. It seemed so easy that he decided to stand around and buy and sell lots while he was making his pictures. In two months he had a checking account of six figures.

Every one of these men was ready to close his nippers on the opportunity when it presented itself. That is probably the answer. Each was ready to strike afield in developing his chance.

I don't know what you are going to do about it but here is *my* program:

I will keep my faculties all awake, my mind sitting up sprightly-like as would a fox terrier at a rathole. I will keep physically fit and trim and ready for any sort of tussle. I will wait the day when the big guy gets strolling around my way and knocking at doors. Then I will catapult myself upon him, grapple him, double-Nelson him, jiu-jitsu him, throw him, gag and hogtie him. Fortunes just happen to people—but they happen, I notice, mostly to people who are ready.

The Aristocrat

(*Continued from page 12*)

Every hour of the day, plainly, he had been seen with her; riding and at tea, and on the beach. They said that the callow fool had even been singing to her nights, to the tinkle of his own mandolin. And over it all Monte King, who had been watching so long, was hovering like a gaunt hawk, waiting, so every bated whisper had it, the precise minute to strike.

THEY had placed Monte at our table, at the Board of Trade banquet, a white, straight-nosed, gray-templed man whom no one seemed to notice much. Only his lips were still boyish; they still curled in a deprecatory, half-shy fashion. And, of course, as a member of our party, Berkeley's Boy was also there.

Not once during the many courses did they glance at each other, those two whose years were only a little apart. Berkeley's Boy ate as he always did, with an appetite that was rather bewildering. And Monte King drank, as a man does who has been enduring a torture of thirst for days.

And then they were speaking, first Crane and one or two of his associates, and Cap'n Eben; and then Crane rose again, heavily humorous.

"It is meet and fitting," he husked, for he was a fat man, "that we toast the ladies upon this occasion. The conquest of beauty and—ah—all that sort of thing. It is likewise in keeping that youth and chivalry should respond. Mr. Berkeley, gentlemen—lend him your ears."

The ponderous witticism was unmistakable. I stole a glance at Monte King. He sat smiling like a sardonic death's head. Berkeley's Boy rose.

"Gentlemen," he said, "blushing and conscious though I am of my own inexperience, nevertheless I arise——"

He got no further.

Monte King's chair went over with a crash. One thin hand gripping the cloth he strained across the table.

"You—!" he snarled, and drove the contents of his glass into Berkeley's Boy's face.

For one instant it was dreadfully silent. Nobody moved. No one seemed capable of movement, even when Berkeley's Boy started, slowly and relentlessly around the table, wiping his face as he went. And we stood there, motionless, while he bent Monte King's futile arms behind him and carried him, struggling, to the main entrance. King landed with a bad crash outside in the dark.

Back in his place Berkeley's Boy faced us, breathing a little quickly, fighting to appear composed. God bless him, at twenty-three chivalry was a red, red rose to him.

"Gentlemen," he began again, "blushing and conscious though I am of my inexperience, nevertheless I arise——"

Boylike, he had learned it by heart, and from his heart now he went through with it.

"——the ladies, God bless 'em," said he.

I lost Cap'n Eben in the confusion of fare wells. Berkeley's Boy, too, outwitted and escaped me. And back on board the *Mary Ann*, still on deck and vaguely sorry for much that was hard to put into words, I saw Cap'n Eben's boat returning with him, in the first glow of the morning. A heap of something lay in the stern at his feet, a limp and unconscious something which the men dragged none too gently over the rail. It fell sprawling on deck, one hand outflung impotently, white face to the dawn. Monte King—and as good as dead, I thought at first.

One of the crew made as if to pick him up.

"Let him lie!" ordered the captain, harshly. And to me:

"We're sailing with the tide. It's time you were in bed."

AT about midday Tarfa, the mate, brought him aft, to where we sat under a strip of sail-canvas stretched for an awning.



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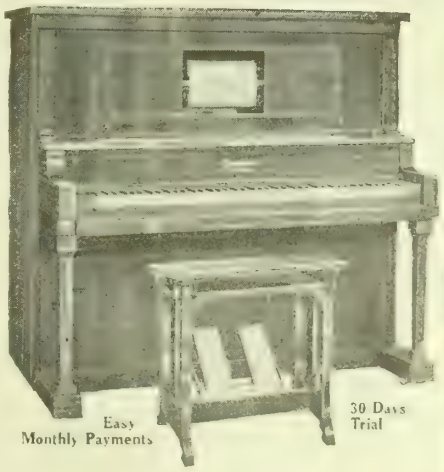
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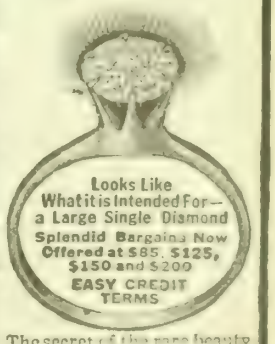
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He made a strange picture with the mate for a background. It was a hot and humid day. Carfax wore a pair of loose drill pants and a white cotton undershirt, and his feet were bare. King had laid aside his dinner jacket and silk waistcoat. But his small black tie still retained a hint of the fastidious care with which it had been knotted about a wing collar that was still fairly white. And his black patent-leather pumps glistened brightly. His hands were nervous and unsteady, but not his voice. He began confidently, a little arrogantly.

"You are the master of this schooner, I understand?"

The little skipper of the *Mary Ann* neither answered nor raised his eyes from the bolthead in the deck which he was studying. In nowise disconcerted King went on:

"Somehow—I'll admit I was in no condition last night to say just how—but somehow or other I came aboard this craft. It was a mistake, and I wish to be put ashore immediately."

At that Cap'n Eben raised his eyes. Monte was silent an instant before that gaze. It promised little.

"My name is King," he blurted. "Monte King. Perhaps you have heard of my——"

"Mr. Carfax!"

"Sir!"

"Send this man for'ard where he belongs, and see that he stays for'ard. Set him to washing down, and when he's finished that come to me for further orders."

"I tell you I won't!" he cried. "You can't make me. I didn't ship aboard this damned tub. I——"

"Mr. Carfax!"

"Sir?"

"Did this man come aboard of his own free will?"

"Certainly, sir. He—he was anxious last night to sign on."

"Then see that he goes for'ard, I said."

This time Carfax's huge hand found the slack of King's shirt. The linen ripped, noisily, as Monte tore free.

"He lies!" he screamed. "He lies! I was brought aboard drunk. I was shanghaied. I won't work. I won't leave this spot until you agree to put me ashore."

Cap'n Eben leaned over. His arm went back and snapped forward. A rope uncoiled. The same instant that the rope's end thudded sickeningly against the back of Monte's neck the schooner heeled sharply to a freshening breeze. The boy dropped like a sack and went slithering across the deck to the rail. For a moment he lay; then hand over hand he raised himself and hung dazed. Then he rushed, silently, blindly. Carfax's fist met him, flush on the jaw. He went down. Rising he groped again, and steadied himself against the teak runner. Carfax jerked his thumb. This time Monte King did not shout.

"I'll go," he said, very quietly indeed.

And he went without a glance for the little skipper who had leaned back and was once more studying the bolthead.

"It's contrary to the law," I argued.

Cap'n Eben smiled, a little bitterly for him.

"I am the law," he murmured, "aboard this craft."

And such, no doubt, was Monte King's final estimate of the situation. For he obeyed from that time on with sullen alacrity. From weary task to wearier he progressed, white, silent, shaky. Carfax had outfitted him with less-perishable garments, and for three days he labored in white cotton undershirt and drill pants under a cruel sun, until the inevitable happened. And when at last he did drop unconscious on deck, through the crisis that followed while his system shrieked for poison, Cap'n Eben took care of him with a cold, impersonal efficiency that was almost as brutal as the rope's end had been. But not a word from King—not a word.

"At least he's game," I urged tentatively. "Blood does tell, then, after all, eh?"

"The meanest animal in the world is that when he's cornered," was all that Cap'n Eben had to say.

After that I let the subject alone. But I stopped pitying King, too. For, once the alcohol was gone from his system, sweated out by toil and sun, the change in him was marvelous. The transparent white of his face burned brown. A full pail on the end of a rope no longer spelled a bitter battle for him. It came in swiftly, hand over hand.

Forward he made friends, first with Robinson, a ferret-eyed Cockney who deliberately jostled him one day and spilt a mess upon a newly holystoned section of deck. Carfax did not interfere in the row which followed, and after it was over Monte himself helped to doctor up Robinson's bruised face. Oh yes, he made friends forward, and without toadying. The Aristocrat they came to call him, and the name was in no degree an acknowledgment of his superiority. It meant that they had accepted him as an equal.

But for all the sign that Cap'n Eben gave of seeing the change which was being accomplished, or approving, he might have been a blind man. He seemed utterly without interest. And yet, after the second week and the Robinson episode, I learned how entirely it was all a part of his scheming. For we made no port. We held no course for any length of time, and at last, arduously, I figured out our position. We had been lying off the island all the time, I found, reaching now to the east, now to the west, yet never more than a two days' run from port. And so I was aware of it, a week later, when we swung back and made for our old anchorage.

Just what I had expected Cap'n Eben to do on that occasion I have no definite idea. But anyway it was wrong. For he did nothing. Perhaps, dimly, I had dramatized Monte's departure. I am afraid that I even expected that he would linger to shake hands, and had anticipated the phrases, half grave, half laughing, with which he would credit Cap'n Eben with his redemption.

Monte King had been assured that he had come aboard as a common sailor, and as a man before the mast he went ashore. Carfax paid him off, and he accepted the hardest money, and the first he had ever earned, without thanks. Then he dropped into the boat. Cap'n Eben was not even on deck!

Robinson brought back aboard the tidings of King's downfall, and it must be said in passing that he did the tale justice. It was a tale of many drinks, for which Monte had paid, "like the toff 'e is." A tale before which I sat aghast. I glanced toward Cap'n Eben; his face was expressionless.

"Drunk, eh?" he murmured.

"Not h'entirely, sir," protested the sailorman. "'E could navigate splendid. But 'is h'attitude—'e 'ad a nawsty look."

"Wan't looking for somebody, was he?" drawled the skipper.

This cleared Robinson's slightly muddled intellect.

"That was it!" he exclaimed. "'E was just that! And, blime, he found 'im. On the beach we was, saunterin' arm in arm, as good as the next blawsted plutocrat, when sudden h'I feels 'is 'and tighten. And next minute 'e's pulled away and is standin' in front of a golden-haired chappie, and a lydy with red lips. 'E' speakin' to the chappie, loud and clear.

"'Stand away from my wife,' 'e orders. And to the lydy: 'You'll come along with me.'"

Cap'n Eben wet his lips with the tip of his tongue.

"Well?"

"They took 'im in." This with vast regret. "Five beach guards, sir. But before they h'interfered it was lovely, between 'em and the lad with golden hair. Lovely, with lydies a-screamin', and lydies a-floppin' all abaht. h'I urges 'em to give 'im a fair field, till the guards arrive. Then h'I nips it."

"He's in jail?" Cap'n Eben inquired quickly.

Robinson shook his head, as he came to this one perplexing detail of an otherwise perfect afternoon.

"'E was out again, when h'I arrives to inquire. The lydy with the red lips—she went 'is bond, h'I 'eard."

"Hum-m-m! So!" said Cap'n Eben, and sent him away.

ALL that evening Cap'n Eben had the air of a man who was waiting. Long after the rising of the moon he kept to his place under the awning, his cigar-tip alternately glowing and fading in the shadow. And when, at about midnight, he rose abruptly, peering across the water, I knew from the alert slant of his head that some theory of his upon which he had been gambling was about to be vindicated or proved a failure.

Far out in the puddle of moonlight a black dot appeared. It approached with dogged, pitiful slowness. After a time it grew unmistakable, a man's head, the head of a swimmer, far, far out in the bay. And then recognizable. Tense at the rail Cap'n Eben stood and watched Monte King finish the last quarter mile of his mad swim from the beach to the *Mary Ann*. It was he who reached down and dragged him up over the

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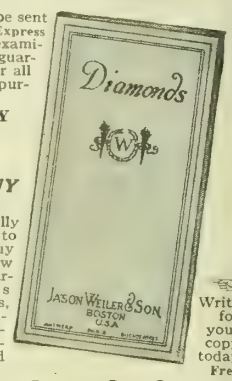
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side. For the life of him King couldn't have made another dozen strokes.

"Come aboard, sir," he panted, and made off toward the bow.

Four weeks of it followed; four weeks of holding off and on, of blistering days that made the paint-work reek and left the planking hot under foot like asphalt paving. And just once did speech of any sort concerning that night's business pass between Cap'n Eben and the man who had this time, in truth, come aboard of his own free will.

"You can't do it, on brandy," Cap'n Eben said softly, at last.

Their eyes held. Thunderously, then, to King, all that the other had done for him and meant to do, must have hammered home.

"I'm through with that," he answered just as quietly, and recollected himself.

"I'm through—sir," said he.

And the rest?

A month later we slipped back into the harbor, before that tropic town that hung on the mountainside. This time it was late afternoon before we were riding at anchor. And I did not watch the departure of Monte King with the rest of the shore-going crowd. We went ashore ourselves, Cap'n Eben and I. We reached the dock first and had a long, long start on him. And so we were waiting when he entered the bar of the Beach Club that night. Crane was there, and several others, and Berkeley's Boy, happy as a puppy to see us again and rather shamefaced, yet with a new mannerism—the dignified carriage of one who has found himself in charge of large affairs.

King entered and his coming created a stir. His brawl with Berkeley's Boy a month before had been the most widely bruited of all Island scandals. Crane turned a cool shoulder, so did his friends. A tinge of color limbed Berkeley's Boy's cheek. But blithely King ignored them all.

He gave a most cheerful greeting to the barman.

"Three Star," he ordered, and I felt Cap'n Eben stiffen.

The man set the bottle out, and for a moment Monte stared at it, sardonic. Then, with a gurgle, he tilted it over his glass. He tasted it.

"Yup," he murmured, just to himself. "I still like it. But I know now, for sure. I'm through!"

WITH that he whirled, and started for Berkeley's Boy. A vast confusion ensued. And then I found myself outside, Cap'n Eben's hand heavy on my sleeve.

"Come along quickly, now," he ordered, "if you would see the end."

I knew instantly where we were bound. We took the first road up from the sea wall. At the far end of it we turned across a lawn and up the steps of a white house with green shutters.

And she was waiting for us in the doorway, the girl whose bathing-suit had been a seven days' sensation on the beach. A gingham apron enveloped her now; her hair curled damply about a heat-flushed face. There was a dab of flour upon one cheek. Right here I buried the press-agent stories forever.

She stood aside for us to enter. She led us into a small, darkened front room that looked through open doors into a dining-room prepared for five, and left us. But before the significance of those five covers could be grasped someone leaped lightly up the steps and entered. Full in the light, there across the table, they confronted each other, Monte King and the girl who was his wife. Her lips were parted; his tight. But the years had fallen from him. His very words betrayed his newborn youth.

"I just threw that young whelp out of the Beach Club, publicly," he proclaimed; and hysterically, of a sudden, I wanted to laugh. He flung it out so grandly; it was so utterly boyish, so everlastingly young. Publicly—the way he did for me! And I started up here to tell you that you can have him now if you want him. But I've changed my mind on the way. Mary—I—I've quit, Mary!" His appeal stuck in his throat, and I no longer wanted to laugh. The edge between tragedy and comedy is altogether too fine. "By God, you're mine again, now!"

She laughed unsteadily, her eyes like flying stars.

"Monte—Monte," she called softly, "I've always been just that."

There came the thud of running feet outside. Berkeley's Boy rushed in, obviously fearing what he might see. But he was not prepared for that tableau. Something died in his eyes, a slow death.

"I—I beg your pardon, I'm sure," he started to apologize and withdraw, when Cap'n Eben stepped out. The girl contrived to make him believe that she thought we had all arrived at once.

SOMEHOW she achieved the impossible and got us gracefully into our chairs. But it was an awkward party. I felt we were in the way; I felt sorry for Berkeley's Boy. And yet, considering how clear it was how she had used him to gain this end, he bore himself bravely. He only laughed too much. He and Monte even joked each other about the dupes they both had been, in what they both fancied was quite the most casual fashion in the world—Berkeley's Boy who I am sure at that moment believed that his life was blasted, and Monte King who had won back from the very Pit. Neither was aware that his lips were stiff, his laughter uncertain. But the fact that they could laugh at all was enough. The kingdom of youth! They were both of them twenty-three!

But when we went down the hill together, the three of us, Berkeley's Boy seemed a trifle—well, blighted.

"There's just one thing I'd like to ask you," he addressed himself to Cap'n Eben with unwonted humbleness. "I—I never quite dared to ask her. But I heard you call her Mary when you said good-by. About this Austrian noble business, and—and that harem thing. Do you know where she came from? Do you know who she really is?"

Cap'n Eben chuckled aloud.

"I ought to," he answered. "I ought to. I was there when she was christened Mary Jane Grey, in Worcester, Massachusetts, twenty years ago."

That rather finished him.

"I think I'll stay ashore to-night, if you don't mind," he parted with us at the next corner. "I'd like to think this over, alone."

We left him.

Cap'n Eben's jaunty air of superiority was too much to be endured spinelessly. I held off as long as I could; in fact until late the next morning.

"You knew her all the time," I accused him then.

His satisfaction with himself was almost a smirk. He gave way to a whole string of chuckles.

"You planned it all with her!"

He shook his head.

"I merely—assisted, when I saw that she had already launched her campaign before I'd fairly got started on mine."

My face must have been very blank.

"The very obvious bathing suit," he explained, too kindly. "Her rejection of the red-headed one, who might have proved dangerous, for Berkeley's Boy, who was better suited to her purpose, and sure to be very safe indeed. It should have been easy for a keen observer."

"Presumptuous!" I snorted. "A lucky, cheeky hazard!"

"I wouldn't say that!"

He drew then from his pocket two cable blanks. They were both addressed to him; both had arrived on that very day when he first decoyed me to the Casino for tea. And the messages, one signed by Berkeley, Senior, and one by Caleb King, were identical!

"Anxious," they read. "Have you any news of my boy?"

"You replied?" It was an empty question, but I could think of nothing else to say.

"Last night. I cabled both, All's well—writing. It was enough. I am a frugal soul, at times."

"And you mean to say that you think that that was true to the letter, in Berkeley's Boy's case?"

The little skipper met my sarcasm with infinite meekness.

"It's not the letter that matters," he protested. "It's the spirit alone that counts."

"He's badly broken up," I stated firmly. "It will leave an ugly scar. But at that, perhaps it's best—perhaps it means disillusionment, at last."

Thereupon Cap'n Eben tossed me the final documentary exhibit. It was a scrawl to him from Berkeley's Boy, which had been received barely an hour before.

"Just met a wonderful girl," it ran. "She's promised to ride with me this afternoon, but I'm badly strapped. Can you let me have ten by bearer?"

I read it slowly—conned it for a hint of heartbreak.

"Well?" I queried weakly.

Cap'n Eben's lips twitched.

"I sent him twenty," said he.

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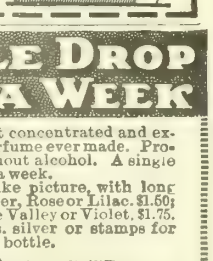
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evil tidings, but nothing of the sort has been said, and in the much-discussed passage in "Raymond" their production was alluded to as though it were an unusual and in a way a humorous instance of the resources of the Beyond. I wonder how many of the preachers who have taken advantage of this passage in order to attack the whole New Revelation have remembered that the only other message which ever associated alcohol with the life beyond is that of Christ himself when he said, "I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom."



Heaven

(*Continued from page 21*)

THIS matter is a detail, however, and it is always dangerous to discuss details in a subject which is so enormous, so dimly seen. As the wisest woman I have known remarked to me: "Things may well be surprising over there, for if we had been told the facts of this life before we entered it, we should never have believed it." In its larger issues this happy life to come consists in the development of those gifts for which we have a bent. There is action for the man of action, intellectual work for the thinker, artistic, literary, dramatic and religious for those whose God-given powers lie that way. What we have both in brain and character we carry over with us. No man is too old to learn, for what he learns he keeps. There is no physical side to love and no childbirth, though there is close union between those married people who really love each other, and generally there is deep sympathetic friendship and comradeship between the sexes. Every man or woman finds a mate sooner or later. The child grows up to the normal, so that the mother who lost a babe of two years old, and dies herself twenty years later finds a grown-up daughter of twenty-two awaiting her coming. Age, which is produced chiefly by the mechanical presence of lime in our arteries, disappears, and the individual reverts to the full normal growth and appearance of completed man- or woman-hood. Let no woman mourn her lost beauty, and no man his lost strength or weakening brain. They all await them once more upon the other side. Nor is any deformity or bodily weakness there, for all is normal and at its best.

"BUT," says the critic, "what of the clairvoyant descriptions, or the visions, where the aged father is seen, clad in the old-fashioned garments of another age, or the grandmother with crinoline and chignon. Are these the habiliments of heaven?" Such visions are not spirits, but they are pictures which are shot by spirits into our brains or those of the seer for the purposes of recognition. Hence the gray hair and hence the ancient garb. When a real spirit is indeed seen it comes in another form to this.

It is a world of sympathy. Only those who have this tie foregather. The sullen husband, the flighty wife, is no longer there to plague the innocent spouse. All is sweet and peaceful. It is the rest-cure after the nerve strain of life. The circumstances are homely and familiar. Happy circles live in pleasant homesteads with every amenity of beauty and of music. Beautiful gardens, lovely flowers, green woods, pleasant lakes, domestic pets—all of these things are fully described in the messages of the pioneer travelers who have at last got news back to those who loiter in the old dingy home. There are no poor and no rich. The craftsman may still pursue his craft, but he does it for the joy of his work. Each serves the community as best he can, while from above come higher ministers of grace, the 'angels' of Holy Writ, to direct and to help. Above all, shedding down his atmosphere upon all, broods that great Christ spirit, the very soul of reason, of justice and of sympathetic understanding, who has the earth sphere, with all its circles, under His very special care. It is a place of joy and laughter. There are games and sports of all sorts, though none which cause pain to lower life. Food and drink in the grosser sense do not exist, but there seem to be pleasures of taste, and this distinction causes some confusion in the messages upon the point. Athletic excellence still remains. But above all brain, energy, character, driving power, if exerted for good, make a man a leader there as here, while unselfishness, patience and spirituality there as here qualify the soul for the higher places, which have often been won by those very tribulations down here which seem so purposeless and so cruel, and are in truth our chances of spiritual quickening and promotion.

SUCH in very condensed form is the world which is revealed to us by these wonderful messages from the Beyond. Is it an unreasonable vision? Is it in any way opposed to just principles? Is it not rather so reasonable that, having got the clue, we could now see that, given any life at all, this is exactly the line upon which we should expect to move? Nature and evolution are averse to sudden, disconnected developments. If a human being has technical, literary, musical or other tendencies they are an essential part of his character, and to survive without them would be to lose his identity and to become an entirely different man. They must therefore survive death if personality is to be maintained. But it is no use their surviving unless they can find means of expression, and means of expression seem to require certain material agents, and also a discriminating audience. So also the sense of modesty among civilized races has become part of our very selves and implies some covering of our forms if personality is to continue. Our desires and sympathies would prompt us to live with those we love, which implies something in the nature of a house, while the human need for mental rest and privacy would predicate the existence of separate rooms. Thus, merely starting from the basis of the continuity of personality, one might even without the revelations from the Beyond have built up some such system by the use of pure reason and deduction.

SO far as the existence of this land of happiness goes, it would seem to have been more fully proved than any other religious conception within our knowledge. This proof depends as already explained upon the fact that the information about it has come to us with many corroborative signs of superhuman knowledge and power, taking the forms of physical phenomena and of information which we can verify about our present existence. I repeat—and it can not be too often repeated—that if a spirit can tell the truth about a sphere which is not its own it is not conceivable that it can be wholly mistaken about the one in which it is actually dwelling. The revelation abolishes the idea of a grotesque hell and of a fantastic heaven, while it substitutes the conception of a gradual rise in the scale of existence without any monstrous change which would turn us in an instant from grub to butterfly. The system, though different from previous ideas, does not, as it seems to me, run counter in any radical fashion to the old beliefs.

ONE may well ask, however, granting that there is evidence for such a life and such a world as has been described, what about those who have not merited such a destination? What do the messages from Beyond say about these? And here one can not be too definite, for there is no use exchanging one dogma for another. One can but give the general purport of such information as has been vouchsafed to us. It is natural that those with whom we come in contact are those whom we may truly call the blessed, for if the thing be approached in a reverent and religious spirit it is those whom we should naturally attract. That there are many less fortunate than themselves is evident from their own constant allusions to that regenerating and elevating missionary work which is among their own functions. They descend apparently and help others to gain that degree of spirituality which fits them for this upper sphere, as a higher student might descend to a lower class in order to bring forward a backward pupil.

When we view sin in the light of modern science, with the tenderness of the modern conscience, and with a sense of justice and proportion, it ceases to be that monstrous cloud which darkened the whole vision of the mediæval theologian. Man has been more harsh with himself than an all-merciful God will ever be. It is true that with all deductions there remains a great residuum which means want of individual effort, conscious weakness of will, and culpable failure of character when the sinner, like Horace, sees and applauds the higher while he follows the lower. But when on the other hand one has made allowance—and can our human allowance be as generous as God's?—for the sins which are the inevitable product of early environment, for the sins which are due to hereditary and inborn taint, and to the sins which are due to clear physical causes, then the total of active sin is greatly reduced. Could one for example imagine that Providence, all-wise and all-merciful as every creed proclaims, could punish the unfortunate wretch who hatches criminal thoughts behind the slanting brows of a criminal head? A doctor has but to glance at the cranium to predicate the crime. In its worst forms all crime, from Nero to Jack the Ripper, is the product of absolute lunacy. Surely then there is hope that no very terrible inferno is needed to further punish those who have been so afflicted upon earth. Some of our dead have remarked that nothing has surprised them so much as to find who have been chosen for honor, and certainly, without in any way condoning sin, one could well imagine that the man whose organic make-up predisposed him with irresistible force in that direction should in justice receive condolence and sympathy.

AND what is the punishment of the undeveloped soul? It is that it should be placed where it *will* develop, and sorrow would seem to be the forcing-ground of souls. That surely is our own experience in life where the insufferably complacent and unsympathetic person softens and mellows into beauty of character and charity of thought when tried long enough and high enough in the fires of life. The Bible has talked about the "Outer darkness where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth." The influence of the Bible has sometimes been an evil one through our own habit of reading a book of Oriental poetry and treating it as literally as if it were Occidental prose. When an Eastern describes a herd of a thousand camels he talks of camels which are more numerous than the hairs of your head or the stars in the sky. In this spirit of allowance for Eastern expression one must approach those lurid and terrible descriptions which have darkened the lives of so many imaginative children and sent so many earnest adults into asylums. From all that we learn there are indeed places of outer darkness, but dim as these waiting-rooms may be, they all admit to heaven in the end. That is the final destination of the human race, and it would indeed be a reproach to the Almighty if it were not so. We cannot dogmatize upon this subject of the penal spheres and yet we have very clear teaching that they are there and that the No-man's land which separates us from the normal heaven, that third heaven to which St. Paul was wafted in one short, strange experience of his lifetime, is a place which corresponds with the astral plane of the mystics and with the "outer darkness" of the Bible. Here linger those earthbound spirits whose worldly interests have clogged them and weighed them down, until every spiritual impulse has vanished. The one-ideaed man will surely be there if his one idea was not a spiritual one. Nor is it necessary that he should be an evil man, if dear old Brother John of Glastonbury, who loved the abbey so that he could never detach himself from it, is to be classed among earth-bound spirits. In the most material and pronounced classes of these are the ghosts who impinge very closely upon matter and have been seen so often by those who have no strong psychic sense. It is probable from what we know of the material laws which govern such matters that a ghost could never manifest itself if it were alone, that the substance for the manifestation is drawn from the spectator, and that the coldness, raising of hair and other symptoms of which he

mplains are caused largely by the sudden ain upon his own vitality. Here, however, wander into speculation and far from that rrelation of psychic knowledge with re- ion which has been the aim of these chap- s.

Y one of those strange coincidences which seem to me sometimes to be more than incidences, I had reached this point in y explanation of the difficult question of e intermediate state, and was myself de- ing further enlightenment, when an old ok reached me through the post, sent by meone whom I have never met, and in it find the following passage, written by an tomatic writer and in existence since 1880 ough I had never seen it. It makes the atter plain, endorsing what I have said d adding new points: "Some cannot ad- nce further than the border-land. Such as ver thought of spirit life and have lived tirely for the earth, its cares and pleasures— en clever men and women who have lived mply intellectual lives without spirituality. ere are many who have misused their portunities and are now longing for the ne misspent and wishing to recall the earth- e. They will learn that on this side the ne can be redeemed, though at much st. The border-land has many among e restless money-getters of earth who still unt the places where they had their hopes d joys. These are often the longest to main. . . . Many are not unhappy. They el the relief is sufficient to be without eir earth bodies. All pass through the rder-land but some hardly perceive it. is so immediate and there is no resting ere for them. They pass on at once to the freshment place of which we tell you." he anonymous author, after recording this irit message, mentions the interesting fact at there is a Christian inscription in the atacombs which runs: NICEFORUS AN- MA DULCIS IN REFRIGERIO, "Nicepho- orus, a sweet soul in the refreshment place." One more scrap of evidence that the Early Christian scheme of things was very like that of the modern psychic.

SO much for the border-land, the intermediate condition. The present Christian dogma has no name for it, unless it be that nebulous limbo which is occasionally mentioned and is usually defined as the place where the souls of the just who died before Christ were detained. The idea of crossing a space before reaching a permanent state on the other side is common to many religions and took the form of a river with a ferryboat among the Romans and Greeks. Continually one comes on points which make one realize that far back in the world's history there has been a true revelation which has been blurred and twisted in time. Thus, in Dr. Muir's summary of the "Rigveda" he says, epitomizing the beliefs of the first Aryan conquerors of India, "Before, however, the unborn part" (that is the etheric body) "can complete its course to the third heaven it has to traverse a vast gulf of darkness, leaving behind on earth all that is evil; and, proceeding by the paths the fathers trod, the spirit soars to the realms of eternal light, recovers there his body in a glorified form, and obtains from God a delectable abode and enters upon a more perfect life, which is crowned with the fulfilment of all desires, is passed in the presence of the gods and employed in the fulfilment of their pleasure." If we substitute "angels" for "gods" we must admit that the new revelation from modern spirit sources has much in common with the belief of our Aryan fathers.

In the next article I will ask you to accompany me in an examination of the New Testament by the light of this psychic knowledge, and to judge how far it makes clear and reasonable much which was obscure and confused.

Held in Bondage

(*Continued from page 15*)

nder the effort to repress his emotion, to ppear normal, the young man looked at her r a long moment. She returned his aze without a quiver of the eyelids, smiled ith the kindliness which sets a stranger at is ease.

"It is she — it is she," he muttered, oarsely. "I swear it!"

Chassaigne turned to the young woman.

"My young friend is much affected by our extraordinary resemblance to a lady e knew, Fräulein," he said, smilingly, in erman. "But he perceives now that he as mistaken. You will, I am sure, pardon n emotion that a person of your charm ill readily understand. My friend was reatly attached to the lady he thought e recognized in you."

THE young woman smiled upon Vincent in feminine sympathy for a lover.

"Is she a German?" she asked in a rich, eep voice that made him start.

Chassaigne replied for him.

"No, Fräulein—she is a Frenchwoman rought to Germany against her will."

He observed her narrowly as he spoke. Her face remained calm. His words, vidently, awakened no latent memory in her.

"How dreadful!" she said. Her rich voice ibrated on a note of unfeigned sympathy which was, nevertheless, impersonal. "Poor man! And he does not know where she is?"

"He has no idea, Fräulein," replied Chassaigne. "But let us leave this painful subject. Will you not keep us company for a ew minutes? We are strangers in a strange and." With a gallant courtesy, which, however, omitted to wait for her assent, he took her right hand and led her to a chair. His quick eyes noted the three moles upon her wrist. She seated herself almost automatically. He registered, in support of his heory, her easy susceptibility to a quietly nsistent suggestion. "Will you not tell us what is most worth seeing in Mainz?" he asked, smilingly.

She looked up at him.

"Alas, mein Herr, I cannot!" she said. 'I have never been in the city."

"Indeed?" He expressed mild but courteous surprise. "Perhaps you have only recently come to live here yourself?"

"Yes—er—no!" She smiled at her own confusion. "I mean we have been here some time—but we traveled so much before we came here—that I—I have really lost count——"

Chassaigne made a reassuring little gesture which relegated the matter to a limbo of indifference.

"You traveled with Doctor Breidenbach. I presume?" he asked casually.

"Yes. We went to a great many places. He was in the army then."

"When you first met him?"

"Yes." Her first tone of confident assertion changed almost as she uttered it to one of puzzled doubt. "Yes—I—I think so—I really forget." She smiled in self-apology. "I have a very bad memory, you see, mein Herr," she said, as if in explanation. "Doctor Breidenbach is treating me for it."

"Ah?—Doubtless he is doing you a great deal of good?" Chassaigne seated himself upon the edge of the table and smiled down upon her in paternal benevolence.

"Oh yes," she began impulsively. "You see, we are going to be married. But Doctor Breidenbach thinks it would not be right to be married until my memory is perfectly restored. So—" she hesitated, then smiled up with an innocent naïveté, "so you see I am doing all I can to concentrate and—and get it right."

CHASSAIGNE nodded again, his smile holding her confidence. As if absentmindedly, he picked up a little revolving-mirror from the table. He noticed that her eyes fixed themselves instinctively upon it.

"Pretty toy!" he remarked casually. "It belongs to Doctor Breidenbach I suppose?"

She stared at it in a strange fascination, shuddered suddenly.

"Yes," she said, with a little gesture before her eyes as though trying to throw off a spell, "yes—I—I think so——"

"A scientific instrument, I presume?" continued Chassaigne, imperturbably, as if merely interested in a curiosity, twirling the support between his fingers so that the mirror rapidly revolved. Imperceptibly he leaned forward, brought it nearer to her eyes. "It suggests sleep, I think," he continued in a quiet, level voice that had suddenly acquired a peculiar intensity. "Sleep!—Sleep, Fräulein!"

She stared at it, open-eyed stiffening curiously. A phrase of protest seemed frozen on her lips.

He held it very close to her face, revolving

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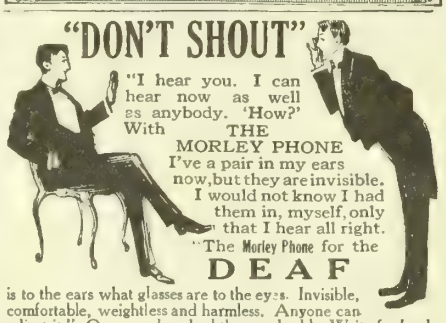
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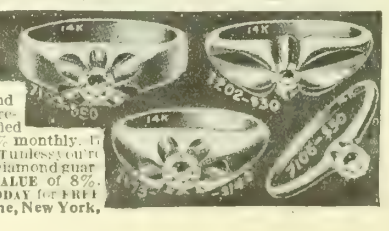
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the mirror in a long-continued series of rapid flashes before her eyes.

"Sleep!" he commanded in his intense level voice.

Her breast heaved in a long, sleepy sigh. She shuddered again, stiffened suddenly, sat rigid, entranced. Vincent, watching, crept forward, tense with anxiety.

"What are you going to do?" he whispered.

CHASSAIGNE motioned him to silence with a gesture of his forefinger. He turned to the young woman.

"You are asleep, are you not?"

She did not reply.

"You hear me?"

"Yes."

Her lips moved but beyond that she did not stir.

"In that sleep you remember things which you had otherwise forgotten." He turned to Vincent, whispered: "What is her name?"

"Hélène Courvoisier."

Chassaigne bent over her, picked up the wrist with the three moles.

"Do you remember Hélène Courvoisier?"

"No."

"Not even the name?"

"Not even the name."

There was a short silence, and then Chassaigne spoke again in insistent level tones.

"I suggest to you that you are yourself Hélène Courvoisier!"

VINCENT guessing the purport of the words, held his breath in suspense. To his despair the young woman responded with a far-away but genuinely mirthful laugh.

"No!—How absurd!" she said laughing, like a person under a drug. "I am Ottilie Rosenhagen! I was always Ottilie Rosenhagen!" She laughed again, hysterically, but more and more freely, more and more loudly, more and more the laugh of a person normally awake. Still laughing, she shuddered, passed her hand across her brow, relaxed suddenly from her stiff attitude—and ceased to laugh with a glance around of bewilderment. She fixed her eyes upon Chassaigne.

"I—I think I feel queer," she said, rising brusquely from her chair. "Excuse me!—I—I cannot stay!"

Without a glance behind her, she went swiftly from the room.

Vincent watched her go, anguish and despair in his eyes. He turned to Chassaigne.

"Well?" he asked, hoarsely.

Chassaigne made a gesture of annoyance. He shrugged his shoulders.

"I might have guessed as much!" he said. "He has rendered her immune to the suggestion. You see the trance was induced easily enough. As I thought, she was accustomed to being hypnotized by that mirror and the mere sight of it was almost sufficient."

"But can no one remove the suggestion?" cried Vincent. He glared around the room, clenching his fist. "The infernal scoundrel!—By heaven, I'll kill him!" He fingered the revolver in the holster strapped to his belt.

Chassaigne laid a restraining hand upon him.

"If you do you will in all probability kill the only man in the world who can replace the factitious personality of Ottilie Rosenhagen by the real personality of Hélène Courvoisier!"

Vincent stared at him. "Do you mean that?"

"He certainly can remove the suggestions he has himself made. It is doubtful whether any other can."

"He must be forced to do it! We must inform the authorities!"

"Agreed, my dear fellow!" Chassaigne's voice was soothing. "But we must first get evidence—real evidence—that this young woman is not Ottilie Rosenhagen but Hélène Courvoisier. Now, come away out of this house. We will go into Mainz, dine, spend the evening at a café, and forget it—or talk it over, as you will. We can do nothing more now." He smiled at him. "Come! As your superior officer, I command you!"

The hour was late when the two officers returned. Before going out, Chassaigne had provided himself with a key, and they let themselves into the house. It was quiet, its occupants apparently in bed. Throughout the evening there had been but one topic of conversation and, as it was yet unexhausted, they went into Doctor Breidenbach's library, switched on the lights, and sat down for a final smoke before retiring.

"WHAT we require," said Chassaigne, for the twentieth time, as he lit his cigaret, "is demonstrable evidence, something that makes it certain that you are not under an illusion. Even in my own mind, I can not help confessing, there is a doubt. Look at it from my point of view. You assure me that you recognize the young woman. Good—but your recognition may be an error, although sincere. You strengthen your case by pointing to the three moles. The strongest piece of evidence we possess is that, under the psychical analysis to which we subjected the young woman, I found that she was a hypnotic subject, that she was impressible, and that her personality as Ottilie Rosenhagen is practically without any memories of the past. *But we could not discover any trace of any other personality.*

"She rejects as ridiculous the suggestion that she is not Ottilie Rosenhagen. If she is Hélène Courvoisier that personality is certainly there. But how are we going to get at it?"

Vincent shook his head.

"I cannot imagine," he said, wearily.

He looked up to see Chassaigne staring in astonishment at the door behind his chair. Startled, he twisted himself round to see what was happening,—and gasped.

Framed in the doorway, a dressing-gown over her night-attire, her dark hair loose over her shoulders, was the young woman. In her hand was a bedroom candle. Her face was expressionless and placid. Her eyes were open, looking fixedly in front of her. She moved into the room with a gliding step.

"She is asleep!" whispered Chassaigne. "Speak to her, Vincent!—Who knows?—Perhaps another stratum of personality!"

THE young woman glided straight toward the lieutenant, who gripped at the arm of his chair in his emotion. She was close upon him ere he could force himself to speech.

"Hélène!" he said in a tense, low voice, looking up into her eyes as if trying to bring her dream down to him. "Do you know me?"

She bent over him, kissed him softly upon the brow.

"Maxime!" she murmured, her tone vibrant with tender affection. "Maxime! You have been away so long!"

She spoke in French!

Chassaigne jumped in his chair, but before he could utter a word, a new voice spoke sharply.

"Ottilie!"

The two officers turned to the doorway to see Doctor Breidenbach standing there, his face clouded with menace, his eyes angry.

The young woman started, looked wildly about her in the bewilderment of one suddenly aroused from sleep. Then, after one horrified glance at her attire, an amazed stare at the two officers, she sank on to a chair and covered her face with her hands. Trembling violently with every nerve of her body, she crouched there in a misery of shame, too overwhelmed to utter a sound.

The German advanced into the room stood over her.

"Ottilie!—Come away at once!"

Vincent, was on his feet, flushed with rage at the brutal tone of the command.

Chassaigne went quietly behind the German, locked the door and slipped the key in his pocket.

Breidenbach, his eyes fixed on the girl reiterated his command.

"Monsieur!" broke from Vincent in an angry expostulation which ignored his comrade's gesture to silence.

The German looked round upon them, forcing his face to a smile in which the vivid blue eyes behind the *pince-nez* failed to participate.

"You are certainly entitled to some explanation of this unseemly occurrence, gentlemen," he said, in French. His voice, perfectly controlled and reinforcing his smile, suggested an appreciation of piquancy in this equivocal situation, invited the sense of humor of the Gallic temperament. "I need not tell you that Fräulein Rosenhagen is entirely innocent of any intent to disturb you. She is, I may say, under my medical care. She suffers from somnambulism, and you will understand that it is comprehensible she should wander to this room where she is accustomed to receive treatment."

VINCENT with difficulty, controlled himself to silence in obedience to his friend's warning glance. Chassaigne stepped forward.

"Quite, monsieur," he said, easily, smiling as though he fully appreciated the position from all points of view. "A case of abnormal subconscious activity. I am myself greatly interested, professionally, in this common neuropathological symptom. May I suggest that, since your patient has come here in response to an obscure instinctive desire for

the accustomed treatment of which she is doubtless in need, you now satisfy her? I should esteem it a privilege to assist at a demonstration of your methods."

The German's eyes flashed a suspicion that was instantly veiled.

"I do not consider it advisable," he said. His tone was curt.

Chassaigne glanced at the young woman still crouched upon the chair.

"As a professional man of some experience, monsieur," he said, imperturbably, "I do not agree with you. I feel sure your patient would benefit by it. Let me beg of you!"

The German trembled with sudden anger.

"This is an unwarrantable interference, monsieur! The patient is in my charge. I decline absolutely!" He turned to the girl. "Come, Ottilie!" he added in German.

She ventured a shrinking glance up at him, stirred as if to rise.

Chassaigne raised his hand in a gesture which checked her. His eyes met the German's in a direct challenge.

"Unreasonable as it sounds, monsieur, I have set my heart upon witnessing your methods. It is a whim of the conqueror—the force of which you, who have served in Belgium, will appreciate." His right hand slid into the pocket of his tunic. "I must insist!"

"I refuse, then!" The German was livid with rage. He turned and plucked the girl violently from her seat. "Out of my way, monsieur!"

DRAGGING the girl after him, he took two steps toward the door—and stopped suddenly. Two more steps would have brought him into contact with the muzzle of the revolver which Chassaigne leveled at him.

"Foreseeing your possible ill-humor, monsieur," said the Frenchman, with a mocking suavity, "I took the precaution of locking the door. This young woman has inspired me with so violent an interest that I cannot bear to see her suffer unrelieved. And I might remind you that should you unfortunately lose your life by the accidental explosion of this revolver—I should find it comparatively easy to restore her to complete mental health myself."

The German glared at him.

"I do not understand you!"

"You do—perfectly!" Chassaigne turned to his friend. "Vincent, conduct that young lady to a chair!"

The girl, who had been released by the German in the first shock of his surprise, stood paralyzed with terror, staring speechlessly at the revolver in Chassaigne's hand. Unresistingly she allowed herself to be led to a chair by the young man who was as speechless as she.

Chassaigne nodded satisfaction.

"Good! Now, Vincent, draw your revolver and cover this gentleman yourself. Be careful to hit him in a vital spot should you be compelled to fire."

Vincent obeyed with alacrity, dandling the heavy weapon with fingers that evidently itched to pull the trigger.

"Now, monsieur," said Chassaigne, in succinct tones, "since you say you do not understand, I will be more explicit. I desire that you should induce in this young woman the hypnotic trance which is your habitual treatment for her indisposition——"

A gleam of cunning flitted in the German's eyes.

"Very well," he said, with sulky submission. "If you insist!"

"But with this difference," continued Chassaigne, "*that your habitual suggestion shall be reversed!*"

The German started—controlled himself quickly.

"I do not understand," he said, maintaining his pose of sulkiness.

"I mean that instead of suggesting to her that she is and always has been Ottilie Rosenhagen—you suggest to her that she is really Hèlène Courvoisier, a French girl deported from Lille!"

THE muscles stood out suddenly upon the German's lean jaws, even as, with a strength of will Chassaigne could not but admire, he smiled mockingly into his adversary's face.

"You rave, monsieur!" he said, and his tone emphasized the insult.

"Rave or not," replied Chassaigne calmly, "I want you to try the experiment. It is a whim of mine." He handled the revolver suggestively.

"And if I refuse?"

"I shall shoot you!"

The German laughed outright.

"Ottilie!" he cried, in German, "these Frenchmen have gone mad. They pretend that you are not Ottilie Rosenhagen but a French girl—and they want to take you from me!"

The girl sprang from her seat with a cry of horror, rushed to him and flung her arms about him.

"Oh, no, no!" she cried. "I am German—I am German—I was never anything but German! Oh, don't take me away from him! I love him! I love him! He is all I have in the world!"

Vincent watched the action with jealous rage.

"My God!" he muttered. "I shall kill him in another moment if this goes on!"

The German smiled at them triumphantly.

"You see, gentlemen! "You may as well shoot now!" jeered the German. "I deny that she is other than Ottilie Rosenhagen. I utterly refuse to experiment upon her at your dictation. Shoot! I defy you!" The man certainly did not lack courage. He smiled mockingly as Chassaigne's revolver rose slowly and deliberately to a level with his eyes. "Shoot! Outrage for outrage, your murder of a German civilian may well balance the deportations you prate about!" It was significant that in this fateful crisis it should be that particular crime which occurred to him for parity.

The taunt seemed to strike the spark of an idea in Chassaigne's brain. Still menacing the German with his revolver, he held out the key to the door in his left hand.

"Vincent! In Doctor Breidenbach's hall there is a telephone. A hundred yards away there is a post of infantry. Ring up the commandant, tell him that I have arrested Doctor Breidenbach on the charge of abducting a French subject, ask him to send along an armed escort at once—not less than half-a dozen!" He glanced at the girl, who was apparently in a swoon upon her chair. "It is important that the force should be imposing! Hurry!"

VINCENT snatched at the key, dashed from the room. The German smiled in grim contempt. Chassaigne, still covering him with the revolver, smiled back, not less grimly. They waited in a complete silence, through minute after minute. The girl upon the chair did not stir.

Suddenly they heard the rhythmic tramp of a body of armed men on the gravel outside, a sharp voice of command, and then, after a brief pause, the heavy multiple tramp again, resounding through the house, louder and louder, in its approach. At the sound, the girl sat up brusquely, stared wild-eyed at the door.

It was flung open. Vincent entered, pointed out the girl to the French officer who accompanied him, evidently in confirmation of a statement made outside. The officer barked an order. A file of helmeted infantrymen, bayoneted rifles at the slope, marched heavily into the room. The girl shrieked.

"Oh, no! no! Don't take me!" she cried—*and her cry was French!* "Don't take me! I will not go. I will not go!" She sprang up from the chair, looked frenziedly around the room in a terror-stricken search for an avenue of escape.

Her eyes fell upon Vincent, remained curiously fixed upon him. Suddenly, with a cry of recognition, she rushed into his arms. "Maxime! Maxime! Protect me! Oh, don't let them take me! Don't let them take me!"

CHASSAIGNE smiled. He had won. As he expected, the shock of this armed entry, so vividly recalling the night of terror in Lille when the girl-victims were snatched from their violated homes, had sufficed to reawaken the personality which had then agonized in its last moments of freedom.

He enfolded her, murmuring reassuring words as he caressed the head that hid itself upon his breast. Her body shook with violent sobs.

The German stood up, placed himself, with a shrug of the shoulders, between the double file of infantrymen. The officer produced a notebook, asked a few questions of Chassaigne, jotted down the replies. He turned to the girl.

"Your name, mademoiselle?"

She looked up.

"Hélène Courvoisier," she replied unhesitatingly.

F. Britten Austin has written a rarely good mystery story for an early issue of Hearst's, called "Buried Treasure"



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The Box with Broken Seals

(*Continued from page 39*)

Union Jack; again nothing. They try the Tricolor; *rien de tout*. But if ever they have the sense to try the Crescent—eh, Gant? . . . Well, a safe voyage to you, man. Sleep in your waistcoat, and remember me to everyone in New York. I can't promise when I shall be back. I have taken a fancy to England. Still, one never knows."

JOCELYN THEW made his way to the box-office of the Alhambra Theater.

"I have called," he explained to the young man, "to see you about Box A on Monday night. I understand that there is a benefit performance."

"Quite so, sir," the young man replied "The boxes will be disposed of by auction to-morrow afternoon at the Theatrical Garden Party. Mr. Bobby is going to act as auctioneer."

"In that case, supposing I offer you now one hundred guineas for the box?"

"Very generous indeed, sir," the young man admitted, "but we are pledged to allow all the boxes to be sold by Mr. Bobby."

"I rather dislike the publicity of an auction," Jocelyn Thew observed, as he turned to take his leave. "However, if charity demands it, I suppose one must waive one's prejudices."

He strolled out and hesitated for a moment on the pavement. An unreasoning premonition of failure laid a cold hand upon his heart. Then he ground his heel into the pavement and re-entered his taxicab.

"Savoy," he directed

CAPTAIN RICHARD BEVERLEY, on his way through the hotel smoke-room to the Savoy bar, stopped short. He looked at the girl who had half risen from her seat on the couch with a sudden impulse of half-startled recognition.

"Why, it's Norah Sharey!" he exclaimed "Norah!"

"Well, I am glad you've recognized me at last," she said, laughing. "I tried to make you see me last night in the restaurant, but you wouldn't look."

"Norah Sharey!" he repeated. "Why, it was really you, then, dining last night with that fellow Crawshay?"

"Of course it was," she replied, "and I recognized you at once, even in your uniform."

"You know that Jocelyn Thew is here? You saw him with us last night?"

"Yes, I know."

"Stop a moment," Richard Beverley went on. "Let me think, Norah. Jocelyn Thew must have seen you dining with Crawshay. How does that work out?"

"He doesn't mind," she replied. "Let that stuff alone for a time. I want to look at you. You're fine, Dick, but what does it all mean?"

"I couldn't stick to the ranch after the war broke out," he confessed "I moved up into Canada and took on flying. You're looking fine," he declared

She smiled with pleasure at the undoubted admiration in his tone. In the new and fashionable clothes which she had purchased during the last few days, the artistically coifed hair, the smart hat and carefully-thought-out details of her toilette, she was a transformed being, in no way different from the half-a-dozen other young ladies of the theatrical profession who were gathered with their escorts at the further end of the room.



His eyes seemed to conjure up some specter from which he shrank.

"I am glad you think so," she replied. "Seems to me I've had nothing else to do since I got here but buy frocks and things."

He looked at her in a puzzled fashion.

"And meanwhile," he remarked, "you are still friendly with Jocelyn Thew, and you dined last night, didn't you, with the man who has sworn to hunt him down?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"You know what I think of Jocelyn Thew," she said. "I'm crazy about him, and always shall be, but I've never seen him look twice at a woman yet in his life, and never expect to. Dick!"

"Yes, Norah?"

"May I ask you a question—straight?"

"Of course!"

"DON'T think I mean to say a word against Jocelyn Thew. He's a white man through and through, and I think if there was any woman in the world he cared for she would be his slave. But he's a desperate man. Even now the police are trying to draw their net around him. It was all very well for you, when you were painting New York red, to choose your friends where it pleased you, but your sister—she's different, isn't she?—what they call over on our side a Society Star. I am not saying that there is a single person in the world too good for Jocelyn Thew to sit down with, but at the present moment—well he's up against it. Things might happen to him, you know, Dick."

For a moment the young man was silent. His eyes seemed to look through the walls of the room, seemed to conjure up some specter from which a moment later he shrank.

"You see, Norah," he explained, dropping his voice a little, "there was just one time when Jocelyn Thew stood by me like a brick. I was up against it and he saved me."

She laid her hand gently upon his arm.

"Dick," she said, "you are often upon my conscience. You were such a nice boy, back in those days. Everything that's happened to you seems to have happened since you met Jocelyn Thew that night. He has got some sort of a hold, hasn't he? What is it?"

"I'll tell you, Norah," he promised. "Perhaps it'll do me good to listen how the story sounds as I tell it. First of all, let us have the thing straight. Jocelyn Thew never helped me into trouble. I was in it, right up to the neck, when I met him."

"You kept it to yourself," she murmured curiously.

"BECAUSE I was a fool," he answered, "and because I believed I could pull things straight. But anyway I was owing Dan Murchison seventy thousand I'd lost at poker. He was kind of shepherding me. He was a rough sort, Dan, and he's got an ambitious wife, and I'd got a name he liked. Well, he was giving a week-end party down at that place of his on the Hudson. He asked me, or rather he ordered me down. I was only too glad to go. Then Mrs. Murchison chipped in—wanted my sister, wanted to put it in the paper. Katharine kicked, of course. So did I. Murchison for the first time showed his teeth—and we both went. Jocelyn Thew was another of the guests.

"It was a rotten party—common people, one or two professional gamblers, a lot of florid, noisy, overdressed, giggling women. After the women were supposed to have gone to bed we sat down to what Dan Murchison called a friendly game—a hundred dollars ante and a thousand raise. Jocelyn Thew played, three other men, and Murchison. After about an hour of it, I'd lost over twenty thousand dollars. The others had it between them, except Jocelyn, and about his play there was a very curious thing. He put in his ante regularly when it came to him, but he never made a single bet. Murchison turned to him once.

"'Say, you must be having rotten cards, Mr. Thew,' he said.

"Jocelyn shook his head very deliberately. I can hear his reply even now. Kind of quiet it was and deliberate.

"'I don't fancy my chances of winning at this game.'

"I knew what he meant later. I didn't tumble to it at the time. We played till two o'clock. God knows how much I'd lost! Then Murchison called the game off. He locked up his winnings in a little safe let into the wall. We all got up to bed somehow. I sat for some hours at the open window. Pretty soon I got sober, and I began to realize what had happened. And all the time I thought of that safe, chock full of money, and the combination ready set. I made up my mind, Norah. I meant to rob that safe."

"Well, I got down into the room all right, and I got the safe open, and there was the money, and, right facing me, my letters and

onds, and pretty well a hundred thousand ollars in cash. And then I saw the lights are up, and Murchison was there in his irt and trousers, and the two others.

"'So you're a thief, are you, Richard everley?' he said.

"I couldn't speak. At that moment they ould have done just what they liked with e. And then the door opened very quietly nd closed again. Jocelyn Thew came in. I w Murchison's face. I tell you, Norah, it as something you wouldn't forget in a urry.

"'Is anything wrong?' Jocelyn Thew asked almly.

"One of the guests pointed to Murchison nd me.

"'We heard footsteps,' he explained. Dan called me and I followed him down. oung Beverley there was at the safe.'

"'Probably helping himself,' Jocelyn said, that same smooth, dangerous tone, 'to his wn money. You know, Murchison, well nough what I mean—you and your two nfederates here. You're nothing more nor ss than common card-sharpers. I took a ack of your cards upstairs. I needn't say nything more. I think you'd better give ne boy back his money.'

"Dan Murchison strode up to him and I w one of the other men go for his hip-ocket.

"'Will you take that back?' Murchison emanded.

"'Not on your life!' Thew replied.

"Murchison went for him but he hadn't dog's chance. I never saw such a blow in y life. Jocelyn hit him on the point of the hin and he went over like a log—cut his head gainst the fender. He lay there groaning, nd I—I swear to you, Norah, that I'm not a oward, but I couldn't move—my knees were naking. The two of them went for Jocelyn, nd before they could get there the door pened and a third man came in Jake lannaway, the most dangerous of the lot. ocelyn kept the other two off and half urned his head toward me, where I was tanding like a gibbering, nerveless lunatic.

"'I think you'd better take a hand, ichard,' he said.

"I won't tell you about the fight," he said. I wasn't much use at first. Jocelyn was here, taking two of them on, and butting in ometimes against Hannaway, who'd tackled e. Then I began to get my strength back, nd I think I should have settled Hannaway, ut the door opened softly and I saw Katha-ine's face. She gave a little shriek, and Jake lannaway got me just at the back of the ead. I was pretty well done in, but Thew uddenly swung round and caught Jake lannaway very nearly where he had hit lurchison. Down he went like a log. I ood there swaying. I can see the room ow—a table overthrown, glasses and flower ases all over the floor, and those two men ooking as though they meant to murder hew. They rushed at him together. He odged one but his strength was going. hen for the first time he sprang clear of hem, got his back to the wall. . . . I won't pin it out . . . he shot one of them through he shoulder. The other one had had enough nd tried to bolt. Jocelyn Thew was just oo quick for him. He flung a heavy candle-tick and got him somewhere on the neck. here they all were now—Murchison sitting p and dabbing his face, half conscious, one f the others groaning and streaming with lood, the other lying—just as though he were lead. Jocelyn turned and spoke to Katha-ine. I can hear his voice now. . . . I swear, Norah, there wasn't a quaver in it:

"I AM afraid, Miss Beverley,' he said, 'that your brother has unwittingly brought ou into a den of thieves. I had my sus-icions, and my car, instead of being at the arage, is under the shrubs there. One noment.' He stepped out into the hall, rought a coat and threw it around her. hen he turned to me.

"'Empty the safe, Richard,' he ordered.

"I obeyed him. There was all the money owed Murchison there, and a lot of other tuff. We stepped out of the French win-lows. Jocelyn moved the leg of one of those nen on one side and held the window open or Katharine to pass through. He drove us nto New York with scarcely a word. It was laylight when we reached our house in River-ide Drive. He drove up to the front door.

"'Perhaps, if you don't mind, Richard,' he said, 'you could lend me an overcoat. People are quite content to accept us as night joy-riders, but I am scarcely respectable for nything in the shape of a close examina-ion.'

"Then he had me in the study and together we went through the stuff we'd brought away. He made me keep what Murchison had done me out of, and the rest he made into a packet, addressed ready for posting and left it on the table.

"'For anything else that may happen, Dick,' he said, 'we must take our chance. I have had my suspicions of that man Murchison for a long time. My own opinion is that we shall hear nothing more about the matter.'"

Norah turned and looked at her companion with big, startled eyes.

"But it was Jake Hannaway," she exclaimed, "whom they accused of making a row!"

He stopped her, without impatience but firmly.

"Jake Hannaway died the next day," he said. "I must have hit him harder than I thought—or Jocelyn did! He had no relatives, no friends. Murchison put the whole trouble down on him, admitted that there was a row over a game of cards and a free fight. The other two swore to exactly the same story. Our names—mine and Jocelyn's—were never brought in. I—I went to Jake Hannaway's funeral," the young man went on, with a slight quiver in his tone. "I've seen his face, Norah, up in the clouds. I've seen it when I've been flying ten thousand feet up. Suddenly a little piece of black sky would open and I'd see him looking down at me!"

There was a brief silence. Norah patted her companion's arm gently, and his eyes and manner became more natural.

"It's done me good to tell you this," he said half apologetically. "Katharine's the only other living creature I've dared to speak to about it, and she was there . . . she saw! Norah, that man can fight like a tiger!"

"Hush!" she whispered. "Here he comes."

THE swing door was opened and Jocelyn Thew, back from his visit to the box-office at the Alhambra, entered the room. He raised his eyes a little as he saw the pair. Then he advanced toward them.

"Do you know, for the moment I had quite forgotten," he confided, as he sank into an easy chair by their side. "Of course, you two are old acquaintances."

Norah murmured something. Richard Beverley rose to his feet.

"Well, I'd better be getting along," he said. "It's been fine to see you again, Norah," he added, taking her hand in his, "See you later, Thew."

He nodded with something of his old jauntiness and swung out of the room. They both watched him in silence.

"Not quite the young man he was," Jocelyn Thew observed thoughtfully. "Is it my fancy, I wonder, or does he drink a few too many cocktails when he is on leave?"

"Richard Beverley's all right," Norah answered. "He is more sensitive than he seems, and there's an ugly little corner in his life to live down. He is doing the best he can to atone. Jocelyn," she went on, with a sudden earnestness in her tone, "you're going to leave him alone, aren't you? You haven't any scheme in your head for making use of him?"

"One never knows," was the cool reply. "Richard Beverley and his sister are a very attractive couple, but if circumstances decree that they are the pawns by means of which I can win the game, then I must make use of them. . . . Dear me," he added, "my friend Crawshay! I fear that I shall be *de trop*."

Norah turned to greet the newcomer, and Thew sauntered away with a little bow of farewell, quite courteous, even gracious. With the handle of the door in his hand, however, he paused and came back.

"My friend Crawshay," he said, "one word with you." Crawshay turned around.

"With pleasure!"

"Those henchmen of yours—they are so stupid, so flagrantly obvious. I am a good-tempered person, but they irritated me this afternoon at Euston."

"What can I do?" Crawshay asked. "However, you must not let them get on your nerves. They follow you about only as a matter of form. We must keep up the old legends, you know. When," he added, dropping his eyeglass and polishing it slowly, "when we really come to the end of this most fascinating little episode, I do not fancy that you will have cause to complain of our methods."

It cost Thew three times what he was prepared to pay for his box at the Red Cross Fete but he found it cheap at that in Hearst's for October.



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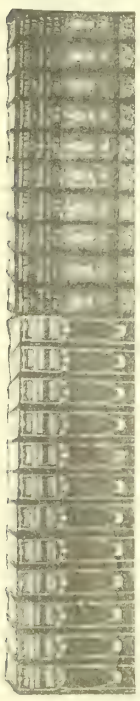
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This Light Must Live

(*Continued from page 37*)

auspiciously. Torrie sat in the driver's seat beside Donnie Eastman, laughing and talking as her husband had not seen her laugh and talk for months. The loquacity of the three beaded-eyed girls about Storrow depressed him. He hated the perfumes emanating from their over-dressed bodies, seeming to taint even the fresh air that blew in his face. He despised their immoderate laughter and their smartness and their lobster-palace slang. He nettled with secret shame when Torrie light-heartedly joined them in a cabaret-song of the day.

WHEN they arrived at the road-house Storrow, realizing that he remained an outlander in that noisy and convivial party, drank steadily and determinedly. He drank, hoping to find his heaviness of heart soluble in the amber liquids from those narrow-necked bottles. But the reaction, for some reason, failed to make itself manifest. The wine seemed sour on his lips, even sourer in his heart, and the rest of the company, after an ironic effort or two to prod him into the currents of their merriment, left him entirely to his own devices. He burned with a perilous resentment when one of the hydrogenated blondes sitting next to Donnie Eastman leaned over and said something about "the melancholy Dane." That, he inwardly raged, was the fruit of his own wife's taunt from the front of the car. He waited, like a leopard on a rock-ledge, for his delicate-fingered host to echo that affront, even to acknowledge it, secretly dramatizing the expeditiousness with which he would land on that weakling and exterminate him.

But Donnie, puzzled by the look on Torrie's suddenly sobered face, was for once discreet. And on the way back to the city Torrie insisted on being old-fashioned enough to sit beside her husband. She did not join in the singing as they flashed and hummed homeward through light-strewn valleys, past blinding headlights and silent woodlands and echoing bridge-walls. She had seen that semaphoric flash from his eyes, glowing with the banked fires that were converting his soul into a miniature Vesuvius, and she knew enough to respect it. Nor was she so indiscreet, after that night, as to refer unnecessarily to Donnie Eastman and his road-house dinner-party. It was an armistice, and only an armistice. And Storrow, in arguing that the city could give him much, but on the other hand could rob him of even more, refused to surrender completely to either force. It was a concession, he knew, but he was beginning to feel that life was made up of concessions.

This truth was all the more impressed on him when he returned to the studio one night after dining with the Rhinelanders where, Hardy had casually intimated, he would have a chance of meeting Arthur Scranton, the publisher, who was keenly interested in woodcraft and wild-life material. It was a meeting that carried the promise of future developments, though Storrow little dreamed how adroitly and painstakingly it had been maneuvered by the astute Hardy. He went home, accordingly, with his triumph tempered by a vague sense of shame at what more and more assumed the color of neglect of Torrie. Yet this vanished at a breath as he opened the studio door and found her quietly talking with Krassler.

"Torrie's just been talking about your book," Krassler explained.

"He thinks, Owen, that it would have wonderful possibilities as a motion-picture."

That was all that came of the matter at the time, but it had already served to remove a paling or two from intervening barriers of reserve. The two men sat until after midnight, smoking and talking, with Torrie in the shadowy background, a fleeting look of contentment on her abstracted face as she watched them from time to time.

"WHAT about your play, 'The Pilot Bird?'" Storrow inquired of Hardy a few days later as they made their way up to the Beaux Arts Studios to inspect a couple of new pictures by Henri Veneur.

"Dead but not buried," was Hardy's cryptic retort.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that they've killed it for Broadway but left it presentable for a winter's run on the road. In the theatrical world, however, it's a case of *aut Cæsar aut nihil*. And a production nowadays is a whale; if it can't get up to Broadway to breathe it can't hope to live."

"But whose fault does it seem to be?"

"I don't suppose it's the fault of any particular person," explained the older man. "It's the fault of a condition. A production's no longer a personal matter. It's something that has become institutional. But its institutionalism is messed up with a taint of vagabondage, the same vagabondage that leaves it the most foolish and the most romantic business in America to-day."

"Why do you call it a business?"

"Because that's all it is. Only it's a business complicated with Woman, and that's what most of the trouble arises from. The stage, you see, is still a magnet for one type of woman, the physical type, the type intent on exploiting its own beauty and charm. The mere presence of any such woman on the stage presupposes personal vanity. So it isn't primarily intelligence that you have to deal with, but a petted and petulant star and a supporting company who're thinking more about late suppers than the way they read their lines. And when you come down to the musical-comedy type, the show-girl and the chorus-girl, you get something as frankly physical, of course, as the artist's model. Her business is strictly the parade of flesh. She hasn't the slightest need for brains. And if she went into that calling with brains, she'd have to blow 'em out with a revolver, or wash 'em out with a river of highballs—which seems to be the more approved plan of the two!"

"But there are cases," contended Storrow, "where the atmosphere isn't bad."

"The atmosphere may not always be bad," retorted the other, "but the influences are. You can't set up a clearing-house for sex—and that's what our lighter stage, stripped of its mask, really is—and expect it to be the abiding place of Puritanism."

Storrow, conscious of the fact that Hardy might be hitting nearer home than he imagined, especially with the allusion as to highballs, was stung into a quick but futile spirit of opposition. The extent to which Torrie drank, for a woman, had been disturbing him of late. And he stood equally disturbed by the ease with which he seemed to be following in her steps.

Storrow was disturbed by a chance-heard remark that passed between Veneur and Hardy as the former for the second time passed about the heavily perfumed Egyptian cigarets.

"I see that Vibbard is sailing for home this week."

Torrie herself, that night, oddly enough re-echoed his own vague undertone of disquiet.

"I wish, Honey, that we could slip away from this old hovel for a few weeks."

"Why?" he asked, startled by that initial expression of restlessness from her.

Her moment of hesitation did not escape him.

"Oh, I don't know," she said with a show of listlessness. "It's only that I've been thinking how you've drudged at that old book of yours and how a little holiday would do us both good—a little holiday somewhere where we could be by ourselves and just hear the sound of water or wind in the tree-tops!"

"Has something happened this last week to make you feel that way?" he asked.

"Of course not," she replied, looking up quickly.

"Then it's something you've heard?" he persisted.

"Something I've heard?" she repeated. "What could I have heard?"

He had decided, earlier in the day, to say nothing about it. But now he merely knew the necessity of unburdening his soul of the truth.

"That Vibbard's coming back here to this studio of his," he said, as he stood up and faced her.

She stared up at him with no visible change of expression.

"Who told you that?" she finally asked.

"Veneur," was his reply. He watched her as she stopped and picked up a fallen hairpin from the floor.

"And what has Vibbard's coming back



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to his studio got to do with us?" she demanded.

"That's what I wanted to find out," was his retort.

SHE leaned back in her chair, apparently deep in thought.

"Owen," she finally said with an achieved quietness which did not altogether take the vibrant tones from her voice, "I have given myself to you. I'm giving up my life to you. I feel, in a way, that I've put myself in your hands, and that you can mould me and shape me about the same as you used to shape a lump of moist clay into what you most want it to be. I fell in love with you, and let you do what you wanted with me. I love you now. I know that as well as I know I'm sitting in this chair—and I think you know it too. You mean more to me than anything in my old life ever meant, ever could mean. But I can't help feeling that the power this gives you over me, the power to make me happy or miserable, carries with it an obligation to be fair to what I'm trying to be and do. I hate to think of you questioning me, and being suspicious of me, and probing about in the past for things that aren't worth digging up and that have nothing to do with our lives now when they *are* dug up. I once said that we could be as happy as two children if we only had the common-sense to keep the trick of happiness within reach. You remember that, don't you?"

"I remember it," he acknowledged, both relieved and depressed by these words which she was uttering with a new and unlooked-for gift of articulation. He was, too, acutely conscious of her beauty, touched now with a new overtone of wistfulness that struck him as almost autumnal in its tenderness.

"Life, after all," she went on, almost wearily, "is a race between happiness and the undertaker—and the undertaker is always so apt to win. And——"

"That sounds like Modrynski," cut in her husband, sharply.

"I guess that was thought of long before Modrynski was born," replied Torrie, forlornly tranquilized by her fleeting little contemplation of time's infinitudes. Her face, relaxing into pensiveness, disturbed Storrow by its remoteness. It made him think of Rodin's "Le Penseur." Yet he stood shadowed by the same cloud that darkened, however momentarily, her own soul, a cloud born of the consciousness that life was short and death came to everything, and love after all seemed only a passionate embrace on the brink of the grave, and the foolish cry of his darkened heart for something permanent in the midst of the things that must surely pass. He stared at the shadowy-eyed woman in the faded-green armchair, seeming to find her made suddenly precious through very impermanence. She appeared more than ever remote from him, and yet very near. An indefinable pity for her crept into his heart, a wide pity in which his temporal perplexities betrayed a tendency to become attenuated, as thin and futile as a row of gas-lamps found burning after daybreak. They talked no more of the matter in hand, that night, though he was not without an occasional suspicion that it was still occupying much of Torrie's thoughts.

Nor did he find his own soul swept quite clean of its problems by this tenuous broom of emotionalism. Toward the end of the week, when he knew that Torrie was away for the afternoon, he expended three dollars for the purchase and delivery of an empty piano-case. Then, with saw and hammer, he deliberately and coolheadedly set about nailing up the communicating door between the two studios.

It was several days before Torrie herself discovered that unexpected and significant bit of carpentry. Storrow, bent over his work-table, caught the sound of her sudden gasp and looked up in time to see the sharp recoil of her body as she let the tapestry fall back in place.

"Did it surprise you?" he quietly demanded.

"No," she said, after a moment's silence, without turning about. "But it makes me think of a coffin. It looks exactly—exactly like a casket-box on end!"

"Then *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*," remarked the man at the table, remembering the ancient phrase from one of his earliest schoolboy orations.

On a day of driving snow, with the wind rattling the casements and the street-noises of the city strangely muffled, Storrow bundled up his manuscript and announced that it was in fit and final shape for Hardy's judicial eye. He decided, with the impatience of the artist still warm with the fires of creation, to hear at once the best or the worst that his older friend might have to say.

"You don't mind, do you?" he asked of Torrie as he noticed the hesitating light in her eye. He was disturbingly conscious of recent neglect, but he was equally conscious, on the other hand, that a new and less-worried régime awaited them.

"Of course I don't mind," she told him. "But you must bundle up, for this storm. And be sure and wear your rubbers."

HE laughed a little at that. To him, the son of the North, any such gentle little flurry of goose-feathers seemed scarcely worthy of being called a storm. He was even anxious to feel the wind, cutting from river to river through the narrow cross-streets, bite at his face and sweep the cobwebs from his brain. Yet it pleased him to think, as he dutifully pulled on the rubbers which he despised that she could worry thus foolishly about his welfare, that she could nurse an excuse for any such chance of "mothering" him.

"And if I'm not back for luncheon," he explained, "don't worry. Hardy may keep me there for three or four hours."

She followed him to the door, signifying her understanding by a silent nod of the head.

"Good luck, Honey," she said, with a wintry little smile strangely in contrast to the throaty intensity of her voice.

He stopped, arrested by that unlooked-for note. Then he turned back to her in the gloomy hallway.

"What is it?" he demanded.

"Nothing," she told him.

"What is it?" he repeated, coming still closer.

"You forgot something," she reminded him. "Something I need."

He laughed, almost sorrowfully, as he took her in his arms and held her close against his rough tweed ulster. He kissed her, depressed by a sense of incompetence, of heavy clumsiness, a prey to the shyness which sways the naturally reticent man, and a moment later made a hurried escape down the stairway, intent on hiding some wayward ebullition of emotion from her eyes. As he went he overheard the strains of a piano, muffled and far-away, from some remoter door along the gloomy hallway. He recognized the air from "Mignon," the air he had always loved.

When he reached Fifth Avenue, Hardy was not at home. So he scribbled a note of explanation, left it beside the manuscript, and once more faced the driving snow that seemed to put a soft pedal on the multitudinous noises of the city. He wandered idly on, released from all thought of time and destination, isolated by the whirling screen that made even a skyscraper a thing of romance, exhilarated by the whip of the wind, exulting in the air of novelty which a mantling whiteness was imposing upon every-day street-corners and once-familiar buildings. But his delight in that snowstorm, it suddenly occurred to him, was selfish. He would get Torrie and they would revel in it together. So he swung about and let the wind drive him homeward, with a lightness of heart which was too airy even to stop and question its source.

HE was at the studio door, with his hand thrust out to grasp the knob, when the sound of voices came to him. His approach, he remembered, had been silenced by the rubbers which he wore.

"But *are* you happy?" he heard a man's voice demanding. It was a voice new to Storrow. It was a voice with some slightest tinge of foreign intonation, a smooth and mellow voice with a note of calm authority which seemed to approach the insouciant. And Storrow promptly disliked that voice as a voice, translating his antipathy into a tenuous justification for remaining there motionless, with his hand arrested on the knob of the door which he declined to throw open.

"Of course I'm happy, or I wouldn't be here," was Torrie's reply. It was uttered coolly, yet with a touch of irritability in its frigidness. There was the sound of a laugh, low and confident, of a man's laugh which proved unreasonably disturbing to the second man beyond the door.

"You say that," argued the voice with the slightly Gallicized intonation, "but something in your eyes tells me that it's not quite the truth."

"Then you'd better depend more on what I say than what I happen to appear," was Torrie's almost listless retort.

Her companion, it was apparent, stood determined to ignore any note of hostility from her.

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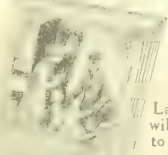


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"But when you happen to appear so unlike the old Torrie I used to know, I am *distrait*," murmured the other, in a voice so low that Storrow had difficulty in overhearing it. "I can't help worrying about it, my dear."

"And what gave you that right?" Torrie demanded.

"The dead past that is never quite as dead, my dear, as we imagine," was the other's softly enunciated response.

"Then you'd better wait and discuss that right with my husband," challenged Torrie, obviously angered by the other's careless fortitude.

"Husband!" cried Vibbard. "That word, Torrie, seems ridiculous on your lips. It sounds unreal. I can't imagine you married."

"But I am," was the low-toned response.

"Then I can't imagine your staying married, any more than I can imagine a stormy petrel in a sixpenny willow cage. You're not made for that sort of life. Your spirit, my dear, is too free and big for that sort of thing. It's what they do to market-ducks when they crowd them into a shipping-crate. It's what they do to jail-birds when they want to make sure of their captivity—handcuff them together. But for a woman who has known liberty, who has known the wing-sweep of untrammelled adoration, who has learned the taste of freedom, it won't do, it simply won't do!"

IT was Torrie who laughed this time though there was more defiance than mirth in the sound of that laughter.

"Then what do you intend doing about it?" she mocked. Her demand was followed by a silence of several seconds.

"I intend to take you in my arms, you beautiful white flower, and crush the essence of rapture from your lips," intoned the self-intoxicated æsthete confronting her.

"Against my will?" asked Torrie. The question seemed so calmly uttered that it took on a touch of the meditative.

"Those are the things that women forget," murmured the other.

"And that's what men-like beasts occasionally get lynched for," the incisive-voiced girl reminded him.

"Lynching is easy compared to the torture I feel when I see you standing there. Oh, I want you, Torrie, no matter what it costs."

The silence was broken by a sound of movement within the room.

"Wait!" It was Torrie's voice, a little shrill with apprehension.

"I can't wait!" cried the other, with a quaver in his voice.

It was at that moment that Storrow swung open the studio door.

Torrie, standing under the wide-diffused light from the snow-sprinkled skylight above her, did not move. The only movement that took place in the room, once Storrow had swung shut the door behind him, was from Vibbard. He wheeled about, with a transformation that was as adroit as it was sudden, and faced the cast of "The Sentinel Wolf" that stood on its pedestal against the wall.

"Yes, as I say, there is undoubtedly power in that basic idea. And there is power, too, in the modeling," he intoned with a quick assumption of critical detachment. It was both foolish and futile, advertising a dexterity in subterfuge which tended to fan Storrow's rage to a still whiter heat. For in it the newcomer only too easily detected an odious sophistication in intrigue, an adroitness at protective attitudinizing, which bespoke the gallant of many affairs. And Vibbard, desperately conscious of the farce, stopped speaking and turned slowly about and stared at the intruder with his back to the door.

Silently and deliberately Storrow took off his hat and gloves, and then his overcoat, tossing them on the floor beside him. He wanted nothing to interfere with his freedom of movement. He was white, almost sick-looking in the uncertain light, all the forces of life suddenly concentrated at the core of his being, marshaled and crowded there for that impending supreme effort which the outposts of instinct announced as perilously near.

The silence was not broken even as Storrow stepped toward the other man, eyeing him with steel-cold meditativeness, as preoccupied as a surgeon, apparently, before an operation. Vibbard, he observed, was a much larger man than he had been led to expect from the timbre and intonations of his voice, and Storrow found himself almost able to exult in this, for it meant that what was about to come would not come with too unnerving a facility. He also nursed a vague fear that the other man might in some way seek safety in flight. But pride was too strong, he was glad to see, in that gray-faced and slightly gaping-mouthed opponent who sensed to the full what was coming and preferred to face it without falling back. So strong was personal pride with Vibbard, in fact, that he essayed a futile and forlorn movement to save his face, even at the last.

"I suppose," he said with an exceptionally thin voice, "this is some new brand of American blackmail!"

It was a doubly unfortunate remark. And it proved to be the last one from Vibbard. It was a lash on the rawest flank of Storrow's overtried nerves, yet a lash which turned him aside from his intention of knocking the other man down, as he had decided to do.

HE declined to bestow on his enemy even that qualified dignity. Instead, he caught Vibbard by the *Avenue de la Paix* cravat in which nested his *Place Vendôme* cameo and slapped the face, contorted with sudden loud protests, from side to side, as a kitten slaps a spool. It was a slap with the open hand, painful in impact, but doubly humiliating in its note of toying condescension, of easy contempt. When Vibbard attempted to clinch and save himself from this punishment Storrow fell to mauling the dandified body as he had once seen a grizzly maul a hunting-hound. And then Vibbard, driven to the natural extremity of the hopeless, fell to clawing and biting at his assailant. But that opposition was no longer necessary to the man who still wore a pair of slush-stained rubbers on his feet. He had smouldered for months with the Vesuvian fires that were now letting themselves go. He was releasing in action the poisons which week by week he had kept within him, eating like acid. Soured inhibitions, stifled impulses, swarmed to the surface. The prolonged physical inactivity of a body active by instinct and training seemed to obliterate itself in one passionate and unreasoning outburst. He hated this soft-handed philanderer. He even remembered what Hardy had once said to him, to the effect that every so-called lady's man stood mysteriously yet eternally kickable and despicable in the eyes of other men.

And then the reaction came. It came about the time that Torrie standing, narrow-eyed and breathless, finally gasped out: "Owen, you'll kill him!" But Owen, it was plain, was swayed by no such fears. He remembered that it was not the first fist-fight into which he had been ushered because of the woman behind him. And it suddenly struck him as an absurd and unreasoning and bestial sort of business. It was not the way, he knew, in which any problem worthy the name had ever been settled or ever could be settled. It merely deferred final issues and intoxicated with its false impression of triumph. It degraded life by giving fictitious value to the brutish thump of fist against opposing flesh. And he had known enough of it.

Storrow, with a sudden withering of hate which left him listless and heavyhearted, picked his sodden opponent up bodily and dragged him to the door. Through that door, with a feeling of nausea as acutely physical as the *mal de mer* born of a rolling ship-deck, he flung the man with the blood-stained face. Then, dreading that Torrie's keen eye should behold the misery and meekness of his own face, he fabricated a sustaining appearance of ferocity and strode to the kitchenette tap, where he let the cold water run over his bruised knuckles.

"And I guess that settles Alan Vibbard for us," he proclaimed as he secretly steadied himself against the sink-edge.

"But," began Torrie, almost in a whisper. She did not continue. Yet Storrow seemed able to read her thoughts.

"If he comes back, I'll do the same thing over again," announced Storrow, staring at the white-faced woman to see if any shadow of pity lurked in her eyes. But they were barricaded eyes, enigmatic, inscrutable, no longer touched with triumph.

And Alan Vibbard betrayed no intention of coming back. Two days later a moving-van backed up to the curb and three men, of whom the owner was not one, stripped the adjoining studio of its hangings and furniture and *objets d'art*. In the hallway Storrow happened to pass one of these men carrying in his arms a Russian samovar.

Storrow is quite unprepared for the fight that begins within himself the night of Torrie Throssel's birthday party. And it is Charlotte Kirkner who strips the veil from his eyes and shows him the amazing truth—in Hearst's for October.

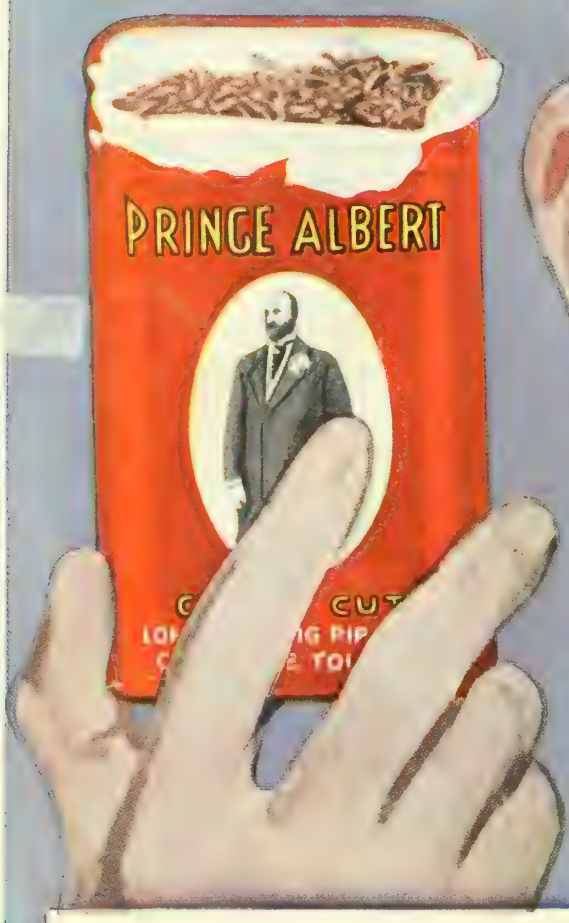
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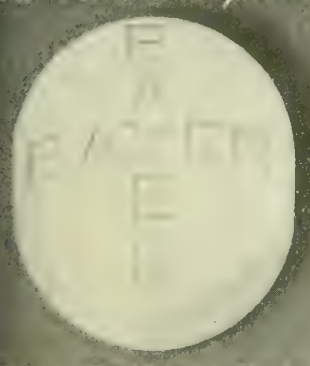
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Hearst's

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A Wife Too Many

Into the hotel lobby walked a beautiful woman and a distinguished man. Little indeed did the gay and gallant crowd know that around these heads there flew stories of terror—of murder—and treason. That on their entrance, half a dozen detectives sprang up from different parts of the place.

Because of them the lights of the War Department in Washington blazed far into the night. With their fate was wound the tragedy of a broken marriage, of a fortune lost, of a nation betrayed.

It is a wonderful story with the kind of mystery that you will sit up nights trying to fathom. It is just one of the stories fashioned by that master of mystery

CRAIG KENNEDY

The American [illegible]

ARTHUR B. REEVE

The American Conan Doyle

He is the detective genius of our age. He has taken science—science that stands for this age—and allied it to the mystery and romance of detective fiction. Even to the smallest detail, every bit of the plot is worked out scientifically. For nearly ten years, America has been watching his Craig Kennedy—marveling at the strange, new, startling things that detective here would unfold. Such plots—such suspense—with real, vivid people moving through the maelstrom of life! Frenchmen [illegible] tered the art of terror stories. English writers have thrilled whole nations by their artful heroes. Russian ingenuity has fashioned wild tales of mystery. But all these seem old-fashioned—[illegible]—beside the infinite variety—the weird excitement of Arthur B. Reeve's tales.



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Are You a Blond?

The Secret of Making People Like You



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in "Up in Mabel's Room"

THE greatest asset any man can possibly have is the faculty for making people like him. It is even more important than ability.

The secret of making people like you lies in your ability to understand the emotional and mental characteristics of the people you meet.

Did you know that a blond has an entirely different temperament than a brunet?—that to get along with a blond type you must act entirely different than you would to get along with a brunet?

When you really know the difference between blonds and brunets, the difference in their characters, temperaments, abilities and peculiar traits you will save yourself many a mistake—and you will incidentally learn much you never knew before about yourself.

* * * * *

PAUL GRAHAM was a blond, and not until he learned that there was all the difference in the world between the characteristics of a blond and those of a brunet did he discover the secret of making people like him.

Paul had been keeping books for years for a large corporation which had branches all over the country. It was generally thought by his associates that he would never rise above that job. He had a tremendous ability with figures—could wind them around his little finger—but he did not have the ability to mix with big men; did not know how to make people like him.

Then one day the impossible happened. Paul Graham became popular.

Business men of importance who had formerly given him only a passing nod of acquaintance suddenly showed a desire for his friendship. People—even strangers—actually went out of their way to do things for him. Even he was astounded at his new power over men and women. Not only could he get them to do what he wanted them to do, but they actually anticipated his wishes and seemed eager to please him.

From the day the change took place he began to go up in business. Now he is the Head Auditor for his corporation at an immense increase in salary. And all this came to him simply because he learned the secret of making people like him.

You, too, can have the power of making people like you. For by the same method used by Paul Graham, you can, at a glance, tell the characteristics of any man, woman or child—tell instantly their likes and dislikes, and YOU CAN MAKE PEOPLE LIKE YOU. Here is how it is done:

Everyone you know can be placed in one of two general types—blond or brunet. There is as big a difference between the mental and emotional characteristics of a blond and those of a brunet as there is between night and day. You persuade a blond in one way—a brunet in another. Blonds enjoy one phase of life—brunets another. Blonds make good in one kind of a job—brunets in one entirely different.

To know these differences scientifically is the first step in judging men and women; in getting on well with them; in mastering their minds; in making them like you; in winning their respect, admiration, love and friendship.

And when you have learned these differences—when you can tell at a glance just what to do and say to make any man or woman like you, your success in life is assured.

For example, there's the case of a large manufacturing concern. Trouble sprang up at one of the factories. The men talked strike. Things looked ugly. HarryWinslow was sent to straighten it out. On the eve of a general walkout he pacified the men and headed off the strike. And not only this, but ever since then, that factory has led all the others for production. He was able to do this, because he knew how to make these men like him and do what he wanted them to do.

Another case, entirely different, is that of Henry Peters. Because of his ability to make people like him—his faculty for "getting under the skin" and making people think his way, he was given the position of Assistant to the President of a large firm. Two other men, both well liked by their fellow employees, had each expected to get the job. So when the outside man, Peters, came in, he was looked upon by everyone as an interloper and was openly disliked by every other person in the office.

Peters was handicapped in every way. But in spite of that, in three weeks he had made fast friends of everyone in the house and had even won over the two men who had been most bitter against him. The whole secret is that he could tell in an instant how to appeal to any man and make himself well liked.

A certain woman who had this ability moved with her family to another town. As is often the case, it is a very difficult thing for any woman to break into the chill circle of society in this town, if she was not known. But her ability to make people like her soon won for her the close friendship of many of the "best families" in the town. Some people wonder how she did it. It was simply the secret at work—the secret of judging people's character and making them like you.

* * * * *

YOU realize, of course, that just knowing the difference between a blond and a brunet could not accomplish all these wonderful things. There are other things to be taken into account. But here is the whole secret.

You know that every one does not think alike. What one likes another dislikes. And what offends one pleases another. Well, there is your cue. You can make an instant "hit" with anyone, if you say the things they want you to say, and act the way they want you to act. Do this and they will surely like you and believe in you and will go miles out of their way to PLEASE YOU.

You can do this easily by knowing certain



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Wallace Reid
Star in "The Valley of the Giants"
A Paramount-Artcraft Picture

simple signs. In addition to the difference in plexion, every man, woman and child has w on them signs as distinct as though they w letters a foot high, which show you from one glance exactly what to say and to do to them—to get them to believe—to think a think—to do exactly what you want them

Knowing these simple signs is the whole of getting what you want out of life—of m friends, of business and social advantage. great leader uses this method. That is why a leader. Use it yourself and you will qu become a leader—nothing can stop you.

You have heard of Dr. Blackford, the M Character Analyst. Many concerns will no ploy a man without first getting Dr. Blackfo pass on him. Concerns such as Westingh Electric and Manufacturing Company, B Vawter Company, Scott Paper Company many others pay Dr. Blackford large annua for advice on human nature.

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..... Hearst's

How it Feels to Earn $1,000 a Week

By a Young Man Who Four Years Ago Drew a $25 a Week Salary. Tells How He Accomplished It

HOW does it feel to earn $1000 a week? How does it feel to have earned $200,000 in four years? How does it feel to be free from money worries? How does it feel to have everything one can want? These are questions I shall answer for the benefit of my reader out of my own personal experience. And I shall try to explain simply and clearly the secret of what my friends call my phenomenal success.

Let me begin four years ago. At that time my wife and I and our two babies were living on my earnings of twenty-five dollars a week. We occupied a tiny flat, wore the simplest clothes, had to be satisfied with the cheapest entertainment—and dreamed sweet dreams of the time when I should be earning fifty dollars a week. That was the limit of my ambition. Indeed, it seemed to be the limit of my possibilities. For I was but an average man, without influential friends, without a liberal education, without a dominating personality, and without money.

With nothing to begin with I have become the sole owner of a business which has paid me over $200,000 in clear profits during the past four years and which now pays me more than a thousand dollars a week. I did not gamble. I did not make my money in Wall Street. My business is not a war baby—on the contrary many others in my line have failed since the war began.

In four years the entire scheme of my life has changed. Instead of living in a two by four flat, we occupy our own home, built for us at a cost of over $60,000. We have three automobiles. Our children go to private schools. We have everything we want, and we want the best of everything. Instead of dreaming of fifty dollars a week I am dreaming in terms of a million dollars—with greater possibility of my dream coming true than my former dream of earning fifty dollars a week.

What brought about this remarkable change? What transformed me, almost overnight, from a slow-going, easily-satisfied average man—into a positive, quick-acting, determined individual who admits no defeat, who overcomes every obstacle, and who completely dominates every situation? It all began with a question my wife asked me one evening after reading an article in a magazine about a great engineer who was said to earn a $50,000 salary.

"How do you suppose it feels to earn $1000 a week?" she asked. And without thinking, I replied: "I haven't the slightest idea, my dear, so the *only* way to find out is to *earn it.*" We both laughed, and soon the question was apparently forgotten.

But that night, and for weeks afterward, the same question *and my reply* kept popping into my brain. I began to analyze the qualities of the successful men in our town. What is it that enables them to get everything they want? They are not better educated than I—indeed, some are far less intelligent. But they must have possessed some quality that I lacked. Perhaps it was their mental attitude; perhaps they look at things from an entirely different angle than I. Whatever it was, that "something" was the secret of their success. It was the one thing that placed them head and shoulders above me in money-raising ability. In all other ways we were the same.

Determined to find out what that vital spark of success is, I bought books on every subject that pertained to the mind. I followed one idea after another. But I didn't seem to get anywhere. Finally, when almost discouraged, I came across a copy of "Power of Will." Like a bolt out of a clear sky there flashed in my brain the secret I had been seeking. There was the real, fundamental principle of all success—Power of Will. There was the brain faculty I lacked, and which every successful man possesses.



"How Do You Suppose It Feels to Earn $1,000 a Week?" She Asked.

"Power of Will" was written by Prof. Frank Channing Haddock, a scientist, whose name ranks with such leaders of thought as James, Bergson and Royce. After twenty years of research and study he had completed the most thorough and constructive study of will power ever made. I was astonished to read his statement that "The will is just as susceptible of development as the muscles of the body!" And Dr. Haddock had actually set down the very rules, lessons and exercises by which anyone could develop the will, making it a bigger, stronger force each day, simply through an easy progressive course of training.

It is almost needless to say that I at once began to practice the exercises formulated by Dr. Haddock. And I need not recount the extraordinary results that I obtained almost from the first day. Shortly after that I took hold of a business that for twelve years had been losing money. I started with $800 of borrowed capital. During my first year I made $30,000. My second year paid me $50,000. My third year netted me $70,000. Last year, due to increased costs of materials, my profits were only $50,000, though my volume of business increased. New plans which I am forcing through will bring my profits for the present fiscal year up to $65,000.

Earning a thousand dollars a week makes me feel secure against want. It gives me the money with which to buy whatever will make my family happy. It enables me to take a chance on an investment that looks good, without worrying about losing the money. It frees my mind of financial worries. It has made me healthier, more contented, and keener minded. It is the greatest recipe I know for happiness.

Prof. Haddock's lessons, rules and exercises in will training have recently been compiled and published in book form by the Pelton Publishing Co., of Meriden, Conn. I am authorized to say that any reader who cares to examine the book may do so without sending any money in advance. In other words, if, after five days' reading, you do not feel that the book is worth $3.50, the sum asked, return it and you will owe nothing. When you receive your copy for examination I suggest that you first read the articles on the law of great thinking; how to develop analytical powers; how to perfectly concentrate on any subject; how to guard against errors in thought; how to drive from the mind unwelcome thoughts; how to develop fearlessness; how to use the mind in sickness; how to acquire a dominating personality.

Never before have business men and women needed this help so badly as in these trying times. Hundreds of real and imaginary obstacles confront us every day; and only those who are masters of themselves and who hold their heads up will succeed. "Power of Will," as never before, is an absolute necessity—an investment in self-culture which no one can afford to deny himself.

Some few doubters will scoff at the idea of will power being the fountainhead of wealth, position and everything we are striving for. But the great mass of intelligent men and women will at least investigate for themselves by sending for the book at the publisher's risk. I am sure that any book that has done for me—and for thousands of others—what "Power of Will" has done—is well worth investigating. It is interesting to note that among the 350,000 owners of "Power of Will" are such prominent men as Supreme Court Justice Parker Wu Ting Fang, ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Lieut.-Gov. McKelvie of Nebraska; Assistant Postmaster General Britt; General Manager Christeson of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis; Governor Arthur Capper of Kansas, and thousands of others. In fact, today "Power of Will" is just as important and as necessary to a man's or woman's equipment for success, as a dictionary. To try to succeed without "Power of Will" is like trying to do business without a telephone.

As your first step in will training, I suggest immediate action in this matter before you. It is not even necessary to write a letter. Use the form below, if you prefer, addressing it to the Pelton Publishing Company, 2-S Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn., and the book will come by return mail. This one act may mean the turning point of your life, as it has meant to me and to so many others.

The publisher feels that so great a work should be kept as low priced as possible, but in view of the enormous increase in the cost of every manufacturing item, the present edition will be the last sold at the present price. The next edition will cost more. I urge you to send in the coupon now.

PELTON PUBLISHING COMPANY,

2-S Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn.

I will examine a copy of "Power of Will" at your risk. I agree to remit $3.50 or remail the book in five days.

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No. 5

Hearst's



THE AMERICAN SPEAKS

In Hearst's for November

CAN you beat the Bank gambling? For centuries men have been trying to invent "systems" that would enable them to defy the "Laws of Chance." Maurice Maeterlinck, the great Belgian philosopher, has analyzed their chances against Chance. See "Like a Blind and Drowsy Crocodile" in November.

IF you don't like Hearst's, tell us how we can improve it. If you do like Hearst's, tell somebody else.

"NOW that religion is dead," says Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, "the Churches come into an opportunity to put Christianity once more on a basis of really vital humanity." See Hearst's for November.

AN unpublished manuscript by Rupert Brooke is one of the treasures of this number of Hearst's (page 41). Next month will come the greatest picture of the War and by an American painter—now being shown in London and reproduced for the first time in America in Hearst's for November.

SHOW this copy of Hearst's to just one friend and say how good a magazine you think Hearst's is. If you will do only that our circulation will be doubled next month. Thank you!

IN Maurice Level (see "Extenuating Circumstances" on page 25 of this number and "The Debt Collector" in Hearst's for November) you have the work of the best of the contemporary French writers, hitherto untranslated. In the "Derelictions of Dolf" series—the first of which appears next month—Hearst's presents a new English author of exceeding promise.

THE November number of Hearst's will be even better than usual. Unless all signs fail it will contain the work of Ibañez and Maeterlinck, Walt Mason and K. C. B., Robert W. Chambers and Arthur Somers Roche, Judge Gary and Marie Ganz, Gouverneur Morris and Richard Washburn Child, etc., etc. Tell your newsdealer now to save your copy.



"He Wanted the Woman I Love"

"I heard a shot—I saw him run—and then I saw her fall—the woman I loved. My leg was broken—and my gun was gone! I had only one thought—his strange, astounding plots must be revenged—he must die for a coward at my hand! He had the courage of a lion and the cunning of a rat. He came running toward me when, suddenly—I—"

But the story is too thrilling—too fascinating, as he tells it, for us to spoil it for you here—for it is told by the man who knows how to make a story the most breathless thing in the world -

Robert Louis STEVENSON

Wild, bleak cliffs of Scotland—raging stormy seas—England—America—interesting, mysterious South Sea Island! They are all caught in his pages. All over the world he takes you with the splendid magic of his pen! Out of the dull everydayness of life he lures you, breathless, into his tales of fights, wild schemings, mutinies, plots, shipwrecks, duels—into the place we all of us love best, the land of irresistible Romance.

But it was America who first discovered him—America who proclaimed him! That was because his spirit was the kind to thrill every true American—because he has put that spirit into his books, because they fascinate the gentlest woman and the bravest men alike and today Americans love him best of all. They read him more than they ever did before.

There have been other writers who could tell a thrilling story—others who knew poetry and history and biography and romance—still others who have a pure and fluent style. But never before or since has there been a writer with great stories to tell who could tell them with such purity—such matchless perfection of style as the master story-teller of all time. The first editions of his books, today, are the most eagerly sought of all modern authors—a single little volume of them will bring hundreds of dollars.



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Hearsts'-10-19







The A.E.F. of Peace

By Senator Walter E. Edge

Decoration by Ralph L. Boyer

"THERE is no limit to the greatness of the future before America—before our beloved land"—so spake the late Col. Theodore Roosevelt.

To this I say, Amen.

Nor is there any limit to the variety of lines in which America can achieve greatness—in humanitarianism, in international altruism, in commerce, industry, finance, labor, agriculture, the arts and letters, the learned professions, and the greater greatness of peace as compared with the greatness of war.

America has long led in invention and in initiative, and it is the lead in these that gives us the benefit of such a tremendous start on all other material lines.

THE war gave us the monogram, A. E. F., and the A. E. F. of war became famous throughout the world.

Now, America will develop the A. E. F. of peace, and America Everywhere First will become as well known in all civilization as was the American Expeditionary Force.

How runs the old chant? "First in war, first in peace," and as Washington was first in the hearts of his countrymen the United States may win first place in the esteem of all mankind through square dealing in both diplomatic and trade relations.

The opportunity is at hand, and I firmly believe that the United States, and the people collectively and individually, are alert to seize it and to develop it to the ultimate.

OUR first and immediate work must be the rehabilitation of Europe, for continuance of our own present prosperity, for the reëstablishment of the prosperity of Europe and coincident maintenance of our own resultant prosperity, and for the less material and more humanitarian consideration, the benefit of hundreds of millions of suffering people. On our present prosperity depends the future prosperity of Europe; on the prospective prosperity of Europe depends our future prosperity—it is a reciprocal relationship, of mutual interest and advantage.

THE one way in which we now can best help Europe, and in so doing best help ourselves, is by opening and cultivating foreign markets for American export goods, and the only way in which we can so open those markets is by financing the impoverished foreign purchasers in such a way that the American vendors may receive actual cash for their goods.

ALL of which may sound paradoxical, but really is entirely practicable and practical. Such financial feats are by no means unusual: indeed, they are performed daily, although, of course, on a lesser scale. For instance, John Smith, without a penny, may wish to buy for $10,000 the business of Henry Jones, who wants ready cash in the transaction. Smith, being a man of good business standing, borrows the money and gives the stock of the concern as collateral, making satisfactory arrangement, of course, for the payment both of interest and, ultimately, of principal. The same scheme, in principle, can be employed in the transaction of America's prodigious export business, although appropriate and adequate financial machinery must be provided for this purpose.

FOR this purpose, I have introduced a bill which provides in its concrete effect that American exporters can sell goods to foreign buyers and be paid by money loaned by American investors on gilt-edge foreign collateral. Thus, America furnishes the goods; Europe or South America or Asia or Australia, it matters not which, gets the goods, and a wide and safe and profitable field of investment is thereby opened to American investors generally.

THE circle of American investors has broadened immensely through the war. No longer is it confined to men, or financial and commercial institutions, of great wealth; it now includes the men and women of moderate means who have learned the benefits and opportunities of investment through their initial plunge into Liberty loans and Victory bonds. Even the children now look higher than the humble Thrift stamp.

THUS, first becoming first in the fields of export and investment, America almost automatically will become first in commerce; already, it has a magnificent merchant marine and the export trade will furnish cargoes for these fleets. It will remain first in the field of production, for the unlimited demands of Europe for years to come will keep its factories going in every branch of manufacture.

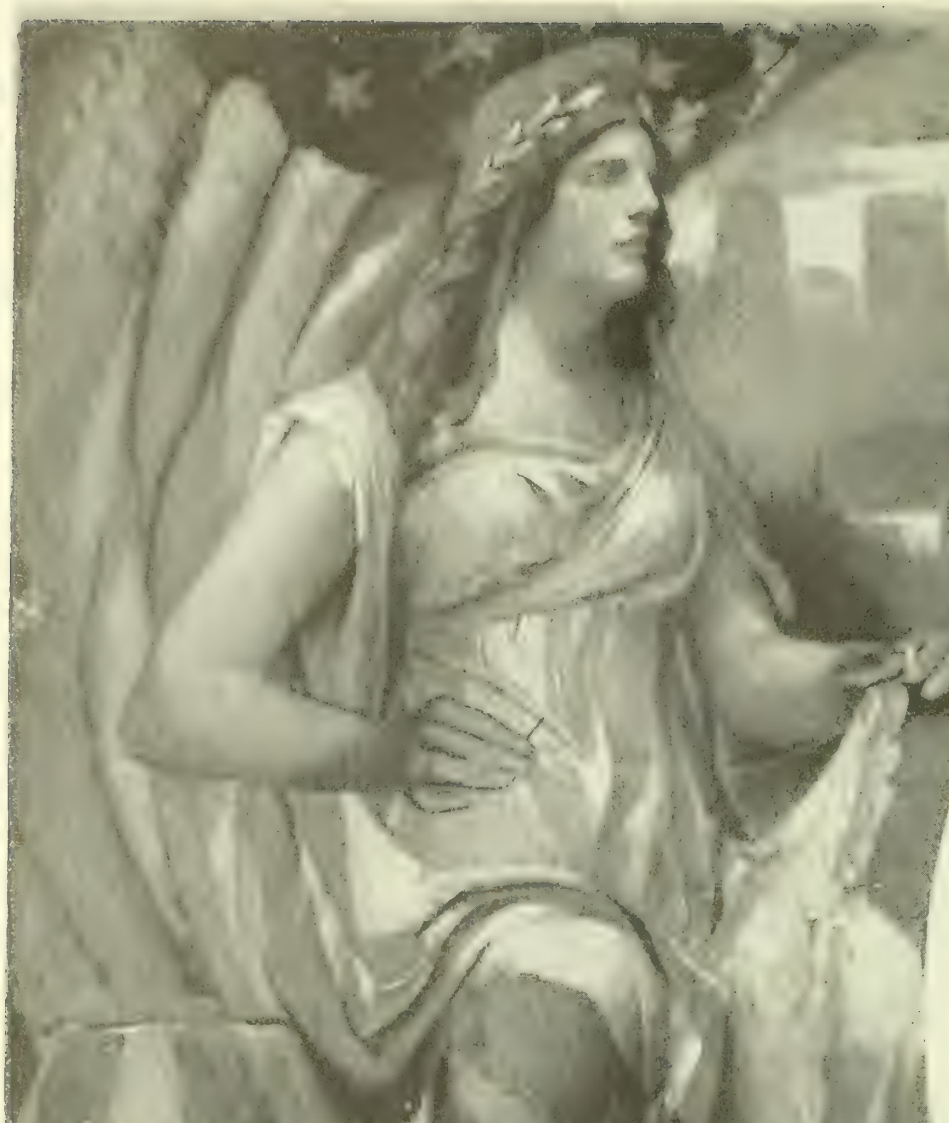
SO highly developed have American factories become that our people cannot absorb the output, and under the inexorable law of supply and demand prices would shrink and production would be curtailed without the outlet through channels of foreign trade.

And on industry, in the factory and the field, depends the prosperity of labor, while in the last analysis on the prosperity of labor depends the prosperity of the country. The prosperity of the retailer rests on the prosperity of labor, the prosperity of labor depends on the prosperity of industry and the prosperity of industry is dependent on foreign trade, for foreign trade is necessary to create the requisite demand, and also it enables us to get money from outsiders, instead of merely exchanging dollars among individuals in our own country.

But we must be first to get into the field of foreign trade, and having become first in enterprise we must always continue to stand first in the volume of business we transact.

OUR pre-war trade rivals will strain every nerve to regain their former preëminence, and will strive the harder because they realize both their present handicap and the indescribable value of the prize at issue. "They never come back" is an adage applicable to only prize-fighters; the Salvation Army proverb, "A man may be down, but he never is out," applies to a nation as well as it applies to an individual.

AMERICA already is first in everything that figures as a component part in the aggregate of prosperity; and I, at least, see no reason in this, as in most other things, why America should not remain first forever.



In my younger days
admonition against what
of Boasting. I have since gone
as much as any other man, and I do
What I have found is rather a

Why Not Be

By Charles

"WHAT'S the matter with you Americ ns?" one of the greatest and wisest of English writers said to me last summer. "Do you all hate your native land? I have never yet heard an American traveling on this side say a good word for his country."

And he was largely right! Wherever two or three Americans abroad are gathered together, at a week-end party, let us say, there is the hammer in their midst working overtime. Everything is wrong and nothing is right, says that Anvil Chorus; it would leave not Sergeant Yorke brave nor Abraham Lincoln pure.

This is perfectly true, and every American who has traveled much abroad knows how true it is and recollects how he has writhed in his soul at it And when the hammer is stilled, if indeed stilled it ever is, and we come back once more to our native land, what do we do? Why, by the soul of simians, we betake ourselves fullbent to the hunt for something foreign we can imitate.

Imitation with us Americans is not just a fad or a fancy; it is a passion, it is a religion, it is the esoteric joy with which we satisfy the yearnings of our immortal souls.

Other nations are proud of being themselves.
Let them be so. For us the glory is to try to be somebody else

THE cut of our clothes, the height of our collars, the styles of our neckties, hats, handkerchiefs, shirt-studs, all our social customs, the manner of carrying the gloves, the hour at which the freeborn American citizen may be allowed to change his attire, our uniforms, decorations, honors, army and navy systems, utterance (on the stage, anyway), spellings (in our books), literary criticism, art, we import from abroad. We do, and we are so drilled to do it, like a gang of automatons, that we never once seem to think how preposterous it is. Why in the devil should I have to rush into a long and fancy tailed coat and white tie as the clock strikes six because some gent in England I never heard of and don't give a hoot for rules that this is correct and necessary? Why should I have to go along the street with the upper part of my gloves flapping down over my thumbs because the Duke of Muckimuck thought this added to his personal pulchritude? Why should I have to wear a hat made to slip down over my ears because some Eminent One in another land having no back head to speak of has to wear his hat in that fashion? Why must I wear a scarfpin to-day because some person with a title wears one and discard it to-morrow because he has happened to lose his?

We seem to have gone mad on the subject. If by any chance we discover that we have been led into anything American we feel humiliated and hasten to correct the fault. There was a time when the American navy officer had the handsomest uniform in the world and so far as you could see him you could tell him for his trim attire. When our fleets went abroad in the great war somebody seems to have discovered that our uniforms had individuality. At this alarming disclosure an agitation began, and now you can't tell an American navy officer from any other. He can walk into any hotel in Great Britain and almost any drawing-room and pass as an officer of His Majesty's fleet.

THE greatest nation in the world, and mad with a passion to imitate nations smaller and less worthy. What is there that is American? Did you ever see a hotel or an apartment house with an American name? "Westminster," "Westmoreland," "Windermere," "Ascot," "Sandhurst," "Balmoral," "Buckingham"—the hotel- and apartment-house owners of New York have ransacked the geographies and gazetteers and plastered their architectural crimes with the name of every county, town and village in Great Britain. A list of them reads like the British postal guide. The peerage is raked fore and aft for names. I will bet that if there is a peer in England that hasn't a flat house in New York named for him it is one that was created last week and the glad news hasn't seeped over here yet.

AND hotels! Why should a hotel in New York, United States of America —New York, the world's metropolis, be named for a hamlet in Scotland or a princelet of Mesopotamia? My old friend, Billy Clarke, whose ancestors fought at the Boyne and all the way from Long Island to Guilford Courthouse, used to live at a hotel in New York named the "Lexington." Every night when he returned there from his daily labors he looked at that name and put up thanks because it suggested the American Revolution. One morning he came down to breakfast to find that overnight the name had been changed to the "King Edward." He pondered over that for a few minutes and then went upstairs and threw his things out of the window.

"King Edward" is a good enough name. Buy why King Anything? Why "Prince Lumtitum"? Why any Prince at all? Doubtless the kings and princes so honored were excellent persons in their own line of trade and all that, but what on earth have they to do with a hotel in New York? Why "Bristol," "Lancaster," "Manchester," "Marlborough," "Northumberland," "Essex," "Clifton," "Nottingham," and two thousand other incongruous names lugged by the ears across the ocean?

With all the great part America has played in the world's history, is it not extraordinary that we have so little that is purely American we consider worth while for us to commemorate?

YOU will find more "Wellington" hotels, flat houses, towns and villages in the United States than in the whole of the British dominions together. You will find in the United States more use of the name Wellington than of any name of any American with the single exception of Washington. How do you account for that? Imagine an American hotel, apartment-house or new railroad station named Decatur. Yet you will find sixteen Collingwoods, four Benbows, eight Blakes, three Frobishers, twenty-four Raleighs, and twenty-seven Nelsons. I have even seen three Cornwallises and two Lord Howes, and expect to live to see a Benedict Arnold before we get through. Nobody in these days ever saw anything very magnificent named for our Revolutionary heroes—Wayne, Sullivan, Nathaniel Greene, Nathan Hale, Putnam, Macdonough, Perry, Bainbridge or Truxton. Or, coming down to later times, I know of but one hotel in the United States named for a national commander in the Civil War, yet I'll wager there are a score named for the microscopic heroes of the Crimea.

In the Hyde Park region of Chicago (why Hyde Park?) were once streets named Jefferson, Washington, Madison and Monroe. A highbrow commission on street names was created and Washington Avenue became Blackstone and Madison became Dorchester.



used to hear much
s called the national sin
and down this world about
t find any national sin of boasting.
tional tendency toward Detraction.

American?

Edward Russell

What's the matter with having in America something that is
nerican? I wouldn't care what it was; a new form of influenza
a new fashion in haircuts, so long as it wasn't something we
l imported on our hands and knees. About all things great and
all we seem to be obsessed over the name or savor of some sub-
nce alien. I don't know of anything (outside, of course, in
se dry days, from the one realm of drinkables) that you can't
as good in this country as anywhere else—as good or better;
thing, by jinx, all the way from soap to scenery

EVERY summer before the war boatloads of open-mouthed Amer-
icans used to steam up and down the Rhine gazing in rapture on its
diocre shores and third-rate landscapes when the utterly neglected
per Mississippi from Bellevue to Hastings has the Rhine and all
other rivers of Europe backed off the map. It has so. Why, if the
ole blooming Rhine from end to end were ten times as picturesque
t is it wouldn't be a marker to Trempeleau or Maiden's Rock.

**The beautiful Blue Danube compared to the upper Missis-
pi is like Duck Creek, but not one in ten thousand of the
apsodizing Americans that spend their good money to see the
nube and the Rhine ever had a glimpse of the Mississippi.**

have known Americans to undergo labor and expense to see the Aar-
lucht near Meiningen and talk about it afterward, as if it could be men-
ned in the same world with the Grand Canyon of Arizona. A hotel
per in the hot-spring region of New Zealand told me that hundreds of
nericans had visited that part of the world and raved about it, but he
l never found one that had seen Yellowstone Park, which, as he re-
rked feelingly, made all of his properties look like thrippence.
The Rockies have the tourist-infested Alps beaten seven ways for Sun-
y; there are American lakes that make Lucerne, Geneva and Thun
ignificant by comparison. New York is a far more interesting city than
ndon; in some of its aspects it is immeasurably handsomer. Newport
ts Deauville, Long Branch skins Scheveningen, and when you come down
such things, how all the rest of the world must bow the abashed head in
presence of Atlantic City! It is true, of course, that by and large they
e better hotels in Europe, but that is chiefly because the hotels on the
autauqua circuits bring down our average. Take it from an old globe-
tter that the best hotels in the larger American cities are not equaled
where else, and even in the smaller towns and villages we are begin-
g to get some that are pretty nifty. If you have doubts, send for a menu.

**We grow tobacco, send it across the ocean, mark it with foreign
els, tote it back and smoke it with ineffable satisfaction. Before
went mad about Prohibition we used to ship great quantities of
lifornia wine to Bordeaux, ship it back and drink from French
ttles what we would not touch in America.**

WHAT'S the matter with being American in America? I have, in my day, seen about all the tribes of men in or out of their native jungles, and without any prejudice one way or another I can truthfully say, this country looks pretty good to me. As a nation we have our own plentiful lack of faults to correct and we shall have to correct them, but don't let's start on that job by importing the faults of other peoples. For neither a man nor a nation has any chance for moral or intellectual progress that is all hobbled up with imitation. What's the matter with having an American language, for instance, and call it by that name? We are developing here a language much terser, more vigorous, more picturesque, more vital than is spoken elsewhere in the world. Why not recognize it?

What's the use of teaching American history as if it were something to be ashamed of? It is morally the greatest story ever told among the nations. I see that a band of Western teachers has agreed to teach it hereafter as a mere chapter in English history and the American Revolution as an English civil war quickly and amicably adjusted. Why not omit the American Revolution altogether?

"SO then you've turned Chauvinist, eh?" says some kind friend. "You want us to go horn-blowing and bell-ringing up and down the world telling other peoples how lowly are they and what hot stuff are we." No, I don't, and I am not a Chauvinist. I am an Internationalist. But I profess to have been taught some things by the way and by the peace negotiations. One of these is that the natural American ideas and the natural American concepts of democracy and morals are distinctly higher than the European. That isn't anything for us to boast of, but it is something for us to take soberly home to our bosoms. For it means a thing of unequaled moment to us. It means that there has been given to us this opportunity to get the skids under a vast mass of ancient fraud, flubdub, oppression, feudalism and belated monarchism that has bewitched and bedeviled the world and move it off forever. For the sake of the faith we profess, we ought to be about that job.

In these days of supreme crisis all the world looks to America for leadership. Men perceive well enough that the old systems and the old methods must always lead to the same horrible pit of tears and blood out of which Europe must now be fished.

Here we are a nation that, be it by luck or deserving, has had a great history; that has just done a great job and is now called upon to do another, that stands face to face with such a colossal destiny as makes all other parts played by all other nations in man's story seem like a child's picture-book, and yet a lot of its citizens have no more faith nor hope in it than they have in a stewed prune.

Men see also that the one nation that has had visions above tooth and fang, grab and keep, is the United States. The reason we have had these visions and made these records is not because we are of a different style of clay from the rest of God's children, but because we have been blessed with 140 years of different institutions and different traditions.

WE are unworthy of the blessings we have enjoyed if we are not now willing and eager to push them along for others.

Well, you ask, shall we really fulfil that destiny by swelling out our chests and going to and fro proclaiming our greatness?

Not in a thousand years. No true or even sane American has the slightest relish for such employments, nor is in the least danger of cultivating them. But we shall never convince others of the American faith if we seem to be ashamed of it ourselves. We shall never fulfil our destiny so long as we continue to regard ourselves in any degree as poor and cringing relations—the humble retinue of the old-time feudalistic European Powers.

Better Days

By Gouverneur Morris

Illustrated by Clarence F. Underwood

Man has been working at Eugenics, on and off, for, perhaps, a hundred years. Nature has been working at its system for a hundred thousand years. Should, then, Love or Science dictate our Marriages? "Better Days" is Gouverneur Morris's answer to that question.



At first Martin Gail thought that the face that looked down upon him was the face of a child.

FROM the top of the Divide the buildings of the Joyous Gard Ranch had something the appearance of a coral reef set in a sea of deep green. Their ground-plan, however, was not circular; the dwelling-house formed one side of a vast parallelogram, whose other sides were composed of stables, of a blacksmithy, of the trainer's house, and of the quarters and mess-hall of the men who looked after the MacMahon horses. Even from the top of the Divide (miles and miles away as crows fly) something of this arrangement could be perceived. The heavy chimneys of the dwelling house, for instance, distinguished the low lines of its roof from those of the stables, and a broad band of dark violet shadow hinted at a wide porch.

A very young man, tanned a gypsy brown, and driving a wagon, had pulled up his horse at that moment when a turn of the road had spread before his eyes the whole luminous expanse of the Valley. Mountains barren as sin surrounded it, groves of coniferous trees broke its level here and there, in its midst the quadrangle of buildings shone like snow.

The very young man sat for a long time in pleased contemplation Curiosity even more than the hope of profit had impelled him to make the long drive over the mountains, and already he had the notion that his curiosity was going to be satisfied Even from so great a distance it was easy to see that this ranch was not like the other ranches at which he was accustomed to peddle the wares in his wagon. This ranch had the completeness of an island, and the isolation. In the midst of a vast brown region it was green as Kentucky. In a county of shapeless adobe its buildings were frame buildings, all spread with shingles and painted white.

He had been told that the MacMahons bathed and changed their clothes before dinner; that men waited upon them at table, that they had a large room whose walls were entirely composed of books. And he had been told this: "They may be good Christians and again they may not; what's sure is that they worship a horse."

For this horse which he was said to worship General Mac Mahon was said to have paid two hundred thousand dollars. And this horse was none other than the great Lancelot—Lancelot du Lake to give him all the name that belonged to him,—who in the three years that he had been raced in England had never lost either his temper or a race. Withdrawn from the turf to the stud his career had been less glorious; so far no one of his get had ever been worthy to wear the mighty sire's cast-off shoes. It was said that any day in the week he preferred a lump of sugar to the society of the most beautiful mare in Christendom.

On the turf, as in retirement, he had never shown temperament He had won against the best horses of his time, not because he had a heart full of fire and thunder, but for the simple reason that the muscles which moved his various motatorences, metacarpus tibias, humori, radii, pasterns and coffin bones were just naturally able to move them faster, and for longer periods without slackening, than were the corresponding muscles of his rivals. He was a great, kind, quiet, kingly animal, the tallest of all the great horses, and the most sensible; to the eye he shone like a looking-glass in the sun and was unbelievably beautiful.

THE name ot the very young man to whom all this gossip had been imparted by customers and chance acquaintances up and down the county was Martin Gail, but so carefree and itinerant was the life which he led that he had grown to be widely and even affectionately known as "Gypsy." He carried from ranch house to ranch house those things which the hard-working women of this world are least able to do without—perfumes, laces, embroidery, lipsticks—admiration and the latest records for the phonograph. The vermilion of his lipstick he guaranteed to be fast, and he would say with a gay twinkle in his eyes: "I'll be very glad indeed to prove it to you, Miss, if only you'll stand still!" The purchaser of a phonograph record might if she pleased receive from him gratis a lesson in the steps that went with it. He was an exquisite dancer No blacker sense of time ever came out of the Congo. No negro could so completely loosen so many joints without falling in a heap. The women of the county adored him. And their men folk encouraged them to buy his wares, for across a card-table the money they squandered could be had back from him, together with much racy anecdote, almost for the asking.

Wherever they went Martin Gail and the mare Molly, who pulled his wagon, were warmly welcome She was a trig and stocky little beast, of a bright bay color, with nothing to distinguish her from many another stocky little bay mare but her suavity and the color of her ears. These looked as if they had been dipped in a bucket of white paint.

The mare Molly seemed to enjoy the panorama of Joyous Gard almost as much as her master did, and if she was tired after the long uphill pull she showed no signs of it, either in her coat or in her breathing. She stood with her velvet-soft nostrils tremulously dilating, her staunch little feet well under her, and her white ears pricked forward.

After a time Martin Gail spoke a quiet word to the mare Molly, and they began the long descent into the valley.

THE upper halves of the box-stall doors facing the interior of the big quadrangle were nearly all open and here and there the burnished head of a thoroughbred was thrust out to observe the activities of the grooms and stable-boys who came and went upon the eternal necessities of the great lords and ladies whom they served. The sun had dropped below the jagged skyline of the encircling mountains and it was feeding time.

Martin Gail pulled up in the center of the compound and jumped to the ground. For once the welcome to which he was accustomed was wanting. The inhabitants of the ranch seemed unaware of his existence. The open door of the kitchen and its windows disclosed an occasional glint of bright cambric. Two faces even looked out at him for a moment; a groom carrying a bucket of water gave him a passing nod. An old gray cat whose ears had been chewed in combat rubbed against his leg. Somewhere in the stalls a horse neighed long and feelingly, and Molly, suddenly alert, swung her head toward the sound, pricked her ears toward it, drew a long breath and answered.

"Almost seems as if *you* were expected," said Martin Gail; and then, sure of the effect, he wound up his phonograph, placed upon its carrier the latest fox-trot and set the mechanism in motion.

The effect was not precisely that upon which he had calculated. It is true that the jolly jazz did bring a female on the run from the kitchen, but she came neither to buy nor to banter, neither to dance. She was a ruddy female, the ruddier for having run, and she had been buxom before her hair had turned white.

"For Gawd's sake," she exclaimed, "shut that thing off. The master is dying!"

The alacrity with which Martin complied worked in his favor. The ruddy female apologized for him.

"It wasn't your fault," she said; "you didn't know."

At that moment the opening of a window in the ranch-house drew their attention. At first Martin Gail thought that the face which looked down at him was the face of a child. Even the saucily bobbed hair lent itself to the notion. But the deep clear voice that came down to him was that of an authoritative young woman accustomed to command.

"Don't stop," she said. "My father likes it."

He moved the needle inward to the beginning of the record, lifted the phonograph bodily from the wagon and set it on the ground. Once more the jolly jazz disturbed the stillness of the compound and found favor in the ears of a badly worried man who had only a little while to live.

"Who was that?" Martin whispered, for the face had been withdrawn from the window

"Miss Edith," answered the ruddy female. "The master's daughter."

HE was to see Miss MacMahon once more that day. Once more, when the record had whirred to an end, she appeared at the window and spoke down to him

"Play all the new ones you've got," she commanded. "Play till I tell you to stop. Nora will bring you supper when it's ready."

Martin Gail got out all his new records, and began to play them. Nora went and came back quickly with a supper of fried chicken and bacon and potatoes and popovers.

It became dark, gradually a circle of silent people drew about the phonograph — Nora and her assistants, certain grooms and stable-boys. All the sis

the dwelling-house toward the compound was rk except for those windows behind which General acMahon lay dying. Molly was fed and watered here she stood. The atmosphere was so clear that e stars did not twinkle. They looked like spangles wn on black velvet.

Once more a long-drawn eager neighing sounded m somewhere in the stable and once more the mare olly answered.

Shortly after that, Peter Galways, the old trainer, aff with grief, came out of the house.

"Get lanterns," he whispered. "Everybody get lan-ns. He wants to see the horse once more. Hurry!"

The lights in the sick man's windows were put out d after a while Peter Galways himself brought ncelot and paraded him beneath them.

BY the light of the lanterns and among the strange long shadows the great stallion had a supernatural k. In the fine and loose sand of the quadrangle feet made no sound; with every motion flashes of fire passed here and there over his jet-black coat. was the tallest horse that Martin had ever seen. d the blackest. And he carried the most beautiful nd most royally.

Twice General MacMahon spoke to his horse by me, and Galways halted him and tried to make him k up at the master's window. But Lancelot owed no sign of recognition. He seemed to hold eyes aloof from the things of this world. Now d then perhaps they rested on the dim outline of the tant mountains; now and then perhaps on the rs.

He was calm and detached, like death itself. The ncing shadows did not even arrest his attention. walked with long, smooth strides; a roseleaf press-on the halter by which he was led would have been ough to turn him or halt him.

Not until General MacMahon's windows were once re lighted, and the General had been laid back n his pillows, and wheeled beyond the reach of ious eyes, did the great stallion show any signs emotion or independence.

First he turned his head and neighed softly. In-ntly the mare Molly answered him, and took a steps toward him, the gypsy wagon crunching hind her. At that Lancelot made a sudden lift h his head that ripped the halter out of Galways's nd, whirled with the compact alacrity of a cat, tted quietly to where Molly stood, lowered his ud head and rubbed noses with her.

the stallion's actions had any basis at all in those passions by which one sex is drawn to the other, was doubtful if he himself knew it. He was rather those who have sickened of show and vanity and n at last for their comfort to what is lowly and cere.

t was as if some great lord had burst away from etiquette, the prescription and circumscription, some glittering court and made friends with an rammeled gypsy. It was as when some child of ud and exclusive parents breaks away from its se in Central Park to lavish its affections and confidences upon some ragged snipe from the ters.

And Trainer Galways was as shocked as if he had n the child's nurse. He darted forward, caught the loose end of the stallion's halter and pulled at nuzzling head.

And for once, probably for the first time in his life, ncelot made trouble. He showed that within his ast he carried the seeds of stubbornness; that his l did not always coincide with that of his masters, t he had indeed a mind of his own. It is true that did not carry his stubbornness to any great lengths, make a definite issue of his wishes. To those o knew him the fact that he yielded ungraciously l with head shakings and tossings, and with vous side-steppings, was marvel enough. For inarily a child could lead him.

Of course he need not have gone back to his stall; he went. The wish to hobnob with that free le child of nature with the delicious velvety nose, warm-hearted ways, and the charming white ears s strong, but not imperative. The long habit of dience was stronger. His attitude was probably ething like this: "All right! I *won't* play with her, ou are all so set against it, and I'll do just as I 'm l because I always have, but I'll be rather nasty rather disagreeable about it, and everybody will sorry when I am dead."

They put him back in his box and closed the lower f of the door. Over the top of this he thrust his ious head and neighed long and loud.

At that Molly, who had stood looking after him ke into an energetic trot. Before Martin could to her head she had crossed the quadrangle,



"He's took a shine to Martin Gail's mare. And him the bloodedest horse that was ever foaled!"

wagon and all, and was once more rubbing noses with the beautiful creature who had so distinguished her by his attentions.

And in the meanwhile General MacMahon, holding lightly to his daughter's hand, had drawn his last breath.

LITTLE Miss MacMahon who, when she hacked about on Lancelot, looked no bigger than a child, had need of all her natural energy of mind to deal with the problems occasioned by her father's death. From her mother, a chronic and perhaps pretentious invalid, she could expect no help.

Things had to be kept going somehow, and during the long weeks of illness which had preceded his final attack, Edith MacMahon, acting as his secretary and general factotum, had become thoroughly conversant with the downward trend of her father's affairs.

Chiefly responsible was the great sum of money which had been paid for Lancelot, his complete failure as a sire, and the still greater aggregate sum which had been paid over for his wives. The whole horse-breeding world had once had faith in Lancelot, and had bid frantically for him. With General Mac Mahon's death the last of the tag ends of all that wealth of faith seemed to have died. In Miss Edith breast, however, it had only fainted.

In that breast, ordinarily so warm and human other things seemed to have fainted. She seemed rather an erect little figure of efficiency than a sorrowing daughter. She did not even attempt to go into mourning.

"Everybody," she explained to her mother, "whom I am likely to see for a long time knows how I felt about father, and ready money is going to be very scarce."

She had long since perceived that the horses must be sold, and the ranch establishment reduced as soon as possible to the scale of a petty farm.

"We must live off the land," she told her mother, "instead of letting it eat us up. It is good land for wheat. Yes . . . it will break my heart to see the horses go, but as nobody will know that it is broken, what's the odds? We'll keep Lancelot for father's sake in the first place, and in the second place because he is a first-rate hack. If his racing days weren't over we should, of course, have to dispense with sentiment and sell him with the rest. . . . Meanwhile, the horses are not sold, and there is very little that we can do to cut down the payroll. . . . I have written to town for an expert in silver and furniture. . . . There is a lot of good stuff in the house, and it's best to let most of it go before we get any fonder of it. . . Sit up a sec. while I fix your pillow. . . . I'll be in for tea. You don't really need me, do you? That's fine, because the details are so much more bothersome than the main decisions. . . ."

HER first visit was to her kitchen.

"What has become of that peddler, Nora?" she asked.

"He'll be in the kitchen porch, Miss Edith, helping Prudence to shell the baby peas for your dinner."

"What is his name?"

"Martin Gail, Miss Edith."

"That's horsey enough," smiled Miss Edith. "He ought to be a groom."

She stepped quickly across the kitchen and into its vine-covered porch. She looked very little, very authoritative and very appealing in the cool, dappled light. Her voice brought Martin Gail to his feet; he overturned a tin basin of pea shells. The chuckle that was nearly always visible in his rather small, very brown and deep-set eyes gave place to a look of interest and concern.

"Mr. Gail," she said, "I wish to buy all the records that you played the other night, and to thank you for playing them. . . ." She hesitated a moment, and then with a sudden smile asked if his horse's ears had *always* been white. And upon his answering in the affirmative she apologized for having asked the question.

"I ought not to have implied that they were an ad. of some sort," she said. "But they are so very startling; I never even heard of another pair like them. Did you?"

The Peddler nodded gravely.

"There was some sort of an old heathen hundreds of years ago," he said, "whose name was something or other Khan—k-h-a-an—I read it in a book—and he had a bay mare with white ears like my horse—but she could run so almighty fast that they pretended that the ears were wings, and they called her White Wings—or the heathen for it, whatever that would be.

"The gypsies say that a man who drives a horse with white ears will come at last to his heart's desire."

FRANK and direct by nature and training, she asked him point blank if by any chance he himself was a gypsy.

"Martin—and Gail," she said, "both sound gypsy—and you've got straight black hair—and I heard you speak to your horse, and you didn't speak—you whispered—and that's what gypsies always do in books."

Martin Gail nodded and smiled.

"And they sit under hedges, and tell fortunes," he said His smile became enigmatic. "And sometimes," he went on, "a perfectly good gypsy with orthodox brown eyes and Indian black hair turns out to be some mere humdrum Earl's son who was stolen when he was a baby and had gaudy blue eyes and curly golden hair."

"You seem to have read a great deal, Mr. Gail—if that is your name."

"I have books in my cart as well as records," he said.

"Oh, the records—I was forgetting them. I shall be back by five. Will you bring them to me then?"

When she had gone Martin Gail dropped on one knee and began to return the spilled peashells to the tin dish.

"A small bit of a thing to have so much care," he said.

"And not yet twenty," said Prudence.

When they had finished the peas, Martin Gail leaned forward, and turned his face upward.

"Do I get thanks, Prudence," he said, "or pay?"

"Oh, *you!*" she exclaimed; and having risen to her feet, she stooped suddenly, kissed the air in close and playful proximity to his forehead and fled in a gale of laughter.

EDITH MACMAHON'S second visit was to Lancelot. He refused the sugar which she had brought, and she sent a boy for Galways.

The old trainer agreed with her. The Horse, as he always called Lancelot, had something the matter with him.

"He's off his feed," said Galways, "and he's sullen. That's what he is. I don't like his eye It ain't exactly vicious, Miss Edith but it ain't kind like it was. When I was feedin' him last he was fidgety, and he looked me over kind of cold and calculatin' as—if he was pickin' out a soft spot. . . . Best not go in to him, Miss Edith. . . ."

But she paid no attention to this admonition and entering the box with Lancelot, reached upward and stroked his nose.

"Well, sir," she said, "they tell tales about. They say you're getting positively cantankerous in your old age. . . ."

Lancelot pulled his head away from the caressing hand and turned his back.

"Please come out, Miss Edith . . . a stallion's always a stallion. When they go crazy they go crazy quick."

"Imagine Lancelot hurting *me*," she exclaimed.

The old trainer raised his voice.

"In your heart you don't like the look of him any better than I do," he said. "If you think you're puttin' over anything good why stay where you are. . . . If you're only showin' off, why it's not like you, and I ask you to come out. You've got more useful things ahead of you than to be bit and kicked."

She laughed, and came out of the stall.

"What do you *think* ails him, Peter?"

"I don't think. I know that he's acted queer ever since that gypsy came."

"Martin Gail?"

"Martin Gail's mare. He's took a shine to them white ears. And he'd ought to know better, a common little kitchen cat like that and him the noblest, the bloodedest horse that was ever foaled. . . . Miss Edith, I didn't look for to tell you so soon—but this mornin'—well, he laid back his ears like a mule, and he kicked the Queen o' Sheebaw in the ribs, and he'd a tore me with his teeth if I hadn't been quicker'n lightnin'. . . . I'd like it if you was to send that gypsy man and his baggage of a mare packin'."

"You'll be telling me next that Lancelot has fallen in love with her!"

The old trainer nodded his head sage with expression, and packed with the lore of stables, and he said:



Miss Edith looked very little, very authoritative and very appealing.

"Stranger things have happened, Miss Edith, not only with blooded horses but among thoroughbreds the world over. Like don't always call to like. There's British peers' sons that goes to the Gaiety for their brides; and there's highborn misses that drives off to Gretna Green with the fambly shawfer. There was a great French stallion—Boulanger—that loved a grocer's mare, and wouldn't look at no other. But they fooled him. And that's how there came to be a colt named Boule de Feu—Ball o' Fire—from the way he burned up the tracks and ran away from his fields—and he'd a been the greatest hoss that ever lived if he hadn't took and broke a leg on a wet day. . . . There's more to a hoss than meets the eye, Miss Edith, with your permission, and I'm for givin' him more work. . . . There's been an offer telegraphed by Mr. Crance for the yearlings—the whole bally lot—and if—if we've really got to shut up shop, Miss Edith, I advise you to close with it."

"I'll go into that to-night," said Miss MacMahon. "And meanwhile I wish you would see the Gypsy—Mr. Gail—and tell him that his horse seems to be making trouble—and—oh, I hate to turn anyone away—in a far-off place like this—so be tactful Peter—make him feel that he is doing us a favor."

WHEN Martin brought the records to Miss MacMahon he had already received a hint from Galways to move on. He must in any event have done so soon. The women of the establishment had no more pin-money to exchange for the vanities in his wagon, and he himself had already lost back all of that money and more too, to their husbands and the sporting element among the grooms. Furthermore, he had flirted so outrageously with Miss Prudence that he ran some small risk of being taken seriously.

Nevertheless he did not wish to move on, and he could not have given a reason, not even to himself. There must be a reason, of course, and he had been at some pains to discover it. That the resolute and appealing figure of little Miss MacMahon was perhaps the reason, or part of it, had not occurred to him. That any human female would ever again have power upon his comings and goings was unthinkable. That he would ever love again was unthinkable.

Sufficient unto the cat is its very first sitting down upon a hot stove.

She spoke of her father when the business of the records had been transacted.

"He loved everything that was young and jolly," she said, "and I was ever so lucky that you happened along just when you did. I hope Galways didn't hurt your feelings. I think it's all nonsense about you Molly having upset our Lancelot, woman hater that he is—but the main point is that Galways thinks she has—and that upsets Galways—and as long as he is upset Lancelot will be upset . . . and I hope that you'll be passing this way again, when *everything* isn't so upset as it is now. I like to know more about gypsies—and of the blue-eyed, golden-haired carls' sons who are carried off by them and who grow up to have brown eyes and blacker hair and their fair peaches-and-cream skins burn to the color of old saddles."

Martin's eyes shone with merriment, but he answered gravely: "I shall make it my business to inquire further into these matters and to report upon them at some fitting time."

"I must be content to leave it at that," said she; and her fresh, clear voice was palely tinted with irony.

"It wouldn't surprise me greatly," she said, "to hear that you have seen better days, Mr. Gail."

He shook his head earnestly.

"You would learn something that was not true. . . . Good days, yes, I have seen days that I thought were very good indeed. And, after those days that were very bad, and then then my better days began—and" here he bowed very low, and with certain mockery, "to-day, in spite of Policeman Galways touching me on the shoulder and telling me to move on, has been one of them."

He had piqued her curiosity immensely. His lean brown face had handsomeness (*Concluded on page 8*

Overworking the Virtues

By Walt Mason



BE MODERATE in all you do, nor cross discretion's border; no odds what errand you pursue, extremes are out of order. Be good, but not so beastly good that you're a bore to others; your merits will be understood by all your striving brothers. To sneer at folly as it flies seems rather dour and mulish; be wise, but not so vainly wise that you are never foolish. Be truthful—but the truth will rise if it should come a cropper; don't look on men with scornful eyes who tell a timely whopper. Don't wear the good old virtues out, but mildly use and heed them; perhaps some day another scout may come along and need them.

Walt Mason

T is a fine old story, the one about Aristides the Just. It has survived something more than two thousand years, because it is so full of human nature; and it shows that human nature in Athens, ece, several hundred years before ist, was just about the same as an nature in Emporia, Kansas, in present year of grace.

ristides was one of the leading citi- of Athens, and he made a specialty eing just. When the neighbors t fishing, or attended the baseball es, he stayed at home, practising g just; he was up at all hours of the t, trying out new curves in justness. ers often came to the post-office essed to "The Just," and the master knew who was meant, and them in Aristides's box.

n those times it was possible to sh a man by popular vote. Aris- s wanted to have a public tribute ound out his career, so he worked wires to have the question of his shment voted upon. He believed result would be a triumph that ld go ringing down the ages. "A cheap skates in the fifth ward may against me," he reasoned, "but Better Element will be lined up for o a man."

magine how good old Aristides felt n the votes were counted, and he d they were almost unanimous for banishment. He had to pack up safety-razor and an extra pair of s and take the first freight for the woods. As he was pushing him- down to the dépôt he met the dent of the Young Men's Reform , and asked why that organization d against him.

Because," replied the president, boys were tired of hearing you d 'The Just.'"

here is the moral; there is the an nature.

books we may admire the shining xample, the glittering hero who no frailties and no blemishes; but al life we can't endure him. There certain fundamental virtues with- which the world would be a sorry e; we should practise them in our , but always with discretion and eration. The worst thing that can en to a man is to become a bore; the extremist, even in virtue, is a .

uth crushed to earth will rise n uninjured, so there is no harm ushing it once in a while, if thereby avoid making ourselves disagree-

In most human affairs truth is easurably superior to falsehood; we should not therefore assume falsehood has no merits of its own. The fact is all the social amenities are based upon false- ; if nobody ever deviated from the truth the l would be so uncomfortable we couldn't live

ne other evening I went home with a new book . C. Snaith, a favorite author of mine. I figured long, comfortable evening, with my feet on the telpiece and that volume in my hands. After the l evening meal had been stowed away I settled n for several hours of bliss. But before I had ied the first chapter the Foxworthys came, the e boiling of them, to spend the evening. There six children and two or three parents and a en aunt with the asthma.

y soul was sick within me; but I come of a that never quailed in danger's stormy hour, so d aside the book, and forced a wintry smile to ace, and met the bunch in the hall. I relieved Foxworthy of his hat and sandbag, and showed adies where to hang their birdcages and things, pretended I was overjoyed.

This is a real treat," I exclaimed; "I was facing esome evening by myself, and here you come, ied some sunlight into my darkened life! How of you!"

The Foxworthys had a pleasant evening, and they deserved it, for they are good neighbors. They never refuse to lend me their lawn-mower, and the last time I had the rheumatism Mrs. Foxworthy was forever bringing me chicken soup and jam. How unpleasant I could have made things had my regard for the truth been of the inflexible, uncompromising sort. In that case I'd have met them at the door and said, "You'll have to excuse me this evening; I have a book I want to read, and I can't consent to sit around all evening playing checkers and talking about the weather and the crops."

THERE are people who take a maudlin sort of pride in "plain speaking," which means the utterance of the raw and ghastly truth under all conditions. These people never have any friends; the only enthusiasm they ever create is shown at their funerals. There's no profit in saying disagreeable things merely because they are true.

I am fatter than I should be if I ever hope to line up with Narcissus or Apollo. I am rather sensitive about my waist-line, and the fact that I can't see my shoes when I am in a perpendicular position is something I don't like to have harped upon. Well-bred people never hint, even indirectly, that I take up more room than I'm entitled to, but I'm always meeting painfully truthful people, who'd rather chop down a thousand cherry-trees than tell one lie, and they remind me that I weigh entirely too much, and ask me why I don't diet, and climb trees, and ride horseback, and get myself down to normal weight. When such people want to borrow fifty cents I turn them down. A man can't be bald or bow-legged, or original in any other way, without being pestered by the drastically truthful people, who might be endured by society if they'd only take a day off now and then and practise leaving things unsaid.

Another virtue that is sadly overworked is hospitality. I used to enjoy visiting, but never indulge in it any more, for people persist in killing me with kindness. In England they have the right idea of hospitality. If you visit a country house there you are greeted cordially, your room is shown to you, you are told when the meals are served, and then left to your own devices. Thus you are enabled to have a corking time.

But when you visit a friend in this country he and his kindred are forever trailing you, trying to do something for you. It is assumed that you are feeble-minded, unable to entertain yourself.

BILL HEPBURN and I were boyhood friends and two years ago I received a letter from him announcing that he had located in a town not far away, and inviting me to visit him. I was anxious to see old Bill and talk ancient history with him, so I went to his place, intending to stay a week. He had a wife and three delicious daughters and a son who was profoundly interested in his first whiskers. The welcome they gave me baffles description. I was the long-lost Charlie Ross. I stepped into the living-room, and the first thing I beheld was a handsomely bound set of the "Newgate Calendar," a work that appeals to all that is best in me. "Now," I thought, "I'll have all kinds of a bully time, with those books to read." I was foolish enough to suppose that I'd be allowed an occasional ten minutes to myself.

But after a sumptuous meal Bill and his wife insisted on taking me in their tin car to show me the sights of the town; and we drove around and looked at the new courthouse and the country club, and the pesthouse, and the pumping station, and all the time I was thinking how happy I could be with the "Newgate Calendar," reading the dying words of Sixteen-String Jack, or the account of the passing of Lord Ferrers, who was hanged with a silken rope.

We got home from the drive, and I discovered that Bill had told all his neighbors I was coming, and they were assembled at the house, and I held quite a levee, bowing right and left with old-world grace, until my suspenders gave way. There were cards and games and refreshments, and a splendid time was had by one and all, both great and small, as the local paper said on the following Friday; but when the guests were all gone, and the garlands dead, there was no rest for the weary. Mrs. Hepburn dug up three or four old plush-covered albums and began showing me pictures of all her relatives. Most of them wore side-whiskers, and seemed particularly obnoxious, but I pretended that they were making a great hit.

After a while they permitted me to go to bed and I tossed around a long time before sleep, balmy sleep, closed my eyes. I was just dreaming that the creek on my farm was pure gasoline, when there was a great rapping at the bedroom door. Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door. I roused myself and opened the door, and there was Bill with a big quilt. "I was afraid there wasn't enough cover on your bed, as it's turning cold outdoors," he said. I am glad now that there wasn't an ax convenient to my hand. I feel sure I'd (*Continued on page 60*)

Three Acres and A Cow



A Glance at Labor "Unrest"

By G. K. Chesterton

"There is but one way to make a poor man conservative—that's to give him something to conserve!" This is the verdict of Chesterton, one of the most brilliant of the British thinkers. And the British have certainly had opportunity to observe labor unrest at its very zenith.

IT has become a habit among journalists like myself to refer to the very real proletarian problems and perils of the hour as the Labor Unrest. Like most customs in common use it has some relation to common sense, or at any rate to convenience. It has that preliminary air of impartiality so necessary to our opening statements if employers and employed are to trust our equity.

At any rate it does not imply praise like the word reform, or imply blame like the word rebellion. It saves us from talking about Bolshevism, a wide pasture for bores. It debars us from discussing whether a Socialist is really a Bolshevist; which is exactly like discussing whether a Snark is really a Boojum. And it has the advantage of covering a wide range of many shades and degrees of discontent, which is convenient for the general critic; and especially for those comfortable critics who can draw no fine distinction between a man merely murmuring, as if in his sleep, that the sensation of starvation is unpleasant, and another man whose unrest might almost be said to amount to fidgets; as when he burns down a village, or delivers a Russian lady to Chinese tortures.

NEVERTHELESS, while we may find it convenient to use the title as a formality, it is in a sense our first duty to expose it as a fallacy. And the fallacy is unfortunately one lying very far back in the argument, so to speak, at the beginning of all the modern mistakes on this subject. The most modern of all mistakes consists in being modern; that is, in knowing nothing but news, which concerns only the end of a story; and in being ignorant of history and philosophy, which contain the beginning of the story. The modern man comes in late for everything, and then boasts of having heard the very latest thing. In fact he has heard of fashions and never heard of customs; and the most lamentable effect of his loss of all power of returning on the past is that he cannot even return upon his own words; he never examines his own phrases, or asks what they mean or even what he means by them. Thus he slips into the phrase about Labor Unrest, not as a convenience but as an ultimate concept; and as an ultimate concept it is all raving nonsense. And it so happens that the analysis of this verbal fallacy is perhaps the most rapid approach to the proletarian problem, and to the discovery of a real solution to it, consistent with stability and sanity. The shortest way of stating it is to say that what we complain of is not labor unrest, but labor rest; or that what we resent is not labor, but the absence of labor. Labor is unrest; it is by definition unrest. And the next point to note is that this preliminary principle would be true, even if we were dealing with far more contented and consolidated forms of labor than we are. It would be true of that most settled and most satisfied of all types of laborer, the slave.

As will appear later, the slave is far from being an irrelevant figure in this discussion; and among the alternative possibilities of the future it is very far from impossible that men may return to the stern creed, though not, I fear, to the strong candor of Calhoun. If negro or negrophile opinion be alarmed at this hint, I hasten to add that the equality of races would be strictly and even reverently observed by extending slavery from black people to white. Here I only assume, for the momentary purpose of argument, that we are dealing with the least-mutinous tradition of manual labor; with that slavery which had long flourished in the paganism of the Roman Empire, or that negro slave-trade in New York and the Colonies which was one of the first fruits of the paganism of the Renascence.

IF we simplify the whole to the single figure of a slave, and call him Uncle Tom or Uncle Remus (according to our sympathies in the Civil War) we must suppose him a Jack-of-all-trades who has performed all manual labors. He is a servant who has made the bed, in the unusual sense of also making the bedstead. He has laid the table, in a sense more literal than that of laying the table-cloth.

Now suppose that Uncle Tom, in the very act of handing round the tea in the drawing-room, were to lie down flat on the drawing-room carpet and suddenly go to sleep. The situation would deserve to be described, in the modern manner, as a social problem. But the problem would not consist in the restlessness of the African; the problem would rather inhere in his repose. It would not be a case, as the poet says, of that unrest that men miscall delight; but rather of a somewhat static and even negative form of delight, which men just now are miscalling unrest. To the eye of flesh it might seem sufficient to say that Uncle Tom was asleep; but in economic definition it would be quite reasonable to say that Uncle Tom was on strike. And I admit I should not blame that noble savage if when he woke, or possibly was awakened, he reminded us of certain real truths that all our talking and writing tend to forget. First, even a slave might make the humorous complaint that we only became conscious of his bodily existence when he was actually lying on the carpet; and that we never even looked at him so long as he was beating the carpet or nailing down the carpet, to say nothing of weaving, dyeing and cutting out the carpet. He might possibly reply to the charge of unrest by saying that he had been restless all day, and all the days of his life. And finally, he might possibly add that he had been restless that we might rest.

But we are not dealing with a static and more or less satisfied condition like that of the slave. The proletarian is really restless in another and abnormal sense, besides that general sense in which I have defined all work as restlessness. The proletarian was not always unrestful in the sense that he was always working; unlike the slave, he was always unrestful in the sense that he was always worrying. It is not so much that he now rejects his position as a poor wage-earner, as that he never really accepted it. The new industrial panics are like those posters and papers which announce a rebellion in Ireland; as if there had ever been anything else, since the Irish have never admitted that they owe loyalty to the law imposed on them.

In any case, slavery is a very ancient thing; but capitalism is a very recent thing, if indeed a thing at all, and not rather an uncompleted change from one thing to another. Slavery is a state; but capitalism is only a stage; a transitional stage, not only in the last two or three years, but in the last two or three centuries. Many far-seeing people are already convinced that the capitalist stage will end in the servile state. It is my hope here to suggest the line of social development which will save us from slavery and also from anarchy; but the point for the moment is the transitional character of most things associated with modern industry. Capitalism, so far from being, as the Victorians seem to have thought it, the solid, practical and permanent thing, has been a tenuous vanishing, and even visionary thing.

IT is often said, and as I think truly, that the collectivism preached by the Socialists is an impossible ideal. It is a fact less often noticed, perhaps, that the competition preached by the Manchester School was also an impossible ideal. The Manchester imagined by the Manchester School was a Utopia, a Paradise on paper, quite as absent from human history as an Socialist Utopia described in "Looking Backward" or "News from Nowhere." The Individualists as they were called conceived a world of free competition and free contract between individual and individual without reference to the fact that one individual was rich and the other poor. But it was really felt from the first that competition was as superhuman an ideal as communism.

From the very first both the rich and poor marched steadily in the direction of monopoly; the rich in the Trust and the poor in the Trade Union. Industrial Capitalism began to make rings almost as soon as it began to make rails; and the first proletarian movements were not toward anarchism, still less toward anarchy, but toward the almost military discipline of the medieval guild. So, far from a scramble of highly individualized individuals, the story has ended in a war between two highly socialized and even highly centralized states.

The reason is very simple; it is that the ideal of Manchester never was the ideal. So absolute is the refusal of anarchy in the human soul that even when academic anarchy is taught in the schools and colleges it is not accepted even among the rebels or the rabble; though the rich are actually preaching cutthroat competition, though the poor are actually provoked to cutting throats, the result is not chaos, but rather one cosmos in collision with another cosmos; two orders or, if you will, two tyrannies, each terrible as an army with banners.

HEREIN lies the real truth, or half truth, which has led to the use of the illogical phrase about unrest.

The truth can only be expressed by the simile of a snapshot. The illustrated papers are full of instantaneous photographs; and all our journalism is in itself a kind of instantaneous photography. It has the character which belongs to all that art; that everything looks very stiff (*Continued on page 8*)

Resurrection Rock

By Edwin Balmer

Illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer



She crept halfway downstairs and waited, her muscles taut all through her.

WHEN Ethel was finally obliged to reply to her grandfather's questions she only repeated the fact of her meeting with Barney Loutrelle as she had related it over the telephone. Of course it did not satisfy the elderly man; and he stood in the snow studying her, while, in answer to his demands, she told him further circumstances of her first words with the stranger.

"I heard him asking about St. Florentin," she said. "No one knew where it was. I told him."

"All right; all right; go on."

"So he got off at Quesnel; I did, too. Asa was there and we borrowed his skis for Mr. Loutrelle; and came to Wheedon's road together."

"All right; all right," her grandfather jerked again, curtly. He kicked his feet out of his snowshoes and sat down on the side of the sled, hooking the shoes up with his toes and laying them on the sled floor. "Drive on, Sam."

THE Indian, who had frankly turned about in his seat to glean any information about the stranger who had gone to Wheedon's delayed a minute more while he lit a fresh cigaret from the stub of the old one. His beady, black eyes, half closed by the fat of his cheeks as he drew at his cigaret, squinted at Lucas. Sam had become aware, quite as well as had Lucas, that Ethel was concealing interesting details; and he observed now that the old man had given up questioning her because of his presence. Accordingly Sam now volunteered:

"I tell 'em 'bout Bagley come. They want to know."

He made the statement casually and quite without taking sides in the opposition which had sprung up between the girl and the old man. Sam was concerned simply in developing more facts.

"Loutrelle asked about Bagley?" Lucas challenged Ethel.

"I did," Ethel returned. "When Sam said someone had come to the Rock, I asked who."

Lucas glanced at Sam, who was ready for more conversation; but immediately the old man remembered himself and looked down the road. "Drive on, Sam," he commanded again. He would not question an Indian about affairs of his granddaughter.

Sam started the horses and gazed away to the distant Rock. "Damn funny business," he repeated his comment cheerfully; and except for the breathing of the mares, the scrape and slap of harness straps and the creak of the wood runners in the snow, there was silence. Over the hillock the sound of singing had died away.

Ethel sat silent beside her grandfather, who soon offered talk about uncontentious family matters—how his son Lucas was feeling this winter and what he said about Bolshevism.

"Feed the fools? Feed the fools?" the old man mocked when Ethel related what her uncle thought. "Machine-gun them, I say. What's the matter with Lucas and his rotten soft generation? That boy Bennet back from Camp Taylor, yet?"

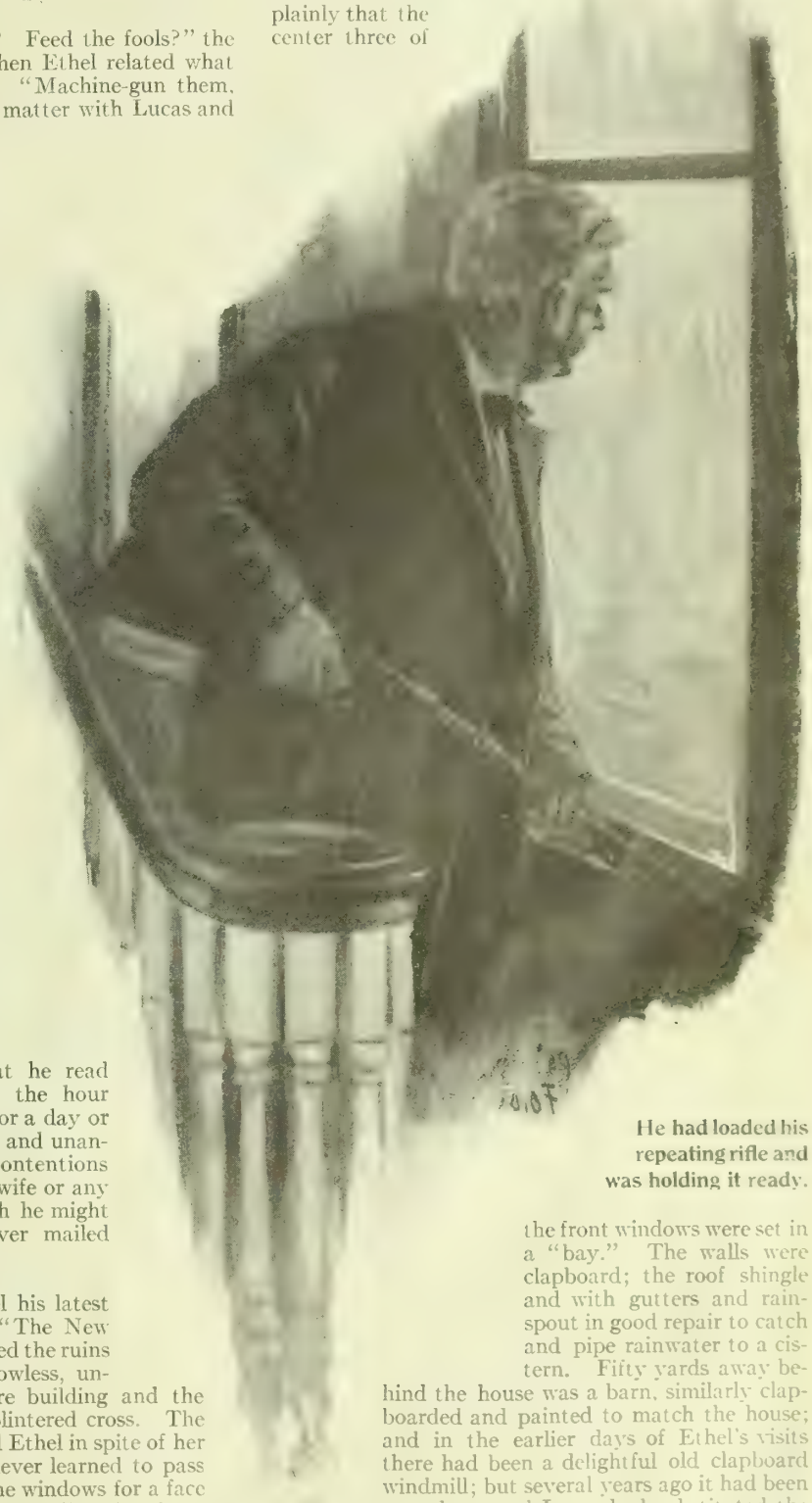
"Yes, grandfather," Ethel said.

"Hope the army put some stiff backbone into him. We're going to need backbone, I see. Where is Bennet? In your uncle's office again?"

Ethel related the details of her cousin's return to business in the Chicago office and items about Aunt Myra's activities in relief organizations while her grandfather interjected curt criticisms or grunts of approval. His mind always had been keenly alert; he still had excellent eyes, and since his withdrawal to St. Florentin he had become an indefatigable reader, subscribing not only to all local newspapers and to one daily from Chicago but to more than a score of magazines, ranging from "The Wall Street Journal" and "The Chicago Economist," of which he partly approved, to "The New Republic" and "The Nation," which infuriated him so that he read them through usually upon the hour they arrived; and thereafter for a day or two he would compose biting and unanswerable rejoinders to their contentions which he would repeat to his wife or any guest in the house, and which he might even write out. But he never mailed them.

HE was rehearsing to Ethel his latest retort for the editor of "The New Republic" when the sled reached the ruins of the old village—the windowless, unroofed shacks, the rifted store building and the church with the gray, wind-splintered cross. The emptiness of the place affected Ethel in spite of her many former visits; she had never learned to pass through without glancing at the windows for a face or looking for doors to open and listening for a sound. But her grandfather did not turn his head or pause in his recital of his sarcastic paragraphs. Sam Green Sky also sat motionless, smoking and looking toward the great, rambling "cottage" which was looming on the top of the next slope. Lucas had had his home painted a brownish-red last summer, with a trim done in a lighter shade of brown which brought out the bold, ungraceful lines of the porch running across the whole front of the house and extending about halfway back on both sides.

THE house faced south toward the lake, but it had doors on all sides. An even, uncompromising row of windows—seven to the south, six to the west—looked out under the porch roof; above the porch, the second-floor windows exactly matched the lower rows; and there you could see more plainly that the center three of the front windows were set in a "bay." The walls were clapboard; the roof shingle and with gutters and rainspout in good repair to catch and pipe rainwater to a cistern. Fifty yards away behind the house was a barn, similarly clapboarded and painted to match the house; and in the earlier days of Ethel's visits there had been a delightful old clapboard windmill; but several years ago it had been torn down and Lucas had substituted the neat, low, flat-roofed structure which now stood over the deep-driven well and



He had loaded his repeating rifle and was holding it ready.



Terror snatched at her heart. Blood matted the white hair under his neck, had frozen and dried there.

sheltered the gasoline engine which pumped water to the house and generated electricity for light and power.

Everyone was well at the house and everything was going well there, Lucas had assured in reply to Ethel's questions. The persons whom he grouped under "everyone" were his wife and "Miss Platt" and "Miss Platt's husband." Long ago, when Lucas still had his office upon Dearborn Street in Chicago, Miss Platt had been his private secretary; she had been about thirty, then—a large-boned, firmly built, phlegmatic woman with dull, hazel eyes and lusterless, sand-colored hair. She was one of those women so lacking in feminine charm as to be set down, thoughtlessly, as almost sexless, but whom undisclosed fires of passion consume.

SHE had a clear head and an orderly disposition together with a capacity for secretiveness which had made her worth thirty-five hundred a year to Lucas Cullen in those old days when demagogues were "investigating" his affairs. This salary, with its prospects of increase as the attacks upon Lucas became more savage, was sufficient to enable her to attract a lazy, good-looking youth named Merrill Kincheloe, seven years younger than herself. She married him and thereafter supported him, to her employer's exceeding disgust. Lucas never let her marriage change her name to him and, when he had been obliged to refer to Kincheloe, it had been always as "Miss Platt's husband." She had left the Cullen employ when Lucas "retired"; but a few years ago he had sent for her; and with her came her husband—for some of the time, at least. He spoke of himself as a "road salesman" to explain his long absences and Miss Platt pretended that, when he went away, it was on business.

By the statement that everything was going well, Lucas meant that he had capable house-servants—two in number just now, a half-blood Indian woman named Mrs. Singlewolf and her daughter Naomi who wintered at St. Florentin after the summer boarding-houses in Petoskey closed. All but Miss Platt's husband were at the door as the sled drew up before the porch; and Ethel felt a rush of love as she saw her grandmother. She was a little woman, thin and shrunken now, but erect, with spirit unbroken by her many years; far more than her husband she made Ethel think of life in the timberlands when her husband and she were young. He spoke often of those old days; and she seldom; but his talk was of the millions of feet of lumber which he had made a tract of land furnish to the saws while her few remembrances were of homely happenings like weddings and births and deaths of the people of the old forest. Ethel had not seen her grandmother since her father had died; and she had not realized till now that her grandmother was dearer to her than anyone living. So she cried a little as she kissed her soft wrinkled cheek. "There; there, Debsie; Debsie," the old lady patted and comforted her, calling the granddaughter by the daughter's name; and her own old eyes were wet.

Ethel shook hands with Miss Platt and said a few words to the Indians. Sam bore Ethel's bag through the hall and up the stairs and she followed to the room on the second floor which always had been hers. It was a large, pleasant room, almost square, with windows on the south and on the west. It was heated by a big iron register in the center of the floor which brought hot air from the wood furnace in the basement; but the room also possessed a Franklin stove in which maple logs were burning hotly.

Sam officiously adjusted the drafts of the stove delaying to speak to Ethel alone.

"Look here: I talk too much?"

"Oh no," Ethel denied.

"Don't want to make you no trouble," Sam apologized, handsomely; and departed. Then Ethel's grandmother came in, carrying a tray with hot cocoa and a dish of rice and a plate of rolls and fruit preserve. Ethel hugged her again and thanked her; and the old lady patted Ethel's hand, said the jam was made from their own raspberries and departed. Ethel had tried not to betray that she wanted to be alone; but her grandmother always understood such things; and Ethel knew she was not offended.

NOW that the door was closed, Ethel deserted her tray and went to the window overlooking the lake. The Rock, except that it was closer, had altered in no aspect from the hour before; not enough time had passed to permit Barney Loutrelle to reach it, so Ethel scanned the ice-sheet and the snow for sign of a moving figure. She made out a dark dot two miles or more away; and dragging her table nearer the window, she watched the dot while she ate.

Slowly it approached the Rock; and Ethel thought of the telescope which her grandfather used in the open season to identify ships passing in the channel for the Straits; it usually hung in a case in a closet off the hall; and, going to the closet, she found the case in place but the telescope was gone. Returning to her window she glanced toward the projecting "bow" of three windows in front of her grandfather's room, and through the side window she saw the end of the telescope tube and her grandfather's hand holding it to point toward the speck approaching the Rock. She could not see her grandfather's face—just the end of the telescope and his right hand and forearm steadily supporting the tube, so steadily that his tension amazed her.

She looked quickly to the lake; but she could not see the speck of the man moving out there as he had vanished into the shadow on the north side of the Rock. She waited for him to climb to the top, straining her eyes to see him where he should approach the house; but she could discern nothing but the bulk of the Rock with the snow-covered house merged into it. She glanced to her grandfather's window. His hand still was holding the telescope pointed; through it he was seeing—what? And why should he care so much? What influence supplied that steadiness to his hand to hold the glass, intent so long?

Suddenly he had become conscious that she observed him; or perhaps he had seen all that he wished. On the Rock, Barney Loutrelle had gone into the house perhaps. At any rate, the old man's hand lowered and drew back; the telescope was gone.

Ethel shivered and retreated from her window, standing by the stove while she finished her cocoa which she had let become cold. She went to the table where Sam had left her traveling bag and began to unpack. It was remarkable that whereas early that morning her business which was bringing her here had so absorbed her that she could not sleep, now the affairs of a stranger had made her almost forget her own. She had thought of changing her clothes when she reached this room; but she merely took off her shirt-waist and bathed her face and arms. Instead of getting into a dress, she put on a clean shirt-waist and her suit again, keeping on her boots in order to be ready to go outdoors.

SHE removed the bundle of business papers over which she had been puzzling on the train and, separating a few sheets of summaries, she folded them in her hand and went downstairs to the big, clut-

ered room at the southwest corner of the house which er grandfather called his office. The door was open nd a fire was glowing, half burnt out, upon the wide earth within; but no one was there when Ethel en-ered. She always had liked this big room which really as less an office than a museum of trophies from her randfather's long life; but now she was conscious of omething more than her old curiosity as she moved bout before the articles on display—a framed wood-ut of Lincoln printed in 1860 by the little Ohio news-aper for which Lucas Cullen had worked when a oy; souvenirs which he had picked up in Virginia—e had been only sixteen when he ran away and joined he Army of the Potomac; his discharge papers; ictures of men, prominent and powerful in their ays of the '70's in Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin nd Illinois, but now forgotten; here was the framed enu of a dinner to him at the old Tremont House n Chicago; faded and drooping cockades from the laine convention and the Harrison campaign; an scription from Robert Ingersoll and one from Lyman rumbull.

THE furniture of the room also was composed of trophies—the scarred and shabby desk pitted ith black holes where great men, in arguing with ucas, had laid their lighted cigars; the old, haircloth ounge, the rows of brittle-backed books—faded rown and yellowish green and blue—contending rojects and issues of two generations ago. Only in e corner where Miss Platt had her desk and type-riter table was a patch of modern office furnishings ith vertical filing-cases and card-index boxes.

A pile of newly typed sheets upon Miss Platt's desk dicated to Ethel that her grandfather had been un-sually busy that morning; but the prominent letter-ead of a Methodist missionary society suggested at his activities might have been concerned with the ligious work which recently had begun to claim uch of his time. She turned away to the fire, think-g of her grandfather dictating his letters to e missionaries in Africa and India and alaysia whom he supported; then came an age of him as she had seen him standing the hill looking at Barney Loutrelle; and recalled his hand, so remarkably steady and tent, holding the glass toward the Rock.

"Ethel!" she heard his voice calling her. e had come downstairs and was looking r her in the sitting-room. She hurried the door as she replied. "Oh; there," he returned. "All right; ay there." And, as she re-eated, he came into the room d closed the door behind him. Forgot you came on business," said, looking at the papers hich she held. "Business," he peated to himself; then, to her, All right; let me hear it."

He sank down into the chair fore his desk which was a ivel chair that tipped back hen he threw his weight into

In order to keep balanced hunched slightly forward and th the toe of his shoe he pulled t the desk drawer nearest to e floor and rested his leg upon

There are attitudes taken by ry old persons which may sud-nly shear years from them in ite of wrinkled skin and white-ss of hair and dullness of eye; r when an old man forgets for e moment that he is aged, a row-back in his mind causes m to follow a physical habit scarded decades earlier. Lucas llen was following such a habit w, resting his foot upon the awer, hunching his big shoulders ward his granddaughter and th one of his large, bony hands half-nched upon his desk. His other hand nt to his forehead and he combed his ir with his fingers; he had as much hair ever he had had in the days when his ick, intractable mat was his mark of rest identification in newspaper cartoons.

ETHEL felt that she was seeing him almost as he must have been in the gor of his great deeds of the time of the emont House dinner and the cockades the wall. He took his hand from his hair d, without glancing away from her, he mbled in a pigeonhole, found a big cigar and put it between his lips, chewing it and leaving it unlighted. Vacancy had come to his eyes; and she knew, though he stared at her, his thought had gone from the "business" which brought her and had run into distant memories of events underlying his relation to her father's affairs. "Let me hear it," he commanded once more, coming back to himself.

"I've come for money, grandfather," she confessed at once. "A good deal of money, some of which I need immediately." She knew it was better to confess that unpleasant fact at once rather than to start with reasons and have him break in upon her, as she had heard him interrupt other pleaders, with his demand, "Well; well; what does all this talk lead to? Money, I suppose."

He said part of that anyway. "I supposed it was money Well, how much?"

"I've the total here; the dates mean the time when I ought to have the different amounts," she explained, trembling in spite of herself when she took the top sheet from the papers folded in her hand and spread it before him. She turned and went to the fire so as not to see him when he began to scrutinize it.

"All right; all right," his voice, deep and rasping, brought her around to him again. He liked to employ, in ejaculations, words which bore a meaning opposite to the tone in which he spoke. "Now why do you need this small change which you've marked 'immediate'? Why won't to-morrow do for a dollar or so of that?"

Ethel faced him, biting her lips before she trusted herself to reply; she knew that he did not mean to-morrow literally and that this was his favorite way of speaking when he wished to torment one whom he held at a disadvantage; yet she found herself saying. "To-morrow will do, grandfather; or indeed next week will do wonderfully, if I can be sure of that first amount. I've written the names of the places where I want to put the money after each item; you have them, you see."

"They mean nothing whatever to me; your father refrained from taking me into his affairs."

She knew that this latter statement was true; but the other was not. She recently had learned that her grandfather had informed himself fully about her father's business; nevertheless she recognized that for purposes of his own he meant to force her to explain as if he were completely ignorant.

"Those are the names of irrigation and development companies and water-power plants in Montana and Wyoming, mostly, with one in Idaho. Their names show their location, grandfather; the first five are almost ready for operation; the others are not. I want the money marked 'immediate' to complete the first five and get them running. If I do not do that, the leases—or the purchase contracts—will lapse."

"That's too bad. Who made the leases and contracts?"

"My father"

"When?"

"Some of them many years ago; others more recently. The dates of the leases are here." She furnished him with another sheet of figures.



He looked about suddenly and saw her. "What d'you want here?" he demanded.

HE only grunted as he glanced over it and stopped chewing his cigar.

He found a match in his vest pocket and, scratching it under his desk, he lighted his cigar now and, laying down the papers, he leaned back, puffing.

"All right; what happens if they lapse?"

"Father's interest—my interest now," Ethel said quietly, "of course is lost. I suppose I'm thinking a good deal about that; I know I'm thinking a lot about having the things which father worked at so hard succeed; but that's not most important. It's to see that father's friends and our neighbors out West—and neighbors and friends include a whole lot of all sorts of people in Wyoming and Montana—to see that they get their money back. Some of them put all they had into these companies, they trusted father so. They thought he was going to live and see everything through." (*Continued on page 60*)

I Get an All-Day Job

The Story of Marie Ganz

Illustrated by M. Leone Bracker

From seven in the morning to seven at night in a button factory was 13-year-old Marie Ganz's first real introduction to the Labor Problem.



I found there was nothing easy about the life of an errand girl.

ONE day, on entering the shop from which I daily took home to my mother a bundle of skirts, which I had by this time learned to balance on my head, I became conscious that something had gone wrong. The hands were not at the machines; they stood about in groups, silent and sullen. As I walked in the boss snatched the skirts and threw them into a pile on the floor. I was accustomed to having the skirts counted, but this time he let them lie where he had tossed them and turned his back on me. Yes, surely something was wrong; perhaps the boss was not going to pay us. I was frightened. What could we do if we failed to get what he owed us? There was not a penny in the house, and we owed the corner grocer for rolls and milk. Our pay was not due until the next day, but I made up my mind to ask for it at once.

"Pay me!" I cried, confronting the boss. "Pay me!"

"I will pay you to-morrow."

"No; pay me now. Mine moder needs money."

"Go home! What wants that fresh child from me? I will pay you to-morrow."

The glint of rising anger was in his eyes, and I knew he would not pay me, no matter how persistent I might be—not that day, at least.

I went home, but I did not tell mother of what had happened at the shop or of my fear that we should not get our money. Worries enough she had already; why should I add to them? Early the next morning, before school, found me banging at the door of the shop. It was locked. Only a dismal silence answered my knocks and kicks. The boss had gone—gone and taken with him the four dollars and sixty-nine cents we had earned, the only money we could look forward to.

"What'll we do! What'll we do!" I cried, my eyes full of tears.

I stared down at the stone pavement of the alley far below me, and felt for a moment like throwing myself over the railing. It would be quick and certain death, and the four dollars and sixty-nine cents would worry me no more. But I was sensible enough to realize that without me mother's troubles would be greater than ever, and I drew back against the wall away from my temptation.

Some one had crept up the stairs and was standing beside me. It was a girl, one of the hands in the shop, whom I knew only by her first name, Anna. She was more than twice as old as I, but no taller, and very thin and frail. At that moment there was a wild look in her eyes and her face was white and haggard.

"Is the door still locked?" she asked.

"It is locked, yet," I answered. "And the boss is gone—gone with our money."

"Yes, he is gone—gone with my seven dollars, the seven dollars I earned in six fourteen-hour shifts, the money I worked like a slave for."

SHE sat down on the top step and buried her face in her hands. I noticed how white and frail those hands were, how worn and misshapen with hard work.

"I was saving up to go to Denver," she said listlessly. "I have something the matter with my lungs, and they told me I could get well only by going there."

I remember that as I stood with my back flattened against the door her hands caught my attention again and I stared at them fascinated, they were so different from the broad, stubby, practical hands I was accustomed to. They would have been beautiful if they had not been so emaciated, so calloused with work—the hands of an artist, slender, long fingers—wonderfully expressive. Perhaps some aristocrat of generations ago whom she had never even heard of had bequeathed those hands to her, for surely they did not belong to the ghetto.

Yet I scarcely think I could have felt much pity for her then. I was too young to be touched very deeply by the pathos of such an incident; and, besides, I was altogether too busy with my own worries to give much thought to those of others. That locked door meant misery for me too, though I was well and strong and with all life before me not hopeless and disillusioned as was that pitiful wreck of girlhood, broken on the rack of the sweatshop.

Out in the middle of the street I came to my decision. There was only one thing to be done. "Mineself, I'll find an all-day job," I resolved. I was thirteen years old, and I felt that I had learned a great deal in school—enough to get through life with. I knew now how to use much better English than most of the people of our neighborhood, and I knew many other things that most of the grown-ups had never learned.

SO at last it was decided, after mother had shed many tears and had used many arguments against it. It was a hard-driven lot of girls in that button factory. We had to begin work at seven o'clock in the morning, and we kept at it until seven in the evening, except for an hour off for lunch in the middle of the day. A uniform wage scale prevailed among the younger girls of two dollars and fifty cents a week. If a girl came even a few minutes late the lost time was charged against her pay. Our work consisted of counting and assorting buttons and putting small pearl buttons on cards. We were not permitted to talk to each other. Sometimes some girl, unable to endure the silence any longer, would begin humming a tune, which would be taken up by others near her. Marks, the foreman, would question us until he had learned who began the singing. Then he would deduct three hours from her pay. If any girl objected to this treatment she was told to look for work elsewhere. It was my first real job and I was afraid of losing it, so I tried hard to keep silent. But for a lively young girl to be forced to keep her mouth shut for eleven hours is torture; it almost drove me wild. It seemed to me that Marks had no other object in life than to make us girls forget how to talk, forget how to smile or laugh. All day long his sharp little eyes were upon us, watching, watching, seeming to glitter with the hope of catching us in the act of breaking some rule and of pouncing upon us. There was never any sympathy in his face. The fact that we were only children—forlorn, overworked, browbeaten little girls to whom were denied all the pleasures of life—never softened him.

Poverty! Oh, I know what it is!

Don't talk to me of its blessings. It hasn't any. Only old men with huge fortunes talk of its brighter side—old men who, if they ever knew poverty at all, knew it so long ago that they have forgotten its miseries. How I hate to hear them try to cheer the unfortunate by prating of the burdens of wealth and of their envy of the simple life of the poor. Go down into the ghetto, and learn there what poverty means.

All through my childhood I never had a toy except an old rag-doll; I never knew the joy of having a pretty new dress; I never saw the fields and woods or the seashore in summer; I never even went to a show. From the day my father died, when I was seven years old, I never had time to play; I forgot how to play. The hours when I was not in school meant work, work, work, from early morning to late at night. Oh, yes, I know what poverty is.

FOR three years there was no break in that grinding routine of struggling to keep the home together, until, when I was getting to be quite a big girl, Zalmon Eckstoff got married. A great event in our block was Zalmon's wedding and a still greater event in my life, for it was the first big social affair I had ever attended. The bride was Sadie Burick—a lucky match for Zalmon, for she could earn eight dollars a week in a skirt factory as she had done for years, and he had been out of a job for three months.

At every wedding in our neighborhood there was a good deal of wrangling and disputing, but feeling ran higher at Zalmon's than was usual at such affairs. As soon as the ceremony in the synagogue was over the fact that the scene of the ensuing festivities had been set at Mrs. Zulinsky's home under the auspices of the Eckstoffs instead of at Mrs. Burick's almost precipitated a panic.

According to custom the wedding festival should have been held at the home (*Continued on page 54*)



"Don't you want a dairymaid on your Times Square farm?" she asked.

By-Products of Babylon

By Albert Payson Terhune

Illustrated by Baron Gayne de Meyer

IT cost Royce Marvin three days of hard work, innumerable dollars' worth of time and bribe-money and all the luck and ingenuity he could scrape together,—for the privilege of winning his way to a corner of the draughty and dusty and scenery-littered theatrical hinterland known to outsiders as "behind the scenes."

It cost Laurette Bynner nothing, apparently, but her time, to keep Royce waiting there so long and at length to end his sneeze-punctuated vigil by appearing at the foot of the twisty iron stairs that led earthward from the show-girls' dressing-room.

Very demure, very sedate, and a little regal, she advanced among the dusty shadows toward her waiting swain. With a smile whose cynicism was veiled by a tinge of glad eagerness, Royce Marvin strode forward to grip her carelessly outthrust little hand.

"It was good of you," he said, briefly; and he added: "My car is at the end of the alley. I ordered supper for eleven-thirty. Shall we hurry?"

She nodded assent. At his side she moved past a knot of uninterested stage-hands and toward the door. On the threshold she nodded again; this time in good-night to Mosher, the stage doorkeeper.

It is one of the hard-and-fast rules of a stage-story that the doorkeeper must come in for a paragraph of description. Generally, he is old and speaks with a brogue; and is as chilled steel to the fresh youths and frail maidens who seek to beguile him. But his hard old eye always softens and his gruff voice grows gentle when the heroine trips past him. He has been known to lend money to her, out of his scant savings; and to save her from disaster by preternaturally wise fatherly advice. Yes, the stage doorkeeper is a remarkable character. Except perhaps in real life.

Mosher, for instance, had no brogue and no "scant savings" and no reservoirs of fatherly advice. He would not have recognized a heroine if he had seen one. So much for Mosher.

As Marvin and Laurette drove through the theater's side-street toward Broadway and to the restaurant where supper awaited them, they spoke for the most part in monosyllables or not at all.

THIS sort of thing was evidently too old a story, to the girl for her to waste words in jabbering to her escort while she was still tired and hungry. Nor did Royce try to force her whim. He was no callow youth on holiday from college. He could afford to wait.

But both he and Laurette Bynner came to life as they breasted the flood of light and music that assailed them when Laurette emerged from the cloakroom to meet the waiting swain. She noted the headwaiter's suave servility to Royce as she entered the big dining-room. She heard Marvin's tired voice toss the adoring autocrat a patronizing "Ah, Gavroche!" as they were convoyed to a palpably desirable table in an alcove.

Headwaiter and captain and two regular waiters and a bus fluttered fussily around this table as the pair seated themselves. So much so that several other guests glanced envyingly at the man and the girl thus singled out as members of Broadway's Midnight Aristocracy.

THERE was no tedious selecting of food. All this, patently, had been done in advance by Marvin. The whole meal was perfect in appointment and its ordering showed an artist's touch.

"It was good of you to come here with me," Marvin was saying again, when Laurette's attention strayed back to him.

He spoke as might a monarch who seeks to set at ease a visiting diplomat. His words themselves were all but humble. But their underlying manner told of calm mastery.

"I was afraid you might refuse," he went on. "Even when I enclosed with my invitation that introduction note from your show's press-agent. I have wanted so much to meet you! I drifted in to the Olympia, by chance; night before last; in a dull hour between a dinner and a dance. And I saw you. That was why I went to the Olympia again, last night and to-night. Thank you for wearing the violets," he broke off, glancing at her corsage.

"Oh, I rather like violets," she assured him, her slim fingers toying among the blossoms. "They aren't orchids, of course; but—well, somehow I like them better."



"I think I like you," she said. "You know how to play. Most men don't."

"I hoped you might," he said. "And I knew they would love *you*. That's why I sent them. They seemed to suit you, better than orchids or——"

"AM I such a shrinking little woodflower as all that?" she laughed, mockingly; continuing, as in doubt: "Violets *are* woodflowers, aren't they? Somehow, one thinks of them that way. And the lyric-writers speak of them as blossoming near brooks. Or is it orchids that blossom near brooks? I'm afraid I don't know much about rural matters. I love the country, of course. But the car always whizzes past the places where brooks grow. The only times it slows down is at road-houses. Violets don't grow at road-houses. I know that much natural history, you see."

"You're quite right," he assented. "Nothing grows at road-houses; except prices and the landlord's bank-roll. I'm afraid I can't help you out to any extent in your natural-history lesson. I love the country as much as you do. But somehow I never seem to find time to go there;—except for house-parties and such things. And one might as well be in the city as at those. Some day I shall buy a farm and learn all about it. In fact, I've picked out the location. It's a region known at present as 'Times Square.' When I have my farm there, I shall change the name to 'Marvin's Glen.' And—— But you aren't drinking anything," he interrupted himself. "Have I happened on a wine you don't care for? Let me——"

"No," she contradicted. "No. It's delicious. And," shifting the subject, "it's interesting to hear you tell about your Times Square farm. Don't you want a competent dairymaid to work for you? I'm sure I can borrow one of the second-act milkmaid costumes the pony-girls use. And I feel cert in I'd enjoy straying along Forty-second Street, paging the cows and plucking violets."

"I'll have no idlers on my farm!" he declared with much sternness. "Stopping in your work to pick violets, eh? While I am up to my eyes in such grinding daily toil as digging out toothsome tomatoes from under the rich brown earth, and manicuring the cattle and cultivating the asparagus vines——"

"Asparagus doesn't grow on vines!" she interposed, reprovingly. "I know that much about farming, anyhow. It grows, in bunches, on—on trees or something. Anyhow, I'm sure about the bunches. I've seen them in grill windows. Honestly, I have."

"THAT is beside the point," he insisted. "Whether they grow in bunches or in cans, it is no excuse for you to shirk your job of dairymaid by stopping along the way to pick violets; when you ought to be busy feeding them to the cows and making out neat reports to me as to which cow gives the best buttermilk and which——"

"I think," she said, dreamily, "I think we'll both be escorted to the psychopathic ward if anyone overhears our talk. But—but I think I like you, too. You know how to play. Most men don't. When they aren't trying to make elephantine love, they are



It was evidently too old a story for the girl. She did not waste words in jabbering.

talking about the killings they've made on the Street or else about their cars or——"

"And I think I like you, too," he made grave answer. "You know how to make believe. That's an art. The average girl would have yawned in my face or else she'd have wondered if I was drunk when I began to tell about my dream-farm. Girls don't—understand."

"NEITHER do men," she retorted. "They don't understand, one bit. Even *you* don't. For instance, I believe you are so conceited you don't understand why I came to supper here with you."

"Why," began Royce, disconcerted. "Why,—I—I like to think it was because——"

"It was because I was told to," said Laurette. "You are a chum of one of the dramatic critics. And your banker is a man the chief is anxious to interest in his next production. So I got the tip that there are plenty of showgirls at liberty this season, and that it might be well for me to——"

"I'm sorry!" interrupted the man, stiffly.

"Oh, please don't look like that!" she begged him. "And don't sound as if you had been upholstering your voice with pokers and icicles! I wasn't being horrid. It was just my clumsy way of beginning to tell you how much nicer it is than I had any idea it could be. If I'd known you could talk nonsense and be so—so human, I'd never have needed the hint to make me accept. Honestly, I wouldn't."

The man raised his tired eyebrows, a fraction of an inch; then spoke in the same conventionally easy tone as when first he had greeted her.

"I see," he said. "It's all in the day's work? But it seems rather a pity, doesn't it? There is a twist, somewhere. People ought to have the right to like or dislike each other,—to meet or not to meet,—just as they choose. Instead, you must be nice to a man who may be of use to your manager. I must be nice to a man who may be able to boost one of my stocks. We must be nice to each other because it is on that same artificial niceness that the fabric of our lives is built, here in this Babylon we live in. Suppose we let it go at that? But I envy people who live outside this rackety city that we New Yorkers think is the whole world. People in God's free countryside, who can be neighbors and who can be natural. People in villages who have no rule but their own inclinations in forming friendships. This—all this talk is 'highbrow stuff,' I suppose?" he finished, apologetically; glancing across at the girl in anticipation of the yawn wherewith the typical chorus lassie might have been expected to greet his flight of eloquence.

BUT Laurette Bynner was not yawning. Her big eyes were alight. Her lip was trembling, a very little; but not in a yawn.

"Yes," she assented. "Oh, yes! You're right. We don't know anything outside our own noisy corner of the world, we New Yorkers. It—it must be gorgeous to live where one has neighbors and where one can be friends with people without being misunderstood; and where one doesn't have to be nice to people, for fear of losing a job; and——" (*Continued on page 85*)



Drawn especially for Hearst's Magazine by Lucien Jonas, the famous French war artist.

THE LAST INSPECTION



An infinite pity went out toward the old woman, bowed by sorrow. "He is your only child?" said the judge.

Extenuating Circumstances

By Maurice Level

Illustrated by W. T. Benda

IT was from the newspapers that Françoise learned that her son had been arrested.

At first she was unable to believe it; it was too monstrous.

Her lad, her little lad, so well-be ved, so shy, who just a month ago had spent Easter leave with her; her son a thief and murderer? . . . She seemed to see him standing fore her again in his soldier's uniform, his round ung face smiling and kind; she felt again on her inkled cheeks his hearty good-by kisses, and, filled h happy and peaceful memories of him, she rugged her shoulders, repeating:

"Of course it's a mistake. It's someone else."

Still, there it was, written with a big headline: rime of a Soldier." It had happened in his bar- ks, and his name was there in full.

Bewildered, she crouched in her chair, her spectacles shed up on her forehead, her hands clasped, her uth trembling as she talked to herself in the warm nce of the kitchen, her eyes looking vaguely at the dog lying by the open door, at the tall clock whose w tic-tac gravely marked the time.

Someone came in. She started violently, crying, Who's there?" Recognizing a neighbor, and wish- to hide her agitation, she added:

"I was asleep . . . It's hot . . ."

Habitually reserved and silent, to-day she went on king, talking, asking questions and making replies, ring that she herself might be questioned. As she ered her disjointed sentences, her one thought was: oes she know?"

Unable at last to think of anything else to say, she ipsed into silence. With an odd expression, the ghbor said:

"Is it long since you had news of your son?"

"No . . . This morning."

She did not say how! But as she spoke there came to her an overwhelming desire to be reassured, to be comforted, to hear a voice echo her indignant: "It's a mistake! It's not my lad—how could it be? . . ."

She held out the paper, and trying to speak easily:

"Have you seen this? . . . Queer, isn't it?"

Her throat dry, the tears welling up in her eyes, she added:

"I was so stupid . . . When I saw it first it gave me quite a turn! . . . What a fool! . . ."

The neighbor still remained silent. She repeated:

"But it's strange, isn't it? . . . It's strange! . . ."

"Yes, it's odd there should be two of the same name in the same regiment."

WITH a great sigh of relief the old woman cried:

"That's just what I say! . . . That's it! . . . there are two of them . . . It's not mine! . . ."

"I don't know anything about that," answered the woman. "I'm only asking you . . . It's to be hoped there are . . . because if it's your lad . . . They are saying it was him that robbed the cooper . . . yes, the three hundred francs that were stolen when he was home at Easter."

The mother drew herself up stiffly, white as death.

"How dare they! . . . He never did it . . . never, never! . . . Aren't you ashamed of yourself? . . . What have we done to you that you put everything on us? . . . My poor little lad! . . . Oh, but you shall all see! . . ."

And without shutting the door behind her, without even putting on her sabots, she hurried, almost running, to the railway station.

SHE arrived at the town just as it was striking seven. In the train, instead of diminishing, her fears had grown. She was no longer saying: "It is impossible!" but "Suppose it is true! . . ." The journey had seemed endless, with the villages and fields rushing past her, the telegraph poles rising and falling giddily like a swing. When the train stopped she began to tremble, almost feeling that the moment to know the truth had come too quickly. She was murmuring Paters and Aves, adding her own supplications to the prayers that came mechanically to her lips:

"O, kind Virgin, you could never have let such a thing happen, could you? . . . The beautiful prayers I shall say to you presently! . . ."

Behind the iron gate the courtyard of the barracks stretched white in front of the square buildings. Soldiers were sitting on the steps, chatting in the evening calm. Her boy had taught her the different ranks. She stopped, saying timidly:

"Excuse me, Monsieur le Sergent, I want to ask you something. I want to know . . ."

She hesitated, not daring to show her fear.

"It's this. It's about my son . . . Jules Michon of the 3rd Compagnie . . . I want to know if . . . if I can see him? . . ."

She tried to smile.

"I am his mother . . . his mother . . . No? But why? . . . Where is he? . . . Is he ill? . . . Then why can't I? . . . Yes, I know . . . No, I don't know . . . He has been (Concluded on page 76)

The Casket of Confucius

Crimes of the Arm-Chair Club - VII

By Arthur Somers Roche

Illustrated by Gerald Leake

CRANAHAN rose bulkily to his feet. His blue eyes reflected the light from the candles—fifty-four of them—on the great cake in the center of the table. The reflection was soft, as though there was moisture in the Cranahan orbs.

"All I can say, friends, is—God bless ye all," he said. His voice was choking. His accent, as always when emotion attacked him, was distinctly reminiscent of Dublin. He cleared his throat; it seemed that the throat muscles affected the tear-ducts, for suddenly his eyes gleamed hard. "That is, God bless ye all except one. And may the devil fly away wid him!"

"John Cranahan!" Amazed rebuke was in the tones of the Arm-chair Club's hostess.

Cranahan grinned. "Sure, Kate darlin', 'tis a bit of a joke, that last."

Mrs. Vanderveer sniffed. For a moment it seemed that she intended to question the Cranahan humor, but, apparently, she changed her mind.

She rose and looked around the table. Slowly the color rose to her cheeks. More than one man present felt his heart stir. Kate Vanderveer was forty-five years old, but golf and tennis and riding had kept for her the body of thirty-five, and an unflagging eager interest in life had held for her the clear eyes of youth.

"I will let—John Cranahan, you tell them."

There was the rustle of skirts, and the twelve members of the Arm-chair were alone in the great dining-room, baronial in its proportions, of the Vanderveer country house in Westchester.

Sinsabaugh, more immaculate in the informal evening dress of summer than in the stiffer habiliments of winter, carefully crossed one white-flannel leg over the other.

"Mr. Cranahan has the floor," he announced. "He will now blushingly announce that the heart that has resisted the wiles of eight or ten generations of soft-eyed débutantes, has now yielded to the loveliest lady in the land."

Cranahan glowered at him. "'Tis well for ye, Sinsabaugh me lad, that ye wound up as ye did. Eight or ten generations—I'm fifty-four years old, and not a day beyond. And I can give ye weight for age, ye dandified blackguard!"

THE hardness left his eyes. His grin was wide. "'Tis as Sinsabaugh, the jealous gomeril, says," he laughed. "Ten years of steady assault has won the day for me. Mrs. Kate has consinted to marry me, and——"

His words were drowned in a chorus of congratulation. Glasses clinked, and palms resounded upon the back of the big president of the club. Only Sewall, his whiskers cropped slightly shorter than they were six months ago, dashed a little cold water into the gathering.

"Even money she jilts you, John," he offered.

"Eh?" Cranahan stared.

Sewall shrugged his shoulders jauntily. "You heard me, you big tramp," he shouted. "Even money——"

"Lord save us," ejaculated Cranahan. "Sewall offering a bet——"

"I'll take the other end, then. Even money she marries you," announced Sewall.

Cranahan guffawed. "'Tis action ye want, eh? A little bet——"

A purring sound interrupted him. It came from the thin, once-prim lips of Herriman. In his hand he held two ivory cubes, quaintly marked with lack dots. He kissed them.

"Annabelle, Eloise," he purred. "I took you away from Sewall, who took you from Cranahan, and you know how kind I've been to you. Little sweethearts! Isn't Papa Herriman nice and thoughtful? Don't I remember to take you out to the nice fresh country, and let you attend John Cranahan's birthday party and everything? Could you pos-sib-ly roll a natural for papa?"



She reached out slowly from behind the bush.

$65,000 was the value of the Casket. Nobody left the house that night. All twelve of the members of the Arm-chair Club stood guard. Yet the Casket disappeared, despite these precautions. And who IS Nancy Darrell?

"Enough of this," roared Cranahan. "Herriman, put up those dice! Glory be, six months ago there wasn't a sport in the crowd, and now it's hard to take a breath widout someone wantin' to wager ye'll never draw another!"

Young Dick Bernard laughed out loud as Herriman reluctantly put away the ivory cubes. It was true what Cranahan had said. Six months ago the Arm-chair Club, the most exclusive organization in America, had also been the most dignified. Pillars of finance, society and—in the cases of Sewall and Herriman—of the Church, they had deemed it a wasteful exercise to shake dice or shuffle cards. A few months ago Cranahan had persuaded them that games of chance sharpened the wits, rendered supple the wrist muscles, improved the vocabulary and strengthened the character.

HIS disciples had been quick to learn. But it had not been due merely to Cranahan's Irish persuasion. Among the members of the Arm-chair was a thief! Who he was the honest eleven could not guess. And his depredations had cost the members hundreds of thousands of dollars, besides making them fear that public exposure would injure them irreparably, financially and socially.

For months anxiety and mental strain had tended to make them sullen, suspicious. But recently, when gathered together, unable to hold cheerful discourse together, a tacit understanding had grown up. There was a thief among them. Very well. Ignore his presence.

But one can't hold any conversation with one's neighbor, always suspecting that that neighbor is a criminal, without giving tongue to suspicion. Hence Cranahan's introduction of dice and cards. Twelve men may hate each other, but let one of them introduce a pair of "bones" and hate is momentarily forgotten while the excitement of the throw reigns.

For a moment, as Herriman's dice vanished, uneasiness possessed the gathering. This was not only the birthday of Cranahan, it was seven months to a day since the Arm-chair Club had, in a moment of mutual recklessness, signed an agreement that had banished camaraderie and introduced suspicion. Not a man present but awaited the first of the month with horror. Rather, there was one who awaited it with almost ghoulish delight, but—who was that one?

But Kate Vanderveer reappeared in the great hall before suspicious hate could more than open its beady eyes.

Her blush still remained, and deepened as eleven throats cried congratulation.

"And you think I'm doing wisely?" she asked, finally.

"You could do better," declared Nebidan.

"Jealous," boomed the big voice of Cranahan.

"Of course I am! Who wouldn't be?" retorted the big man of the canning industry.

Cranahan glowed with pride. Mrs. Kate curtsied prettily to Nebidan. In the laughter that followed, suspicion closed its beady eyes.

"You've had your cigars," said Mrs. Vanderveer. "And, anyway, it isn't often that a woman has the chance to entertain twelve men all by herself. I couldn't stay away any longer, and I'm not going again." She turned to her fiancé, "John Cranahan, this is your birthday party. Have you had plenty of ice-cream?"

"Yes, ma'am," grinned Cranahan. "But the cake—do ye cut it, or is it ornament solely?"

Mrs. Vanderveer laughed. "Aren't you supposed to blow out the candles first, John?"

"Right," said Cranahan. "I have three blows, and——"

"Five to one, in hundreds, that you don't blow out thirty in three puffs, John," offered Sewall.

"Go on wid ye," growled Cranahan. His chest grew huge. His florid face turned redder yet; his cheeks puffed out. Then, with a mighty exhalation he accomplished the almost impossible. Fifty-three candles suddenly were quenched.

"Leaving one to grow on, John," shrieked Mrs. Vanderveer.

In the semi-gloom of the great room Bernard's departure was unnoticed. He slipped out as the guests were congratulating Cranahan on his great lung power.

It was all great fun, of course, but—last week Dick Bernard had had a birthday; his twenty-sixth. He

hadn't told anyone about it, and he'd dined alone that night, and miserably taken in a roof show later on.

He hadn't had any fiancée whose engagement to himself he could proudly announce and—it wasn't his fault. It was the fault of Nancy Darrell, the elusive Nancy Darrell! Elusive? Illusive, too. Did she exist? Was she anything more than a figment of imagination. . . . Rot! In the flesh he'd seen her! Seen her dive from an open window of the *Sea-Bird's* cabin into Gloucester harbor, taking with her a portrait whose value Cranahan estimated in the hundreds of thousands. Seen her, dressed in knickers, fly from the waters of a Maine lake in an airplane, accompanied by a hundred thousand dollars of Nebidan's money!

Elusive, yes. Illusive? Only in the sense that she had created a false impression in the heart of Dick Bernard. For she was, his brain told him, a criminal. And his brain presented proof upon proof of her unholy alliance with the unknown criminal of the Arm-chair. What could his heart adduce against the piled-up evidence of his brain?

OUTSIDE upon the wide veranda that fronted a score of acres of lawn and garden he let the breeze play upon his forehead, grown suddenly warm. Idly he watched, in the semi-darkness of the Indian-summer twilight, workmen flitting to and fro, busied with some contrivances that he could not recognize. There was a woman among them he noticed.

Ejaculations of interest from the drawing-room aroused him from his bitter



He pointed, then dropped his hand. Six feet away crouched Nancy Darrell.

reveries. He tried to dismiss Nancy Darrel from his mind as, through French windows, he entered the room where now were gathered the club members and their hostess. Nancy Darrell was a thief, and—any way—Dick Bernard did not interest her. It was this last that hurt more, almost, than the knowledge of her character. Yet, from her slender fingers she had blown him a kiss. . . .

"And is this a birthday present for me, Kate?" he heard Cranahan asking.

"Indeed it isn't, John Cranahan," said the widow emphatically.

Bernard joined the crowd around Cranahan. The big financier held in his hands a box that might have been of gold or of brass, for all Bernard could tell. It was six inches long, perhaps, by three wide, and upon its dulled surface was queer ornamentation.

"A present for you, John Cranahan? I should say not," repeated Mrs. Vanderveer. "Do you know what that is?"

Silence greeted her question. She nodded importantly. "That is the Casket of Confucius," she announced.

"Eh? The Casket of—what?" asked Cranahan.

"Of Confucius, the great Chinese philosopher. In that casket have been kept, until within the last century, some of the most important writings of the philosopher. It is worth—well, the gold itself of which it is made is probably not worth over a thousand dollars. But the ornamentation—it cost sixty-five thousand, John Cranahan."

Cranahan whistled. "You paid that much for it, Kate?"

"Not I. I didn't say so. It belongs to Sallie Wenniker. You know—they have the 'Box,' half a mile down the road?"

"I know where it is," said Sinsabaugh.

"How does it happen to be here?" demanded Cranahan.

She shrugged. "Sallie hasn't a safe in her house. There've been lots of burglaries recently. She asked me to keep it for her until she should go into town next week."

"And where did Sallie Wenniker get sixty-five thousand to pay for a trinket like this?" asked Cranahan. There was incredulity in his tone.

"Her Uncle Bob. A present from him," she replied.

It was sufficient answer. Sallie Wenniker's immensely wealthy Uncle Bob, a Oriental traveler and scholar, could easily afford such a present.

"Get rid of it as quick as you can, Kate," advised Cranahan. "Aside from its value—one never knows about the Orient. That casket probably wasn't manufactured until five hundred years after old Confucius died—if he ever lived—but a lot of Chinamen probably think differently. They'd perhaps risk a lot for it, ugly old thing that it is."

"Ugly!" Mrs. Kate made a noise suspiciously like a sniff. "For a man whose chief business lies in the Orient—John Cranahan, you are no poet."

"Save when I look at you, me dear," responded Cranahan, gallantly.

Mrs. Kate smiled at her burly lover. She placed the casket within a safe, cunningly concealed behind a portrait. Then she turned to her guests.

"This is John's birthday," she said, "and he's had ice-cream and cake—what next, John? We're going to have fireworks by-and-by, when it's darker. But meanwhile—I have a new film, sent up by the Interstate Exchange—shall we look at it?"

CRANAHAN bowed, and did so despite his bulk, gracefully. He offered her his arm. They led the company into the Vanderveer ballroom, at present equipped with a moving-picture machine and a screen.

It was a new film that the Interstate Exchange had sent up to Westchester to enhance the celebration of John Cranahan's birthday, a film that featured a famous comedian, and in the enjoyment of his artistry the guests forgot the date. But only for twenty minutes.

For, at the end of that time, the picture broke off from the story. Photographs disappeared. In their stead was flashed upon the screen a printed paragraph. And it read:

> "Members of the Arm-chair: Six months ago you signed an agreement whereby each of you promised to commit the crime which should be allotted to you by Inspector Burke. That agreement you have lost. Nevertheless, six crimes have been committed. These crimes can be laid to your door by the simple act of delivering the agreement to the police. Tonight is the date for the seventh crime. It has already been committed. The Casket of Confucius has been stolen. You are advised to raise sixty-five thousand dollars wherewith to reimburse its owner."

THAT was all. But it was more than enough.

"Turn on the lights!" roared Cranahan.

The film operator—Mrs. Vanderveer's butler, who had a penchant for the movies—stopped the film. Lights flooded the great room.

"John, what does this insanity mean?" demanded Mrs. Vanderveer.

Cranahan shook his head. "By-and-by, Kate. Your safe! You locked it?"

But he waited for no answer. Nor did she, struck suddenly speechless by his unfeigned alarm to bother with words. She led the way to the drawing-room. She pressed two knobs; a portrait rolled back exposing the stout safe—opened.

And the Casket of Confucius was gone!

Cranahan took immediate command. Out of confusion he achieved order. And from order he learned this: that not a person had left the Vanderveer mansion within the past hour. Every servant was accounted for, and it was absurd to believe that the workmen, furnished by a fireworks contractor, could have entered the house unseen and abstracted the casket from the safe.

But the fact that a thing seemed absurd by no means rendered it impossible, or even improbable, in the eyes of the members of the Arm-chair. Between explanations to the shocked Mrs. Vanderveer—she was really more amused than shocked; Mrs. Kate was a sporting sort—Cranahan examined the servants and the workmen.

"NOBODY entered this room," he finally announced. "But the casket is gone. And one of the members of this club is responsible for the theft. I suppose that we all realize that while that picture was being run the ballroom was in darkness. Anyone of us could have slipped quietly back here, opened the safe——"

"John!" expostulated Mrs. Vanderveer.

"'John' me all you want," snapped Cranahan, "but there's a thief among us. And that thief is going to be searched, right in this room."

There was no lack of carefulness in the search that began the moment that Mrs. Kate (*Continued page 50*)

They Made Him a Spendthrift

By K.C.B.

Illustrated by F. Strothmann

WHEN he arrived at the hotel, which was a resort hotel, and carefully wrote his name on the hotel register, the clerk at once recognized it as being the name of a very wealthy Eastern man.

Being an enterprising and up-to-date hotel clerk he assumed that the guest would desire a parlor, bedroom and bath. But it so happened that the guest didn't run true to form.

"I wouldn't know what to do with a parlor if I had it," he told the clerk.

Furthermore, the gentleman didn't want one of the most expensive single rooms. He was quite satisfied with a room that even you or I might have afforded.

"It's good enough," he said, when the bellboy had shown him into it and had thanked him for the dime that was laid in the palm of his hand.

Had he known who the gentleman was, and just how large a check the name on the register could have signed without inviting trouble with the police, the bellboy would have been disappointed with the tip. But what a bellboy doesn't know doesn't hurt him, and he was satisfied.

AT this hotel were other Eastern millionaires, who came each year with their families. They accepted, into their golden circle, our new millionaire. Some of them knew him and some of them didn't, but for years all of them had been familiar—as you and I had—with his name as it appeared on the back pages of the magazines and on the little oblong cards that clutter up the advertising spaces in subways and street cars.

Naturally there were many dinner parties at this hotel and the new millionaire became a frequent guest. And in spite of the fact that it appeared to him, this giving of dinner parties, as a most fearful waste of money, he admitted to himself, when he was all alone in his single room and bath, that they really were enjoyable.

As a matter of fact this millionaire of ours wasn't so very well acquainted with dinner parties. He had been so busy accumulating the millions that he hadn't had time to do anything else. There was even occasion for surprise in that he had traveled so far away as the hotel itself from the source of his wealth. He had never done it before, and, without knowing anything about it, I imagine he had quite a struggle with himself before determining to cross the continent in search of rest or change or whatever it was that he thought he most needed.

He had, of course, never given a dinner party. Once or twice in his life circumstances had suggested to him that he should do something of the sort. He had even gone so far as to ask one of his associates how much a "bang-up" dinner party would cost, and had shuddered at the thought of spending the sum his associate had carelessly mentioned. And, of course, he had never been invited to many parties. His friends were mostly business friends, if indeed they could be called friends. He didn't invite real friendships. No man does if he be the sort who thinks of the dollars themselves instead of what may be done with the dollars.

BUT at heart our millionaire wasn't really a bad sort. There were times when he envied men who could close their desks and run away and play. He couldn't do that. He had a feeling that if he ran away and played that his dollars would run away. There were times, too, when he was prompted by things he read in the papers to send checks to aid some worthy charity the newspapers told about. But always something happened, something that he thought more important, and he forgot.

Once upon a time he hadn't been a millionaire and he could remember that as a child he used to lie in bed and play a game with his mother in which each told the other just what each would do should he or she ever acquire such an unthinkable amount of money as one million dollars. Every poor family in the town in which he lived was going to be made rich and his Aunt Julia was going to have a horse and buggy, and his father and mother weren't going to work any more and were to have a team of horses and a carriage, and all the boys he knew were going with him around the world on a yacht. And he could remember that one night he had slept over at the Wilkins house with Willie, and that each had pledged his word that if he ever made a million dollars he would give half of it to the other. But, of course, that was just play! And besides Willie was really doing very well with his little dry-goods store back in the old home town.

So we can readily see, therefore, that our millionaire friend started all right. But they had taken it out of him on the road up to his millions. There never had been a time, until just a few years before we met him on these pages, that he hadn't been compelled to fight for what he gained. And just as the athlete must always guard his physical self if he is to remain an athlete so was our millionaire compelled to watch his dollars if he desired to keep them. And it took him so many years to reach the top and the road had been so rough that he had never had time to stop even for a moment's play. Of course we could have told him, if we had been along with him, that it was all very foolish to imagine that he really had to work so hard. We could have told him that if he would stop to play every little while that he would feel so much better that he probably could make the whole distance on high instead of grinding along on low all the time. And besides, if we had been there and he had followed our advice, he wouldn't have forgotten how to play.

AND if he hadn't forgotten how to play he would have known just what to do when it came over him all at once, there in his one room and bath in the California hotel, that he was under obligation to nearly every one whom he knew in the hotel. In addition to dinner parties were two motor trips and one theater party when a star had come to Los Angeles. And on every occasion he had been a guest. And having been led out into the light where he could see himself he became greatly troubled.

He didn't know how to give a dinner party in the first place, and in the second, he didn't want to spend the money. For a fleeting moment one morning he contemplated announcing that he had been called home suddenly and following it up by really going home. But he was too good a sport for that, even though he really wasn't such a very good sport. Then he decided to wait a few days longer before doing anything and while he waited he became possessed of an hallucination that his fellow guests were discussing him and wondering if he ever were going to give the party he owed. Ordinarily hallucinations are very foolish things, but this particular one was all right. It sent him in search of the hotel manager.

"I WANT to give a dinner party," he told him, "and I want it to be a little bit the best you've had in the hotel since I've been here. And I don't want you to tell me how much it's going to cost. If you told me I probably wouldn't give it. I want everything that anybody ever has at a dinner party—" and he raised his voice so that it startled the manager's stenographer—"and I don't care a —— how much it costs."

And with that he slapped his hand flat on the manager's desk and stood up and threw his shoulders so much further back than they had been for years that they snapped just like he used to be able to snap his thumb joint when he was a kid.

And then he marched right out into the lobby of the hotel and paraded around just as though he owned it and had fired the head chef or someone else in great authority. And that night he whistled. It startled him at first, and then he was surprised to find that it was an old tune that he had whistled when he carried in the wood back home.

The next morning the manager of the hotel suggested that as the party was to be such an elaborate affair it would not be out of place to present "favors" to the guests. Our millionaire friend didn't know what a "favor" was and he so admitted. The manager told him and he answered right back:

"Whatever you say. If you think we need them, get them. Don't ask me (*Concluded on page 83*)



"I want everything that anybody ever has at a dinner party and I don't care how much it costs!"



From her lips, as from a flute, rose the marriage song of Guzerat.

Towers of Silence

By Donn Byrne

Illustrated by Walter H. Everett

WITHOUT, in the grounds of the famous Florida resort, modernity hummed in strident, imperative accents. Eight-cylindered cars raced along a beveled speedway. High overhead an airplane buzzed like an angry wasp. Below, from a jazz band in a poinsettia-decorated tearoom, came the epileptic measure of a "shimmy" dance. But in the suite the Chatterjees occupied was Persia.

The sitting-room where Sir Rustumji Kama Chatterjee, the great Parsee merchant whom the British Government had honored with a title, sat with Brereton Ford was hung here and there with intricate, heavy-lined rugs, while on this table and on that great brass jars stood, chased with all the skill of the Benares worker. Blue-and-white tiles, very like Chinese, were scattered hither and thither; and the blinds were drawn to dull the tropic day. That was not much to suggest the Orient, but there was a spirit of the Orient all about it, of the calm ancient Persia of fire-worshiping days, and it was more probably the figure of the Parsee prince, old Sir Rustumji, very strange, very venerable, and of his daughter, Putlibai, who had just left the room, which gave it that dimness of a perfumed Persian dusk, rather than the turquoise and silver tiles, or rugs of Guzerat.

Brereton Ford was leaning toward the merchant prince, his bronzed hawk's face, with its New England blood, standing forth dramatically against the semi-languor of the Parsee's olive skin and dreamy eyes.

"Shorn of ritual, the religion of Zoroaster comes right down to an active practice of benevolence," Ford was saying. "Its religious observances are a rigidity of personal cleanliness. How simple!"

"And its worship a worship of a Supreme Being, under the manifestation of Fire, which is Light and Great Cleanliness, my son." Very benevolent and meticulously clean did old Sir Rustumji appear, as he leaned back watching the young architect. His loose and flowing white garments, with the rimless maroon turban, sloping backward at an angle from the top of his forehead; his venerable white beard; his kindly black eyes, all gave the air of a priest instructing a neophyte.

Ford leaned toward him more tensely.

"It may seem absurd to you, sir, to hear one say so, but for years I have been searching for—oh, well, let us say truth—a belief, and, as it were, a manner of life, that earnest accord with a belief that is a manifestation of Supremity on earth, and that I should be following Its wishes. It's the sort of thing one seldom mentions aloud—but——"

"In the Zend-Avesta," the Parsee baronet began, and for an hour or a little more perhaps, in his perfect English he informed Brereton Ford of the tenets of Zoroastrianism. He told him of the faith which Zoroaster gave, which are *homuté*, purity of thought, and *bookté*, purity of speech, and *virusté*, purity of action. He explained to him the worship of the Manifestation called the Sun. He informed him that all Parsees must be born on the ground floor of a house, as life must be commenced in humility. He mentioned to him how when dead, a dog, man's faithful companion, is brought in to say farewell. He told him then of the disposition of the body.

"It is brought to and laid in the Tower of Silence," said Sir Rustumji, "and the vultures, the scavengers of God, take the corruptible covering from the frame. The Sun receives the vital essence."

BRERETON FORD shivered. It was better to lie in the cool earth, where flowers grow.

"From the sun thou camest! To the sun thou goest! Child of the Sun!" quoted the Parsee. . . .

Putlibai, Sir Rustumji's eighteen-year-old daughter, was singing in the little morning room on the lake. Her slight liquid accents, clear as a bird's, changed the guttural Gujurati to a flexibility like Italian. She was caroling a love song of Narsingh Meta's:

"O you with large eyes, bright and open as cups,
"You have two young citrons nestled on your breast.
"Your teeth are mother of pearl; your lips are honey.
"Your hair is like a fragrant bush and spread upon your shoulders,
"The down on your face is like violets under a bed of roses.
"Whoever comes to gather the flowers, tell him they are thine.
"Thou art my nightingale and my shrub of roses . . . "

"Putlibai," the Parsee called.

Her feet made no sound, so softly did she enter the room. For an instant she paused at the door, an apparition of tropic beauty such as Labid, prince of poets, would have sung, or Firdausi, the Accomplished One, or Omar, who built the tents of verse. Very small and very slight she stood there, and the clear olive of her beautiful skin seemed only a precious cloth on which her two ruby lips were laid, and the opalescent jewelry of her eyes. Her small and delicate hands, very like flowers, peeped from the folds of her blue *sari*, and under her head-cloth of thin white stuff her hair, black and lustrous, showed like oiled silk.

"There is a translation into English of the Zend-Avesta, Putlibai," her father said, "that I brought with me from Bombay. Bring it here for Mr. Ford."

SHE smiled as she went out to get it, a frank eager smile, such as an Occidental woman might give, and Brereton Ford, as he watched her go, became more and more convinced that with her his destiny was bound. Life had suddenly become for him a quest in a perfumed Persian forest for a treasure of three hundred lakhs of rupees, which is nigh unto ten million dollars gold, all of it the property of Sir Rustumji Chatterjee, a Parsee merchant. And Putlibai, whom the poets of Bombay had called inaccessible as the dark stars, was to be the necessary but delectable guide. And the treasure was guarded by fortresses, high, implacable, lonely, terrible, called the Towers of Silence, where vultures hovered. And though willingly he would have embraced an alien life for that treasure, the high towers appalled him. He was a great architect, was Brereton Ford—America honors him still—but he was a very great blackguard also, and a coward to boot. . . .

IN all the colonies of the Parsees in India and Persia; in Bombay, in Guzerat, in Surat, in Broach, the name of Sir Rustumji Chatterjee is revered, not only as a business man and a great philanthropist, but as an ornament to his religion. The great resthouse in Surat for Parsees, the foundation of the chair of Pehlevi at Oxford—those things are not treasured up as much as the fact that he wrote the "Zarthoshti Sitisbak," which caused many unbelievers to see the light; and that he is meticulous in ritual.

But if Sir Rustumji Chatterjee is religious, it is because of the vision and epic of his worship and that there is great color to it, great adventure, and that is more to him than mechanical ritual and set prayers. Back to the dimness of ancient days—before Abraham was, much less Moses—Zoroaster was giving his laws to the Medes and Persians. Pliny and Marcellus, and Apuleius, and Strabo, the blind geographer, spoke of them with reverence, and when in Bethlehem of the Jews a Babe was born, Persian magi went to it with reverence. They saw Brahma rise and Isis and Osiris die. The epileptic Mahomet came out of the desert like a whirlwind and their faith-mates drooped under the Moslem steel. And they arose in the night-time, and Persia knew them no more.

"But the Sun cannot be quenched," old Sir Rustumji used to tell himself. "Its glory abides forever." His sixty years of life had passed like a long, benevolent day. India was the better for him. Its banks prospered. Its cotton-fields were more fruitful by reason of him and his associates. He bothered no man and all revered him. Musing over his religion, coeval with the sun, a bachelor until forty-five, he passed his life going from trading station to trading station.

At forty-five he married—Adnai, daughter of Kaikabod Jhijhiboy, great in Bombay annals, and from her he had Putlibai, daughter of his heart. Adnai his wife, died, and the child was all that was left to him. . . .

PERHAPS it was because it was so late that he married, and that he gave at that time all of love his intense, proud nature could summon that the loss of his wife Adnai struck him so harshly. However, it did. But day by day the little Putlibai became more and more like her, until at sixteen and seventeen she was a living image of Jhijhiboy's daughter. He could not seem to part with her. When he went to Fookon or traveled by caravan to the Persia he loved, he brought the child with him. When, toward the end of seeing American machinery, with the view of developing the Indian ore supply, he proposed visiting America, he wished her to come with him.

"Will you come with me across the water, Putlibai?" he asked her. "Further than Persia, further than England, to America—the new world?"

"My father, I will," she answered joyously.

And so, to America they came, two strange figures such as might have wandered out of some Oriental classic, "The Book of Wisdom and Lies" for instance, or "The Thousand and One Nights." Reporters interviewed them in New York, in Pittsburgh, in the Middle West, speaking alternately of the wealth of old Sir Rustumji—a millionaire, incredible to believe, who was not an American; of the winsomeness of Putlibai, whom they with unpardonable ignorance insulted as an Eurasian beauty; of Parsees whom they mixed up recklessly with the Pharisees of Bible days. They were lonely, in a way, these twain. And when winter came they went southward to Florida, where they met Brereton Ford, the architect.

"He is America's foremost artist," Reynolds, the Omaha banker, who knew more of Renaissance architecture than any living man, introduced him to Sir Rustumji.

And Sir Rustumji was glad to know Ford, for he wanted to discuss with him the points of Indian architecture, the Taj Mahal, for example, and notably, the monument he had recently raised to his wife Adnai, a lone, massive Tower of Silence which brooded over the hills of Guzerat.

THERE are none who ever speak of Brereton Ford but as of a great man.

"But not a good man," many will tell you. "If you remember, he had no friends."

No! He had no friends; that is true. There was no such thing as friendship to him in the world. Everyone to him had a definite value, and that depended on what he could get from them. Not only money, but knowledge, ideas. Born in the gutter, he had fought his way upward by sheer power of will.

"Ford, somehow, makes me afraid," a professor at Princeton once said. "There is something in the man that glitters, that will out, by fair means or force." That was his genius.

He persuaded a Massachusetts family to give him his chance in Paris. He succeeded in getting a *Prix de Rome*. The family he dropped callously when he needed them no more. It was so with his first partnership. Young Briggs he used until he had become acquainted with everyone of value whom Briggs knew. Then Briggs went by the board.



He looked up . . . in the blue sky overhead, two buzzards.

"Well," says Briggs pathetically—bless his heart! There is no rancor in him! "A dub like myself has no license to travel with a genius like Brereton Ford."

Genius he was! He took the dry bones of conventional architectural detail and chucked them to the four winds. "I'll get down to mere building," he said, and of mere building he made simple grandeur. Witness the country house he built for Epstein the sugar king, in Westchester County. "A pig in a king's castle!" Ford characterized his client. Abruptly he dropped that style, and, falling back on old Romanesque and Byzantine types, he evolved a style so distinctively his own that the veriest layman could recognize it. Those little churches throughout New England, those gem-like little libraries, all are living memories to his head and pencil!

"I'm sick of building houses for tripe-merchants, and churches for hypocrites," he broke out bitterly at his club.

"What do you want to do, then?"

"I want money enough to do anything I like. If I choose to raise a monument to Galileo in Wichita, Kansas, or an obelisk to Booker T. Washington in Atlanta, Georgia, I want to be in a position to devote the time to making such a work of art as will overcome ignorance and all prejudice. I want to justify my genius."

Randall O'Connor, that shrewd trial lawyer who possesses an uncanny knowledge of human nature, has an interesting theory about Brereton Ford. "The old Masons," he will tell you, "were the closest guild in the world—an occult guild, very cruel. They used to sacrifice human lives for the safety of their bridges. To my mind Brereton Ford is a reincarnation of one of the old master-masons, who builded the pyramid of Cheops, perhaps, or the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, revisiting the earth. A cruel, unnatural being, brimming with genius." Well, why not?

NOW, when a certain city in Florida, which shall be nameless, decided that it would build a magnificent city hall, it did a good thing: it engaged Brereton Ford. The Florida city had made a pretty penny from its trade in citrus fruits; from some very spendthrift government shipyards; and from gold-scattering Northern tourists. The Sons of Noë must have felt extremely like that city council when they decided to build a tower on Shinar plain, in the place which was afterward called Babel.

"We want something worthy of this premier city—of this gateway to America's tropic empire." Colonel Milo Rosenthal acted as spokesman for the city fathers. "Something as high as anything New York has, and at the same time substantial and commodious. Something that can be seen as the ships come up the harbor. Something like the Colosseum at Rhodes—yes, ahem! Rhodes! Make it," he concluded grandiloquently, "make it the eighth wonder of the world!"

At this most architects would have shrugged their shoulders and gone northward, or have gone ahead with the work in a spirit of tolerant humor, giving the Boosted City a replica of a Philadelphia skyscraper. Not so Brereton Ford. He merely blinked.

"How much money have you got?" he asked succinctly.

On the answer to this Ford's comment was brief, brusque and snorting. "Hell!" But he went ahead and achieved a miracle. Little by little at his direction the edifice rose, white, slender, very like a spear. It reared above the drab commercial hive like a standard of battle. There was music to it, and line, and poetry.

"When this thing of mine is finished," Ford told Colonel Milo Rosenthal, emphasizing every word with a vicious jab of his forefinger into the Southern aristocrat's ribs, "you can drop your citrus fruits, your shipyards, your hotels. The people will come to your city to see that thing alone."

"By golly, I believe you," the colonel agreed. He was right to agree about it. For people do.



"From the sun thou camest! To the sun thou goest! Child of the Sun!"

WHILE the city hall was in process of building Brereton Ford was most all of the winter at various resorts nearby: St. Augustine; Ormond; Miami. He was no garret genius. He needed the decencies of food and music and evening clothes for his art. He liked acclamation, which he received in good taste. He liked to have people presented to him, and to mix among bankers from Texas; automobile millionaires; wheat and coal magnates, as their equal, and to look down on them as their better. And in due course he met them and impressed them, even the most ignorant of them, such as Gates, the Saint Paul department-store man; even the most reticent of them, as were Sir Rustumji Chatterjee and his daughter Putlibai, the Parsees, who came westward from the strange Asian colony which worshiped fire and practiced benevolence and left their dead for the Sun and the Birds in their lonely and bleak and terrifying Towers of Silence. . . .

"AND so, sir," Ford told Sir Rustumji, "I have become convinced of the Truth as laid down by Zoroaster, the prophet; and my wish and utmost intention is to embrace the faith of the Parsee."

"Many Europeans," Sir Rustumji said, "become convinced of the truth of Buddhism, and not a few turn to Islam. But to our faith there have been few converts. Nevertheless . . . In Bombay you will undergo the ceremony of *nirang*, which is a purification. And about your waist will be laid the cincture of seventy-two threads, which denote the seventy-two chapters of Zend-Avesta. . . ."

He was outwardly calm, was the old Parsee prince, but within a great pride had arisen in him, and a great joy with it. He had come to America to bring back dry facts about machinery, and with it he was returning in company of a convert to the faith he held to with all the power of his fine soul. A man great among his countrymen, an artist, a thinker. He praised God in his manifestation of the Sun. . . .

"And another thing, sir," Ford continued. "I should like to be joined to you by a nearer tie. But —I am poor——"

THAT weighed little to one who followed the precepts of ancient Persian days. Ford was a great artist, a poet in stone. And were not poets heaven-sent and heaven-directed? Had not a prince loaded the camels of Firdausi with gold for a single distich; and Labid, was he not called the "Companion of Kings"? Who better for Putlibai than this young architect, without a peer, who was dear to the old man's heart, dearer than a son could be? His convert!

"Putlibai," he told her, "I have found you a husband."

And Putlibai's slender frame trembled and her throat swelled, and her eyes flickered like stars. For Brereton Ford was a prince to her, a prince from an Arabian tale. Great-armed, blazing-eyed, he would stand among the men of her nation like a warrior among helots, two heads higher than they. A poet or as good as a poet! And about him hung the mystery of the Occident—for if the West finds the East mysterious, the East finds the West equally so. From her lips, as from a flute, there rose the marriage-song of Guzerat:

"All hail this day!
I gave thee an order, goldsmith;
I told thee to make an armlet for my Sorabji's arm,
And a wine-stringed necklace for me, his beloved.
I gave thee an order, mercer; (Concluded on page 88)

This Light Must Live

A Novel of New York

By Arthur Stringer

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

THE STORY. Owen Storrow, a young sculptor, came down from Canada to study and work at his art in New York City. He stops at "The Alwyn Arms," a cheap hotel, although Augusta Kirkner, an aunt and a matron of means, has offered him a studio in her Brooklyn home. Storrow's first day is full of incident: a fight to the finish with the brawny engineer of the hotel, and when he climbs back to his room, the discovery that a careless hotel clerk has assigned his room to another. Thus marooned, him on the fire escape till the girl on the floor below lets him into her room and impulsively administers to the bruises of his recent battle. It is a case of love at first sight, though not without complications for the girl, Torrie Jon Krassler, the musical comedy producer upon whom she is depending for a chance on the stage, discovers Storrow's presence and misinterprets according to his nature. Owen goes to his aunt's cottage on Long Island Sound, and there rescues his cousin, Charlotte Kirkner, from drowning. But he returns to New York, where he meets Chester Hardy, who advises him to quit sculpture and write a novel of the great Northwest. Then Storrow finds that Torrie Throssel occupies the studio adjoining his own, and their former intimacy is resumed. When Modrynski, a veteran artist, unhesitatingly condemns his modeling, Storrow definitely decides to go in for literature. Then he learns Torrie Throssel, and his novel is accepted for publication, with probabilities of a screen production also.

A DECENT book isn't written as a rule; it's rewritten," Chester Hardy had announced in extenuation of the scathing, sweeping changes which he had suggested to Storrow after going through the younger author's manuscript. And the truth of this came home to Storrow as he did what he could to carry out these suggestions. Even his final conviction that the older man was right did not serve to render his labor any less difficult and any less lugubrious. Once persuaded that the issue was closed, that the work was complete, its reopening took on the nature of a post-mortem, proving almost as gloomy a bit of business as the reopening of a coffin. He was tired of the thing. The last of his enthusiasm seemed burned out, and the puppets of his creation, to his jaundiced eye, took on the soiled aspect of counter-goods too frequently handled.

But he worked on doggedly, even if under difficulties. It began to tell a little, both on nerves and temper, for he found that he slept now only after a more and more substantial "night-cap." He also found Torrie's inconsequential comings and goings, her haphazard callers, her lighthearted lack of order, a provocation to quick and unreasoning irritability. And this in turn reacted on Torrie, who complained of his preoccupation, of the lack of comforts in the studio, of the housekeeping hardships involved in such quarters. She became more and more silent, more and more self-contained.

"If we're going to live in this dump," she announced one morning after journeying for the second time down to the studio of a wall-paper artist on the second floor to answer telephone calls, "I've at least got to have a phone."

"CAN we afford it?" queried Storrow, looking up from his typewriter, for only the night before they had taken up the matter of expenditure and her husband had awakened to the disturbing fact that he had been living beyond his income. He had remembered the even more disturbing fact that she had once protested that he would find her an expensive luxury.

"If we can't stand that," retorted Torrie, "we may as well give up."

"Give up what?" asked Storrow, trying to keep the note of alarm out of his voice.

Torrie shrugged a shoulder as she walked to the window.

"Give up pretending to be civilized," she replied with an obvious effort at moderation. But her cool look of disdain, as he sat staring at her with abstracted eyes, did not escape him.

"Yes, I think we'd better have a telephone put in," he acknowledged quietly, as he turned back to his work.

"Surely your book will bring you in something," ventured Torrie, touched by afterthought into a fleeting moment of remorse.

"It ought at least to pay for a phone," acknowledged Storrow, with his attention already directed toward the page in front of him.

"Will you be through with it by a week from to-morrow?" he heard her asking.

"Yes—with luck," he answered.

"Why?"

Torrie slowly struck a match and lighted a cigaret.

"Because that happens to be my birthday, O lord and master, and Mattie Crowder's just warned me the bunch are going to spring a surprise party on us. Will you mind?"

He felt that there was a veiled note of mockery in her meekness. But it was so veiled that it left him touched with doubt.

"Of course I won't mind," he protested, "so long as I can be one of the party. And when this thing is cleared away, Torrie, we'll have more chance of getting a little fun out of life. And, speaking of that, let's go over to the Della Robbia Room at the Vanderbilt for dinner to-night."



Charlotte's nearness brought flashing back the intimate approaches of Torrie.

But Torrie shook her head.

"I couldn't enjoy it."

"Why not?" he demanded.

"The answer is just one word, Owen. Clothes!"

This seemed to puzzle him.

"Why, the last time we were there you enjoyed it. And you looked pretty good to me." Torrie sat on the wide window-sill, viewing him with meditative eyes.

"I may have pretended to enjoy it, but I didn't. I don't think you realize, Owen, what clothes mean to a woman."

"In the matter of keeping her warm?" suggested Storrow, with an ironical matter-of-factness which Torrie decided to ignore.

"That may be all right for the woman you're writing about there," she said with a head-nod toward his manuscript. "But the city woman doesn't wear clothes to keep warm. She wears clothes to make herself attractive and show that she's in the style. And that word *style*, my dear, is the biggest word in the American language. It stands for the biggest force in all our world. The things that you men think are so big, the things you call hunger and religion and honor and love, aren't even able to stand up beside it in the long run. The right sort of clothes can give us women a glory we can't even get out of love. Knowing we're properly dressed can give us a peace of soul we can't possibly get out of religion."

STORROW sat confronting this coldly enunciated truth, wondering if men, after all, were destined forever to misjudge women, were prompted eternally to attribute to them over-visionary ideals.

"But the thing is so absurdly relative," he contended. "Take the Chippewa squaw as I've seen her, for instance. A red blanket and a string of glass beads can satisfy her soul just as fully as a Paquin model might do for you."

"And she'd satisfy the reservation buck in that get-up, but she'd never satisfy the New Yorker. It's really a matter of keeping up with your own circle. And it's a sort of warfare, where we have to fight to the last breath, whether we want to or not. Look at those shops along Fifth Avenue, the shops for which our New York men slave and work their lives out to keep in existence. Look at the working-girls who spend their wages in the Sixth Avenue imitations of those shops. And look at the actresses who drift up and down the Rialto rooting for work, togged out in their flashy imitations of the Sixth Avenue imitations. They're all battling, every one of them, battling to keep their heads above water in our awful American ocean of style."

Storrow had no difficulty in recalling the types. His difficulty lay more in accepting the argument.

"But those Rialto ladies, as I remember 'em," he reminded his wife,



That swirling, shouting revel lasted until morning, with Storrow in the thick of it.

usually wear a diamond or two about the size of a alt-cellar."

"Yes, and not more than one in ten of them are the eal thing! That's the pathetic part of it, the never-nding need for pretense. And it's just as pathetic hen they are real, once you understand what they've one without and given up to keep that solitary stone. or stage-people, you see, have a childish belief that iamonds are always a good investment, even though he interest on what they borrow on them amounts o three per cent. a month when it comes to the uestion of the pawnshop."

STORROW, before this parade of worldly wisdom, could afford to laugh. It was, however, a slightly cidified laugh.

"But you'd be without even that lifeline, wouldn't ou?" he told her.

"How do you mean?"

"It's just occurred to me that I've never given you jewel in your life," he explained.

"You don't need to," Torrie replied.

"And why not?"

"I guess I've got about all I care for," was her reply.

"I've never seen you wear them," he retorted.

"I've been ashamed to," was her counter-retort.

"Why?" he demanded, with a slight unrest.

"I'd look too much like your Rialto lady with the alt-cellar," was the almost listless response.

"Are they so magnificent?"

Torrie, with a slightly curled lip, glanced slowly about the crowded studio.

"No; but they'd seem incongruous," was her none-oo-tranquilizing reply. Storrow wheeled about in is chair, with a darker impulse creeping across the orizon of consciousness.

"Would you mind letting me see them?" he said with an assumption of nonchalance.

"What's the use?" was Torrie's lazily intoned interrogation. But after he had repeated that request she slowly crossed the room to where her steel-bound theatrical trunk stood against the wall. She lifted the lid of this, and from a canvas-covered compartment made to receive it took out a japanned tin make-up box. Then from behind the leather backing of a small square hand-mirror she extracted a key. An odor, a slightly stale and heavy odor of cosmetics, floated up from the trunk as the stooping woman lifted out first one and then another of the wide canvas-covered trays. From the very bottom of that chamber of faded perfumes and memories she took out a second tin make-up box wrapped in a towel blotched with sanguinary-looking stains of lip-rouge. She carried this box to a chair and sat with it on her knees as she unlocked it. Storrow caught sight of a faded package of papers, a photograph or two, and what looked like a bundle of letters tied together with a cherry-colored ribbon. From under these Torrie lifted out a small chamois bag. She closed the make-up box, thrust it behind her, and having untied the bag, emptied it on her lap.

STORROW knew little about precious stones, cared little, with his defective color-sense, for their beauty, had thought little about their value. But it struck him, as he stared down at that array of rings and clasps and trinkets, as an unexpectedly impressive collection of ornaments. What even more forcibly struck him, however, was the seeming carelessness with which they had been tossed together, with a dusting of face-powder on the unburnished metal, with dirt between the little platinum claws that bit at the edges of the brilliants, with a loose garnet that had obviously broken away from its setting. And this relieving air of contempt was accentuated by Torrie's indifferent gesture as she scrambled them about. Storrow picked up a marquise ring, made up of a white diamond surrounded by rubies

"Wouldn't you call that rather valuable?" he inquired as he dusted its face. Torrie, with an indifferent eye, glanced up at it for a moment.

"I'd call it rather cheap and showy," she retorted as she made an effort to shove the loose garnet back into its bruised setting.

"Where did it come from?" asked Storrow, trying to make the question a casual one.

"THAT, Honey Bun, came from one of your unsuccessful rivals," she proclaimed as she began tossing the jewelry back into its chamois container. But his brow remained clouded, for in his world, he remembered, women neither accepted nor kept jewels in this light and airy fashion. He was about to tell her so when he was interrupted by a caller at his door, a solemn-eyed and threadbare girl who dispiritedly inquired if he used models. When Storrow turned back into the studio Torrie had replaced the trunk-trays and slammed down and snapped shut the top-catches, with a valedictory slapping together of the finger-tips, to brush from them the dust with which Time powders the unused. And it struck Storrow, as he went back to his work, that little could now be gained by reopening the issue.

He plunged into that work with a new impatience in his blood, oppressed by a vague ache of past incompetencies, determined to stand no longer between Torrie and her rehabilitation. This attitude of self-accusation had a tendency to leave him more than ever submissive before Torrie's disturbingly ramifying preparations for that surprise-party which betrayed scant promise of possessing the slightest element of the unexpected. Two days before that event, by working night and day, he succeeded in completing the manuscript which to his own eyes had become as stale and colorless as a circus-bill on a December barn-end. The casual and unemotional manner in which it was carried off by Chester (*Continued on page 72*)

Getting a Line on Some Senators

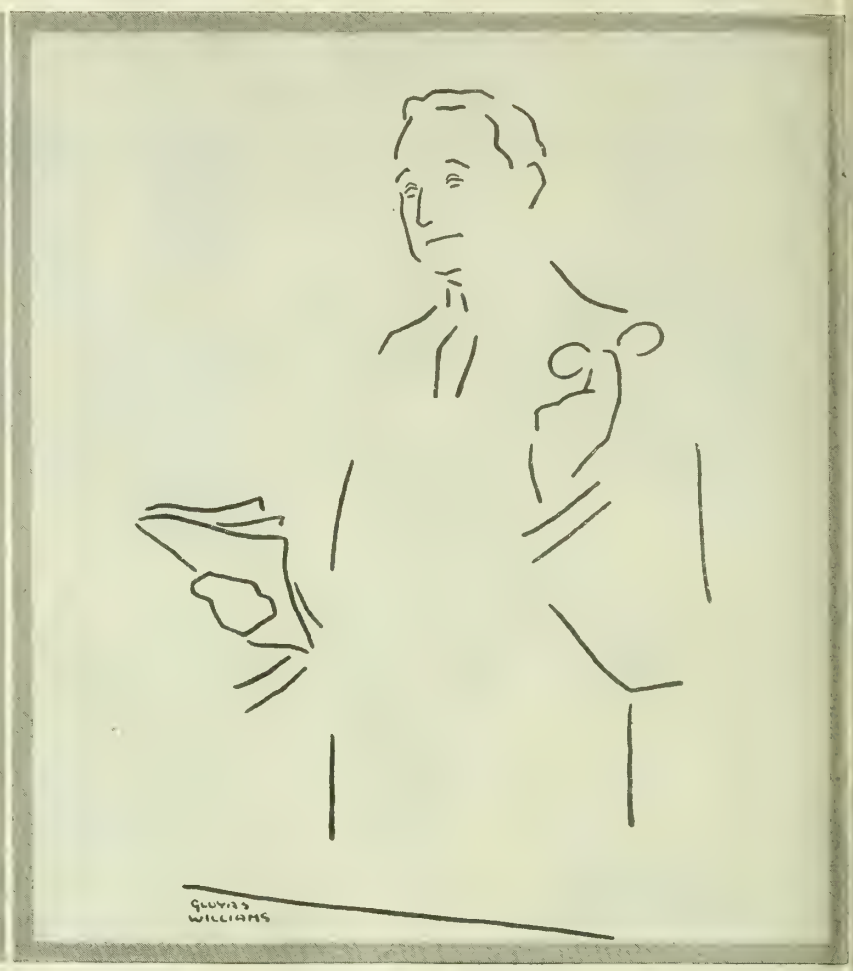
Drawings by Gluyas Williams ~ Sketches by John Temple Graves



THE NEW SENATOR FROM MASSACHUSETTS

DAVID IGNATIUS WALSH is his name, and it carries faith, loyalty, and individuality with it. He is new in that this is his first term and he is to stay in the Senate until March 4th, 1923, and, we hope, a great many years after that.

He is new in the much larger sense that he comes under that new and admirable system of electing United States Senators directly from the people, which is wholesomely filling the Upper House with younger men of moderate means but vigorous *



ARKANSAS' ABLE SENATOR

"A STRONG man from the South" is the way they are coming now to speak in Washington of Joseph Taylor Robinson, the Senator from Arkansas. And the title is his cognomen won by strenuous battle in Senatorial counsel and debate.

Trained for the iron road to fortune over the way of discipline and experience, Senator Robinson came to Washington equipped for service, and every year has strengthened and steadied him. From the common schools and the university *



A CAVALIER IN THE SENATE

A VIRGINIA gentleman, a man of affairs, and in the front rank of American Senators at the age of fifty, Claude Swanson of Chatham is one of the favored sons of fortune and of toil. Out of the lingering poverty of the Southern Reconstruction era that followed the Peace of 1865, this Virginia gentleman won his way through school and farm and trade and country politics to every position of honor and trust that his beloved State of Virginia had to give.*



A SERENE AND FEARLESS FIGHTER

JAMES DUVAL PHELAN is a Californian to the manner born, bred in its beautiful capital, and breathing the California spirit in peace and war and politics. He is a serene and fearless fighter, but withal so gracious and accomplished a gentleman that the *fortiter in re* has always been mixed in equal measure with the *suaviter in modo* of his effective politics. And Phelan's is a gathering and ever-growing influence in the Senate. It has come to be understood that, with*

(* *Concluded on page 78*)

The Man from Missouri



Senator James A. Reed
By John Temple Graves

A BOY between the plow-handles on an Ohio farm was called by the death of his father to the serious responsibilities of caring for his mother and his younger brethren. That first serious mission he discharged with the same fidelity and capacity which has distinguished his work, and out of those years of filial service he has come with a love for his mother which is to this day the deepest and tenderest sentiment of his life. His frequent pilgrimages to the home of that aged and venerable mother are the most beautiful episodes of the strenuous existence of a great American.

For even in the Senate of the United States James A. Reed has continued the strenuous existence. To Washington he came a constitutional Democrat and has kept the faith of his party and his principles without a break since March 4, 1911. There was no period of waiting and obscurity for a man with the equipment of Reed in the national assembly. He entered the arena full-armed and went to the front of leadership in his first term. The new Senator maintained from the day of his entrance into the Senate an unbroken friendship and comradeship with his distinguished colleague, Wm. J. Stone, which strengthened the hands of each of them and made the Commonwealth of Missouri a greater power in Congress. An example well worthy of emulation by State delegations whose factions and jealousies have so often destroyed the influence of their constituencies in legislation. Reed and Stone were one man in all matters that touched party or State, and the junior Senator was perhaps the sincerest mourner at the grave of his senior when death called the famous Missouri Democrat to his reward.

IT was a stalwart team that held Missouri in the fore of Democratic councils during the lifetime of this Damon and Pythias friendship. Every national convention of the party has felt the force of their influence and advocacy. For Stone was himself an orator scarcely less in power than Reed. At times the Missourians differed on national politics, and expressed that difference upon the floor, but each was always the staunch defender of the integrity of the other's convictions. There have been few more romantic and wholesome friendships among Senators from the same State.

Of course, it was impossible for a senator of the magnificent individuality of James A. Reed to be always in agreement with the constructions of his party leaders on the floor, or with the policies of the President as first propounded to the Senate. He differed frequently and expressed that difference fearlessly, and his powerful analyses and searching appeals many times turned the balances of party conviction.

The Senator differed also frequently and honestly with the President—that towering personality who was always arousing and challenging the opinions of men. It was inevitable that two such individualities should clash. It is remarkable that the clashes were not more frequent and the differences more bitter. The President is a bold progressive, an idealist, a daring innovator and breaker of precedents and traditions, with soaring vision of mighty objectives that could not halt before the previous commitments of men.

REED is also a practical idealist, but he is a nationalist to the core, a profound disciple of the faith of his fathers, and perhaps not since Daniel Webster has the Senate known so eloquent and passionate a worshiper of the Constitution.

Reed did not oppose the President from any personal animus as others did, but because his individual convictions followed a different line and reached a different conclusion as to policy. His entire mental construction made it impossible for him to subordinate conviction or blindly follow, unless crises of public welfare demanded it. He supported the President with vigorous and effective loyalty in most of the great policies of the Administration during the war, and it is not an exaggeration to say that the majority of his contentions were substantially maintained and vindicated.

The earliest big scrap in which the Missourian was generally criticized as fighting the President was in the effort of the Administration majority to rush through the Banking Bill. The bill contained many good and great qualities, but Reed thought and urged that it was so badly constructed that it would inevitably produce a panic. He declared all the national banks in the country were in rebellion. He insisted upon giving hearings to these banks and to all the business men and financiers, including college professors, who could give any light on the measure. The Senate majority undertook to force a party caucus, demanding the immediate passage of the bill just as it came from the House. Reed stood like a stone wall against this haste, with the result that when the bill came before the caucus for discussion, the lapse of time and the hearings taken together had convinced the Administration that the bill as presented would not do. McAdoo sent over some thirty or thirty-five amendments, every one of which sustained the positions Reed had been fighting for. In the end the bill was amended 510 times and its entire structure revamped, and the President frankly and generously wrote Senator Reed a letter admitting that many of his contentions had been correct and his efforts had greatly improved the bill. Mr. Wilson at the same time pronounced the measure "the greatest piece of legislation of modern times." It has indeed withstood a fearful strain and enabled the Government to finance the war, and in fact to finance the world. The Banking Bill owes much of its durable value to the courage and constructive statesmanship of the senior Senator from Missouri.

SENATOR REED took splendid American ground, and defended it with rare eloquence and power when he championed Free Tolls for American ships through the Panama Canal. The Democratic majority repudiated its own platform and sought to make Congress reverse its own action in this matter with its only justification in the statement that it might enable the President to act more freely in some other international affairs. The amazing position that America, in her own canal, built by her own money, guarded by her own soldiers and forts, should not have a single right in that canal not possessed by every other nation on earth was combated by the constitutional statesman and American from Missouri with impassioned eloquence and power. "We are acceding to an English demand," said Reed, "and this demand has been inspired by Canadian influences, and in some way the Carnegie Foundation has been instrumental in forcing this reversal of American policy." Singularly enough, four years later, and only the other day, in the League of Nations debate, Senator Philander Knox, who was Secretary of State in Taft's cabinet at the time of the Tolls Debate, verified and vindicated the correctness of Reed's charge against the Carnegie Foundation. But in spite of Reed's patriotic eloquence and the justice of his cause, the Senate, reinforced by Elihu Root's political finesse and the blind servility of the majority, consummated the wrong to the American idea, and the foundation sought to be laid for the Merchant Marine, and wrecked the hope of Free Tolls for American ships in the great American canal.

But the record of Reed of Missouri on this historic measure is shining clear.

WHEN the great issue of a censorship for the American Press came before Congress, the Missouri statesman took his stand resolutely with the friends of free speech and with those who expressed confidence in the fidelity and devotion of the newspaper men to their country. Locking arms with Hiram Johnson of California in an irresistible defense, he helped to kill the measure in Congress, and is held in grateful recollection for his work.

An anomaly in the public career of this brave and brilliant publicist is the fact that, while not a radical advocate of extreme Prohibition, he is yet the author and in a sense the finisher of the famous and far-reaching Reed "Bone-Dry Amendment." This incident in his senatorial career is one of the most representative of them all. It illustrates the fact, so often repeated, that Reed is above all things a believer in the law, jealous of justice, and enamored of consistency. Let him tell this story in his own way.

"It came about in this way," said he. "Numerous States had passed prohibition laws which forbade the manufacture and sale of liquor within the States, but specifically provided that liquor could be shipped into the States to individuals in quantities not exceeding two quarts every month or for some similar period. This provision had been made for the sinister purpose of permitting every fellow to get booze who wanted to get it. The result was that the prohibition laws were being nullified everywhere. For instance, in one great Southern city the trade in bottled whisky was so large that one express company, having occupied all available buildings, was compelled to build another six-story warehouse to store the accumulating supply. Negroes stood in long lines to meet every incoming train to secure the legitimate two quarts, in most instances to do profitable bootlegging among the white people. Bootlegging was making a farce of the law, and many of those who were loudly crying for prohibition in the House and even in the Senate, were parties to the practice. I found in many instances that men who drank more whisky in a day than the ordinary man ought to drink in a month, and who did not really believe in prohibition at all, were voting to impose a Constitutional Amendment upon the entire country. It seemed to me therefore to be just that those States which had voted for prohibition and honestly wanted it should have real prohibition, and that the rest of the country should be allowed to determine the question for itself. On top of this I went into the Senate one day and found that one of the

(*Continued on page 69*)

The Box with Broken Seals

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

Why was Box A at the Alhambra, for only one performance, worth 300 guineas to Jocelyn Thew? And why was the Other Man willing to pay 500 pounds?

ABOUT three-thirty on the following afternoon, in the grounds devoted to the much-advertised Red Cross Sale, that eminent comedian, Mr. Joseph Bobby, mounted to the temporary rostrum which had been erected for him at the rear of one of the largest tents, amid a little storm of half-facetious applause. He repaid the general expectation by gazing steadfastly at a few friends among the audience in his usual inimitable fashion, and by indulging in a few minutes of gagging chaff before he proceeded to business. A little way off a military band was playing popular selections The broad avenues between the marquees were crowded with streams of pretty women in fancy dresses, and mankind with a little money in his pocket was having a particularly uneasy time. There was nothing to distinguish this from any other of the Red Cross *fêtes* of the season except, perhaps, its added magnificence.

"Ladies and gentlemen," the comedian began, "I am here to sell by auction the boxes at the Alhambra Theater for to-night, when, as you know, there will be the greatest performance ever given by the largest number of star artistes—myself included. Owing to a slight difference in opinion with the management, who, as you are probably aware, ladies and gentlemen, are the thickest-headed set of blighters in existence——"

Loud cries of "No!" from the managing director in the front row.

"——I have only the four large boxes to dispose of. I shall start with Box B. Who will make me an offer for Box B? Who will offer me, say, twenty-five guineas to start the bidding?"

HALF-A-DOZEN offers were immediately made, and Box B was disposed of for thirty-five guineas. Boxes C and D fetched a little more.

"We now come," the auctioneer concluded impressively, "to the *pièce de résistance*, if I may so call it. Box A is—well, you all know Box A, ladies and gentlemen, so I will simply say that it is the best box in the house. It will hold all the friends any man breathing has any use for. It would hold the largest family who ever received the Queen's bounty. Box A is one of those elastic boxes, ladies and gentlemen, which have no limit. You can fill it chock-full, and if the right person knocks at the door there will still be room for another. Who will start the bidding at forty guineas?"

"I will give you fifty," Jocelyn Thew said, promptly raising his hand.

The auctioneer leaned forward, expecting to see a familiar face. He saw instead a very distinguished-looking and remarkably well-turned-out stranger, smiling pleasantly at him from the front row of the audience.

"You are a man, sir," the former declared warmly. "You are giving me a good push-off. Fifty guineas is bidden, ladies and gentlemen, for Box A."

"I'll go to fifty-five," a well-known racing man called out from the rear. "Not a penny more, Joe, so don't get faking the bidding."

The comedian assumed an air of grieved surprise.

"That from you I did not expect, Mr. Mason," he said. "However, that you may have no cause for complaint, I am prepared to knock Box A down to you for fifty-five guineas, barring any advance."

"Sixty," Jocelyn Thew bid.

The auctioneer noted the advance with thanks. Then he looked toward the betting man, who shook his head. The auctioneer, who was rather wanting to get away, raised his hammer with an air of finality.

"Going at sixty guineas, then."

"Sixty-five," a new bidder intervened.

The comedian, with his hammer already poised in the air, paused in some surprise. A clean-shaven man in dark-gray clothes and a bowler hat, a man who had somehow the air of being a little out of his element in this galaxy of pleasure-seekers, caught his eye.

"Sixty-five you said, sir. Very good Going at sixty-five."

"Seventy," Jocelyn Thew bid.

"Seventy-five."

"Eighty."

"Eighty-five."

"Ninety."

"Ninety-five."

"One hundred guineas," Jocelyn Thew bid, turning with a good-natured smile

THE auctioneer drew himself up. The contest had begun to interest him Every one in the gathering was standing on tiptoe to watch.

"One hundred guineas is bid by my friend in the front," he declared. "A very princely offer. Shall I knock it down at that?"

One hundred and twenty was promptly bidden by the newcomer. Jocelyn Thew smiled up at the auctioneer.

"Well," he said, "I've invited my party, so I suppose I'll have to stick to it. I'll make it a hundred and fifty."

"A hundred and sixty."

"A hundred and seventy-five."

"Two hundred."

"Two hundred and fifty."

The comedian's flow of badinage had ceased. An intense silence reigned in the marquee. He, in common with many of the others, was beginning to recognize a note of something unusual in this duel.

"Two hundred and fifty guineas is a very handsome sum for the box," he said, leaning forward. "Perhaps some arrangement could be made, Mr.——"

"My name is Jocelyn Thew. The two hundred and fifty guineas bid is mine. I have the notes here ready."

The auctioneer turned toward the other bidder appealingly.

"I am acting under instructions," the latter said, "and I am not at liberty to make any arrangements to share the box."

"In that case, the bid against you at the present moment is two hundred and fifty guineas," the auctioneer told him. "Of course, the more money we get, the better—the Red Cross can do with it—but it seems to me that the present bid is adequate. If no arrangement is possible, however, I must continue the auction"

"Two hundred and seventy-five guineas."

"Three hundred," Jocelyn Thew replied coolly. "One moment, Mr. Bobby."

He leaned forward and whispered in the comedian's ear. The latter nodded and turned to the rival bidder.

"Do you understand, sir," he inquired, "that this is strictly a cash affair? I must have notes for the amount at the conclusion of the sale."

"You will have to wait until I get them, then," was the anxious reply. "I brought only two hundred and fifty with me."

The comedian shook his head.

"There can be no question of waiting," he decided. "If two hundred and fifty guineas is all that you have with you, then the box must go to the other gentleman for three hundred guineas."

"If we'd only thought of mentioning the matter of cash before," Jocelyn Thew said pleasantly, "it seems to me that I might have saved a little money. However, I don't grudge it to the cause."

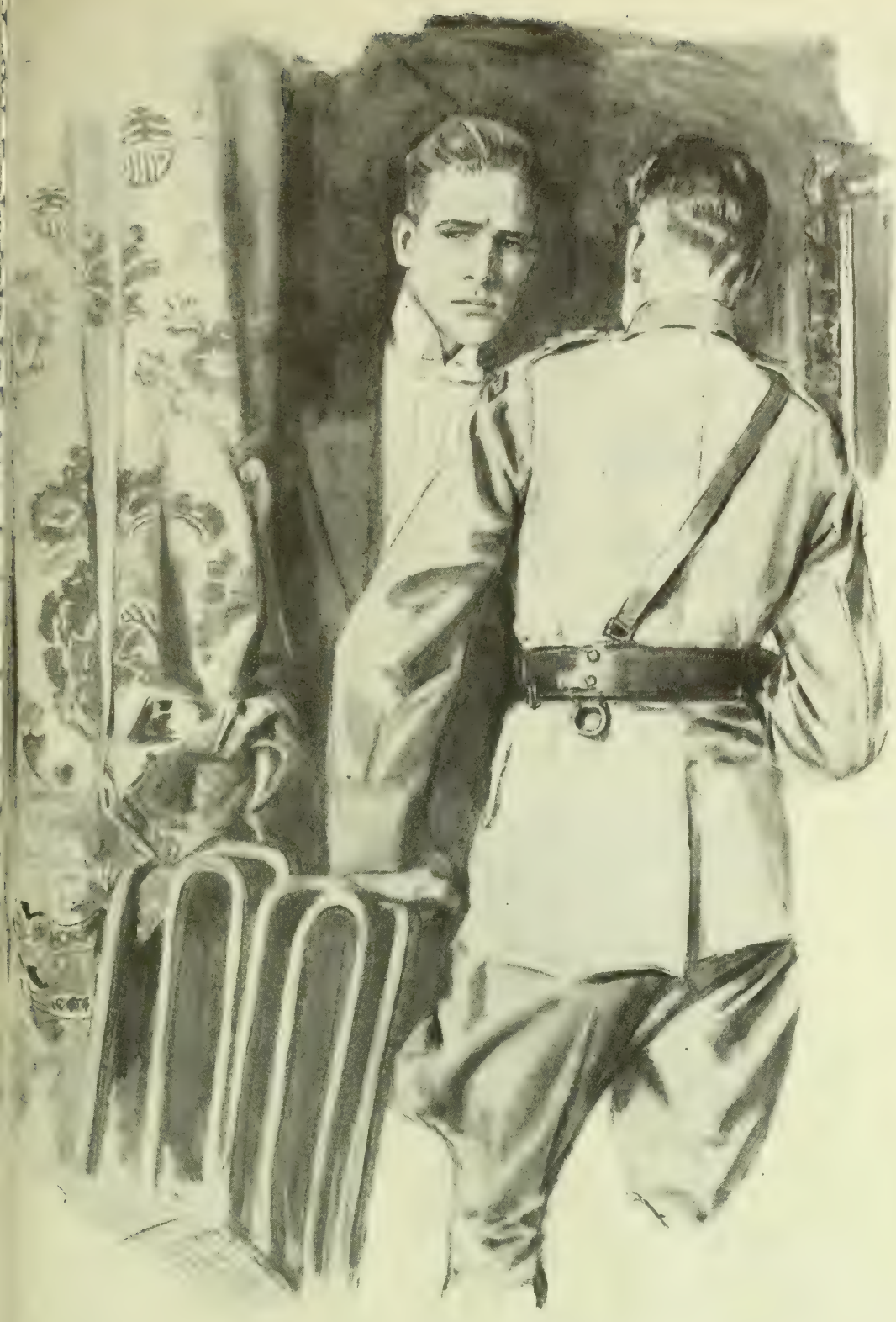
There was a little murmur of applause, and before any further word could be said the auctioneer's



Katharine turned her head slightly. Her face was pale as death.

THE STORY. Jocelyn Thew, who has consistently fooled the Secret Services of two continents for a long time, has been offered half a million dollars to take certain important diplomatic documents out of America to Europe. Thew knows he is being watched, suspected of having the papers with him, in spite of the fact that the Secret Service men are at Halifax guarding the box with broken seals, which is supposed to hold those very papers. So he lures with a fake message James Crawshay, of the English, and Hobson, of the American Service, to Chicago, where they learn rather late of the fake. At that very hour Thew is in New York, planning to leave his companion conspirator, Norah, behind and to sail for England in less than twenty-four hours. In fact, he is at the home of the society girl, Katharine Beverley, making the strange request that she sail the next day on Thew's ship, the *City of Boston*, to accompany a certain dying man to England as his special nurse. She is under obligations to Thew and consents. Thew, with his sick man, attended

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Richard stepped back into the shadows of the box, and something passed between them.

y Katharine and a doctor, is safely aboard ship and out of sight of land. hen a seaplane appears and puts Crawshay aboard. The detective egins at once to investigate Thew's activities, and discovers him using ie wireless to get in touch with the German raider *Blucher*. Crawiay silences the wireless, but the German heaves in sight and pursues iem till they make good their escape. Katharine's patient dies. Crawiay has every one on board searched, and finds, to Katharine's wn surprise, a sealed box in her trunk. When the box is opened, reveals only blank papers. Crawshay follows Thew to London, here he learns that the documents have been smuggled in with ie dead man. Norah reappears. Crawshay calls in more secret ervice men and settles down to a new campaign, which begins with dinner invitation to Katharine, who fears that her brother Dick iay be further involved. But Crawshay confesses to his Chief that e is completely baffled.

ammer dropped. Jocelyn Thew stepped up to his ide and counted out three hundred guineas in notes, eceiving in return the admission ticket for the box. The comedian shook hands with him.

"A very generous contribution, sir," he declared. 'I shall do myself the pleasure of remembering it toiight."

Jocelyn Thew made some suitable reply and strolled eisurely off, his eyes searching everywhere for his unuccessful rival. He found him at last in the main ivenue, on his way to the principal exit, and touched iim on the shoulder.

"One moment, sir," he begged.

The young man paused. When he saw who his nterlocutor was, however, he attempted to hurry on.

"You will excuse me," he began, "I am pressed 'or time."

"I will walk with you as far as the gate," Jocelyn Thew said. "I am very curious concerning your iidding for Box A. Can't you let me know for whom 'ou were trying to buy it? It is possible that I might eel inclined to resell."

"MY instructions were to buy the box by auction, and to go up to five hundred pounds for it," was the somewhat hesitating reply. "I am unfortunately not in a position to divulge the name of my client."

"You can at least tell me your own name, or the name of the firm whom you represent?"

The young man quickened his pace.

"I can tell you nothing," he said firmly. "Good-afternoon!"

Jocelyn Thew strolled thoughtfully back, made a few purchases wherever he was accosted, but had always the air of a man who is seeking to solve some problem. Issuing from one of the tents, he came suddenly face to face with Katharine and her brother.

"You are too late for the auction," the latter declared, as they shook hands, "and you wouldn't have got your box, anyhow. Do you know what it fetched?"

"Three hundred guineas," Jocelyn Thew replied with a smile. "I bought it at that."

They both stared at him.

"For three hundred guineas?" Richard repeated.

"I was rather lucky to get it at that. There was an anonymous bidder who fortunately hadn't got the cash with him, or I gathered that he was willing to go to a great deal more."

They stood for a moment in silence. Katharine laughed a little nervously.

"What does it mean?" she asked.

"A little obstinacy on the part of a millionaire, I suppose," Jocelyn Thew replied carelessly. "By-the-by, if it suits you we will meet at the theater this evening, instead of dining. I know that you will like to have a little time alone with your brother, as he is off to-night, Miss Beverley, and I have a business friend coming in to see me about dinner-time. I shall be in the box, awaiting you, say at half-past eight. You'll be close to Charing-Cross, won't you, Richard, and you won't have to leave until ten o'clock."

"That's all right," the young man agreed. "It's a jolly good send-off for me."

Jocelyn Thew made his farewells and strolled down one of the narrow avenues which led to the exit. About half-way down he came suddenly face to face with Norah and Crawshay. They all three stood together, talking, for a few moments. Suddenly Crawshay, who appeared to see some one in the crowd, turned away.

"Will you excuse me for one moment, Miss Sharey?" he said. "Perhaps Mr. Thew will take care of you."

"Perhaps," Jocelyn Thew observed, as he watched Crawshay disappear, "you need some taking care of, eh, Norah?"

She shrugged her shoulders. Her eyes sought his. She looked at him defiantly.

"Well," she exclaimed, "London's a dull place all alone. So's life."

"I am not interfering in your choice of residence or companionship," he replied, "although it seems strange that you, whom I think I may call my friend, should choose to amuse yourself with the one person in life who is my open enemy, the one man who has sworn to bring about my downfall."

"THERE isn't any man in the world will ever do that," she declared, "and you know it. You are afraid of no one. You've no cause to be."

"That may be true," he agreed, "but since we have the opportunity of these few moments' conversation, Norah, there is one thing I wish to say to you. I place no embargo upon your friendship with Mr. Crawshay. I do not presume to dictate to you even as to the subjects of your conversation with him. Tell him what pleases you. Talk to him about me, if you will—you will find him always interested. But there is one thing. If your lips should ever breathe a word of that other name of mine, or of those other things connected with my personal history of which you know, I warn you, Norah, that it will be a very bad day for you. It will be the one unforgivable thing, and I never forgive."

Norah shivered, although the afternoon sun was streaming down upon them. Her cheeks were a little paler.

"No," she murmured, "I know that. You would never forgive. You are as hard as the rocks. All the time since I have known you I have tried to soften you ever so little, just because I was fool enough to like you, fool enough to believe that it was just suffering which had made you what you are. That belongs to the past. When I think of you now my heart is like a stone, because I know that there is no love in you, nor any of those other things for which a woman craves. I should be very sorry indeed, Jocelyn Thew, for any woman who ever cared for you, and for her own sake, I pray very much that there is no one at the present moment who does."

A light breeze was blowing over the place. They were standing a little apart, in the shadow of a tree, and the hum of conversation and laughter, the noisy appeals of the vendors of flowers and other trifles, the strident voices from a distant stage, the far-off strains of swaying music, seemed blended together in an insistent and not inharmonious chorus. Jocelyn Thew stood as though listening to them for a moment. His eyes were following a tall figure in white, walking a little listlessly by her brother's side. When he spoke, his tone was unusually soft.

"I always told you what you seem to have discovered, Norah," he said. "I always told you that behind the driving force of my life was much hate but no love, nor any capacity for love. That may not have been my fault. If we were in another place," he went on, "I somehow feel that I might tell you what I have never told anybody else—the real story that lay behind the things you know of, things the memory of which was brought back to me only last night. Even now that may come, but for the present, Norah, remember. What you know of me that lies behind that curtain must never pass your lips."

"I promise," she murmured. . . . "Here comes Mr. Crawshay."

Jocelyn Thew raised his hat, smiled at Norah, and strolled away. He smiled also a little to himself, but not so pleasantly. The man from whom Crawshay had just parted, and with whom he had been in close conversation, was the man who had been bidding against him for Box A at the Alhambra that night.

(Continued on Page)

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The Knife from Mount Alamout

The Slayer of Souls - IV

By Robert W. Chambers

Illustrated by Armand Both

ON the wall hung a map of Mongolia, that indefinite region a million and a half square miles in area, vast sections of which have never been explored.

Turkestan and China border it on the south, and Tibet almost touches it, not quite.

Even in the twelfth century, when the wild Mongols broke loose and nearly overran the world, the Tibet infantry under Genghis, the Tchortcha horsemen drafted out of Black China, and a great cloud of Mongol cavalry under the Prince of the Vanguard commanding half a hundred Hezars, never penetrated that grisly and unknown waste. The "Eight Towers of the Assassins" guarded it—still guard it, possibly.

The vice-regent of Erlik, Prince of Darkness, dwelt within this unknown land. And dwells there still, perhaps.

In front of this wall-map stood a young girl named Tressa Norne.

Behind her, facing the map, four men were seated—three of them under thirty.

These three were volunteers in the service of the United States Government—men of independent means, of position, who had volunteered for military duty at the outbreak of the great war. However, they had been assigned by the Government to a very different sort of duty no less exciting than service on the fighting line, but far less conspicuous, for they had been drafted into the United States Department of Justice.

The names of these three were Victor Cleves, a professor of ornithology at Harvard University before the war; Alexander Selden, junior partner in the banking firm of Milwyn, Selden, and Co., and James Benton, a New York architect.

The fourth man's name was John Recklow. He might have been over fifty, or under. He was well-built in a square, athletic way, clear-skinned and ruddy, gray-eyed, quiet in voice and manner. His hair and mustache had turned silvery. He had been employed by the Government for many years. He seemed to be enormously interested in what Miss Norne was saying.

ALSO he was the only man who interrupted her narrative to ask questions. And his questions revealed a knowledge which was making the girl more sensitive and uneasy every moment.

Finally, when she spoke of the Scarlet Desert, he asked if the Scarlet Lake were there and if the Xin was still supposed to inhabit its vermilion depths. And at that she turned and looked at him, her forefinger still resting on the map.

"Where have you ever heard of the Scarlet Lake and the Xin?" she asked as though frightened.

Recklow said quietly that, as a boy he had served under Gordon and Sir Robert.

"If, as a boy, you served under Chinese Gordon, you already know much of what I have told you, Mr. Recklow. Is it not true?" she demanded nervously.

"That makes no difference," he replied with a smile. "It is all very new to these three young gentlemen. And as for myself, I am checking up what you say and comparing it with what I heard many, many years ago when my comrade Barres and I were in Yian."

"Did you really know Sir Robert Hart?"

"Yes."

"Then why do you not explain to these gentlemen?"

"Dear child," he interrupted gently, "what did Chinese Gordon or Sir Robert Hart, or even my comrade Barres, or I myself know about occult Asia in comparison to what you know?—a girl who has actually served the mysteries of Erlik for four amazing years!"

She paled a trifle, came slowly across the room to where Recklow was seated, laid a timid hand on his sleeve.

"Do you believe there are sorcerers in Asia?" she asked with that child-like directness which her wonderful blue eyes corroborated.

Recklow remained silent.

"Because," she went on, "if, in your heart, you do not believe this to be an accursed fact, then what I have to say will mean nothing to any of you."

Recklow touched his short, silvery mustache, hesitating. Then:

"The worship of Erlik is devil worship," he said. "Also I am entirely prepared to believe that there are, among the Yezidees, adepts who employ scientific weapons against civilization—who have probably obtained a rather terrifying knowledge of psychic laws which they use scientifically, and which to ordinary, God-fearing folk appear to be the black magic of sorcerers."

Cleves said: "The employment by the huns of poison gases and long-range cannon is a parallel case. Before the war we could not believe in the possibility of a cannon that threw shells a distance of seventy miles."

The girl still addressed herself to Recklow: "Then you do not believe there are real sorcerers in Asia, Mr. Recklow?"

"NOT sorcerers with supernatural powers for evil. Only degenerate human beings who, somehow, have managed to tap invisible psychic currents, and have learned how to use terrific forces about which, so far, we know practically nothing."

She spoke again in the same uneasy voice: "Then you do not believe that either God or Satan is involved?"

"No," he replied smilingly, "and you must not so believe."

"Nor the—the destruction of human souls," she persisted; "you do not believe it is being accomplished to-day?"

"Not in the slightest, dear young lady," he said cheerfully.

"Do you not believe that to have been instructed in such unlawful knowledge is damning? Do you not believe that ability to employ unknown forces is forbidden of God, and that to disobey His law means death to the soul?"

"No!"

"That it is the price one pays to Satan for occult power over people's minds?" she insisted.

"Hypnotic suggestion is not one of the cardinal sins," explained Recklow, still smiling—"unless wickedly employed. The Yezidee priesthood is a band of so-called sorcerers only because of their



"I—I once killed a man."

wicked employment of whatever hypnotic and psychic knowledge they may have obtained.

"There was nothing intrinsically wicked in the Huns' discovery of phosgene. But the use they made of it made devils out of them. My ability to manufacture phosgene gas is no crime. But if I manufacture it and use it to poison innocent human beings, then, in that sense, I am, perhaps, a sort of modern sorcerer."

Tressa Norne turned paler:

"I had better tell you that I *have* used—forbidden knowledge—which the Yezidees taught me in the temple of Erlik."

"Used it how?" demanded Cleves.

"To—to earn a living. . . . And, once or twice to defend myself."

There was the slightest skepticism in Recklow's bland smile. "You did quite right, Miss Norne."

SHE had become very white now. She stood beside Recklow, her back toward the suspended map, and looked in a scared sort of way from one to the other of the men seated before her, turning finally to Cleves, and coming toward him.

"I—I once killed a man," she said with a catch in her breath.

Cleves reddened with astonishment. "Why did you do that?" he asked.

"He was already on his way to kill me in bed."

"You were perfectly right," remarked Recklow coolly.

"I don't know . . . I was in bed . . . And then, on the edge of sleep, I felt his mind groping to get hold of mine—feeling about in the darkness to get hold of my brain and seize it and paralyze it."

All color had left her face. Cleves gripped the arm of his chair and watched her intently.

"I—I had only a moment's mental freedom," she went on in a ghost of a voice. "I was just able to rouse myself, fight off those murderous brain-fingers let loose a clear mental ray. . . . And then, O, God! I saw him in his room with his Kalmuck knife—saw him already on his way to murder me Gutchlug Khan, the Yezidee—looking about in his bedroom for a shroud . . . And when—when he reached for the bed to draw forth a fine, white sheet for the shroud without which no Yezidee dares journey deathward—then—*then* I became frightened . . . And I killed him—I slew him there in his hotel bedroom on the floor above mine!"

Selden moistened his lips: "That Oriental Gutchlug died from heart-failure in a San Francisco hotel," he said. "I was there at the time."

"He died by the fangs of a little yellow snake," whispered the girl.

"There was no snake in his room," retorted Cleves.

"And no wound on his body," added Selden. "I attended the autopsy."

She said, faintly: "There was no snake, and no wound, as you say . . . Yet Gutchlug died of both there in his bedroom . . . And before he died he heard his soul bidding him farewell; and he saw the death-adder coiled in the sheet he clutched—saw the thing strike him again and again—saw and felt the tiny wounds on his left hand; felt the fangs pricking deep, deep into the vein; died of it there within the minute—died of the swiftest poison known. And yet——"

SHE turned her dead-white face to Cleves—"And yet *there was no snake there!* . . . And never had been. . . . And so I—I ask you, gentlemen, if souls do not die when minds learn to fight death with death—and deal it so swiftly so silently, while one's body lies, unstirring on a bed—in a locked room on the floor below——"

She swayed a little, put out one hand rather blindly.

Recklow rose and passed a muscular arm around her; Cleves, beside her, held her left hand, crushing it, without intention, until she opened her eyes with a cry of pain.

"Are you all right?" asked Recklow bluntly.

"Yes," she turned and looked at Cleves and he caressed her bruised hand as though dazed.



"He died by the fangs of a little yellow snake!"

"Tell me," she said to Cleves—"you who know—know more about my mind than anybody living—" a painful color surged into her face—but she went on steadily forcing herself to meet his gaze: "tell me, Mr. Cleves—do you still believe that nothing can really destroy my soul? And that it shall yet win through to safety?"

He said: "Your soul is in God's keeping, and always shall be. . . . And if the Yezidees have made you believe otherwise, they lie."

Recklow added in a slow, perplexed way: "I have no personal knowledge of psychic power. I am not psychic, not susceptible. But if you actually possess such ability, Miss Norne, and if you have employed such knowledge to defend your life, then you have done absolutely right."

NO guilt touches you," added Selden with an involuntary shiver, "if by hypnosis or psychic ability you really did put an end to that would-be murderer, Gutchlug."

Selden said: "If Gutchlug died by the fangs of a yellow death-adder which existed only in his own mind and if you actually had anything to do with it you acted purely in self-defense."

"You did your full duty," added Benton—"but—good God!—it seems incredible to me, that such power can actually be available in the world!"

Recklow spoke again in his pleasant, undisturbed voice: "Go back to the map, Miss Norne, and tell us a little more about this rather terrifying thing which you believe menaces the civilized world with destruction."

Tressa Norne laid a slim finger on the map. Her voice had become steady. She said:

"The devil-worship, of which one of the modern developments is Bolshevism, and another the terrorism of the Hun, began in Asia long before Christ's advent: At least so it was taught us in the temple of Erlik.

"It has always existed, its aim always has been the annihilation of good and the elevation of evil; the subjection of right by might, and the worldwide triumph of wrong.

"Perhaps it is as old as the first battle between God and Satan. I have wondered about it, sometimes. There in the dusk of the temple when the Eight Assassins came—the eight Sheiks El Djebel, all in white—chanting the Yakase of Sabbah—always that dirge when they came and spread their eight white shrouds on the temple steps——"

Her voice caught; she waited to recover her composure. Then went on:

"The ambition of Genghis was to conquer the world by force of arms. It was merely of physical subjection that he dreamed. But the Slayer of Souls——"

"Who?" asked Recklow sharply.

"The Slayer of Souls—Erlik's vice-regent on earth—Hassan Sabbah. The old Man of the Mountain. It is of him I am speaking," explained Tressa Norne—with quiet resolution. "Genghis sought only physical conquest of man; the Yezidees' ambition is more awful, *for he is attempting to surprise and seize the very minds of men!*"

There was a dead silence. Tressa looked palely upon the four.

"The Yezidees—who you tell me are not sorcerers—are using power—which you tell me is not magic accursed by God—to waylay, capture, enslave, and destroy *the minds and souls of mankind.*

"It may be that what they employ is hypnotic ability and psychic power and can be, some day, explained on a scientific basis when we learn more about the occult laws which govern these phenomena.

BUT could anything render the threat less awful? For there have existed for centuries—perhaps always—a sect of Satanists determined upon the destruction of everything that is pure and holy and good on earth; and they are resolved to substitute for righteousness the dreadful reign of hell.

"In the beginning there were comparatively few of these human demons. Gradually, through the eras, they have increased. In the twelfth century there were fifty thousand of the Sect of Assassins.

"Beside the castle of the Slayer of Souls on Mount Alamout—" she laid her finger on the map—"eight other towers were erected for the Eight Chief Assassins, called Sheiks El Djebel.

"In the temple we were taught where these eight towers stood." She picked up a pencil, and on eight blank spaces of unexplored and unmapped Mongolia she made eight crosses. Then she turned to the men behind her.

"It was taught to us in the temple that from these eight *foci* of infection the disease of evil has been spreading throughout the world; from these eight



The hunchback clawed and squealed and bounced, striking blindly with ape-like arms.

towers have gone forth every year the emissaries of evil—perverted missionaries—to spread the poisonous propaganda, to teach it to tamper stealthily with the minds of men, dominate them, pervert them, instruct them in the creed of the Assassin of Souls.

"ALL over the world are people, already contaminated, whose minds are already enslaved and poisoned, and who are infecting the still healthy brains of others—stealthily possessing themselves of the minds of mankind—teaching them evil, inviting them to mock the precepts of Christ.

"Of such lost minds are the degraded brains of the Germans—the pastors and philosophers who teach that might is right.

"Of such crippled minds are the Bolsheviki, poisoned long, long ago by close contact with Asia which, before that, had infected and enslaved the minds of the ruling classes with ferocious philosophy.

"Of such minds are all anarchists of every shade and stripe—all terrorists, all disciples of violence,—the murderously envious, the slothful slinking brotherhood which prowls through the world taking every opportunity to set it afire; those mentally dulled by reason of excesses; those weak intellects become unsound through futile gabble,—parlor socialists, amateur revolutionists, theoretical incapables, excited by discussion fit only for healthy minds."

She left the map and came over to where the four men were seated terribly intent upon her every word.

"In the temple of Erlik, where my girlhood was passed after the murder of my parents, I learned what I am repeating to you," she said.

"I learned this, also, that the Eight Towers still exist—still [illegible] at least theoretically—and that from the Eight Towers pours forth across the world a stream of poison.

"I was told that, to every country, eight Yezidees were allotted—eight sorcerers—or adepts in scientific psychology if you prefer it—whose mission is to teach the gospel of hell and gradually but surely to win the minds of men to the service of the Slayer of Souls.

"That is what was taught us in the temple. We were educated in the development of occult powers—for, it seems all human beings possess this psychic power latent within them—only few, even when instructed, acquire any ability to control and use this force . . .

"I—I learned—rapidly. I even thought, sometimes, that the Yezidees were beginning to be a little afraid of me,—even the Hassani priests . . . And the Sheiks El Djebel, spreading their shrouds on the temple steps, looked at me with unquiet eyes, where I stood like a corpse amid the incense clouds . . ."

She passed her slim fingers over her eyelids, then framed her face between both hands for a moment's thought lost in tragic retrospection.

"KAI!" she whispered dreamily as though to herself—"what Erlik awoke within my body that was asleep, God knows, but it was as though a twin comrade arose within me and looked out through my eyes upon a world which never before had been visible."

Utter silence reigned in the room: Cleves's breathing seemed almost painful to him so intently was he listening and watching this girl; Benton's hands whitened with his grip on the chair-arms; Selden, tense, absorbed, kept his keen gaze of a business man fastened on her face. Recklow slowly caressed the cold bowl of his pipe with both thumbs.

Tressa Norne's strange and remote eyes subtly altered, and she lifted her head and looked calmly at the men before her.

"I think that there is nothing more for me to add," she said. "The Red Specter of Anarchy, called Bolshevism at present, threatens our country. Our Government is now awake to this menace and the Secret Service is moving everywhere.

"Great damage already has been done to the minds of many people in this Republic; poison has spread; is spreading. The Eight Towers still stand. The Eight Assassins are in America.

"But these eight Assassins know me to be their enemy. . . . They will surely attempt to kill me. . . . I don't believe I can avoid—death—very long. . . . But I want to serve my country and—and mankind."

"They'll have to get me first," said Cleves, bluntly. "I shall not permit you out of my sight."

Recklow said in a musing voice: "And these eight gentlemen, who are very likely to hurt us, also, are the first people we ought to hunt."

"To get them," added Selden, "we ought to choke the stream at its source."

"To find out who they are is what is going to worry us," added Benton. Cleves had stood holding a chair for Tressa Norne. Finally she noticed it and seated herself as though tired.

"Is Sanang one of these eight?" he asked her. The girl turned and looked up at him, and he saw the flush mounting in her face.

"Sometimes," she said steadily, "I have almost believed he was Erlik's own vice-regent on earth—the Slayer of Souls himself."

Benton and Selden had gone. Recklow left a little later. Cleves accompanied him out to the landing.

"Are you going to keep Miss Norne here with you for the present?" inquired the older man

"YES. not let her out of my sight, Recklow. at else can I do?"

"I don't k w. Is she prepared for the consequences?"

"Gossip nder?"

"Of cours

"I can g usekeeper."

"That on es it look worse."

Cleves re l. "Well, do you want to find her in some hot apartment with her throat cut?"

"No," rep Recklow, gently, "I do not."

"Then wh is there to do but keep her here in my own apar and never let her out of my sight until we can nd lock up the eight gentlemen who are undo ly bent on murdering her?"

"Isn't there woman (*Continued on page 64*)



PHOTOGRAPH BY
SHERRIL SCHELL

RUPERT BROOKE, soldier, poet, memorable friend, lies buried on the beautiful Greek isle of Skyros—but the fragrant memory of him lives. Just a youth, whose courage, grace and spontaneity won him love wherever he went, whose verse had gained him somewhat of fame before the black days of 1914, he joined the British Navy and, after eight brief months, died at Saloniki. "There are only three things in the world," he once said. "One is to read poetry, another is to write poetry, and, best of all, is to live poetry!" And this last he did, for he had a splendidly vital spirit. His personal beauty was of a remarkable quality; his body was supremely fit for a poet. During his school days, and in those years in which he "tasted" life in wanderings (he spent some happy time in America and loafed away luxurious months in the South Sea Islands) he wrote frequently. But out of his war experience came his most distinguished verse: five memorable sonnets called "1914." He gave his life at once willingly and reluctantly. "I hope to get through," he wrote. "I'll have such a lot to say and do afterward." This pathetic promise for the future, some "golden phrases," jotted in a small black notebook, his "Collected Poems," and the glorious memory of his grace and valor—these are the legacy of Rupert Brooke.

This hitherto unpublished poem was written by Rupert Brooke for the album of a college friend. It dates 1907, his first year at Cambridge.

Your eyes are a black lake
Where the moon always shines;
Her white fires make
Sound in the close black pines.

Deep in those waters old
One finds fantastic things,
— Strange cups, and gold
Crowns of forgotten kings.

Cracked mirrors, jewelled pins
That bound dead harlots' hair,
Old monstrous sins
That once the world found fair.....

Dark little shadows creep
Dumbly, in wait to kill
What voices weep
Dead hearts beneath the hill.

Glares one great star, a wound
Blood-red in the night's womb;
The woods around
Whisper; and wait — for whom?

Rupert Brooke

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The Five

By Guy Bolton

RHY (helping with preparations for the homecoming celebration for the boys of the A. E. F.)—I do wish those whistles would stop. They're been at it fifteen minutes or more.

Ruth—But you can't blame them. It's Patriotism.

Rhy—Yes, it's wonderful how patriotic a lot of folks get when all that's needed is noise.

Ruth—That's right. Some of the boys that are yelling the loudest now the troops are coming back kept awful quiet when they were getting ready to go. But I thought you'd gone down to the station to meet Mack.

Rhy—No, the government requested the men's relations not to meet the regiment at the dépôt. I guess they figured it would be awkward for some of the boys if two or three sweethearts were to turn up at the same time.

Ruth—They might have made an exception for wives.

Rhy—Oh, I don't know. If I've managed to live eighteen months without Mack, I guess I can last another half hour.

Ruth—Look, girls! Look who's here!

Phil (of the A. E. F., with a French bride on his arm)—Hello everybody! (*The girls kiss him enthusiastically.*)

Phil—You don't mind, do you, Nini? You see, these girls kiss me as if I were their brother!

Rhy—And who is *this* lady?

Phil—Don't drop dead, girls. This is *Mrs.* Phil Bishop!

Phil (chucking Nini under the chin)—Woodgie woodgie.

Rhy—Hum! If you can't understand each other, how did you come to get so well acquainted?

Phil–Well, Mack helped me out a good bit. You see, after they made him cook he had to learn enough French to go out and buy food if he was told to—so Mack did most of my love-making for me.

Rhy—Oh, he *did?*

Phil—And believe me, from the smiles she used to shoot me while he was doing it, he must have been good. (*Rhy looks dissatisfied.*)

Phil (to Nini)—Our marriage doesn't seem to have made much of a hit.

Nini (plucking Phil's arm and pointing to Ruth)—Zees young lady, she 'ave lose her 'osban?

Phil—No—sweetheart—fiancé.

Nini—Oh!

Nini (to Ruth)—Oh! *La pauvre petite que ça me fait mal au cœur.*

Phil—Nini's trying to tell you how sorry she is about that gold star you're wearing. As for me—I guess you know what it meant to me when I heard that Doug had Gone West. You see, Doug and Mack and I had been pals ever since we were kids. Poor old Doug—when I think about all those big plans of his—and his daydreams—well—it kinda makes me choke up.

Rhy—(her arm around Ruth)—Yes, I guess we'd better not talk about it any more or we'll all be crying.

There are other boys returning, and gay welcomes for them. The soldiers troop to the parade, leaving Bert, a young lawyer, who claims that "fallen arches" kept him out of the service, and Ruth together.

Bert—The deuce with people—I'm sick of all this secrecy and caution. We're engaged, aren't we?

Ruth—Yes, of course—but I told you it would be a long time before we could announce it. It's still less than four months since Doug died.

Bert—You talk just as if you were a widow.

Ruth—So I am—practically. At least—that's the way everybody in Clinton Falls thinks of me.



Beatrice Noyes as the spirited little "Midge" Monahan.

COURTESY OF F. RAY COMSTOCK AND MORRIS GEST, PRODUCERS.

The girls of Clinton Falls think that *Nini* (Marjorie Poir) will bear watching.



Doug (Ralph Morgan): "And so you told them *I* was the thief?"

Million
and Frank Mandel

Bert (*taking diamond ring out of his pocket*)—Well, just look what I've got for you.

Ruth—A ring! Oh Bert, how lovely!

Bert—It's a bit larger than the one Doug Adams gave you.

Ruth—It's beautiful! Thank you, Bert.

Bert—Tell me (*indicating the gold star on Ruth's arm*), will you go on wearing that thing on your arm much longer?

Ruth—I don't want to wear it, Bert—it makes me feel a horrible hypocrite—of course, I was fond of Doug, but now he's dead and—well, after all, life's for the living.

Bert—Certainly. It's not your fault that you fell in love with me. And if Doug Adams hadn't happened to die no one would have blamed you for having a change of heart.

Ruth—No, I guess that's so—only—well, the fact that Doug went to the war and you didn't . . . ought to make us doubly careful.

Bert—Oh, I say, Ruth, is that quite fair?

Ruth—I don't say it's fair, Bert, but you know what people are nowadays. I've heard some rather unkind remarks passed myself—You see, everyone doesn't know you as well as I do. (*They meet Midge, a spirited little Irish girl, brimful of patriotism, coming in to put up a service flag as they go out. She mounts a step-ladder and is busily hammering when Doug enters.*)

Doug—I'm looking for Miss Ruth Hunter.

Midge (*her mouth full of tacks*)—She'll be back in a few minutes.

Doug—Tell me, did *you* make that service-flag?

Midge—Uh-huh——

Doug—Funny, I thought you must have.

Midge (*bristling*)—What's the matter with it?

Doug—Nothing at all! Only I could tell from the proud, admiring way you looked at it.

Midge—That wasn't because *I made* it—it's because of what it *stands* for.

Doug (*looking at all the stars*)—Not a bad showing for the old town, is it? Gosh, it's got pretty nearly as many stars in it as the Milky Way! I wonder who all those gold stars are for?

Midge (*proudly*)—I can name every one of them!

Doug—You can? Really?

Midge (*looking up and pointing to each star as she names it*)—George Abercrombie, Carlo Accelli, Isadore Ackerman, Douglas Adams——

Doug (*interrupting her*)—Douglas Adams? You mean—*Douglas Adams?*

Midge—Yes.

Doug (*in a light tone*)—I didn't know he was dead.

Midge—He's almost my favorite hero of them all. Once he flew all the way to Essen and dropped bombs on the Krupp works.

Doug (*as if surprised*)—*Did* he though? Is that when they potted him?

Midge—Oh, no. He was up fighting three German Fokkers on the Argonne front and he'd brought down two of them when the third sent a bullet through his petrol tank. He made a landing all right—but inside the German lines.

Doug—You seem to be well informed.

Midge—I've read and read every word about our boys that I could find.

Doug—You certainly are a great little patriot—Funny I don't seem to remember seeing you 'round here before I left.

Midge—I've only been living in Clinton Falls a little over a year. My aunt died and I had to come and keep the boarding-house for Uncle. I guess perhaps you know him—Dan Monahan.

Doug (*laughing*)—I should say I do. Is Dan still inventing things?

Midge—Still at it. Say, to listen to him tell about all the things he'd invented to win the war for the Allies you couldn't help feelin' sorry for the Germans. Now, to get back to Adams——

(*Continued on page 70*)



Midge (*to Douglas*): "If you were hung with medals so thick one couldn't see the color of your tunic, I'd still think you had an awful nerve to class yourself with Douglas Adams!"



"The Dawn,"—that mystical between-times of day and night when Nature lures us to follow her flight with the slow tread of human imagination.

A Painter of Fantasies

By Gardner Teall

"Tell me where is fancy bred,
"Or in the heart, or in the head?"

ACTUALITY has never been more grim, more merciless, more smiting than it has through these terrible years of the world war. Fact has been more ingenious than imagination, truth more lurid than the wildest fiction.

And so it is that our war-weary world turns to Art's distractions more gratefully than it has turned to the Muses at any other period in history. Has not Art's mirror perpetuated for us through prose, poetry, music, sculpture, painting and architecture reflection of the finer spirit of mankind?

REALISM we shall have, the realism of beauty. But for sordid reality, because of its sordidness, the chastened mind of the present has only constructive sociological use. We have no room for it in pictorial art at present. I do not mean to say by this that an uncheerful theme is not one for the artist to consider, that an uncheerful theme is not one deserving of its place in fine art. I do, instead, merely point out the fact that the human heart, the human brain can stand just so much of tragedy at a time, no more; and we have had our fill.

This, then, is a reason in itself for turning with pleasure, with gratification to a work of art that lifts us out of experience's trenches, that takes us afar from life's battlefields. A world of men and women will be needing little excursions into the realms of fancy that there they may rest apace untroubled by apparitions of terror, far from the echo of the clanging tread of Mars. Our poets have been realizing this, and our painters too.

One of them, Arthur P. Spear, is a Bostonian. Some years ago a critic pointed to the trend of American idyllic painting as being toward the Arcadian. It threatened at times to become stupidly so. The dreamy often dangerously approached the drowsy, the chaste often degenerated into the cold lifelessness that neither moralized nor inspired.

IT was Landor who said, "Fancy is imagination in her youth and adolescence. Fancy is always excursive; imagination, not seldom, is sedate."

We have, happily for the moment, painters who concern themselves with the fanciful. "The Dawn," by Arthur P. Spear, recently completed and exhibited, is typically a work by one of this group. It is in the between-times of day-and-night,—dawn and eventide,—that Nature seems most poetical, most nearly to be approaching us to reveal some secret which she withholds in her caprice, keeping us ever at an arm's length from her, leaving us to follow her flight with the pitifully slow tread of human imagination. True it is that poet and painter so often seem to open to us in the vistas presented by their art glimpses that encourage us not to falter, not to weary. Boston and Massachusetts, one may think, are the last places to encourage fancy, but the work of Arthur P. Spear shows us how much we may be mistaken in this assumption. Fancy is not localized; we even ask with Shakespeare,

ARTHUR P. SPEAR'S is a fancy which truly adorns whatever it touches, which presents unlooked-for beauty to us in these troubled times. The artist is a painter without a pose. He paints finely and he paints joyfully, and he does not talk about it! If you ask him for biographical data, he is surprised, pleased that you wish it, but honestly sceptical that it is worth your while to play Boswell to his existence. That he was born in the city of Washington just forty years ago he is glad enough to tell you; also that he studied at the Art Students' League in New York and at the Académie Julien in Paris. Beyond this you have to learn from others that he lived four years in France, received a Silver Medal at the Panama-Pacific Exposition and has been the recipient of several Honorable Mentions, not because he is conversationally disobliging, but because he does not imagine it possible that you really could care about it all! Arthur P. Spear's modesty is unaffected and is a matter touching his work as well as his personality. I am sure he believes in what he paints and that he takes a true artist's satisfaction in his successes without ever feeling that he has, by any means, accomplished even a part of that which he wishes to do, that which he believes he can do and that which he is continually striving to do. Already his ability is recognized and the beauty of his work has a wide circle of appreciators. The future should hold much for him.



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"Saint's Progress"

By John Galsworthy

A NATIVE of Devonshire, England, John Galsworthy sits at his desk in his quiet moorland home, Wingstone, and turns out novels and plays that cut into the very heart of the problems of modern life.

Not until he was twenty-eight years old did he write a line. He had no literary tricks, no coterie of literary friends, but his earliest novels attracted attention, his first plays secured producers—because he had something to say and knew how to say it. And to-day his work stands for all that is best in contemporary English letters.

He is not a Socialist, but he defends the rights of Labor; he holds no brief for the aristocrat, but he writes of him with sympathetic understanding. Against injustice, ignorance, blindness, wherever they appear, he makes his attack. And he is first, last and always as good a sportsman as he is an artist—kind, fearless, honest.

Galsworthy's best-known novels are "Fraternity," "The Patrician," and "The Dark Flower." His most distinguished plays are "The Pigeon," "Strife," and "Justice"—in the last of which John Barrymore did so memorable a piece of acting.

"Saint's Progress" is his first novel since the war, and in it he treats fearlessly and intelligently one of the great problems which the war produced.

DRAWN by that eternal waltz tune Edward Pierson reached the doorway of the music-room. A chintz curtain hung there, but the sound of feet slipping on polished boards came out, and he saw his daughter Noel waltzing slowly in the arms of a young officer in khaki. Round and round they went, circling, backing, moving sideways with curious steps which seemed to have come in recently, for he did not recognize them. Noel's eyes were half closed, her cheeks rather pale, and her fair hair, cut quite short, curled into her slim round neck. Quite cool she seemed, though the young man in whose arms she was gliding along looked fiery hot; a handsome boy, with blue eyes and a little golden down on the upper lip of his sunny red-cheeked face. Edward Pierson thought: "Nice couple!" This must be the young man she had talked of in her letters during the last three weeks.

HE watched his young daughter now with a quaint mixture of æsthetic pleasure and fatherly perplexity. To go on dancing indefinitely with one young man—could that possibly be good for her? But they looked very happy; and there was so much in young creatures that he did not understand, especially in Noel; so affectionate, and dreamy, yet sometimes seeming possessed of a little devil. Edward Pierson was *naif;* he attributed those outbursts of demonic possession to the loss of her mother when she was such a mite; Gratian, but two years older, had never taken a mother's place—how could she? That had been left to himself, and he was always more or less conscious of failure. He sat there looking up at her with a sort of whimsical distress. At that moment she struck her father as startlingly grown-up. She was so composed, swaying there above that young man at her feet, the impudence of whose sunny face seemed smothered in adoration. "No longer a child!" he thought. "Dear Nollie!"

But the father was ill-prepared for Noel's matter-of-fact announcement: "I'm engaged to Cyril. We want to be married this week." He protests to his sister Thirza:

"Think of it, Thirza—that child! Why, it's only a year or two since she used to sit on my knee and tickle my face with her hair."

Thirza went on arranging her flowers.

"Noel is older than you think, Edward. She is more than her age. And real married life wouldn't begin for them till after—if it ever began; and if you refuse, I should be afraid, in these days, of what Noel might do. I told you that there's a streak of desperation in her."

Noel's father does refuse, however, and while the lovers spent their last evening together on the river—

Thirza lay awake, not exactly worrying, for that was not her nature, but seeing Noel's face, pale, languid, passionate, possessed by memory.

After Cyril rejoins his regiment and is sent to the front, Noel becomes a nurse's aid in the hospital in which her cousin Leila—a mature and sophisticated woman of the world—is ward superintendent. At Leila's apartment Noel meets Jimmy Fort.

IT was as a picture or series of pictures that Jimmy Fort ever afterward remembered that supper at Leila's. A little four-square table of dark wood, with a Chinese mat of vivid blue in the center, whereon stood a silver luster bowl of clove carnations; some greenish glasses with hock cup in them; on his left, Leila in a low lilac frock, her neck and shoulders very white, her face a little powdered, her eyes large, her lips smiling; opposite him a black-clothed padre [Noel's father] with a little gold cross, over whose thin, darkish face, with its grave pointed beard, passed little gentle smiles, but whose deep-sunk gray eyes were burnt and bright; on his right, a girl in a high gray frock, almost white, just hollowed at the neck, with full sleeves to the elbow, so that her slim arms escaped; her short fair hair a little tumbled; her big gray eyes grave; her full lips shaping with a strange daintiness round every word—and they not many.

"Is it very horrid in the trenches, Captain Fort?"

"Yes, Miss Pierson; it is very horrid, as a rule."

"Is it dangerous all the time?"

"Pretty well."

"Do [illegible] the trench?"

"Not unless there's an attack."

"Are there attacks very often?"

It had seemed to him so strangely primitive a little catechism, that he had smiled. And she had seen that smile, for her face went proud and close all of a sudden. He had cursed himself, and said gently:

"[illegible]"

She shook her head.

"But someone?"

"Yes."

Someone! He had heard that answer with a little shock. This child—this fairy princess!—a child already to have someone! He wondered if she went about asking everyone these questions, with that someone in her thoughts. Poor child!

And, in the dark cab later, he remembered thinking: "Fancy that child! A jolly lucky boy, out there! Too bad! Poor little fairy princess!"

AND at that hour Cyril Morland, under the parapet of his trench, tightening his belt, was looking at his wrist-watch for the hundredth time, calculating exactly where he meant to put foot and hand for the going over: "I absolutely mustn't let those chaps get in front of me," he thought. . . .

Noel gets her first news of Cyril's death from the newspaper:

Every day since he had left she had read the casualty lists, with the superstitious feeling that to do so would keep him out of them. She took up the *Times*. There was just enough light, and she read the roll of honor—till the moon shone in on her, lying on the floor, with the dropped journal. . . .

But she was proud, and she took grief to her room. After all, she was but one of a thousand hearts which spent that moonlit night in agony.

Meanwhile Leila is pursuing adventure.

When Leila found herself with Fort in that loneliness of the taxicab to which she had been looking forward, she was overcome by an access of nervous silence. She had been passing through a strange time for weeks past. Every night she examined her sensations without quite understanding them as yet. When a woman comes to her age, the world-force is liable to take possession, saying:

"You were young, you were beautiful, you still have beauty, you are not, cannot be, old. Cling to youth, cling to beauty; take all you can get, before your face gets lined and your hair gray; it is impossible that you have been loved for the last time."

To see Jimmy Fort at the concert, talking to Noel, had brought this emotion to a head. She was not of a grudging nature, and could genuinely admire Noel, but the idea that Jimmy Fort might also admire disturbed her greatly. He must not; it was not fair; he was too old—besides, the girl had her boy; and she had taken care that he should know it. He went up to the flat.

"Wait just a minute," said Leila.

SITTING there with his drink and his cigaret, he stared at some sunflowers in a bowl, and waited just ten; smiling a little, recalling the nose of the fairy princess, and the dainty way her lips shaped the words she spoke. Then a whiff of perfume came to his nostrils; and, looking up, he saw Leila standing before him, in a long garment of dark silk whence her white arms peeped out.

The garment had taken fifteen years off her age, and a gardenia, just where (*Continued on page 79*)



A mammoth may be preserved in cold storage by Nature for 10,000 years. But the cold storage of fruit offers the problem of providing for chemical changes that produce heat by a process comparable to breathing

When the World Wabbles
92% Safety in Airplanes
Né Thompson
A Strawberry is 17.8

By Henry Smith Williams, M.D., LL.D.

WHEN THE WORLD WABBLES

MOST of us recall that last winter was very mild. Most of us are aware also that winters in general in this day and generation are mild indeed in comparison with those of a remote geological period when a gigantic glacier covered the entire northern part of our continent and was gradually melted away at about the latitude of New York and Chicago, leaving its reminiscent finger prints, so to speak, in the form of granite boulders scattered more or less freely over the landscape to puzzle the geologist until Agassiz guessed the secret of their presence—and to harass the would-be tiller of the soil. But perhaps it is not so well known that the men of science have never been very fully agreed as to the direct cause that led in the past to such disturbed climatic conditions—causing not merely one ice age but a succession of ice ages with intervening benign periods.

It would be too much to assert that the full solution has been found even now; but a hypothesis that at least seems plausible has been put forward by Major-General Drayson, of the British Service, who bases his argument on the alleged discovery that our world, which has long been known to wabble about like a top, is wabbling in a somewhat different fashion from what has been supposed. The departure in question, according to General Drayson, is due to the fact that the center of the imaginary circle off in space, described by the projected (equally imaginary) pole of the earth, does not lie at the axis of the Ecliptic—that is to say, the point at right angles to the imaginary plane in which the earth rotates about the sun. In point of fact, according to General Drayson, the two points in question—the center of the polar circle and the pole of the Ecliptic—are six degrees apart.

THIS means that the circle described by the polar axis is a much bigger circle than had been supposed; stated otherwise, that our earth with its top-like spinning makes a bigger wabble than had hitherto been credited to it—or charged against it. Technically stated, the difference is such that, whereas the earth's pole at present points about twenty-three and one-half degrees from the axis of the Ecliptic, at another period it diverges by about thirty-five and one-half degrees. The total circle described in the earth's big wabble is so much greater than has been supposed that the time of polar rotation is alleged to be 31,756 years instead of the 25,868 years hitherto computed.

This difference in time would be of no consequence were it not that there is a coincident modification of climatic conditions. Everyone knows that the difference between our present summer and winter climate is due to the inclination of the earth's axis. If a tip of 23½ degrees causes the difference at present observed between July weather and January weather, it will readily be understood that a tip of 35½ degrees must produce still greater contrasts. A difference of 12 degrees covers the gap between New York and Hudson Bay; so when the pole is tipped farthest from the Ecliptic New York cannot hope to escape the climate of Athabasca.

GRANTING General Drayson's thesis, it is of course possible to calculate the successive periods of astronomical time when the polar axis reaches its most divergent position as it sweeps about the great circles. This last occurred about fourteen or fifteen thousand years ago

As an interesting sidelight on the new calculations, it may be observed that the period when the vast accumulations of snow and ice of the most recent glacial epoch were melted away, as the pole straightened up and brought the sun into more favorable position, occurred about five thousand or six thousand years B. C.; and that it is surmised that this great melting gave rise to the tradition of a universal flood which is a familiar part of the folk lore of many ancient nations. It may be added that the melting process is still going on—witness the observed regression of the great arctic ice gap within the past century; the similar regressions of such minor reminiscences of the ice age as Muir Glacier up in Alaska, which has retreated at least twenty miles during the past century, and which is said to be still retreating at the rate of about one mile every three years.

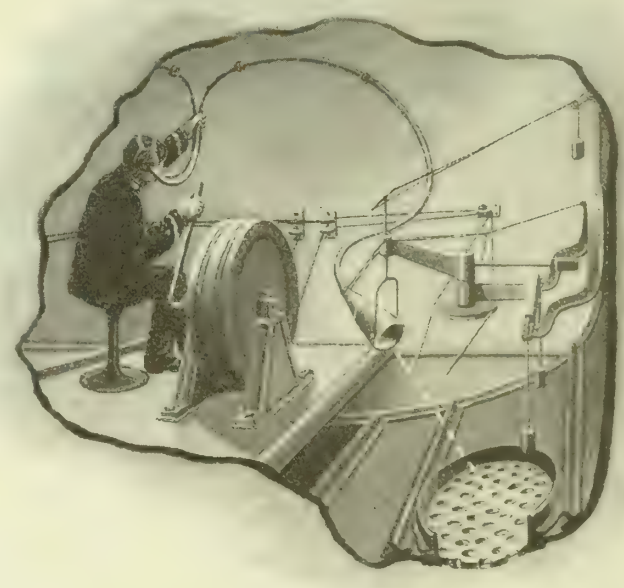
THINGS that happened fourteen or fifteen thousand years ago, or that are to happen fourteen or fifteen thousand years in the future, do not seem very personal to most of us, but at least it may be of interest to note that our world-top is now standing as straight as it ever stands. It is why business can go on in New York this coming winter, and for a few thousand subsequent winters, before being transferred to the regions of the Gulf of Mexico as it apparently must be (by gradual stages) as the inevitable glacial epoch that will culminate about the year 9000 A.D. approaches.

92% SAFETY IN AIRPLANES

THE tangible accomplishments of the first year of the United States Aërial Mail Service were notable in the extreme. It is recorded that out of a total of 138,758 miles that might possibly have been flown in carrying out the service, no less than 128,255, or 92.73 per cent., were actually flown. Only 4.41 per cent. of daily trips were not attempted or if attempted failed—35 out of a total of 1,263. The aggregate amount of mail carried was 193,021 pounds and the Government netted a profit of $19,103, a sum insignificant in itself but notable in its implications.

Meantime there was but one serious accident, and no death resulted. Only eleven years have elapsed since the Wright brothers, in making their spectacular demonstration, were obliged to wait day after day for favorable weather, and never thought of attempting a flight if there was more than a moderate breeze. Only ten years have passed since Bleriot's feat of flying thirty miles across the English Channel was regarded as phenomenal. But for that matter, only sixteen years have passed since the very first flight of the Wright brothers confounded the scientific skeptics and proved that the age of miracles is our own era.

THE second year of practical air transportation was scarcely under way before both airplanes and dirigible balloons had spanned the ocean, preparing the way for international aërial commerce. It was



The hydrophone—a device for detecting sound through the water. It played a useful part in the war against the U-boats.



According to Major-General Drayson, the circle described by our polar axis is bigger than has been supposed—which may account for our changing climate.

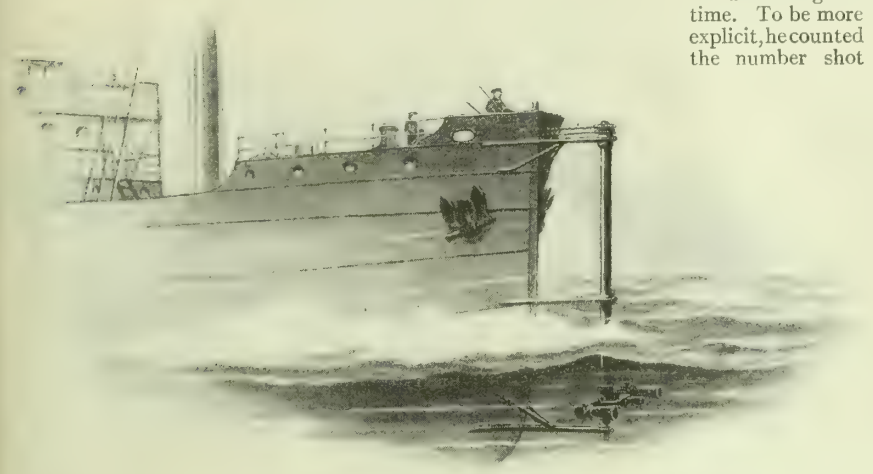
be a weirdly sagacious prophet who could forecast with accuracy the commercial development and international significance of the new vehicle before the United States Aërial Mail Service celebrates its first decennial.

NÉ THOMPSON

A GOOD many Americans are probably not aware that the famous Royal Institution of London was founded by a man born and bred in this country. Such, however, is the fact. The man who afterwards came to be known as Count Rumford was reared as plain Benjamin Thompson, in a New England village. He became sadly expatriated and gained distinction in Europe, and his lasting monument is the Royal Institution, which he founded more than a century ago because he believed it imperative that the aid of science should be invoked in the effort to retard the decadence of the British nation; his adopted country being, in his view, on the verge of inevitable decline. In the Royal Institution, he hoped, experiments would be made that would tend to bolster the wavering civilization of the epoch.

ALL this occurred toward the close of the eighteenth century. Whatever one may think of Count Rumford's prediction as to the progress of the British Empire, there can be no two opinions as to the work that has been done in the Royal Institution. Such famous men as Humphry Davy, Dr. Thomas Young, Michael Faraday and John Tyndall made epochal investigations there and instructed the public in the famous lecture hall; and the traditions of the Institution have been well preserved in our own generation.

It is interesting to note that the mingling of the practical with the theoretical is evidenced in the subjects of recent series of lectures there. We find Professor Bragg telling about "Listening Under Water," reminiscent of the discoveries that did so much to make the U-boat campaign a relative failure; Sir Valentine Chirol entering the field of political controversy and speculation with an interpretation of the dynamic subject of "The Balkans," and Mr. J. M. Price dealing with the scarcely less thought-provocative topic of "The Italian Front"; all of which is rather far afield from the terrain of science on which the feet of the investigators at the Royal Institution are supposed to rest. But, on the other hand, we find also Sir J. R. Bradford discussing the newest knowledge of the viruses that are able to pass through a filter and yet to transmit disease—germs that have as yet eluded the eye of the microscope, yet which make their presence felt in a most tangible manner. The germs of smallpox, of measles and of yellow fever are among those that have not as yet given up their secrets to the microscopic investigator.



An invention for locating objects undersea by means of reflected sound waves.

AGAIN, to carry us still farther into the realms of pure science, we find Sir Ernest Rutherford telling of "Atomic Projectiles and Their Collisions with Light Atoms." No one else in the world has delved quite so far with the mysteries of the atomic activities as revealed through the studies of radium and its products as Sir Ernest Rutherford. He it was who proved that the *alpha* particle given out from radium is in reality an atom of helium; and who, furthermore, devised the method of counting the numbers of particles shot out from a given surface of radium in a given time. To be more explicit, he counted the number shot through a very small aperture representing a measured part of the sphere of activity, and from this was able to compute the number given out by an entire radioactive surface. Many other secrets he has coaxed from the strange radioactive mineral, secrets that we shall hear more of from time to time, as we regain the habit of noticing matters not directly related to warfare.

Meantime it may be pertinent to recall that experiments made at the Royal Institution laid the foundation for the development of one of the most important of wartime materials, the famous explosive, cordite; and it would be hazardous to assert that such experiments as those of Prof. Rutherford may not have ultimate practical application in fields of warlike activities and peaceful industry that for the moment seem in nowise related to the flights and collisions of the atomic particles.

A STRAWBERRY IS 17.8

TWO British investigators have been giving a great deal of attention of late to problems of cold storage, endeavoring to supplement rule-of-thumb practice with scientific knowledge in the hope of improving the conditions under which so large a share of the food supply comes to the British Islands.

The problem of storing meats is a comparatively simple one. The refrigerating chamber is kept well below the freezing point, and the food may thus be preserved indefinitely. It is recorded that on one occasion there was found in Siberia, in a block of glacial ice, the body of an animal that had been dead doubtless for at least eight or ten thousand years, inasmuch as it represented an extinct species—a hairy elephant called the mammoth. The flesh of this creature had been so well preserved, it is related, that dogs ate of it.

OBVIOUSLY, then, there is no practical limit to the period of preservation of meat. But the case is quite different when vegetables, and particularly when fruits, are in question. These may not be subjected to indefinite lowering of temperature without danger of destroying the flavor for which they are prized. It is necessary to make the refrigerating chamber just cold enough to modify the rate of change within the substance of the fruit itself, so that ripening culminates near the time of marketing; but hitherto there has been a good deal of difference of opinion as to the precise temperature called for in practice.

Formerly it was customary to keep the refrigerating chamber for fruits at a temperature of about eight to ten degrees Centigrade; more recently the temperature has been lowered to four or five degrees. It is pointed out, however, by the recent investigators that it is possible to reduce the temperature not merely to the freezing point but one or two degrees lower, without actually freezing the fruit.

This seems anomalous. The explanation is found in the fact that the chemical changes within the substance of the fruit itself produce a certain amount of heat, maintaining the fruit at a higher temperature than the surrounding medium. These chemical changes in the fruit consist of the so-called hydrolysis of the starch into sugar and the conversion of sugar into glucose and fructose. These are the processes through which in part the fruit gains its characteristic flavor. But another process conduces to the same end—the process which is spoken of as "respiration." In this process, certain constituents of the fruit, notably acids, are combined with oxygen, the process therefore being strictly comparable to the function of breathing in the animal world. It appears that this function of respiration is always going on in the substance of the fruit, but can be modified in rapidity by changes of temperature. The slower the respiration, the longer the fruit keeps. This accounts for the difference in keeping qualities between, for example, a strawberry and an orange. Tables have been prepared showing the relative rate of respiration of various fruits. It appears that, using the same scale, the number for the strawberry is 17.8, for the raspberry 20.4, and for the blackberry 30.9, as against such relatively small numbers as 6.5 for the plum, 5.0 for the red currant, 4.6 for the apple and 1.8 for the orange. Different varieties of the same fruit have different rates of breathing, as might be expected considering the well-known difference in keeping qualities. It is obvious that grapes and apples, and in particular the orange, are protected by their relative impermeable skins, which keep the juices from escaping and the air from entering except in limited quantities.

IT is well known that when one wishes to dry out a grape to transform it into a raisin or similarly to transform a plum into a prune, it is necessary to place the fruit first in a medium that causes the skin to crack and thus lose its impermeability. An opposite effect is produced by placing the fruit in cold storage, where the lowered temperature arrests the rapidity of the chemical action. A similar retardation may be effected in a different way by coating the fruit with an impervious medium, like paraffin. This obviously reverses the method of making prunes and raisins.

There are limits, however, as to the amount of interference in case of the ripening fruit without causing it to lose its desirable qualities altogether; and, as above suggested, the efforts of the investigator are now being directed toward discovering for each fruit the happy medium of temperature that permits it to ripen satisfactorily while preserving it for the longest possible time. When a solution has been found for each individual variety of fruit, the art of refrigeration being reduced to the terms of a science, we may hope that it will be possible to secure tropical fruits not now available, and that the cost of fruits in general, so largely dependent upon the percentage of loss through decay, will be materially lessened.

In His Wife's Name

By Bruno Lessing

Illustrated by Irma Defrémeaux



"Sadie," he said, "why don't you wear your hair put up in a—a—what d'ye call it—a bunch?"

THERE are two ways of telling this story: one is Mr. Taretsky's way and the other is Mrs. Taretsky's way. The fundamental story is, of course, the same, but you'd be surprised at the difference which the point of view makes. Gallantry, alone, however, should be sufficient reason for preferring the lady's viewpoint. Not that there is anything radically wrong with Mr. Taretsky. True, he is selfish, but his heart is in the right place.

When Taretsky started his fur store on Canal Street, his wife helped him to make it a success. If you have never worked in a fur store you have no idea how much work it involves to keep things going. Mrs. Taretsky was kept busy from early in the morning until late at night selecting, cleaning, matching, combing, sewing, patching and lining furs. Mr. Taretsky did the buying and the selling. Sometimes, when business was unusually brisk, Mrs. Taretsky's young brother, Ike Rosenbaum, helped them out. Taretsky, however, never cared much for young Rosenbaum. Ikey did not take life seriously enough to suit his brother-in-law; he was lazy and too fond of the pleasures of the flesh—thought Taretsky—to make a good business man.

The Élite Fur Emporium—it was Kalish, the lawyer, who had suggested the name of Taretsky's store—grew prosperous. Once a complication arose which made Taretsky the defendant in a lawsuit. He testified that the Élite Fur Emporium belonged to his wife and that he was but a salaried employee. Mrs. Taretsky enjoyed this hugely, particularly when her husband made her sign a power of attorney which placed the conduct of the business in his hands.

Mrs. Taretsky really liked to work in the fur store. She possessed some sort of natural trait—it may have been an instinct, for all we know—which seemed to place her *en rapport* with the whole fur industry.

She loved furs, loved to handle them and fondle them and assort them and appraise them. It was she who always fixed the prices. Prosperity, however, affected the Taretskys differently. Whereas Mr. Taretsky bloomed under its influence—grew younger, apparently, and more alert and more absorbed in his surroundings—Mrs. Taretsky grew worn and weary and—oh, the bane of womankind—fat!

"Sadie," said her husband, one day, "it's got the time when you stop working. We got plenty of money and business keeps growing. Now you stay home and leave everything to me."

After that Mrs. Taretsky stayed at home and left everything to her husband. Each night, when he came home, he told her everything that had happened during the day and she was delighted to know that the prosperity of the Emporium continued even after she had withdrawn the contribution of her daily efforts. That, you see, was the feminine part of it. Prosperity in business is, really, never a part of a woman's life. She likes it, to be sure, but it is not in the same category with love, attention, flattery, etc., etc., etc.

THEN, one night, Taretsky came home inflicted with the incurable bacillus known upon the East Side as "up-town." He had heard that fur stores in the upper part of the city, no bigger and no better equipped than his, drew upon a much wealthier clientèle, charged vastly bigger prices and made ridiculously bigger profits. He discussed it with his wife many times. In the end an Élite Fur Emporium appeared, one day, on Twenty-third Street.

Ikey, Mrs. Taretsky's brother, remained in charge of the Canal Street store which, in her husband's imagination, was to be, ever, the parent head of the great chain of Emporiums that he intended to organize all over the United States. Night after night Taretsky reported to his wife the progress of the new establishment. They discussed the hardwood panels of the showroom, the carpet upon the floor, the color of the lettering upon the windows, the advertising and the thousand and one details that enter into the organization of a new enterprise. And gradually the new Emporium took shape. True, it absorbed all the profits of the parent establishment and its financial outlook was not exactly what you would call definite, but, on the whole, the prospect looked good. Taretsky, you see, was by no means a financial genius, but his heart was in the right place.

Taretsky began to come home later than usual. The new store kept him very busy, besides which, of course, he had to pay some attention to the old store. Ikey was all right in his way—you know how it is—but Taretsky had to keep an eye on him. Then, after a while, there came evenings when Taretsky did not come home at all and Mrs. Taretsky ate her supper by herself. She had a servant now but, somehow or other, a servant does not seem to make up to a wife for the absence of her husband. Wives, you know, are queer creatures.

One evening, however, Taretsky did come home early and complained that he was tired. Mrs. Taretsky was also tired but she said nothing about it. Perhaps it was because she was tired that she looked unusually untidy. Her husband gazed at her in silence for a while. Then:

"Sadie," he said, "why don't you ever wear your hair put up in a—a—what d'ye call it—a bunch—like—like—oh, you know what I mean."

His hand attempted to outline a mound upon the top of his head. His wife smiled.

"Don't be foolish," she said. "That's what the young girls do. I'm too old for that. When do you want me to come up and see the new store?"

Taretsky shifted uneasily in his seat.

"You can come up any time you want," he said, "only it ain't necessary. We're very busy." Taretsky wasn't exactly what you would call tactful, but, just the same, his heart was in the right place.

NOW—as Socrates would have conducted a discourse—why was Mrs. Taretsky tired? After her breakfast she had nothing to do for an hour but to stand over the servant and see that the housework was properly done. After that, for another hour, there was nothing to do but to order the meats and vegetables for dinner and supper and then walk around the neighborhood and look at houses and signs and people that she had looked at for many years. And, when that was done, there remained nothing for the rest of the day but to sit in the parlor, read for a while—she could not read long because it hurt her eyes—and then sit with folded hands and think and think and think—until her husband came home. How that could make a woman tired is a mystery to her husband. Nevertheless Mrs. Taretsky was tired every night.

And then, one day, suddenly—unexpectedly and without rime or reason—Mrs. Taretsky became very tired at 2 P.M., and it occurred to her, suddenly—unexpectedly and without rime or reason—to visit the new store. As we look back over our past we find that many a turning-point in our careers started from an unreasoned impulse. The more we ponder over the why and wherefore of this impulse the less we understand it. Let Mrs. Taretsky, therefore, have her impulse in peace. When she reached the new store, Mr. Taretsky was not there.

It was really a very attractive store. In one glance Mrs. Taretsky saw that her ideas of hardwood panels and carpets and draperies had been carried out. What impressed her particularly, however, was her husband's absence. Three very good-looking young

women were lounging about the place. One of them, without moving, addressed Mrs. Taretsky.

"Can I show you some furs?" she asked.

"No," said Mrs. Taretsky, somewhat acidly, "you can't show me anything. Where is my husband."

The three young women suddenly became animate. "Oh, you are Mrs. Taretsky, are you not?" asked one. "Mr. Taretsky is out to lunch. He ought to be back any minute now."

And, just at that moment, a taxicab came to a stop in front of the door and Mrs. Taretsky beheld her husband alight, followed by a young woman whose hair was blond and whose face was quite pretty. When Taretsky saw his wife he turned very red. He tried to smile but it ended in a queer grimace.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, with as much cheerfulness as he could muster. "You should 'a' come earlier and went to lunch with Miss Menken and me."

Mrs. Taretsky, who looked dowdier than ever by contrast with the neat-looking saleswomen, paid no attention to her husband. She was occupied in scrutinizing Miss Menken. This young woman, calm and unabashed, removed her hat and began to pat her hair before a mirror.

"I wanted to have a talk with Miss Menken on business." Taretsky began to explain. "She got some good ideas about styles."

Mrs. Taretsky, however, was not even listening to him. She had discovered that Miss Menken's blond hair was arranged in an attractive mound upon the top of her head.

"I see!" she said.

"What do you see?" asked Taretsky, frowning.

"Nothing. Where is the workroom? I'd like to see what it looks like."

TARETSKY, who had become very nervous, showed his wife about the place.

"What is that machine over here?" asked Mrs. Taretsky.

"That's a time-lock," explained her husband. "All the work-people got to write their name when they come in and when they go out and I can always tell if they're late or if they sneak out early."

Mrs. Taretsky nodded approvingly. She seemed greatly interested in this mechanism and made her husband explain its workings in detail.

"I guess I'll go down to the other store," she said.

"Would you like me to go along?" asked Taretsky, meekly.

"And let these—these persons run the business?" exclaimed his wife. "I guess not."

"Maybe you would like a taxi," suggested Taretsky. His wife turned and surveyed Miss Menken again.

"I ain't used to taxis," she said. "The street-cars is good enough for me."

Taretsky, you see, was not what you would call a tactful person but, just the same, his heart was in the right place. An hour after his wife's departure he telephoned to the Canal Street store to inquire if she had arrived safely.

"She didn't arrive at all," said Ikey, his brother-in-law. Taretsky was puzzled and worried. Mrs. Taretsky never scolded. During all their long married life her temper had been serene. Once or twice, perhaps, an accumulation of pent-up grievances had culminated in a sudden explosion, but the storm was of brief duration—an outburst of tears and all was over.

Taretsky was home for supper punctually that evening. His wife did not refer to the episode in the store and he grew more and more uneasy. Mrs. Taretsky seemed to be doing a great deal of thinking. Suddenly:

"I seen Mr. Kalish, the lawyer," said she. Taretsky's heart sank.

"I asked him if I could get a divorce——"

"Sadie!" cried her husband. "Are you crazy?"

"That's what Mr. Kalish said," she continued calmly. "So I did something else

"What did you do?" Taretsky, in his nervousness and perplexity, felt a wild impulse to bite into a table or a chair.

"You will find out to-morrow," said his wife. "I'm going to bed."

NOT another word was to be had from her. Taretsky tossed through a sleepless night. The next morning he found out. Upon arriving at the up-town Emporium he was greeted by Ikey, whose face bore a broad grin.

"What are you doing here?" demanded Taretsky. "Who told you to leave the down-town store?"

"Sadie," said Ikey.

"Wh—wh—what for?" stammered Taretsky. Ikey shrugged his shoulders.

"I should worry why Sadie does things," said he. "My orders is plain. I should take charge here and you should hang around until I get acquainted. Only every hour you got to punch the time-clock."

"The time-clock?" cried Taretsky. "Are you crazy?" Ikey shook his head.

"Say, I'm just telling you what my orders is," he said. "If you and Sadie got a row on, go and settle it with her. She says if you don't punch the time-clock every hour I got to dock your salary."

"You? You dock my salary?" cried Taretsky. "Say, who do you think is the boss here?"

"Sadie," replied the young man, calmly. "Anyway, she says she is. Oh, I nearly forgot. She told me to tell you not to bother making out any more checks. She stopped that—what d'ye call it—that power of attorney. She says she don't want any money wasted on taxis. Have you been using taxis?"

Taretsky did not answer him. Without a word he hastened to the office of Kalish, the lawyer.

"Say," he cried, "what are you putting my wife up to?"

"Mr. Taretsky," said the lawyer, "my hearing is good and you don't need to yell. I don't put my clients up to anything. Your wife just came to me for advice. I told her that so long as you go out to lunch with blondes and ride in taxicabs she better take away that power of attorney and run the business herself. I also told her I bet she

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Mrs. Taretsky paid no attention to her husband. She was scrutinizing the blond hair.

had left the room. But the Casket of Confucius was concealed upon the person of none of the members of the Arm-chair. This was certain.

Cranahan's eyes narrowed when the search was over, the search of which he, as well as the others, had been a victim.

"One thing we know," he said. "The Casket hasn't left this house. The workmen might be crooked and the servants might be crooked, but it's too much to believe that both sets of people are thieves and in league with each other. If the servants say that no workman entered the house, and the workmen say that no servant left it—the casket is here. And one of us has it, knows where it is hidden.

"Well," and he glanced defiantly around him, "this is a chance to find the guilty man. We'll all stay right here until the casket is recovered."

"It's a nice place," yawned Sinsabaugh. "Does it occur to you, John, that Mrs. Kate might object?"

Cranahan was stumped. His face, that had worn worry, took on an expression of pleading.

"Listen, lads," he said. "This latest stunt—it isn't the money. God knows we've paid enough for our foolishness, and I suppose that we can afford more. It's the idea of letting Mrs. Kate know—her butler—let the man who stole that casket declare himself! Let him name his own figure for surrender of the agreement—immunity from prosecution is guaranteed——" He waited a full minute. Then he shrugged. "Lord help ye, then, whoever ye are, when we find ye out, as we surely will."

HE walked to the door of the room wherein the search had been conducted.

"Kate," he called.

Mrs. Vanderveer appeared, breathless with excitement.

"Have you found it?" she asked.

Cranahan grimly shook his head. "You can help us, Kate. That casket—it's a little thing, but—it's in this house. That's certain. Kate, I want you to issue orders that no one leaves the place."

"And how long am I to entertain the fireworks people?" asked Mrs. Kate.

"O Lord!" Cranahan groaned.

"And was that statement on the screen true?" she demanded.

Cranahan groaned again, the groan of reluctant assent.

Mrs. Kate's eyes sparkled. "And you don't know—why, John Cranahan, *you* may be the guilty man!"

"By the Lord, I'm not," cried the harassed president of the club.

"How do I know?" demanded Mrs. Kate. "Will the other members of the club vouch for you?"

"Aw, now, Kate alannah—" Cranahan's voice was almost tearful.

But his fiancée stepped away from his pleadingly extended arms.

"John Cranahan, the black cloud of suspicion hovers over you, and——"

"Kate!" Agony, almost, was in Cranahan's voice.

And then Mrs. Vanderveer laughed. Laughed until she was forced to wipe tears away from her cheeks.

"I think— I think— I'm a most immoral woman, John Cranahan! But it's—the funniest—the whole crowd of you—the biggest men in the country—thieves—John Cranahan, I always knew that an Irishman made a wonderful lover, but as husband—you'll be more amusing—thief-catching——"

She frankly leaned against the wall, while her body shook with her delighted merriment.

Slowly the consternation, the fear, left Cranahan's eyes. He turned upon his fellows of the Arm-chair.

"DID I, or did I not," he roared, "pick the most adorable of her sex, the loveliest, the best sportswoman——"

"Enough of that Irish blarney, John," interrupted Mrs. Kate. She was sobered, businesslike. Here's what can be done. I'll order the west and south gates closed. I'll have my own servants—and they are trustworthy, John—guard the fences. No one will be permitted to depart save by the north drive. And everyone will be searched—again in the case of you Arm-chair people—before leaving to-night. Then, if the casket isn't found, we'll know that it's in the house."

"Kate, if you change your mind about marrying me, be a partner in business with me, will ye, darling? Sure, ye're the most efficient——"

"John," she broke in sweetly, "I'll be a partner when I'm a wife. Did you think I intended to stay home, and——"

"Mind the babies?" Cranahan put in innocently.

MRS. KATE squelched him with a glance. Then, "But it's your birthday, John. We're having a party. Shall we continue?"

Cranahan's pride showed in every muscle of his face, every line of his bulky body. How many women, he mutely asked, would continue festivities upon learning that a dangerous thief was in the gathering. He read admiring answer in the faces of the others.

Once again he offered Mrs. Kate his arm. They led the way to a huge veranda, raised a dozen feet above the smooth lawn. Twenty yards away workmen were still busy, but the activities of preparation subsided as the hostess and her guests seated themselves.

Mrs. Vanderveer had not considered expense when she gave John Cranahan a birthday party. The cunningest craftsmen had fashioned fireworks that would have turned a Chinaman whatever color envy turns the Oriental skin.

In fireworks that blazed against the sky scenes of the Great War were enacted. Louvain was burned, Paris bombed, English ports were bombarded by raiders, the *Lusitania* was sunk.

It was at the conclusion of this last scene, a ghastly horror enacted in flame, that Bernard found that his cigaret case was empty. Silently he arose and entered the house. Upon a tabouret in the huge living-room he found what he wanted. The room was in semi-gloom, most of the house-lights having been turned off, in order that the spectacle above the lawn might be staged in darkness.

He had found the cigarets easily enough, but the match-case upon the tabouret was empty. He groped about him and, his eyes rapidly becoming accustomed to the semi-darkness, found another tabouret. It was equipped with cigars and cigarets, but, like the first, had no matches. It was the same elsewhere. No matches were to be found.

Oh, well, it didn't matter. He'd get a light outside upon the porch. He started to rejoin the others when footsteps in the hall caught his ears. Probably a servant, who would furnish him the means wherewith to light his cigaret.

It was not a servant. It was a youth, smudgy of face, attired in overalls. Bernard was in front of him, blocking his path, in a moment.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded. Suspicion, that had been dormant while he watched the pyrotechnical display, awoke. What was one of the workmen doing in the house?

"Doin' 'ere?" The youth shifted a quid of tobacco from one side of his jaws to the other. "Gorblimey hif Hi knows, Guvnor. Hi was sent in 'ere to get some matches and lost my bloomink way. W'ere the 'ell is the servants' quarters, Guvnor? Hit's a bleedin' castle, this place. Matches? Hi might as well look for needles in 'ay-stacks!"

Bernard grinned sympathetically. Mrs. Vanderveer's place *was* enormous. And in the semi-gloom it was easy to lose one's way.

"Matches, eh? I want some myself. Let's look around," he said.

BUT at the end of the hall they came across the butler, who was properly civil to Bernard and properly insulting to the grimy young workman.

"Certainly, sir, of course, sir," he told Bernard. And to the workman, "Fine lot y'are, not to have enough matches for your fireworks. If you started swimming you'd forget the water, eh?"

"And that's a snappy line, Duke," said the workman. "Blimey, but you Hamericans 'ave the quickest tongues, now don't yer?" Then his good humor left him. "Give me some matches, yer blarsted male chambermaid, or I'll bust yer."

His tone was ferocious. So also was the hunch of his left shoulder, the knotting of his small, but tough-looking fist. Like a bantam rooster defying the universe he seemed as he glared up at the shocked countenance of the well-trained servant.

Bernard turned away to hide a grin. The grin would almost immediately become a laugh, he felt, so, leaving the two to fight it out, he retraced his steps to the veranda.

The exhibition was almost over. Only remained, Mrs. Kate announced, one more display. Fifty-four of the higest rockets obtainable were to be shot off simultaneously, one for each year of her chief guest's age.

Leaning on the veranda rail, Bernard watched the workmen place the rockets in the wooden frames from which they were to be shot. Right in front of him, less than twenty yards away, one of the workmen looked up. It was the bantam who had threatened the portly butler. He waved a jaunty hand to Bernard.

Bernard admired his independent spirit. This chap, for all his Cockney accent, his uncouthness, was a personality. That cockiness of his would, properly guided, bring him some success in life.

(*Concluded on page 77*)



"Get rid of it, Kate! One never knows about the Orient."

"Strengthen that Link!"

You are only as strong as your digestion—no stronger.

Rich nourishment does you no good if you cannot digest it and transform it into health and energy.

Nine times in ten where physical condition is not at its best the "weak link" is poor digestion.

And there is no strengthener better than

Campbell's Tomato Soup

It is not only a tempting appetizer but it supplies important nutritive elements which the system demands. It strengthens digestion and increases the energy-yield of all you eat. It is as wholesome as it is delicious.

The wise way is to order it by the dozen or case and never be without it.

21 kinds



"For wisdom that's simple and pat
Just paste my advice in your hat
The link that shows wear
Is the one that needs care
Put all your attention on that!"



Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

Up Broadway in a Buggy

The Tellings of Henry E. Dixey - X

IN the fall of 1891 I was started by Charles Frohman in "The Solicitor."

While I was rehearsing "The Solicitor," Frohman and I were riding on Broadway one day in his buggy. As we passed Daly's Theater, I saw him look at it with a peculiar expression on his face. I remarked that it was strange that Daly had never produced any American plays. C. F. replied: "I am going to see that he don't produce any kind of plays." "Well," said I, "the first manager that gives the American public a playhouse where only the best American actors and the best American plays can be seen, will succeed not only from a monetary standpoint, but will live in the hearts of his countrymen forever."

Frohman replied that might be so, but that he was going to get the successes of Europe, and give them to the American public.

"Wallack has given them all the best English plays and made little or nothing out of them," I reminded him. "My idea of a playhouse is to have one all American."

"My dear boy," Frohman replied, "my game is to corral all the authors of Europe and in this way to control the market. I am in this as a shop-keeper. If the public wants a line of goods, I will sell it to them."

DALY, you remember, played an author only four or five weeks. Then he would put on some old comedy and never do the play again until he went on tour with his company. Wallack did about the same; Palmer the same; Field of Boston the same; McVickar of Chicago the same. Frohman, on the contrary, would keep a play on for a run and send out four or five companies in different directions and clean up a lot of money. By Frohman's plan the author in London would be receiving five and ten per cent. from five or six companies, whereas under the other managers, they only got their percentage for five or six weeks from a single company. It is easy to imagine an English author meeting a fellow author at his club in London, and during the chat making a remark like this:

"I say, old boy, do you know this chap, Frohman, in the States? No? You better, then. Look at my percentage of last week. Here are the statements." Now he would draw forth the one thing C. F. knew he would, and show that from five statements he was receiving from two to three thousand dollars. Can't you see the other English authors of the time running to tell four or five more? I should say yes—raw-*ther*. Two thousand dollars—four hundred pounds! And some of the poor devils had been living on two hundred pounds per year! Of course they dropped Wallack, Fields, McVickar, and when C. F. went to London the following summer on his annual trip he didn't ever have to look up any of the authors, for they were lying on his door-mat and had been there all night.

Then C. F. would tell them that he would take not only what they had written, but would advance four or five thousand dollars on their next play that had not been *thought* of. My word? Can you see the faces of those poor devils? Can you hear them sing his praises all over London? But the plan proved a boomerang. Frohman lost a fortune through poor plays, and the pampered English authors never did a stitch of really good work after that.

MR. FROHMAN sent for me to play the part of *Lord Carlton* in "Little Mary." I called on him. It was about eleven o'clock, at the Empire Theater—several people waiting in the outer office. My name was announced. He said, "Send him right in." I went in and he said: "Well, you are looking fine." I replied, "Yes, I feel fine," and he commenced to laugh.

I said, "What are you laughing at?" "Why," he said, "I told Mr. Hayman to send for you, and he seemed to hesitate. I said, 'What's the matter?' He said, 'Well, didn't you hear about Dixey in Chicago?' I said, 'No.' 'Well,' he said, 'Dixey got drunk in Chicago.' I said, 'Was he very drunk?' Hayman said, 'Oh, very drunk.' I said, 'Well, then, send for him.' Hayman seemed surprised and said, 'Would you send for him now?' I said, 'Yes, Dixey never does anything by halves. He either makes a great hit in a part or he doesn't touch it. That's the same with his drinking. He either gets drunk or lets it alone.'" Mr. Frohman then said to me: "Let me read you this." And he sat down with the play "Little Mary" and started.



I belonged in the Beauty Chorus all right in those days.

I said, "But you have got some people waiting." He said, "Never mind; listen," and there for two hours he read "Little Mary." Now, Frohman, like myself, had to leave college at a very early age, and we had many a laugh while he was reading "Little Mary." When he would come to a long word he would look at me and smile and say "hurdle," meaning that he would jump over it.

He read the play, and after he got through, he said, "What do you think?" I replied, "It would be one of the nicest little failures ever played in New York."

WELL, I thought he would have apoplexy. He rang his bell, told his boy to go to the book-keeper and get the London statements of "Little Mary," and while we were waiting for them he walked up and down, upbraiding me for saying such a thing. I said, "Well, I'm an actor, and I'm in this profession to make money; but I don't want to see you lose money by my making it. I know you will pay me a very big salary. But I don't think this will go."

The boy entered with the book; Mr. Frohman turned over the pages and with an exulting face said, "Look at that—two hundred and ten pounds a night! Look at what we played to over there with it! Two hundred and ten pounds—two hundred and twenty pounds—and so on."

Finally he said, "If *you* don't think well of it, *I* think well of it, and I will engage you for the season." I said, "All right, you're on."

We started in rehearsal, without ever reading the play with Mr. Joseph Franko, who said he had seen the piece in London. The manuscript was not even a "marked" book with the business in it; and we fumbled through three weeks of rehearsal, the actors guessing at it, the stage-manager guessing at it, when, the last week of rehearsal, Mr. Frohman himself appeared and began to guess, too. He was very good; he made very good suggestions.

But that's not stage-direction! The real stage-director, the sort they have in Italy and in France—is a man who has first talked with the author and read the author's play and knows first hand all of the author's ideas and what the author wants to suggest. This director then goes to the playhouse, casts the play, and on the stage reads the play to the actors, they having all their parts in their hands. He reads, conveys what the author wants—the appropriate emphasis and the manners of each character. Then they begin rehearsal, and the director *stays* with them until the evening of the opening performance, and even after that if he finds it necessary.

Well, Mr. Frohman would suggest little things. But anyone can suggest. In this manner he would say: "I think you had better speak up a little louder, don't you think so? Yes, yes, speak up louder—and when you cross there, don't cross so quick; walk slow. And you go up behind that curtain and poke your head in between."

Well, it happened that his suggestions upset everything Mr. Franko tried to tell the company, so instead of putting in four good weeks of rehearsal, we put three fumbling weeks in, and then the fourth week we were irritated by new directions from Frohman.

Just as I told him, the piece was a failure. It ran three weeks. Mr. Frohman said nothing about the rest of the season that he had verbally agreed to keep me, and when I wrote him he said simply that he didn't feel like producing any more plays that season.

ON my return to this country I opened my season in "Adonis" at Davenport, Iowa. Jefferson, Klaw & Erlanger knew so much about booking that they jumped the company and myself from New York to Davenport to open. As the World's Fair was going on in Chicago, any one might have known that the people for two hundred miles around Chicago would go there instead of staying at home to see shows that could be seen at any time. Naturally we played to nothing, and my managers, being in New York, could not understand it and blamed me for not drawing crowded houses. I stood many humiliations and was glad when they sold out to my old manager, Edward E. Rice, who brought me back East to packed houses everywhere.

I loved dear Edward E. He was the pioneer of the refined burlesque in this country, and he went away ahead of all the burlesques of Lydia Thompson's time and others of her school.

Rice was of the playhouse. He was almost born in the profession. And he loved it. He would put up his last dollar on a production and stay with it until he made it go or it broke him. He made more success in his line than any one manager in the world, and less money. The men who say they have brought commercialism into the theater are under a great misapprehension. I don't know one of them who has brought one idea to benefit the stage or to lift it.

I was a bad boy all that season and did not act well on or off the stage. I don't know how to tell you this, but the very devil got into me, and somehow or other I could not shake him off. I was lonely and discontented, and nothing seemed right to me, and in this condition no one could do anything with me.

ALONG during this period also I got into the habit of playing cards. I can't say I remember leaving a card table at any time in my life with any permanent satisfaction either from winning or from losing, or from the social connections that were there. Gambling of any kind is lowering; even at home games for stakes breed discontent in the family, so much so that I will not permit games of chance to be played in my home even for peanuts.

Gambling has got me in great distress. I have got into debt trying to win what I have lost; and I have lost trying to enlarge my winnings. Luck has got me out of some tight places at times and I am very thankful for those few miraculous plays; but as a man will not stay to win as much as he will stay to

· that is the hidden percentage for the
o bank.
have won sometimes very large sums,
ecall, thirty-five hundred dollars in one
l. I played the next deal and lost down
ight hundred and fifty. Then I quit. I
s the happiest man in New York that
ht. I went around and took up a lot of
). U.'s and held out about two hundred
l fifty as a stake to play with next day.
played again and went broke. Once I
l a twelve hundred dollar note coming
. I wrote to a man in New York who
d me twenty-two hundred dollars that if
could put a thousand dollars in my bank
following Thursday, he could pay the
er twelve hundred at any time he liked.

HAD two hundred dollars, and with the
thousand that I expected to get from my
nd, I could take up this note. He wrote
k, yes, he would have it at my bank the
owing Thursday morning and thanked me
my kindness in the past and wished me
good luck. The following Thursday
rning I rose with a premonition that
nething was wrong. At my club I found a
er from the valued friend stating that he
ld not put the thousand dollars in that
, as promised, but would a week from
n. Horrors! What was I to do?
t was the summer season, no one in town.
ook the subway to Wall Street; tried to
ke arrangements with some old friends;
ldn't do it. Tomorrow or some other day
y might, but not at such short notice.
was frantic; took the train back, got out
Forty-second Street, and with the two
ndred dollars in my pocket I wandered up
street; met a dear old chum of mine.
He said, "What's the matter, Harry?
u look blue." I said, "I must have a
usand dollars." He said, "I wish I had
or you; but I'll tell you what I have got.
ave got four hundred dollars coming to me
a pool room around the corner."
"That won't do me a bit of good; I must
ve a thousand," I replied.
"Well," he said, "they have a faro bank
und there that is open now, and I will get
four hundred dollars and play it against
bank and may win you out."

) we went around. He got the four hun-
dred dollars, bought four stacks of chips
d commenced to play. I stood behind him
ooting" for him. I saw his pile dwindle,
d when it got down to the last twenty-five
llars my hand stole down into my pocket
d took hold of the two one-hundred-dollar
ls I had. I hadn't gambled then for many
ars. The dealer just shuffled the cards and
t them into the box. The nine of hearts
s on top. (My lucky card when I used to
ay!) I said, "If the next turn comes red,
buy two hundred dollars' worth of chips
d either blow it or get my thousand."
The next turn won. I said, "Give me two
cks of chips." I got two one-hundred-
llar stacks and never took them off the
le. I played the high card to lose and to
n. And in one deal I won twenty-three
ndred dollars. I cashed in and I can't
member ever being so happy as I was then.
went down to the bank, took up my note,
nt over to an antique store, bought some
d furniture, gave my friend back the four
ndred dollars he had lost for me, and took
e train for home, singing gaily. That was
e of the few times that faro bank got me
t of a hole.
One night out West after my performance,
y trusty valet, Armstrong, (Dear Arm-
ong! he was a wonder in more ways than
e) and I went into a saloon for a bottle of
ll water. Over a stairway leading to the
xt floor above I saw a sign: "Club Room."
was dressed in a long overcoat, seal-skin on
y head, gold rimmed eye-glasses and a
ver-headed cane. I said in a swagger sort
voice to the barkeep:
"What's going on?"
"Oh, you can get anything up there from
tch and toss to manslaughter."
"Fancy," I said, climbing the stairs. We
nded in a room. On the left, a crap table,
xt a chuck-a-luck, stud poker, roulette,
zard, and *the* game, faro bank.

AND what may this game be, kind sir?"
I inquired.
"Craps," said the man, looking at me in
rprise.
I said, "Armstrong, put twenty-five dollars
own." He did so. I took the dice and
lled seven—won. "Armstrong, collect,"
said, and moved quickly on to the next
ble chuck-a-luck.
"Armstrong, place twenty-five on the
ve," I directed. Again we won. And so on all around the room. At last we came to the faro bank table and I said, still very swagger, "Armstrong, take my hat, coat and cane." I bought a hundred dollars' worth of chips and went after them to beat the band.

Such luck! If I had been playing a high limit I would have made a fortune. They would only let me put twelve dollars and a half on a single card, but I did so well and played so rapidly I had the dealers as nervous as men with palsy, and they were changing dealers on me all the time.

"Armstrong, put on my coat and hand me my cane," I finally said. And, in the most indifferent manner, to the dealer, "Give the change to my man here. I find I am late. I sup with your Mayor at eleven-thirty, and, bless my soul, it's near midnight," and lighting a cigar from a match held by my faithful Armstrong, I sauntered out as if I were strolling the beach at the seashore looking at the waves.

IN about ten minutes Armstrong showed up at the hotel, his pockets bulging with money, his face wet with tears from laughing. "Oh, Mr. Dixey, they nearly died paying me," he said. "They had to go into the safe and get out one and two dollar bills, and they counted it twice into my hands. And when the dealer put the last bill into my hand he looked up at me and asked, 'Who is that high-toned son of a gun?' 'That's Mr. Dixey,' I said. 'He played here last night in "The Man on the Box," and since he leaves to-morrow morning at 7 A.M. I want to tell you that you will never see any part of this money again.' "

Clever devil, Armstrong, eh? what? Nearly a thousand—all won "guying" while if I really needed it I would have lost.

Funny thing, Fate; especially if you fight it!

I saw an old man of seventy playing faro bank one night. He had lost all his money and was on his feet to go when a bright gleam came into his eye, and seating himself again he said to the dealer:

"Here's an upper set of teeth gold plate," at the same time taking them out of his mouth. "They are worth seventy-five dollars. Let me have a twenty-five dollar stack of chips on them."

The dealer said, "I can't. Money for checks and checks for money. That's our rule."

"But the gold in them is worth more than that, and gold is money, isn't it?" said the old man.

The dealer turned around to the man in the look-out chair, and after some words gave the old man the checks and threw the teeth in the money drawer.

"What did the last king do?"

"Lose."

"Then let him lose again," putting a copper on it, shoving it over on the king. The next turn out of the box the king won, and as the dealer was making for the stack, the old man yelled:

"Leave that!" at the same time reaching into his mouth for the lower set of teeth, he said, "Here, take these; they cost just as much as the upper set," his face closing in until it looked like a woman's hand-bag before she begins shopping.

"I CAN'T sit here taking teeth all night," growled the dealer.

"You darn fool, that's all the teeth I've got." The dealer turned to the look-out man, who nodded his approval, and the dealer threw them into the box beside their fellow-masticators.

The last turn was then called. A king, an ace and jack were in the box, and if you call it you get four for one. The old man said, "Call it king, ace—No, hold on, the king won last time. Well, he'll win again, so call it ace, king—No, no, wait a minute—"

"Oh, hurry up," said a tough at the end of the table.

"You go to the dickens," said the old man, "I've lost enough money here to-night to have them wait for me a month. Call it jack, king—the fellow that was hung in Boston."

"All set," said the dealer, and pushed out the cards. They came, king, ace. The old man said, "Ding it, that's what I was going to call it in the first place, but I would change my mind." Then rising and pulling his coat up around his sunken-in cheeks, he said to the dealer,

"I'll be around in a week and redeem those teeth, and in the meantime I'll eat soup," and tottered out into the night.

Impersonations off stage are good fun, but they get Mr. Dixey into difficulties in Hearst's for November.



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I Get an All-Day Job

(Continued from page 20)

of the bride. The unwritten law of orthodox Jewish society gives to the bride's parents that honor. But in the ghetto an honor involving the expenditure of money is sometimes regarded somewhat dubiously. Of course Mrs. Burick had an explanation ready.

"A flame carried away mine daughter. I didn't want the *shidach* in the first place. A fine ornament, such a son-in-law, that I should yet make a wedding party for him If his mother wants a wedding party let her make it."

"Mit mine son no one has to throw themself around," Mrs. Eckstoff retorted. "It's true that he ain't got a job, but who didn't begin life poor? It's all right; we won't send our son away with empty hands. I'll make a supper even a king should be able to eat, and let her make a supper for her own relations in her own house."

"Kid, you go with your gang and I'll go with mine," suggested Zalmon to his wife. "I'll meet you after the show."

"Gangs!" cried Mrs. Burick. "What kinda gangs? You think you're on the corner? It's time you stopped already talking about gangs. You got a wife now. She's no longer mine daughter. You look after her, mine smart gangster. And now go. Go together. First to your mother's house, but together. Man and wife should always go together. And in an hour come together, remember, by mine house."

She had no doubt that Zalmon would live up to the agreement because if he didn't the couple would get none of the presents that awaited them at the Burick home. And these presents could not be ignored, for the future of the still unfurnished home in Avenue B where they were to begin housekeeping depended entirely on wedding gifts.

So we hurried off. And what a feast was spread! I am sure that on the improvised table, made of boards laid on wooden horses, more food was displayed than the family had eaten in a year. The table was covered with long, white cloths, the edges of which hung down on either side close to the floor. On these cloths were laid dishes containing more kinds of food than I had ever seen together Conspicuous among the dishes were great piles of apples, oranges and bananas which had been bought wholesale from Hersch Ditchik and of sponge cake and little cakes of a dozen varieties homemade by Mrs. Eckstoff.

EVERYBODY was provided for lavishly and nobody wondered where the money had come from for such a bountiful meal. They all knew that Mrs. Eckstoff was poor and that of course she had had to strip her home almost bare and pawn most of her possessions to see that her son's wedding was celebrated properly. There was nothing unusual about that. Any poor ghetto mother would have done the same under the circumstances.

Dancing was going on between the courses of the supper, but the bridal couple had only begun to take part in this feature of the celebration when their hour at Mrs. Zulinsky's home came to an end. Old Mrs. Becker, who had known the groom from the day of his birth and who had looked after him while his widowed mother was out working, bestowed a five-dollar bill and a tearful kiss upon the pair, who, having collected one hundred and ten dollars in presents, left promptly for Mrs. Burick's.

At the Burick door the bride's sister Stella confronted them.

"How much did you make?" she asked candidly.

Zalmon told her.

"Pikers!" cried Stella. "By us you'll get more."

This did not prove to be true, but the couple seemed to be satisfied; indeed they had reason to be, for the total of one hundred and ninety dollars was more money than either of they had ever possessed.

Zalmon's wedding lingered in my thoughts for a long time and the steady grind of work was more irksome than ever after such an orgy of gaiety. At last it became only a memory, but it was to have a sequel. The show was over, but the two principal figures in it were not to drop out of my life like the actors in a play.

One day a young woman came into the factory looking for work. She must be hard up, I thought—she, a full-grown woman, coming to such a slave-shop for a job. I did not see her face at first, but there was something familiar about her figure. And then she turned, and I recognized her—the heroine of that wonderful wedding that had lived in my memory through all the dreary months that had passed, Zalmon Eckstoff's bride!

So this was what the bride of even such a wedding could come to! It made me feel that even the most prosperous could never be safe from disaster.

WHEN we filed out for the lunch hour I met her on the stairs. She had changed a good deal since the day of the wedding. The fresh color had gone from her face and there was a worried look in her eyes which had been so bright and twinkling at the supper at Mrs. Zulinsky's. I learned from her that all the skirt factories were closed by a strike and that there was no chance of work in her trade.

"But your husband?" I asked. "Isn't he working?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Eckstoff bitterly. "He's been busy ever since our wedding."

"What's he been working at?"

"Finding jobs for me," she answered sharply.

One day on my way home from work I came face to face with Zalmon Eckstoff himself. He recognized me at once and stopped to talk. However forlorn his wife might be looking, there was no sign of poverty about his appearance; in fact he had grown a good deal stouter since his marriage.

"You got a job yet?" I asked.

"Sure I got a job."

"Oh, you got a job at last. What kind of job? A good-paying job?"

"It ain't a pay job," replied Zalmon. "I got a job being an anarchist."

An anarchist! A murderer! A man that kills Presidents! I turned away from him with a shudder.

But I did not know then how soon Zalmon Eckstoff's path and mine were to meet.

IN front of the door of a tenement that stood at the corner of the covered alley leading to our courtyard a pile of chairs, tables, boxes and rolls of bedding blocked the sidewalk. It was late afternoon and gas jets and pushcart torches were beginning to spread pale aureoles in the dusk. A ragged woman with a baby in her arms stole out from the hallway and stood staring with round, child-like, frightened eyes at the disorderly array of household goods. They were hers—the wreck of her home.

Passers-by took but scant notice of either the forlorn young mother or the pitiful display of her treasures. It was too old a story in the ghetto. To her the thing had happened, the fear of which hung always over thousands of homes in those streets. Sometimes a man or a woman paused for a moment, moved by pity or just a touch of curiosity, then passed on with a little shrug of the shoulders. It was only another eviction and there were hundreds of tragedies just like this one all over the lower East Side that summer.

A little shiver ran through me as I saw this woman standing there so helpless and miserable clutching her baby to her breast. Suddenly, with a little gasp, as if she had resolved on something that cost her an effort, she brought out a china plate from the folds of her dress and placed it on one of the chairs. Then she turned away with a sob, wiping her eyes with her sleeve, and moved slowly off down the street with her baby. She had made the last sacrifice—her pride. People would drop pennies, perhaps even nickels and dimes, into that plate—enough to save her from being wholly destitute.

As I went through the street I saw other piles of furniture—indeed I could have found fifty of them in the course of an hour's stroll—and on a few—only a few, for to ask alms was the last resource of desperation—plates had been placed, some of them already covered with coins. Never had I heard of so many families dispossessed. In every block at least one home had been destroyed through a landlord's appeal to the law. The streets were full of men, women and young girls looking desperately for work. Theirs was almost a hopeless search, for the strikes in the needle trades, which at the very beginning had driven Zalmon Eckstoff's wife to the button factory, had spread and spread until now there were hundreds of closed shops.

The closed shops meant no work for mother, and for more than a week our only income had been my earnings and what Hersch Ditchik paid us for board. Eight dollars a month from him and two dollars and fifty cents a week from me would not keep the home going very long; that was certain. The appetites of Moishe and Samuel seemed to grow keener with every day and never had the supplying of our larder been such a problem. Another crisis in our affairs was drawing near. That was plain enough.

Such a crisis had already come in the home of Zalmon Eckstoff with the result that he and his wife had come to live with his mother on the floor above us. Zalmon and his wife had been living in his mother's home for only a few days when Mr. Zalkin appeared in the door demanding "de rent." He knew the Eckstoffs were in hard circumstances, hated them accordingly, and put more emphasis into his words than usual. Zalmon, who had not had his hair cut for at least a year, long hair being suited to his character as a radical, faced Mr. Zalkin with blazing eyes. The landlord belonged to the class he hated. Was he not a man of property, a capitalist, an exploiter of the poor?

"Beat it!" Zalmon cried. "You get no rent to-day."

Mr. Zalkin drew back a step, looking very much puzzled. He surely had not met with such a rebuff since Mr. Lipsky had taught him to take off his hat in his presence. Pro-



Passers-by took but scant notice—eviction was too old a story in the ghetto.



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alley he had expected to find Mr. Eckstoff alone. She would have cringed before him, he knew.

"Vass is it, 'beat it?'" he demanded. "You don't own me de rent?"

This had an irritating effect on Zalmon, who had been pacing back and forth.

"Get out, you *schleper!*" (pauper) he roared. "You yard-singer that got rich picking up pennies that people throwed you!" (That was in truth the way Mr. Zalkin had got his start in life.)

The landlord noted the danger signal in Zalmon's eyes and retreated hurriedly down the stairs. From the floor below, where he felt fairly safe, he called back: "Wait! To-morrow will be by you de city marshal in de house, and de next minute your t'ings will be on de street."

"On the street he'll put us out!" Zalmon cried. "A million dollars expenses I'll make him first! Wait. You'll see."

He hurried out, and in the course of half an hour returned with some huge strips of wood. For the remainder of the day the Eckstoff home resounded to the din of sawing and hammering. By evening he had built an enormous crate, almost as large as the room in which it stood. It was so large in fact that it needed only a glance to prove that all the engineering science in the world could never suggest a way of getting it through the narrow door, much less through a window.

Zalmon proudly called the neighbors in to show them what he had done, and he seized the opportunity to make a speech.

"Let them put us out now, those cheap marshals, those murderers from the law who will put a poor man out on the street for so much a day!" he cried. "Here is your example of the law. Law! Down with the law! If there would be no laws there would be no judges to give out dispossesses to the rich landlords to put out the poor tenants. If there had been no law there would be no city marshals. If there was no law there would be nothing to keep me from squeezing out the life of this bedbug that calls himself a landlord. Damn the law! Let them put us out now! Let them touch one nail from that case and I will show them what their own law will do for them."

Before long came the marshal with his movers. One look at the crate convinced him that he had a knotty problem on his hands. Having some knowledge of the law he was far from certain that he had a right even to loosen a single nail in an effort to get the bulky thing out. As he stood there scratching his head and looking very much perplexed Mr. Zalkin hurried in breathless.

"Murderer!" he cried, confronting Zalmon. "What do you want from my life? Why don't you move—move like a gentleman?"

"A fit you will take a thousand times before we will move, *schnorrer!*" Zalmon returned.

BEING called a *schnorrer* (a beggar) was too much for Mr. Zalkin to stand, for he was sensitive to references to the days when he had scraped together enough money to buy an equity in that very house by going from yard to yard singing Yiddish melodies in a quavering voice and picking up the pennies that were thrown to him. His voice rose to a scream.

"I'll bring you in de court! I'll bring you in de court if mine house I have to foremortgage! You tell de judge vat you called me."

"Bah! Maybe next week I'll pay you. To-day we have no money."

"When next week? When, murderer?"

"Friday; a week from to-day."

"You make it Sunday. Make it Monday. By Friday you will have 'lived in' a whole month already."

"I'll make it Thursday and no sooner."

"All right; let it be Wednesday."

Zalmon dropped off another day, and it was settled for Wednesday. His strategy made him a hero in the neighborhood, for never had a landlord been outwitted so cleverly. Indeed his fame spread far and wide, for Ben Rubin wrote up the incident for his Yiddish paper, in which he proclaimed Zalmon Eckstoff as the inspired champion of the poor.



All day long his sharp little eyes were upon us, watching, watching.

Our own rent day was drawing terribly near and there was no telling where the money was to come from. We certainly couldn't save it out of my earnings. Ditchik's last payment had already been spent and it would be almost a month before he would pay again. This time it was not only the rent that worried us but the problem of how we were going to buy enough food to keep from starving. The butcher and the grocer were no longer giving credit to anybody—not even for a day— And never had it been so hard to borrow a dollar. We might have toured the whole neighborhood in that closed-shop period without raising twenty-five cents. Already many families in our block were going hungry.

I CAME home from work one evening and found mother counting a few pennies—all the money we had. The evening meal was laid out on the table already, and my heart sank when I saw how meager it was. At my place were only two thin slices of bread and some coffee.

"It is the best I can provide," mother said with a sob in her voice. "Scarcely any food is there in the house, it is yet four days before you are paid and we have just twelve cents. We must eat less or the time will come when there will be not even a mouthful."

I jumped up and ran to our tin box. Inside were two loaves of bread, a little tea, small packages of sugar and salt and a handful of coffee. I went to the window where on a wooden shelf fastened to the outer wall of the building we kept our perishable foods. The shelf held six potatoes; nothing else. How were four persons going to live through four days with nothing to eat but two loaves of bread and six potatoes? I think my face must have gone white as I turned to mother. Poor mother! She was trying hard to keep back her tears. I realized then why she had not let me know before how close we were to starvation. I was working twelve hours a day, and she had tried to save me from worry.

That evening after Moishe and Sammy had been put to bed we sat up late talking over what could be done. We began figuring how much we could eat a day. It was a simple problem. It was plain that we had a daily supply of half a loaf of bread and a potato and a half. That much a day for four persons. How was I to keep working twelve hours a day in that slave-shop on my share of those scant rations?

"But we have the twelve pennies," said mother.

True; I had forgotten them. And much could be made of those twelve pennies. At the Christian bakery, which offered an opportunity that was not to be found at the Jewish bakers, who made all their stale bread into pumpernickel, we could buy stale loaves for four cents each, one cent less than the price of the fresh bread. Three loaves we bought there with our twelve cents. We could soak them in water and put them in the oven, which would make them almost as good as if they were fresh.

SOMEHOW we got through those four dreadful days, and, weak and faint though I was from hunger, I managed to stick to my grinding job. But those days of suffering put a bitterness into my heart that never left it. The spirit of rebellion broke loose in me then—rebellion against the conditions that had left us and so many others in such fearful poverty and misery while others lived in comfort. The fires of hatred flamed in me then hatred of the bosses that tyrannized over us, mere children that we were, and kept us toiling through those long hours for a pittance, hatred of the landlords who would turn families into the street because of a few paltry dollars, hatred of the rich who seemed to live their luxurious lives without a thought of the miseries of such as we, hatred of the whole world, a world so black and hopeless. And I know that those days of starvation left me with my youth gone forever, though I was only fourteen years old.

Fear took hold of me, a fear such as I had never known before; for now I knew what starvation meant. I knew the agonies of it, the sickness, the blinding headaches that came in the work-hours, the sleepless nights, the dreadful dreams that hunger and exhaustion bring, dreams of horror such as only children have. From that time I had a dread of being penniless again that I could never shake off.

More than once after that crisis had been passed and we were just managing to keep our home together I lay awake half the night thinking of the evicted woman I had seen with her baby. I wondered what had become of her. I wondered whether we, too, might not soon be turned out into the street, as she had been. I wondered whether we could ever bring ourselves to place a plate for the pennies of passers-by with our evicted things, as she had done. Yes, perhaps we should even come to that. Rather than starve I knew I should put out the plate.

At a time when our fortunes seemed to be at their lowest ebb Mr. Katzenstein, the street-cleaner, called to announce that he had found work for mother as a cleaner in an office building. The job might not last very long, he told her, but it would help. Mother held it for two weeks and earned enough to solve the problem of how our immediate needs were going to be met. Then came another catastrophe. As we were about to prepare breakfast one morning we found on the table a crumpled piece of paper in which was wrapped a dollar and ninety-two cents. On the paper was written:

"Mrs. Ganz Wherever my eyes will lead me there am I going *Zeit gesund* (Be you healthy)."

There was no signature; it needed none. We knew Hersch Ditchik had left it there. The money was the amount he owed us which he had figured to the very penny. There was no need of further explanation. We knew that for weeks our boarder had been moody and discouraged. The bitterness of his separation from his wife and children, who were so far away and whom he might not be able to see for years, had driven him desperate. He had gone, God knew where—to wander like a tramp, perhaps.

The strikes were still going on, and as long as so many shops were closed there was little chance that mother would be able to find any sewing work. But for several days I had had an eye on the possibility of a job in a dress and kimono shop which Rosie Schlechter, a girl I had known in the button factory, was trying to secure for me. At last Rosie got the job for me and I was to get five dollars a week, which was just twice as much as the button factory paid me. Five dollars! Almost enough to save us from worry, and after the strikes, when mother went to work on skirts again, we should be rich. The news went to my head. I felt like jumping about and shouting. But my enthusiasm didn't last long. Rosie had been right in saying it was the same kind of a slave-driving place as the one in Center Street; in fact, it was worse, if any place could be worse.

IT was in this dress and kimono shop that I learned the meaning of the speed-up system. It was a means of getting larger quantities of work out of the already hard-driven girls. Sitting in long rows, our bodies bent over the machines, the work we turned out fell into wooden bins attached to the part of the machine facing us. No one girl made an entire garment. Each was a specialist, making either a sleeve, a collar, or some other portion. As she completed her part the garment was passed on to the next girl by Levinson, who was always walking back and forth urging us on. Should a girl lag behind he would prod her, sometimes pulling on the garment to hurry it on to another worker.

"Hurry! Don't you see that the sleeve-maker soon will have no work?" he shouted.

This sort of thing created a spirit of competition for self-preservation which ended only when the worker, too weak to compete longer with a stronger sister, broke down.

One day I was half a sleeve behind my "follow-up," and Levinson, to hurry me, pulled on the waist. In doing so he pulled my finger under the needle, which plunged into the finger a dozen times and broke off, leaving a piece of steel in the flesh. I almost

inted with the pain, but Levinson was un-ncerned.

"Wait a minute," he cried, "and I'll get nother needle."

"I'm hurt," I said. "I can't go back to ork."

"You can go back to work or you can lose our job," answered the foreman, and he pped a new needle into the machine.

Five dollars a week! I couldn't give it up. gritted my teeth and sat down to my work; id I stuck to it for the rest of the day.

Before many days I discovered another ase of the speed-up system. At the end each week the girl who had turned in the ast work was dropped from the payroll. nowledge of this fact had the effect of keep-g the girls working like mad. Every week knew that one of us was doomed to go—e weakest one of course, who could not ep up with the terrific pace. And before ng came a week when that weakest one was rself.

CHAEL SCHWARTZ poked his head in at our door to say "Good-morning." The ly answer he got was a stifled sob from me, d he stepped in to investigate.

"So-o!" he exclaimed, looking into my e, which was red and swollen from crying. You got no job again."

Gifted with quick perceptive faculties was hael. He had read the situation at a nce.

"Find me a job, Ichael; find me a job," I aded. "We got no money. We'll be out the street if we don't get a job."

"A job!" he cried. "A job! Why you n't better ask me I should get by the land-d a hundred-dollar Christmas present? t listen. I seen an ad in a paper from a ssmaker what wants a girl for a job."

He pulled a crumpled newspaper from his t and began running a finger along the ssified advertising columns. At last he nd what he was after. An errand girl s wanted by a modiste in Fifth Avenue. ob on Fifth Avenue, the street of the rich! y imagination began to stir. What tales I d heard of that street—of its splendid mes, its great hotels, its stores where one uld spend a fortune on a bit of jewelry, on iny vase that the squeeze of a rough hand ght shatter into dust, on a dress that might spoiled in a night.

"Give me the piece out of the paper," I d. "I'm going."

And so it was that I went out that morning o the undiscovered country. A thrilling rney it was through all those unknown eets, and when I came to the great avenue t was my goal I was dazed with its won-s. Crowds I was accustomed to, for the tto's streets were always swarming with ople, but not with such people as I saw w. How tall the men and women were! w strange their faces! What wonderful thes they wore! How motionless they d themselves as they talked—no gesturing hands, no shrugging of shoulders. Truly, ad discovered a new race of human beings.

came at last, as if walking in a dream, to shop whose advertisement I carried in hand. It was a very fine shop with great en curtains in the windows and trees wing in pots at the doorway. But inside was even more impressive, not only be-se of its rich furnishings but because of glory that seemed to be reflected all r it from the magnificence of the woman was its boss. Many a dressmaker I had n, but never one that bore the faintest re-iblance to the woman who ran that shop. e was a dressmaker who wore the clothes a queen, or at any rate such clothes as I gined queens must wear, and who carried self with truly royal dignity; a dress-ker whose clean, polished, carefully-amed fingernails bore no traces of the toil her trade, whose hands were white and , even to the tips of the fingers, with not callous spot, not one sign of a needle prick.

was tall and stout and had a mass of id red hair. Her eyes were as gray, cold unwavering as an eagle's. Never before I met a woman of such majestic appear e. Indeed she was the first woman I had r spoken with in my life who was not of ghetto.

"You will receive four dollars a week," she d, giving me a sharp look and then turning back on me. "Be here to-morrow morn at eight."

a good hour's walk it was between home the modiste's (I soon learned that she never referred to as a dressmaker), but the time I held that job I never thought taking a car. Five cents for car-fare! at would become of me if I acquired such urious ways? Neither was the spending of money for lunch to be considered for a mo ment. I could carry a cream-cheese sand wich from home to serve as my mid-day meal.

MY work for the modiste brought me into contact with such life as I had never dreamed of—the life of the very rich. A few days of such experience and I began to real ize more clearly than ever before all the squalor and miserable poverty in which we and our neighbors lived. What a contrast! I began to ask myself why all the comforts and joys of life which those people had should be denied to us. Why was fortune so parsi monious to us, so prodigal to them? Who among us had fine clothes, unless they hired them for an evening? Was there one of us who could spare even a single day to pleas ure? If we slaved from early morning until dark we thought ourselves fortunate, for we were making a living—the hard, bare living that was all we could ever hope for; if we were idle we starved. Luxuries were beyond our wildest hopes. Luxuries! Who ever spoke of them? We had a neighbor once who set his ambition on some day possessing a bathtub, and his friends doubted his sanity. Never did life seem so bitter an l hopeless as now.

I knew from the beginning that Fifth Avenue didn't agree with me. I was a stran ger in a strange land. I could never be con-tented there. The ghetto called to me. I wanted to be back among my own kind. The Fifth Avenue job did mean freedom from the tyranny of such men as Marks and Levinson, but I had found that there was nothing easy about the lot of a modiste's errand girl. I was kept going all day long. Sometimes, when I had to wait late for the completion of a gown for a customer who was in a hurry for it and I had to carry it a long distance after the closing of the shop, I would not get home until eight or nine o'clock in the evening. By that time, of course, I would be half starved and dead tired.

These women who were kept waiting for their gowns were almost always irritable and bad tempered, and they usually laid the blame for the delay entirely upon me. One of these vixens, who was perhaps an actress or a singer, for she certainly had the artistic temperament, pounced upon me as I arrived with her gown long after shop-closing time, and gave me such a hard slap in the face that I was almost knocked off my feet.

"You young devil!" she cried. "What do you mean by taking so long in getting here? Don't you know I ought to have had that dress two hours ago and have been kept waiting?"

I swung the heavy pasteboard box over my shoulder, and brought it down with a thud on her head.

"There's your dress," I said, and darted for the door. How she did scream and curse. I didn't stop running until I was safely around the corner of the block.

THE next day I gave up my job and got what money was owing me. It was an early hour, and evidently the modiste had not heard of what I had done.

On my way home I discovered that the soles of my shoes were worn through, and I called on Berel Ginsberg, the shoemaker, partly to find out what would be the very least he would charge for new soles, and partly because, as he was a wise old man, I wanted to talk over my troubles with him and ask his advice.

His shop was in a basement, a few steps below the street level, and through his mud bespattered window he could see only the lower half of each passer-by. Sitting in his backless chair, whose legs had been cut short to bring his knees on a level with his last, he could identify by a glance at the feet any passer-by whom he knew.

"I want to get ahead, Mr. Ginsberg," I said. "I don't want to stay so very poor and miserable all my life, with never a job that lasts. Sometimes we go hungry; always we worry; never can we put a dollar by for a time of trouble. What can I do?"

"Don't take from me an example," he advised. "Mine whole years I been sitting here in the cellar and looking at people's feet. People's troubles I know enough from their feet. I can't help their troubles, so I help their shoes. If I was a young person all over again, if to me it now should be coming to live instead of coming to die, I would better work by fixing people's heads."

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The Box with Broken Seals

(*Continued from page 37*)

FROM six o'clock until half-an-hour before the time fixed for the commencement of the performance, a steady crowd of people elbowed and pushed their way that night into the cheaper parts of the Alhambra Music Hall. Soon afterward, the earliest arrivals presented themselves at the front of the house. Brightman and Crawshay arrived together, and made their way at once to the manager's office, the former noticing with a little glint of recognition which amounted to scarcely more than a droop of the eyes, two or three sturdy-looking men who had the appearance of being a little unused to their evening clothes, and who were loitering about in the vestibule.

The manager greeted his two visitors without enthusiasm. He was a small, worried-looking man, with pale face, hooked nose and shiny black hair. He had recently changed his name from Jonas to Joyce, without materially affecting the impression which he made upon the stranger.

"This is Mr. Crawshay," Brightman began, "who has charge, from the Government point of view, of the little matter you and I know about."

The manager shook hands limply.

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Crawshay," he said, "but a little disturbed at the cause. I must say that I hope you will find your impressions ill-founded. I don't like these sort of things happening in my house."

"Might happen anywhere," Mr. Brightman declared, with an attempt at cheerfulness. "By-the-by, Mr. Joyce, I hope you got my note?"

The manager nodded.

"Yes," he assented, "I've made all the arrangements you wished, and the box has not been entered except by the cleaner."

"Mr. Thew himself, then, has made no attempt to visit it?" Crawshay inquired.

"Not to my knowledge," was the brusque reply.

The two men took their leave, strolled along the vestibule, glanced at the closed door of the box and made their way down into the stalls.

"Our friend must be exceedingly confident," Brightman remarked musingly.

"Or else we are on the wrong tack," Crawshay put in.

"As to that we shall see! I don't like to seem oversanguine," Brightman went on, "but my impression is that he is rather up against it."

"All I can say is that he is taking it very coolly, then!"

"To all appearances, yes. But whereas it is quite true that he has made no attempt to get at the box, Joyce didn't tell us—as a matter of fact, I don't suppose he knows—that three times Jocelyn Thew has visited the theater under some pretext or other, and spotted my men about. From half-an-hour after his bid at the *fête*, that box has been as inaccessible to him as though it had been walled up."

They took their seats in the stalls, which were now rapidly filling. About five minutes later Jocelyn Thew arrived alone. The box-opener brought him from the vestibule, and an amateur program seller accepted his sovereign—both, in view of the many rumors floating about the place, regarding him with much curiosity. Without any appearance of hurry he entered the much-discussed box, divested himself of his coat and hat, and stood for a moment in full view, looking around the house. His eyes rested for a moment upon the figures of the two men below, and a very grim smile parted his lips. He stepped a little into the background, and remained for some time out of sight. Brightman's interest became intense.

"From this moment he is our man," he whispered. "All the same, I should have liked to have seen where he has hidden the papers. I went round the box myself without finding a thing."

Jocelyn Thew had hung up his coat and hat upon one of the pegs, and for a few seconds remained as though listening. Then he turned the key of the door, and, taking the heavy curtain in his hand, searched it for a few moments until he arrived at a certain spot in one of the bottom folds. With a penknife which he drew from his pocket, he cut through some improvised stitches, thrust his hand into the opening and drew out a small packet, which he buttoned up in his pocket. In less than a minute he had let the curtain fall again and unlocked the door. Almost immediately afterward there was a knock.

"Come in," he invited.

Katharine and her brother entered, the former in a gown of black net designed by the greatest of French modistes, and Richard in active service uniform.

"We are abominably early, of course," Katharine declared, as they shook hands, "but I love to see the people arrive, and as it is Dick's last evening he couldn't bear the thought of losing a minute of it."

Jocelyn Thew busied himself in establishing his guests comfortably. He himself remained standing behind Katharine's chair, a little in the background.

"We are going to have a great performance to-night," he observed. "Exa what time does your train go, Richard?"

"Ten o'clock from Charing-Cross."

Jocelyn Thew thrust his hand into pocket, and Richard, rising to his f stepped back into the shadows of the b Something had passed between them. Ka arine turned her head and clutched nervo at the program which lay before her. was looking toward them, and her face as pale as death. Her host stepped forw at once and smiled pleasantly down at her

"You will not forget," he whisper "that we are likely to be the center of servation to-night. I see that our frie Brightman and Crawshay are already am the audience."

Katharine picked up her program affected to examine it. "If only to-ni were over!" she murmured.

"It is strange that you should feel that," he observed, drawing his chair up the front of the box and leaning tow her in conversational fashion. "Now me half the evils of life lie in anticipat When the time of danger actually arri those evils seem to take to themselves wi and fly away. Take the case of a g actress on her first night, an emotional temperamental woman, besieged by f until the curtain rises, and then carried a by her genius even into the heights. curtain has risen, Miss Beverley. All we do is to pray that the gods may look our wa

SHE studied him thoughtfully for a ment. It was obvious that he was exaggerating. His granite-like face never seemed more immovable. His t was perfectly steady, his manner the ma of one looking forward to a pleasant even Yet he knew quite well what she, guessed—that his enemies were closing around him, that the box itself was rounded, that notwithstanding all his genuity and all his resource, a crisis had c which seemed insuperable. She was denly overwhel with a sense of pity of it. All admiration she ever felt for strange insouci his almost brav like coolness mastery over eve seemed sudden resolve itself more definite more clearly-d prehended emo It was the great of it all which denly appeale her. She lean little forward.

"You have c this our last ning," she whisp "Tell me one t won't you? Te why it must be

The softness her eyes was mistakable, and own face for a ment relaxed derfully. there was that g almost of tende in his deep-blue Nevertheless shook his head.

"Whether I ceed or wheth fail," he said s "to-night ends association. I you understand went on, "that pass from shadow of this ger, there is an more immin more certain?"

He hesitated single moment, his voice, which grown softer, be suddenly a musical. Katha who was

tinued on page



"The Cathley! God is good!" The old man was almost frantic with joy.

This Executive Rose From A Clerkship



Five years ago he was a subordinate, far down the line." Today he is dictating policies in a great corporation.

Some of his former mates (still in their old jobs) say it was luck—others talk of favoritism—but the records of LaSalle Extension University show that it was **training** which put this man into an officership with his company.

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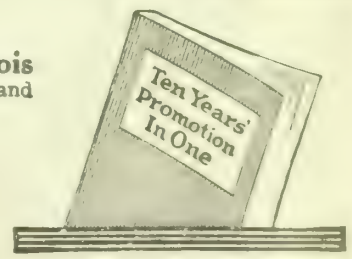
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"Well, why didn't he?"

"He didn't foresee the war, grandfather."

"So when it came, he considered it excused him of all responsibilities, eh? He packed up and off without making any provision for these obligations." The old man picked up the papers to strike them against his desk, "for his friends who trusted everything to him?"

"No," Ethel denied; and of this she knew her grandfather was completely aware. "He made an arrangement."

"All right; who with?"

"With Cousin Oliver, grandfather."

The old man jerked forward, roused to anger at mention of the name. "Damn weakling; damn weakling," he muttered. "What arrangement did he enter into?"

Ethel felt hot blood pricking in her face; she had prepared herself for the taunts against her father who in his life had been strong, but she had not thought of jibes against this cousin who had been his friend.

"Cousin Oliver felt himself physically a —weakling," she said, utilizing her grandfather's word after an instant's hesitation. "That was why he came to father. Cousin Oliver tried to get into service everywhere but no one would take him; he knew father wanted to go, so he agreed to see everything through for father while he'd be away and, if father was killed, Cousin Oliver promised to complete all this work."

"All right; let me see the agreement."

"I haven't it."

"A copy will do."

"IT never was written; it was just verbal; that was all father cared about from Cousin Oliver—that he said it and that Cousin Agnes knew about it, too. You see he never could imagine that Cousin Oliver and Cousin Agnes and he, himself, would all die. It seemed safe. Besides, it wasn't the sort of promise you could write up in an agreement."

"No, suppose not. But now that Oliver and his wife both are dead, where are you?"

The blood flashed again, burning, into Ethel's face. "Why, I'm here, grandfather, asking the money from you."

"I'll not give it to you on that showing."

"I ask you to lend, not to give."

"Why don't you go to a bank, then?"

"I've been to banks; they say they can't lend upon uncompleted projects like mine."

"You've been to your uncles?"

"I saw Uncle Lucas in Chicago."

"What did he say?"

"He refused me."

"So you came to work upon my natural affection for you?"

"Yes," Ethel said. "Yes; I suppose you may say I've done that."

Her grandfather slowly drew his leg back from the drawer; suddenly he kicked the drawer shut and with his hands upon the desk, he pushed himself up to his feet. He was still a towering man in spite of the slight stoop which took more than an inch from the stature which had distinguished the days of his great vigor; he had never taken on flesh and now his muscles were so firm that in limb he might have been twenty years younger than he was; and his big hand was steady as he raised it and gripped his granddaughter's shoulder.

"Your father believed he was so smart—so smart," he gloated over her; and she knew, even before he reached the next words, that he had gone far back of immediate matters to the causes of antagonism long ago. "He carried off my daughter and thought he could win against me! He sided with John —John," he repeated the name of his brother violently. "Well, it did look like good business then. John seemed to have stronger hold on the property than I had. But your father forgot about longevity. John was under the sod before he was seventy. Your father forgot about my sons, too. John had Oliver—damn weakling; so he's under the sod, too; his wife's below the waves; and everything they had's in court. But it's coming to me! It's got to come to me!" he repeated, snapping off each word short and flailing with his arm for emphasis. "And you got to come to me if you want anything; everything; everybody's got to come to me! For I'm alive and they're all dead! To live—just to keep breath in you, that's something. John didn't think of that. Couldn't see why I'd care about living—up here. But I'm living; he's under the sod. There don't no doctors put blood-pressure machines on me. I've got everything now; or I'm going to get it—everything they had and everything they thought they took away from me, John and Oliver—damn weakling—and that damn wife of Oliver's who couldn't even die decently but had to be drowned so as to throw

Resurrection Rock

Continued from page 19

everything into court. But it'll come to me. I tell you; and I'll be alive to get it!"

Ethel watched him as he went to a window and, catching at the crossrail, stood staring out while he recovered himself. For a few moments he seemed not to be seeing but simply to be staring. Then he jerked straight and Ethel knew that he had begun to see and that what he saw was the Rock, gaunt and glistening in the last rays of the declining sun.

Her grandfather slowly turned about,



"Your father believed he was so smart," he gloated —"so smart he could win against me!"

his lips moving in words to himself; then he advanced toward her and said aloud:

"You want about two hundred thousand dollars immediately?"

He had dropped both the boasting of the moment before and the taunting tone of his first questions. Ethel did not understand this quiet statement.

"One hundred and eighty-five thousand is the total I put down as necessary now, grandfather," she said.

"Practically two hundred thousand; call it that," he corrected generously. "Well—well, it may be managed. It may be managed." He was attempting to reproduce, now, the indulgent manner he used to take with her long ago when she was a little girl and came to him for dimes and quarters and half-dollars for children's trinkets. "Of course if we toss that in," he continued, "we must be prepared to toss more after it. Everything must be seen through. And that will run into money—into something like money." He patted Ethel's arm fondly.

"Now, my dear, tell me about that fellow Loutrelle who came over with you and went to Wheedon's."

She drew back a little from him. Then it was his sight of the Rock which, the minute before, had changed him!

"Why, grandfather," she said, "I've told you a good deal about him; I just met him on the train this morning."

He seized her, as the passion, which he had with difficulty put down, rose to mastery of him again.

"That's a lie—a lie," he charged. "You're friends; you know all about him. You're—friends!"

She struggled to break the hold of his hand upon her shoulder, the blood hot within her. "I don't lie!" she defied him. "I do know more about him than I told you; but what I said was true. I told you he was going to the Rock. We both—both of us saw him go there, I think."

She witnessed no effect upon him from that and, avoiding the lighted sitting-room where her grandmother might be waiting, she returned to her bedroom which was fast becoming dark as the swift, mid-winter evening closed down. With the night came wind; and upon the wind returned the cold; not so intense as that of the early morning at Escanaba; nor was the wind as strong as then. The sky stayed clear, showing pale stars through the twilight, into which the gaunt outline of the Rock withdrew to dimmer and dimmer distances until Ethel at her window could see it no more. And then, soon after it had vanished, suddenly a bright dot glowed through the darkness—a light upon Resurrection Rock, a light yellow with distance illumining a window, Ethel thought. It went out as suddenly as it appeared; then it glowed again and once more went dark. But this time it was not snuffed out suddenly but sank so slowly that for a few moments Ethel could not be certain whether or not it was gone. One could do that by slowly turning down a lamp, Ethel considered—or by slowly carrying a lamp away from a window and out of the room. She watched steadily for some time longer; but no light appeared again.

Yet what she had seen made her sure that her friend of the morning was there. Who was with him and what was happening; or what might he be learning, she wondered. What, of such momentous interest to her grandfather?

Her friend out there. Her grandfather had spoken of him as her friend; and he was her friend. It amazed her, when she realized how very close she had come to that young man who had gone alone to the Rock, to count how few hours they had been together. And how clearly her mind gave her vision of him—now as he was beside her on his skis, looking down at her; now as he stood with his hands outstretched before the fire in the cabin, having forgotten her for the instant and dreaming; now as he went away alone down the road to Wheedon's, his voice coming back to her:

"*Ah, j'y étais, mousquetaire!*"

And her grandfather had thought she would sell him out, him who had been the little white boy Barney with the Indians and who had built up his pride—him to whom her father would speak. It had been all very well out in the noon sunshine to say that, since her father had been killed in June, it could not have been he who would have spoken to Barney Loutrelle in London in November; but now it was very dark with only the shimmer of stars outside above the black boughs of the trees and, within Ethel's room, the only light was coming from the door of the wood stove which stood open a little and let a ruby flicker of flame dance silent shadows on the wall.

SHE heard a soft tap, tap, tap at her door; and she went over and opened it to find no one in the darkened hall. This gave her a start till she felt something warm and soft moving at her feet—the collies, Lad and Lass, who had been out with Kincheloe when she arrived. She stooped, patting the sleek bodies which rubbed affectionately against her legs; and the dogs' return, wet from the snow melting in their long hair, turned Ethel's thought to Miss Platt's husband.

He had always affected the manners of a gallant and always before had made it a particular point to be on hand to greet Ethel when she arrived at St. Florentin; she had been too excited to attribute any significance to his absence this time; but now the fact stirred disquiet. She did not exactly define it to herself; but so far as she considered it was something like this: Her grandfather had been alarmed by an occurrence this day which was connected with the arrival of Barney Loutrelle and his going to Resurrection Rock; in some way that seemed to threaten her grandfather so that he was likely to make a move against Barney Loutrelle. As her grandfather was here in the house, Ethel had thought of that move as only in preparation; she had forgotten about Kincheloe, who had not been in the house but —rather unexpectedly—had been outdoors.

As he had taken the dogs with him, he probably had been on the lake; for the dogs would not have been able to run except on the ice where the wind had cleared the snow. Now what had kept Miss Platt's lazy, comfort-loving husband out so late this evening in the dark and cold?

Ethel went downstairs to find Merril Kincheloe; and she discovered him sooner than she expected. For the stairways at St. Florentin were carpeted and, as she happened to descend without starting any squeaks in the wood, she came down far enough to glance along the lower hall before Miss Platt's husband was aware that anyone was about. She surprised him under the hall light pressed close to the panels of the "office" door and listening.

He jumped when he saw her but the next instant he made a really remarkable effort to carry off the situation, greeting Ethel in much the same manner as usual and then asking, almost casually: "Do you know, is Mrs. Kincheloe in there? I wanted to see her but not to interrupt if they were working."

"She's there," Ethel replied superfluously as the vibration of her grandfather's voice was clearly discernible where they were standing. Ethel studied Miss Platt's husband more seriously than ever before.

He was getting along close to forty, and his idleness and vacuity were making indelible marks upon him. His brown hair showed not a filament of gray; and he had kept his skin young—by cold cream like a woman, Ethel previously had thought. But little pouches puffed under his eyes when he smiled and his eyes themselves were clouded. This man no longer was the youth that his manner liked to assume.

HE began talking about himself to her about a syndicate to develop exports trade into which he expected to "put a little money." Miss Platt's husband, no longer satisfied with his allowance from his wife, was thinking money—more money, immediately. Ethel wondered where he expected to get it; and, wondering, she thought about his errand this afternoon, which he had not yet mentioned to her, and his listening at her grandfather's door.

She recognized, vaguely, that at one time and perhaps even at this time—Miss Platt could have made money by telling muckrakers things about the Cullen private affairs. But Miss Platt did not; she always had been trustworthy. One could not think of her husband as trustworthy.

Thus, while Kincheloe was talking to her



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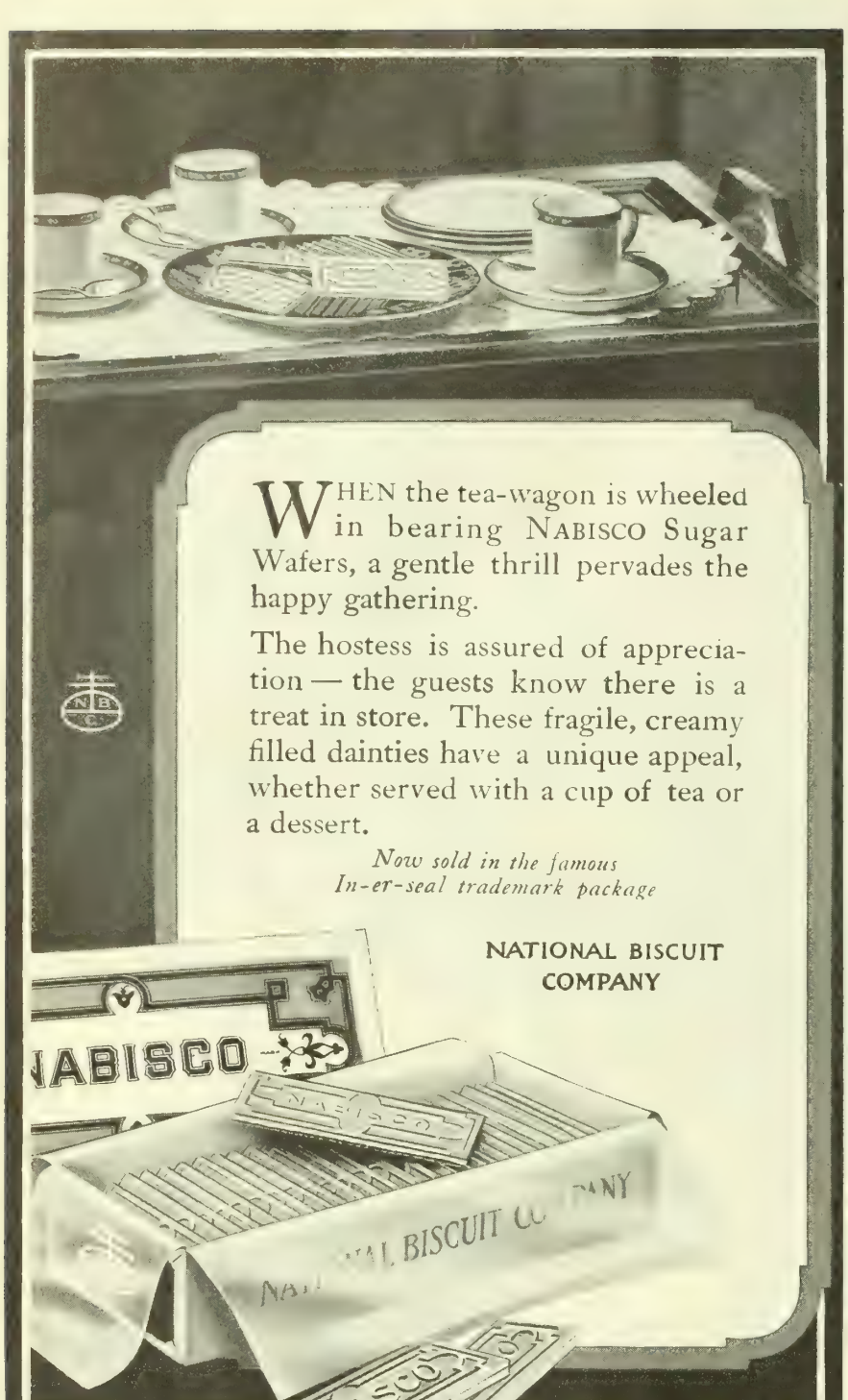
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she was thinking about her grandfather. She heard him come into the hall several times and turn the telephone-bell handle, in vain attempt to call the cabin; for the hour was long past when Asa Redbird should have returned from the railroad. Ethel had learned that part of Asa's errand to Quesnel was to fetch a telegram which her grandfather expected from her Uncle Lucas in Chicago. It had not arrived in the morning; and it proved to have been so delayed that everyone was at supper when Asa at last returned with a brief message which—like all Cullen business telegrams that had to pass the little country offices—was in a business code.

Lucas at once left the table and, with Miss Platt, went into his office to decipher the brief communication from his son. When he returned to the table it was so plain that he had exciting news that his wife could not repress her question:

"Something has happened in Chicago, Lucas?"

"Nothing," he denied, and he gulped half a cup of tea, hot. "Nothing at all," he repeated so emphatically that his wife said no more. Ethel offered no comment; she watched Kincheloe as Miss Platt returned to her seat.

HE was trying to catch his wife's glance; but Miss Platt avoided looking at him.

"Asa saw several foxes about," she said casually to Ethel," I suppose they're after our chickens; the foxes are unusually numerous and bold this year, it seems."

"So Naomi told me," Ethel replied. Her grandfather was taking another cup of tea and she was watching his hand reach for the sugar bowl, miss it and reach again. He was drinking when suddenly he dropped his cup and jerked up and away from the table; Kincheloe and Ethel herself started also as the report of a rifle rang, sharp and clear, outside the house. The gun fired again.

Miss Platt and Ethel's grandmother alike had revealed no alarm.

"Asa said he would get his gun," Miss Platt volunteered, quietly, "and come back for the foxes."

"Of course," her husband said, dropping back into his seat.

Lucas remained at the table only a moment before he proceeded to the front room where, in recent years, family prayer was said each evening after supper. His wife followed him and Ethel went to her own room and from the darkened window looked out to the Rock to see a light glowing there again. This quieted her; yet she went down to the kitchen to ascertain from Mrs. Singlewolf that Asa actually had returned and shot at a fox before she rejoined her grandparents and Miss Platt in the sitting-room. Miss Platt's husband had gone out, not taking the dogs this time.

"Asa wounded a fox," Miss Platt explained. "Mr. Kincheloe is helping Asa track him."

Ethel sat down while her grandmother started the Victrola to playing "Brighten The Corner Where You Are." Then Lucas read a chapter from the Bible—the eighth of First Kings which Ethel decided must be the longest in either Testament; after that was prayer; and while she knelt, listening to her grandfather's voice go on and on, an amazing panic possessed her. She was feeling that the long, deliberate reading and now the endless supplication was for a purpose other than devotion and that purpose was to keep her kneeling in that stuffy room with her face to the back of a chair. She fought this feeling but it gained new impulse and suddenly she arose and slipped into the hall where she found her coat and cap and skis. She drew breath, when she opened the outer door, as though she had been stifling; and she went out upon the snow in the direction of the lake.

SHE heard her grandfather's voice shouting after her; but she did not heed it and he did not pursue her. It was after eight o'clock and very cold, with a constant wind blowing off the ice. The moon would not rise for several hours, but the stars were shining with midwinter splendor through the pure air and the snow strengthened their light so that Ethel could see near objects well enough; but the Rock lay lost in obscurity. She gazed frequently for the reappearance of the light which she had seen an hour earlier; so clear was the night that, when she reached the shore, she could see the horizon stars down almost to the level of the ice-sheet. She fancied, indeed, that she could make out the bulk of the Rock eclipsing one of these stars as she moved. Certainly there was no light now upon the Rock; and though she remembered that it had appeared and vanished twice before, its absence filled her dread.

Yet it might only mean that Barney trelle had left the house on the Rock coming to St. Florentin and to her. had asked him. No; now the light peared and glowed steadily.

She had reached the shore and she her step. The cold wind blowing in h and the ice stretching before her, the of the heavens overhead, stilled the which had seized her when kneeling close, overheated room where her gran prayed. Her new friend of this day the Rock where his light was burning ily. Perhaps Miss Platt's husband ha out there curiously: but nothing e happening. If she went on to the R and there was no use in going further, going all the way—and saw Barney L there, what would she say to him?

She turned back to St. Florentin an heard a shout which she recognized Sam Green Sky's voice. When she r Sam hastened up, reporting, friendly

"Old man send me after you, awful old man tell you to come right home a there."

Ethel found her grandfather to be mad" indeed; he met her at the do ordered her to her room and to go to b stay there. What did she mean by go in the dark to see a stranger whom s met on the train? She was his granddau and at his own house and he would be o

She obeyed him by going to her roo did not undress for bed. The light u Rock was still glowing; and she left window-shade while she lay on h watching it. She heard her grandfath her grandmother come upstairs and sh Miss Platt proceed to the rooms on the floor, and at the further end of the which she shared with her husband Kincheloe was not in the house.

He had been away when she had re and he had not come in since. At o'clock Ethel rebuilt the fire in her st sat in a chair by her window. The li the Rock continued to burn; but its gl ceasing to reassure her. From the r the other side of the wall at her left, sh hear sounds which told her that her father was still restless; she heard hi his door and go out into the hall and her door and stand there. He was li she knew; and as her light was out a sat quiet, he probably supposed her t bed and asleep. At any rate, after wa minute or two, he moved away and downstairs.

SHE had taken off her boots before down and was wearing slippers; b discarded even these and, in her st feet, moved noiselessly across to he which she opened carefully. She crep way down the stairs and there wait her grandfather, whom she could hear ing about, to come into her view. Som clicked; she recognized that he was l a repeating rifle; and a few moments his great figure came vaguely into view he halted before a window. She cou that he was holding his rifle ready b ered; and her muscles went taut all t her. If he raised his rifle to fire, she rush down upon him. But he did n only moved from one window to a looking out; and then he came towa stairs.

She regained her room without ala him; and he went to his room. On the the light had gone out. Close to mid she made out a man's figure moving the trees; dogs floundered beside him and Lass, undoubtedly. So she kne man must be Kincheloe, returning.

He carried the gun which he had tak aid Asa in killing the fox; and as he n the house, Ethel heard her grandfath downstairs, heard the door open; then again was the at head of the stairs—whi They went together to the "office" and l themselves in. For a minute, Ethel in the cold hall held by numbing dread; she started to descend the stairs, she the office door open and her grandfath distinctly, "All right; all right!" She Kincheloe leave the kitchen and ascen back-stairs.

HER grandfather slowly turned abou the light from the office shone upo face, inclined downward a little, straine with muscles at the jaw drawn tight, had only a glimpse before he stepped the room and turned out the light; but, ing seen, she gripped hard at the sta for an instant to steady herself befor



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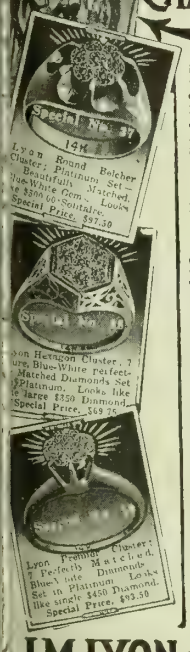
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crept back to her room and shut herself in to think.

Kincheloe and her grandfather were planning some deed—some wrong, secret act of violence. In no other way could she account for what she had witnessed in that glimpse of her grandfather's face—vindictiveness, triumph, fear.

Harm—personal, bodily harm. To whom? To her friend of the Rock—Barney Loutrelle.

She heard a whine at her door and the pat of a dog's paw at the panel and, opening the door, she let in Lad and stroked his head. Something matted the white hair under his neck—something which seemed to have frozen and dried there.

When she realized this was blood, she set her fingers to feeling for a cut from which it might have flowed; and when she could find no wound, she clung to Lad demanding of him:

"It was the fox, Lad! You caught the fox! Lad, tell me—tell me, you caught the fox!"

But her own terrors denied her; her own terrors snatched at her heart and overwhelmed her struggles for calm thought. The dried, brown mat in the dog's hair was not about his jaws where it must have been had he caught and killed the fox; it was under his neck where it would have come if Lad had sniffed over someone who lay bleeding.

That deed, secret and violent, which Kincheloe and her grandfather had considered—was it already done? What sort of deed?

"Ah, j'y étais mousquetaire!"

The voice seemed to float to her from far away over the snow; Barney Loutrelle's voice and she seemed to see him, when she shut her eyes, lying stretched out—with Lad sniffing over him. She clung to the dog when she switched off her light and she dragged the dog with her to the window while she gazed out over the lake looking for a light on Resurrection Rock; but the night gave her only blackness except for the stars—and except for a square of yellow light on the snow almost immediately below her own windows.

She thought at first as she gazed down at it, that her grandfather had left a lamp burning below; then she observed that could not be so but that the light came from overhead —from an attic window where some flickering flame, such as a candle, was burning.

The attic was merely a store-room, unused by anyone. Who would be up there now? Miss Platt's husband? For what purpose?

ETHEL went from her room to the steep stairs which led from the second floor hall to a trapdoor letting into the garret. What she meant to say to Kincheloe, or what she intended to do, she did not yet know; but she climbed and pushed up the trapdoor quietly and entered the bare, unplastered space under the roof.

The electric lights, which had been supplied to the lower rooms, had not been installed here, and of course there was no heat. The space, called a store-room, had become a repository for all the dilapidated furniture which old people cling to, for their children's cradles and rocking-horses and chairs which had been brought to St. Florentin years ago for Ethel and the other grandchildren. Ethel could see these things in the light of the lantern which stood upon the top of an up-ended trunk. She could hear someone tearing paper but she could not see who it was till she proceeded further and discovered her grandfather squatted before a heap of old books and receipt cases and files, ledgers and bundles of documents, dust encrusted and brown with age, which had lain undisturbed in that corner of the attic floor as long as Ethel could remember.

Her grandfather had cut the strings binding some of the bundles and he sneezed from the cold and from the dust he raised as he tore the old paper across. He looked about suddenly and, seeing Ethel, he rose to his feet.

"What d'you want here?" he demanded.

"What are you doing?" she returned in defiance. "Grandfather, what's brought you up here?"

He advanced upon her for answer and, as the lantern now was behind him, she could not see his face. He seized her and by physical force thrust her toward the trapdoor.

"Lad came back with blood on him," she cried. "Blood."

"Of course; he caught the fox. You—you —go to your bed and stay there."

She found her feet upon the stairs and she went down; he lowered the trapdoor as she descended and, when he had closed it, she heard him move something upon it. For a few moments she stood trembling in the dark, too overwrought for any ordered thought; then she went to the end of the hall which was Miss Platt's and her husband's and rapped upon their door.

"I want to see Mr. Kincheloe!" she said when Miss Platt answered.

"But he has retired."

"Nevertheless I must see him!"

"Why?"

"He knows."

"But my dear Miss Carew, surely you are upset; surely Mr. Cullen does not know. . . ."

Ethel interrupted this by putting her hand upon the knob and trying the door, to find it locked. She ceased to argue and went away.

When she returned to her room and threw herself across her bed, it was without thought of sleep.

"They've done it . . . they've done it," she repeated again and again to herself without yet daring to allow any closer defining of "it." But whatever it was, "it" was done. Here in the house with her were two who had planned or had part in "it;" and one of them was her grandfather.

She heard him descend from the garret and go into his room; she heard him open the door of the stove in his room; she even heard —or fancied that she heard—the roar of flames in the stove consuming papers. But now she made no move. "It" was done; and whatever she might attempt, she could not undo it; she could only—do what?

HER mind halted at thinking of that and returned her to feelings—feelings new to her that day, emotions and sensations stirred wondrously and delightfully by Barney Loutrelle. For brief intervals she probably slept—at least she lost full consciousness in exhaustion, rousing to alarmed wakefulness in which she tried to think that all that she had witnessed and felt that night must be a dream. Then passed a period in which, wide awake, she drove her mind to other thoughts—to people she knew in Wyoming, to visions of the plains, the old ranch house which she first remembered; but that brought her back to her father; and he had wished to speak to Barney Loutrelle. She thought of her visit in Chicago, reviewing little personal details—the dance to which Bennet had taken her, the talk of her Aunt Myra's friends, and her own reading aloud of "Les Miserables" to her Uncle Lucas. But that brought her back to St. Florentin again.

Toward morning, the new moon stood in the cold sky; and when she saw its light, she thought of going out then. But she did not. She waited until dawn was spreading over the eastern sky before she went downstairs carrying her shoes, she put them on and found her skis. The dogs roused and danced about her; she took them out with her and made for the lake.

The light had strengthened sufficiently to show her the gaunt outlines of Resurrection Rock, white and lifeless above the lake ice. When she glanced back toward St. Florentin, she saw that someone was following her from her grandfather's house—a man who must be Kincheloe. He did not motion to her or try to hail her; he merely followed. And suddenly she changed her plan and swung from the direct line to the shore and cut into the woods to the little clearing where Asa Redbird lived.

HE possessed a little, two-roomed cabin of rough boards covered with builder's paper and with a sheet-iron stove-pipe protruding through the roof. The door was closed and the windows were dark and only such smoke rose from the pipe as the smouldering embers of the night fire would give; so she knew that Asa was not yet awake; but her approach with Lad and Lass stirred the Indian's dogs; and bedlam broke loose in the little cabin as she came up.

Asa Redbird was fully aroused, therefore, when he opened the door to look out. Having slept in his clothing, he was fully dressed.

"I want you to come right away out to the Rock, Asa," she said, "I'm going there; come after me quick as you can. You understand?"

If he were Sam, questions would have followed; but Asa only looked over her again and said that he understood.

She turned away and started directly for the Rock. And as she went, she wondered if she had been cowardly and therefore had made a mistake in stopping for Asa; Kincheloe was ahead of her now; and hurrying, without apparent regard for her and without looking back.

Ethel, driven by her fears for the safety of Barney Loutrelle, enters the house of mystery and makes a strange discovery—in Hearst's for November.



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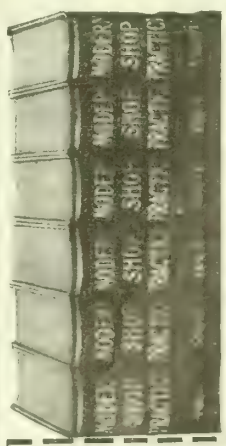
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The Knife from Mount Alamout

(Continued from page 40)

in the Service who could help out? I could mention several."

"I tell you I can't trust Tressa Norne to anybody except myself," insisted Cleves. "I got her into this; I am responsible if she is murdered; I dare not entrust her safety to anybody else. And, Recklow, it's a ghastly responsibility for a man to induce a young girl to face death, even in the service of her country."

"If she remains here alone with you she'll face social destruction," remarked Recklow.

Cleves was silent for a moment, then he burst out: "Well, what am I to do? What is there left for me to do except to watch over her and see her through this devilish business? What other way have I to protect her, Recklow?"

"You could offer her the protection of your name," suggested the other, carelessly.

"What? You mean—marry her?"

"Well, nobody else would be inclined to, Cleves, if it ever becomes known she has lived here quite alone with you?"

Cleves stared at the elder man.

"THIS is nonsense," he said in a harsh voice. "That young girl doesn't want to marry anybody. Neither do I. She doesn't wish to have her throat cut, that's all. And I'm determined she sha'n't."

"There are stealthier assassins, Cleves, —the slayers of reputations. It goes badly with their victim. It does indeed."

"Well, hang it, what do you think I ought to do?"

"I think you ought to marry her if you're going to keep her here."

"Suppose she doesn't mind the unconventionality of it?"

"All women mind. No woman, at heart, is unconventional, Cleves."

"She—she seems to agree with me that she ought to stay here. . . . Besides, she has no money, no relatives, no friends in America."

"All the more tragic. If you really believe it to be your duty to keep her here where you can look after her bodily safety, then the other obligation is still heavier. And there may come a day when Miss Norne will wish that you had been less conscientious concerning the safety of her pretty throat. . . . . For the knife of the Yezidee is swifter and less cruel than the tongue that slays with a smile. . . . And this young girl has many years to live, after this business of Bolshevism is dead and forgotten in our Republic."

"Recklow!"

"Yes?"

"You think I might dare try to find a room somewhere else for her and let her take her chances? *Do* you?"

"It's your affair."

"I know—hang it! I know it's my affair. I've unintentionally made it so. But can't you tell me what I ought to do?"

"I can't."

"What would *you* do?"

"Don't ask me," returned Recklow, sharply. "If you're not man enough to come to a decision you may turn her over to me."

Cleves flushed brightly. "Do you think *you* are old enough to take my job and avoid scandal?"

Recklow's cold eyes rested on him: "If you like," he said, "I'll assume your various kinds of personal responsibility toward Miss Norne."

Cleves's visage burned. "I'll shoulder my own burdens," he retorted.

"Sure. I knew you would." And Recklow smiled and held out his hand. Cleves took it without cordiality. Standing so, Recklow, still smiling, said: "What a rotten deal that child has had—is having. Her father and mother were fine people. Did you ever hear of Dr. Norne?"

"She mentioned him once."

"They were up-State people of most excellent antecedents and no money.

"DR. NORNE was our Vice-Consul at Yarkand in the province of Sin Kiang. All he had was his salary, and he lost that and his post when the administration changed.

"Some Jew syndicate here sent him up the Yarkand River to see what could be done about jade and gold concessions. He was on that business when the tragedy happened. The Kalmuks and Khirghiz were responsible, under Yezidee instigation. And there you are:—and here is his child, Cleves—back, by some miracle, from that flowering hell called Yian; believing in her heart that she really lost her soul there in the temple. And now, here in her own native land, she is exposed to actual and hourly danger of assassination. . . . Poor kid! . . . . Did you ever hear of a rottener deal, Cleves?"

Their hands had remained clasped while Recklow was speaking. He spoke again, clearly, amiably:

"To lay down one's life for a friend is fine. I'm not sure that it's finer to offer one's honor in behalf of a girl whose honor is at stake."



"The Yezidees have sent you your shroud, I think."

After a moment Cleves's grip tightened.

"All right," he said.

Recklow went downstairs.

CLEVES went back into the apartment; he noticed that Miss Norne's door was ajar.

To get to his own room he had to pass that way; and he saw her, seated before the mirror, partly undressed, her dark, lustrous hair being combed out and twisted up for the night.

Whether this carelessness was born of innocence or of indifference mattered little; he suddenly realized that these conditions wouldn't do. And his first feeling was of anger.

"If you'll put on your robe and slippers," he said in an unpleasant voice, "I'd like to talk to you for a few moments."

She turned her head on its charming neck and looked around and up at him over one naked shoulder."

"Shall I come into your room?" she inquired.

"No! . . . when you've got some clothes on, call me."

"I'm quite ready now," she said calmly, and drew the Chinese slippers over her bare feet and passed a silken loop over the silver bell buttons on her right shoulder. Then, undisturbed, she continued to twist up her hair, following his movements in the mirror with unconcerned blue eyes.

He entered and seated himself, the impatient expression still creasing his forehead and altering his rather agreeable features.

"Miss Norne," he said, "you're absolutely convinced that these people mean to do you harm. Isn't that true?"

"Of course," she said simply.

"Then, until we get them, you're running a serious risk. In fact, you live in hourly peril. That is your belief, isn't it?"

She put the last peg into her thick, curly hair, lowered her arms, turned, dropped one knee over the other, and let her candid gaze rest on him in silence.

"What I mean to explain," he said coldly, "is that as long as I induced you to go into this affair I'm responsible for you. If I let you out of my sight here in New York and if anything happens to you, I'll be as guilty as the dirty beast who takes your life. What is your opinion? It's up to me to stand by you now, isn't it?"

"I had rather be near you—for a while," she said timidly.

"Certainly. But Miss Norne, our living here together, in my apartment—or living together anywhere else—is never going to be understood by other people. You know that, don't you?"

After a silence, still looking at him out of clear, unembarrassed eyes:

"I know . . . But . . . I don't want to die."

"I told you," he said sharply, "they'll have to kill me first. So that's all right. But how about what I am doing to your reputation?"

"I understand."

"I suppose you do. You're very young. Once out of this blooming mess, you will have all your life before you. But if I kill your reputation for you while saving your body from death, you'll find no happiness in living. Do you realize that?"

"Yes."

"Well, then? Have you any solution for this problem that confronts you?"

"No."

"Haven't you any idea to suggest?"

"I don't—don't want to die," she repeated in an unsteady voice.

He bit his lip; and, after a moment's scowling silence under the merci scrutiny of her eyes: "Then you better marry me," he said.

It was some time before she sp For a second or two he sustained searching quality of her gaze, bu became unendurable.

Presently she said: "I don't ask it of I can shoulder my own burdens." And remembered what he had just said to Re low.

"You've shouldered more than y share," he blurted out. "You are d erately risking death to serve your coun I enlisted you. The least I can do is to my affections are not engaged; so natur the idea of—of marrying anybody n entered my head."

"Then you do not care for anybody els Her candor amazed and disconcerted h

"No," he looked at her, curiously. you care for anybody in that way?"

A light blush tinted her face. She gravely: "If we really are going to m each other I had better tell you that I care for Prince Sanang."

"What!" he cried, astounded.

"It seems incredible, doesn't it? Ye is quite true. I fought him; I fought my I stood guard over my mind and se there in the temple; I knew what he was I detested him and I mocked him there the temple. . . . And I loved him."

"Sanang!" he repeated, not only ama but also oddly incensed at the naïve fession.

"Yes, Sanang. . . . If we are to m I thought I ought to tell you. Don't think so?"

"Certainly," he replied in an abs minded way, his mind still grasping at thing. Then, looking up: "Do you care for this fellow?"

She shook her head.

"Are you perfectly sure, Miss Norne?

"As sure as that I am alive when I aw from a nightmare. My hatred for San is very bitter," she added frankly, "and somehow, it is not my wish to see harmed."

"You still care for him a little?"

"Oh no. But—can't you understan it is not in me to wish him harm? . girl feels that way—once having cared. become indifferent to a familiar thing is haps natural; but to desire to harm it is in my character."

"You have plenty of character," he s staring at her.

"You don't think so. Do you?"

"Why not?"

"Because of what I said to you on roof-garden that night. It was shame wasn't it?"

"You behaved like many a thorou bred," he returned bluntly; "you scared, bewildered, ready to bolt to shelter offered."

"It's quite true I didn't know what t to keep alive. And that was all that in ested me—to keep on living—having my soul and being afraid to die and myself in hell with Erlik."

HE said: "Isn't that absurd notion ou your head yet?"

"I don't know . . . I can't suddenly lieve myself safe after all those years. it not easy to root out what was planted childhood and what grew to be part of during the tender and formative pe . . . You can't understand, Mr. Cleve you can't ever feel or visualize what be my daily life in a region which was paradise and half hell——"

She bent her head and took her face tween her fingers, and sat so, brooding.

After a little while: "Well," he s "there's only one way to manage this a —if you are willing, Miss Norne."

She merely lifted her eyes.

"I think," he said, "There's only one way out of it. But you understand he turned pink—"it will be quite all rig your liberty—privacy—I sha'n't bother annoy——"

She merely looked at him.

"After this Bolshevistic flurry is settle in a year or two—or three—then you very easily get your freedom; and y have all life before you" . . . he "—and a jolly good friend in me—a g comrade, Miss Norne. And that means can count on me when you go into busi —or whatever you decide to do."

She also had risen, standing slim and in her exquisite Chinese robe, the sle of which covered her finger tips.

"Are you going to marry me?" she as

"If you'll let me."

"Yes—I will . . . it's so generous and nsiderate of you. I—I don't ask it; I lly don't——"

"But *I* do."

"—And I never dreamed of such a ing."

He forced a smile. "Nor I. It's a rather azy thing to do. But I know of no saner ernative . . . So we had better get our ense to-morrow. . . . And that settles it."

He turned to go; and, on her threshold, his t caught in something on the floor and stumbled, trying to free his feet from a l of soft white cloth lying there on the rpet. And when he picked it up, it unled, and a knife fell out of the roll of cloth d struck his foot.

Still perplexed, not comprehending, he ooped to recover the knife. Then, straighting up, he found himself looking into the orless face of Tressa Norne.

"What's all this?" he asked—"this sheet d knife here on the floor outside your or?"

She answered with difficulty: "They have it you your shroud, I think."

"Are not those things yours? Were they t already here in your baggage?" he deanded incredulously. Then, realizing that ey had not been there on the door-sill when entered her room a few moments since, ough chill passed over him—the icy caress fear.

"Where did that thing come from?" he d hoarsely. "How could it get here when door is locked and bolted? Unless there's nebody hidden here!"

Hot anger suddenly flooded him; he drew pistol and sprang into the passage-y.

"What the devil is all this!" he repeated iously, flinging open his bedroom door d switching on the light.

[E searched his room in a rage, went on and searched the dining-room, smoking-m, and kitchen, and every clothes-press d closet, always aware of Tressa's presze close behind him. And when there nained no tiniest nook or cranny in the ace unsearched, he stood in the center of e carpet glaring at the locked and bolted or.

He heard her say under her breath: his is going to be a sleepless night. And langerous one." And, turning to stare at r, saw no fear in her face, only excitement. fe still held clutch- in his left hand e sheet and the ife. Now he ust these toward

'What's this rned foolery any-y?" he demanded rshly. She took e knife with a ght shudder. here is something graved on the sil- hilt," she said. He bent over her oulder.

"Eighur," she ded calmly, "not abic. The Mons had no written aracters of their n."

She bent closer, dying the inscripn. After a mont, still studying e Eighur characs, she rested her t hand on his oulder—an imlsive, unstudied ovement that might have meant either nfidence or protection.

"Look," she said, "it is not addressed to u after all, but to a symbol—a series of mbers, 53-6-26."

"That is my designation in the Federal rvice," he said, sharply.

"Oh!" she nodded slowly. "Then this what is written in the Mongol-Yezidee alect, traced out in Eighur characters: o 53-6-26! By one of the Eight Assasns the Slayer of Souls sends this shroud d this knife from Mount Alamout. Such ade shall divide your heart. This sheet is your corpse.'"

After a grim silence he flung the soft ite cloth on the floor.

"There's no use my pretending I'm not rprised and worried," he said; "I don't ow how that cloth got here. Do you?"

"It was sent."

"How?"

She shook her head and gave him a grave, confused look.

"There are ways. You could not understand . . . This is going to be a sleepless night for us."

"You can go to bed, Tressa. I'll sit up and read and keep an eye on that door."

"I can't let you remain alone here. I'm afraid to do that."

He gave a laugh, not quite pleasant, as he suddenly comprehended that the girl now considered their *rôles* to be reversed.

"Are *you* planning to sit up in order to protect *me?*" he asked, grinly amused.

"Do you mind?"

"Why, you blessed little thing, I can take care of myself. How funny of you, when I am trying to plan how best to look out for *you!*"

But her face remained pale and concerned, and she rested her left hand more firmly on his shoulder.

"I wish to remain awake with you," she said. "Because I myself don't fully understand this"—she looked at the knife in her palm, then down at the shroud. "It is going to be a strange night for us," she sighed. "Let us sit together here on the lounge where I can face *that bolted door*. And, if you are willing, I am going to turn out the lights—" She suddenly bent forward and switched them off—"because I must keep my mind on guard."

"Why do you do that?" he asked, "you can't see the door, now."

"Let me help you in my own way," she whispered. "I—I am very deeply disturbed, and very, very angry. I do not understand this new menace. Yezidee that I am, I do not understand what kind of danger threatens you through your loyalty to me."

She drew him forward, and he opened his mouth to remonstrate, to laugh; but as he turned, his foot touched the shroud, and an uncontrollable shiver passed over him.

They went close together, across the dim room to the lounge, and seated themselves. Enough light from Madison Avenue made objects in the room barely discernible.

SOUNDS from the street below became rarer as the hours wore away. The iron jar of trains, the rattle of vehicles, the harsh warning of taxicabs broke the stillness at larger and larger intervals. Save only for that immense and ceaseless vibration of the monstrous iron city under the foggy stars, scarcely a sound stirred the silence.

The half-hour had struck long ago on the bell of the little clock. Now the clear bell sounded three times.

Cleves stirred on the lounge beside Tressa. Again and again he had thought that she was asleep for her head had fallen back against the cushions, and she lay very still. But always, when he leaned nearer to peer down at her, he saw her eyes, open, and fixed intently upon the bolted door.

His pistol which still rested on his knee, was pointed across the room, toward the door. Once he reminded her in a whisper that she was unarmed and that it might be as well for her to go and get her pistol. But she murmured that she was sufficiently equipped for the matter in hand; and, in spite of himself, he shivered as he glanced down at her frail and empty hands.

It was some time between three and half-past, he judged, when a sudden movement of the girl brought him upright on his seat, quivering with excitement.

"Mr. Cleves!"

"Yes?"

"The Sorcerers!"

"Where? Outside the door?"

"Oh my God," she murmured, "*they are after my mind again!* Their fingers are groping to seize my brain and get possession of it!"

"What!" he stammered, horrified.

"Here—in the dark," she whispered—"and I feel their fingers caressing me—searching—moving stealthily to surprise and grasp my thoughts . . . I know what they are doing . . . I am resisting . . . I am fighting fighting!"

She sat bolt upright with clenched hands at her breast, her face palely aglow in the dimness as though illumined by some vivid inward light—or, as he thought—from the azure blaze in her wide-open eyes.

"Is—is this what you call—what you believe to be magic?" he asked unsteadily. "Is there some hostile psychic influence threatening you?"

"Yes. I'm resisting. I'm fighting—fighting. They shall not trap me. They shall not harm you! . . . I know how to defend myself and you! . . . And *you!*"

SUDDENLY she flung her left arm around his neck and the delicate clenched hand brushed his cheek.

"They shall not have you," she breathed. "I am fighting. I am holding my own. There are eight of them—eight Assassins! My mind is in battle with theirs—fiercely in battle . . . I hold my own! I am armed and waiting!"

With a convulsive movement she drew his head closer to her shoulder. "Eight of them!" she whispered,—"trying to entrap and seize my brain. But my thoughts are free! My mind is defending you—you, here in my arms!"

After a breathless silence: "Look out!" she whispered with terrible energy; "they are after *your* mind at last. Fix your thought on me! Keep your mind clear of their net! Don't let their ghostly fingers touch it. Look at me!" She drew him closer. "Look at *me!* Believe in *me!* I can resist. I can defend you. Does your head feel confused?"

"Yes—numb."

"*Don't sleep!* Don't close your eyes! Keep them open and look at me!"

"I can scarcely see you——"

"You *must* see me!"

"My eyes are heavy," he said drowsily. "I can't see you, Tressa——"

"Wake! Look at me! Keep your mind clear. Oh, I beg you—I beg you! They're after our minds and souls, I tell you! Oh, believe in me," she beseeched him in an agonized whisper—"Can't you believe in me for a moment.—as if you loved me!"

His heavy lids lifted and he tried to look at her.

"Can you see me? *Can* you?"

He muttered something in a confused voice.

"Victor!"

At the sound of his own name, he opened his eyes again and tried to straighten up, but his pistol fell to the carpet.

"Victor!" she gasped, "clear your mind in the name of God!"

"I can not——"

"I tell you hell is opening beyond that door!—outside your bolted door, there! Can't you believe me! Can't you hear me! Oh, what will hold you if the love of God can not!" She burst out. "I'd crucify myself for you if you'd look at me—if you'd only fight hard enough to believe in me—as though you loved me!"

His eyes unclosed but he sank back against her shoulder.

"Victor!" she cried in a terrible voice.

There was no answer.

"If the love of God could only hold you for a moment more!"—she stammered with

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her mouth against his ear, "just for a moment Victor! Can't you hear me?"

"Yes—very far away."

"Fight for me! Try to care for me! Don't let Sanang have me!"

He shuddered in her arms, reached out and resting heavily on her shoulder, staggered to his feet and stood swaying like a drunken man.

"No, by God," he said thickly, "Sanang shall not touch you."

The girl was on her feet now, holding him upright with an arm around his shoulders.

"Why do you do that?" he asked, "you can't see the door, now."

"Let me help you in my own way," she whispered. "I—I am very deeply disturbed, and very, very angry. I do not understand this new menace. Yezidee that I am, I do not understand what kind of danger threatens you through your loyalty to me."

She drew him forward, and he opened his mouth to remonstrate, to laugh; but, as he turned, his foot touched the shroud, and an uncontrollable shiver passed over him.

His pistol which still rested on the floor, was pointed across the room, toward the door. Once he reminded her in a whisper that she was unarmed and that it might be as well for her to go and get her pistol. But she murmured that she was sufficiently equipped for the matter in hand; and, in spite of himself, he shivered as he glanced down at her frail and empty hands.

"They can't—can't harm us together," she stammered. "Hark! Listen! Can you hear? Oh, can you hear?"

"Give me my pistol," he tried to say, but his tongue seemed twisted, "No—by God—Sanang shall not touch you."

She stooped lithely and recovered the weapon. "Hush," she said close to his burning face. "Listen. Our minds are safe! I can hear somebody's soul bidding its body farewell!"

White-lipped she burst out laughing, kicked the shroud out of the way, thrust the pistol into his right hand, went forward forcing him along beside her and drew the bolts from the door.

A cold wind blew in. It seemed to clear his brain; and suddenly he spoke distinctly.

"Is there anything outside that door on the landing?"

"Yes . . . I don't know what. Are you ready?" She laid her hand on lock and knob.

He nodded. At the same instant she jerked open the door; and a hunchback who had been picking at the lock, fell headlong into the room, his pistol exploding on the carpet in a streak of fire.

IT was a horrible struggle to secure the powerful misshapen creature, for he clawed and squealed and bounced about on the floor, striking blindly with ape-like arms. But at last Cleves held him down, throttled and twitching, and Tressa ripped strips from the shroud to truss up the writhing thing.

Then Cleves switched on the light.

"Why—why—you rat!" he exclaimed in hysterical relief at seeing a living man whom he recognized there at his feet. "What are you doing here?"

The hunchback's red eyes blazed up at him from the floor.

"Who—who is he?" faltered the girl.

"He's a German tailor named Albert Feke—one of the Chicago Bolsheviki—the most dangerous sort we harbor—one of their vile leaders who preaches that might is right and tells his disciples to go ahead and take what they want."

He looked down at the malignant cripple.

"You're wanted for the I. W. W. bomb murder, Albert. Did you know it?"

The hunchback licked his bloody lips. Then he kicked himself to a sitting position, squatted there like a toad and looked steadily at Tressa Norne out of small red-rimmed eyes. Blood dripped on his beard; his huge hairy fists, tied and crossed behind his back, made odd, spasmodic movements.

Cleves went to the telephone. Presently Tressa heard his voice, calm and distinct as usual:

"We've caught Albert Feke. He's here at my rooms. I'd like to have you come over, Recklow . . . Oh yes, he kicked and scuffled and scratched like a cat . . . What? . . . No, I hadn't heard that he'd been in China . . . Who? . . . Albert Feke? You say he was one of the Germans who escaped from Shantung four years ago? . . . You think he's a Yezidee! You mean one of the Eight Assassins?"

THE hunchback, staring at Tressa out of red-rimmed eyes, suddenly snarled and lurched his misshapen body at her.

"Teufelstuck!" he screamed, "ain't I tell efferybody in Yian already it iss safer if we cut your throat! Devil-slut of Erlik—snow-leopardess!—cat of the Yezidees who has made of Sanang a fool!—it iss I who haf said always, always, that you know too damn much! . . . Kai! . . . I hear my soul bidding me farewell. Gif me my shroud!"

Cleves came back from the telephone. With the toe of his left foot he lifted the shroud and kicked it across the hunchback's knees.

"So you were one of the huns who instigated the massacre in Yian," he said, curiously. At that Tressa turned very white and a cry escaped her.

But the hunchback's features were all twisted into ferocious laughter, and he beat on the carpet with the heels of his great splay feet.

"Ja! Ja!" he shrieked, "in Yian it vas a goot hunting! English und Yankee men und vimmens ve haff dropped into dose deep wells down. Py Gott in Himmel, how dey schream up out of dose deep wells in Yian!" He began to cackle and shriek in his frenzy. "Ach Gott ja! It iss not you either—you there, Keuke Mongol, who shall escape from the Sheiks-El-Djebel! It iss dot Old Man of the Mountain who shall tell your soul it iss time to say farewell! Ja! Ja! Ach Gott!—it iss my only regret that I shall not see the world when it is all afire! Ja! Ja!—all on fire like hell! But you shall see it, slut-leopard of the snows! You shall see it und you shall burn! Kai! Kai! My soul it iss bidding my body farewell. Kai! May Erlik curse you, Keuke Mongol—Heavenly Azure—Sorceress of the temple!——"

He spat at her and rolled over in his shroud.

The girl looking down on him closed her eyes for a moment, and Cleves saw her bloodless lips move, and bent nearer, listening. And he heard her whispering to herself:

"Preserve us all, O God, from the wrath of Satan who was stoned."

If the deadliest device of the black art can beat down and conquer the soul of Tressa Norne, thousands of Americans must pay the forfeit with their lives. "The Smile of the Sorcerer," another story of Yezidee magic—in Hearst's for November.

Overworking the Virtues

(*Continued from page 15*)

have experienced regret had I struck him down.

Next morning, after breakfast, old Bill said he'd have to leave me for a while, and I should make myself at home. I heaved a sigh of relief. I took the first volume of the "Newgate Calendar" and a chair, and seated myself under a noble elm on the lawn, and started reading a gripping story of a Scottish clergyman who slew a whole family because one of the children was remiss in his catechism lesson, when one of those blessed damozels came with a pitcher of lemonade. She stood there half an hour, determined to entertain me; and when she departed her mother arrived with a large cushion with Japanese illustrations on it. She said she knew I was uncomfortable in that chair, and she talked an hour or two about her success as a water-color artist when she was a girl.

Then she went to the house and sent out the younger damozel with a palmleaf fan; and the girl stood there fanning my fevered brow until I was frantic. At last I had a moment alone, and made a sneak for the basement of the house. I concealed myself behind the furnace, and had about ten minutes with the treasured book, when old Bill came breezing down there and found me.

"Well, by James!" he cried, "here you are! You always were an eccentric sort of genius!"

Many of us gain a reputation for eccentricity in just such a harmless way. I cut the week's visit short by five days and

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eturned home a sadder but a wiser man, and ave never gone visiting since.

THE overworking of hospitality is common to towns as well as individuals. When it is known at Pruneville that the seventh assistant Secretary of Agriculture is coming there to make a speech, the Leading Citizens get together to frame up a program for his entertainment, the essential provision being that he shall not have a moment to himself. From the time he alights from the train, until he boards it again, he is being privvied around by Napoleons of commerce and wheelhorses of this or that political party.

Some time ago a venerable statesman, whose name is a household word throughout the land, arrived in Emporia. It was a Saturday evening, and he proposed to rest there over Sunday. He is about a hundred years old, and looked three hundred, for he had been making speeches, and traveling in crowded trains. He was completely exhausted, and seventeen cents would have seemed a liberal price for him. He got to the Whitley Hotel before he was recognized. He told the landlord that his highest ambition was to stretch himself out on the hay and sleep for six months. He didn't want to see anybody, he didn't want to eat or drink; he just wanted to sleep in nine languages. He was so tired that he had to go into intermediate to climb upstairs to his rooms. Reaching that, he began to disrobe. Meanwhile the news that the illustrious statesman was at the hotel had circulated around town and the leading Citizens got together in a hurry. Emporia shows up strong in the hour of emergency, and in the twinkling of an eye a program was prepared. The statesman was just removing his starboard sock when Prof. Brady's band lined up under his window and began playing "Is This the Mrs. Reilly that Keeps the Hotel?"

The statesman heaved a bitter groan. He summoned the landlord and asked him to request the band to go away, and while he was on that errand the College Glee Club broke into the hall, stood by his door, and sang "Do They Miss Me at Home?" with great feeling.

THE landlord shooed the band away, but no sooner were the musicians gone than a lot of carpenters arrived to build a platform under the statesman's window, on which he could make a speech. Emporia is a good town, but it hasn't overcome the superstition that a visitor must make a speech.

A committee of Leading Citizens went to his room to invite him to take a ride around town and he had to surrender. So he climbed into an auto with tottering steps, and was shown Old Bill White's printing office, and Charlie West's lumber yard, and Carl Wicker's whiskers, and when he returned to the hotel the champion welter-weight elocutionist from the Normal School was waiting for him, and the way she recited "Curfew Must Not Ring To-night" brought tears to every eye.

Then the superintendent of the public schools showed him a thousand children in a fire drill and he said it was a finer spectacle than Niagara Falls, but his heart was not in that he said, for he was so sleepy he had to hold his eyes open with his hands, and so bored his ankles buckled under him.

This is our idea of hospitality; we load people down with kindness until their backs break, and then wonder why they don't like happy.

I PRACTICE what I preach. When people come visiting me I give them a blueprint of the house, show them where the smoking tobacco is, and let them alone. I never try to entertain them. And it seems to me that people like my plan. They tell me my house is "restful," and that's a large enough compliment.

Another of the fundamental virtues is industry. It is so immaculate that nobody has ventured to criticize it, but I do. Used moderately, it deserves all the praise it has received. A man must be reasonably industrious if he would be an asset rather than a liability in this world. But the extremist in industry, like all extremists, is a bore.

In every neighborhood there is a busy delegate who talks about the golden moments and who holds that idleness is a crime. He gets up before daylight and pushes a noisy lawnmower over his premises, so nobody can sleep within half a mile. And when the neighbors open their bedroom windows, and begin tossing chunks of coal and iron inkstands and terra cotta dogs at him, as a token of esteem, he considers himself a martyr. "Because they are inclined to sleep away the Golden Moments," he complains, "I am denied liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

THE man who must forever be doing something useful makes all his neighbors uncomfortable. He stirs up hatred and other evil emotions. The wives of less energetic men are always pointing to him as a shining example, and husbands detest shining examples. He harangues his family eternally about the Golden Moments, and his boys run away from home and join the circus, and his wife elopes with the hired-man. And the man who makes industry a fad has a drab, desolate life with a wrong perspective; he misses all the fun, shrivels up while still young, and dies of old age when men who were born the same year are still feeling their oats.

Honesty, when it is honest, is a jewel among the virtues, but it should be employed with modesty and discretion. When accompanied by fireworks it seems to lack the element of sincerity. The man who insists upon his honesty before it is called into question is open to suspicion.

When a stranger moves into the house next door I assume that he is an honest man, and hold to that theory until I find him in my henhouse after dark, with a sack and lantern, when I am forced to the conclusion that his principles need revision upward. But if he leans on the fence, before we are fairly acquainted, and starts telling me how honest he is, I begin nailing down all my portable belongings.

EVERY now and then, as we journey through this vale of tears, we encounter the bank cashier or village treasurer who is known as Honest John or Honest George. He has made a profession of incorruptible honesty, with plenty of display advertising; he has given public demonstrations of honesty whenever there was a sufficient crowd in the gallery to justify them. He has reached the point where people bring him their money and jewels and false teeth for safe keeping, and we can only wonder and admire. But when we pass that way again we learn that Honest John or Honest George is swatting flies away down in Honduras, or some place where extradition treaties don't run, and the people who had such faith in him are boarding at the free soup-houses.

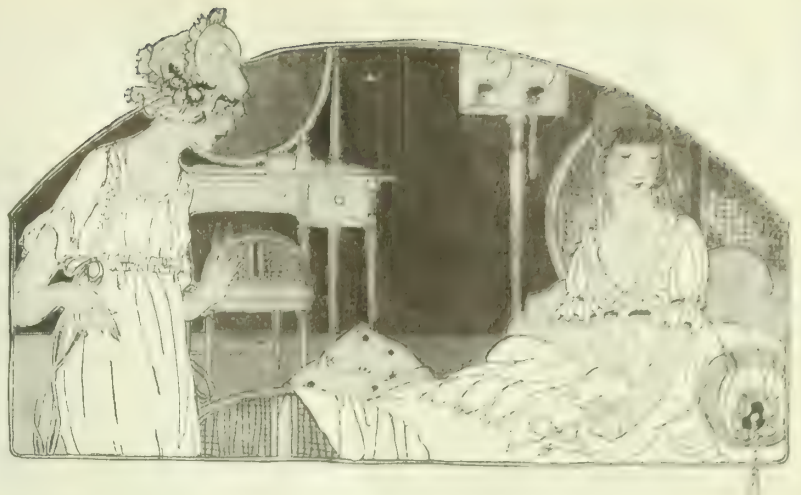
In some of the biographies of Abraham Lincoln you will find a story to the effect that when he was a country storekeeper he awoke one night to a realization of the terrible fact that he had overcharged a customer two cents. It was a terrible night, with nine kinds of hard and soft water falling, and the wind tearing the roofs from buildings, and the customer lived eleven miles away. But Abe arose and put on his raiment and went forth into the tempest. He walked that weary eleven miles, swimming rivers and falling over precipices and bumping into trees, finally arriving at his destination more dead than alive, to return the two cents.

THE story obviously is a fake. Lincoln was a great humorist, and no man with a sense of humor would be guilty of such an absurd errand. In sooth, it is the lack of the sense of humor, and consequently of the sense of proportion, that makes extremists of all kinds. The fact that such a story is printed in many books as an inspiration to the young shows how urgently my kind of doctrine is needed in this world. It is a sin to teach the young to be grandstand players, to take a good substantial virtue and make of it a tinsel thing, to the sound of tinkling cymbals.

Any man who would walk eleven miles after dark in a rainstorm to return two cents would have to be closely watched, or, after returning the money, he would carry off the watchdog or the grindstone, or anything that wasn't chained to a tree.

THE idea back of this discourse is that moderation in all things is best. The world looks upon the extremist as a bore, even when his obsession is righteousness. The hermit who abjures the world and its works, who dresses himself in a leather flynet, and eats turnips, and lives in a cave, may be a holy man; but when I go fishing I prefer the companionship of the normal fellow who has a collection of perfectly human faults, counterbalanced by a galaxy of perfectly human virtues, which will keep in any climate.

This is the first of a series of articles by "Uncle Walt,"—who henceforth will write these features exclusively for Hearst's.



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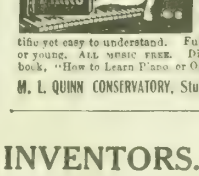
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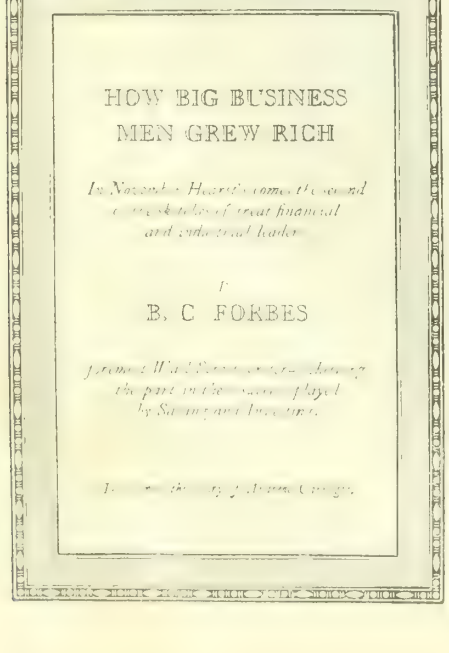
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How Big Business Men Grew Rich



I. James B. Duke
By B. C. Forbes

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER once told me that the hardest part of all his business career was to find the capital to swing all the business he could command.

James B. Duke had a similar experience.

To-day both attribute their success to their having carefully and systematically saved money which they invested, first in their own business, and later in other securities.

Mr. Duke is one of the largest holders of investments in the United States. Not only so, but his painstakingly-won capital, combined, of course, with brains, enabled him to reach a position in his industry, tobacco, such as no man, not excepting Rockefeller himself, ever attained in any other world industry. Mr. Duke expanded and expanded until he controlled 80 per cent. of the tobacco business in the United States and, even more astonishing, became also the "Tobacco King" of the Old World. No great industry was ever mastered and controlled by one man to the extent that the tobacco industry was mastered and controlled by James Buchanan Duke before the United States began to dissolve our mammoth organizations.

WERE I asked to compile a list of the half-hundred wealthiest men in America I would include Mr. Duke.

And his wealth, his power, his fame as a business Napoleon have all sprung from his wise handling of his savings, particularly his early savings, when he did not flinch at any measure of self-sacrifice in order to increase his investments.

By the time he was twenty-one he had saved $3,000, and it was the investment of that $3,000 in W. Duke, Sons & Company which was the foundation of his whole future fortune.

When Duke's father returned from the Civil War he was penniless, except that when he sold his farm, near Durham, N. C., he did not get full payment in Confederate money, but arranged to receive certain payments in tobacco at the end of the war. For a time the Duke family slept on straw and had practically nothing but parched corn to eat. "Little Buck" was then a motherless toddler of four. Almost as soon as he could find his way about he began to help his father and older brothers to peddle tobacco. A log cabin was the original Duke tobacco "factory." At fourteen—fourteen, note—James, although the youngest, was boss of the factory, with a score of workers under him.

A FAMILY fortune of over $10,000 had been rolled up by the time James was eighteen, and his father was particularly anxious to send him to college, as the youth had a phenomenal aptitude for mastering whatever he took in hand. When the subject was broached, young Duke replied: "No, I do not want to go to college. I want a partnership in the business. I want to work and make money." Three years later the Duke business branched out, was incorporated, and James B. was able to take one-fifth of the $70,000 capital by furnishing the $3,000 cash which he had saved and by borrowing $11,000 from his father—who well knew that it would not take the young man long to earn and save this amount.

When James B. was 27 he was placed in entire charge of the whole business, so conspicuously fitted was he to carry through the ambitious plans which were formed. Up till then the Dukes had handled only granulated smoking tobacco, but young Duke foresaw the tremendous opportunity in the cigaret business, although the sale of cigarets in the United States then totaled only 200,000,000 a year. Soon this end of the business, under the driving power of "Buck," was expanding rapidly, necessitating the building of a very large factory in Durham.

THEN this epochal step was taken: It was decided to invade New York with a factory for the manufacture of both cigarets and pipe tobacco. Of course, James B. was delegated to handle this important new venture. He hustled so effectively that he was soon able to drum up far more business than either the plant or their limited capital could handle.

What did he do? There was only one thing to do, Duke concluded, namely, plow back into the business every dollar of earnings.

Although head of the enterprise and now earning many thousands of dollars a year, he lived in a hall-bedroom and ate his meals in a Bowery restaurant near the factory.

Even when earning $50,000 a year he paid only $2.50 a week for his hall bedroom and reinvested in the business $40,500 of his $50,000 share of the profits. When his income reached $100,000 a year he became quite extravagant—he moved into a $4 a week room. Not only so, but, against the bitterest opposition, he laid down the rule that no man associated with the business could draw out more than $1,000 a year whether the man were married or single.

WHEN a very young man he had read an article describing John D. Rockefeller's extraordinary achievements in oil, and young Duke then said to himself: "If John D. Rockefeller can do what he is doing in oil, why should I not do it in tobacco?" That vision Duke kept ever before him. Before he was thirty he was turning out a billion cigarets a year, equal to 40 per cent. of the country's total output. But that was not nearly enough.

He still felt that he was far from having reached the Rockefeller stage. How could he make his youthful dream come true?

"I decided," he told me, "to take over the principal tobacco concerns of the country, form one huge organization, and float stock to raise enough capital to cover the whole land." Also, he had a still larger ambition: the conquest of Europe.

When thirty-three he form the great American Tob Company, which embr four of the principal tob concerns in the country addition to Duke's busine "To succeed a business n serve the public better cheaper than the other peop and to do that you must ha volume," Mr. Duke explain to me. "We knew that we could do this the major of the public would find it a vantageous to buy our prod And that was just what ha pened. Before disintegrati in 1911, we were doing a bu ness of over a million doll every day of the year."

INCIDENTALLY, the lit company in which Du invested his first $3,000 savings was sold to the Am can Tobacco Company $7,500,000.

Just as Napoleon was content to become the do nating power in one coun but looked for other lands conquer, and just as John Rockefeller had not been c tent to gain dominance in own land, James B. Du hastily packed a trunk started for England to l English tobacco manufacture who had dared to inva certain markets supplied Duke's combination. Ten da after landing in London, though he had never be abroad before, Duke had bought control one of the best-known tobacco establishme in England and began to wage relentl war. This Yankee invasion threw the E lish manufacturers into a panic and th hastily combined to repel it. Never w trade war fought more furiously. Souven costing almost the price of a packag cigarets were given away with each p chase, prices were cut ruinously, boy ting was resorted to, and hundreds thousands of dollars were lavishly spen advertising. Every day the war lasted $3,000.

But Duke won inside of a year, and company he formed, The British-Americ Tobacco Company, became the gre est power in the foreign field. Its sa of cigarets approximated 100,000,000 day.

Mr. Duke's investments did not sto tobacco by any means. It is money he sa which has given his native State and a South Carolina so efficient and economica supply of electric power that their co mills can now compete successfully with old-established plants of New England. D also supplies motive power for the up-to-d trolley systems which have been freely int duced in the Carolinas. A hundred or m towns receive their motive power fr Duke's enterprise.

SINCE the dissolution of his great tob "Trust," Mr. Duke has been comparati ly quiet for him! But a few months ago t financial world was startled by an announ ment that James B. Duke, in associati with George J. Whalen, had arranged launch a colossal retail organization throu out not only the United States but throu out the whole world. Woolworth's has o a thousand five-and-ten-cent stores, Duke's plans provide eventually for a v much larger number than that. The nucl of this gigantic chain is the United Ci Stores, which already has its hundreds familiar corner stores, but the new ch will handle candies, groceries or anyth else that seems to offer a profit.

So it happens that Duke's original inv ment of $3,000 not only netted him a pr of $1,500,000 when his original company taken over, but has made him an ever-gr ing power among the American men who taking over world leadership.

But had he not saved and invest while he was still no better off than y or I, he might still be little further ahe than we are.

The Man from Missouri

(*Concluded from page 35*)

rohibition Senators had introduced an mendment which provided that any newsaper publisher who sent a newspaper which ontained a liquor advertisement into a dry erritory—or if any citizen sent such a paper nto a dry territory, whether he knew it conained a liquor advertisement or not—could e sent to the penitentiary for a long term of ears. It occurred to me at once that if we ere going to the extreme limit of the penentiary for sending a newspaper containing liquor advertisement, something ought to e done about sending the liquor itself. So offered what seemed to me a logical amendent to this extreme and very radical measre. It went through. Clearly it was conistent with what was right and fair. If a tate votes prohibition, it ought, under the octrine of local self-government, to have rohibition. If it utterly prohibits liquor in s own boundaries it has no right to encourage quor by buying and shipping it in large uantities into other States. The Reed Bone-Dry Amendment' gave real prohibiion where the people had voted for real rohibition, and allowed the rest of the ountry to take care of itself."

The whole spirit of James A. Reed, pubcist, is written in this terse and logical xplanation.

'NTENSELY American, and worshiping the Constitution as the Ark of the Demcratic Covenant, nothing is more natural or nore logical than that Senator Reed should ave looked with careful and anxious scrutiny pon the revolution of our national policy, nd the far-reaching changes forecasted in he League of Nations. Nor is it singular hat out of this sincere and anxious considerapon there should come to a statesman of his emper and traditions a different view than hat entertained by many of his political and ersonal colleagues and contemporaries. At ll events the view he champions is his own iew, reached by definite processes of study nd entertained with all the intensity and arnestness of his mind and spirit. It is oubtful if this strong, great man has ever in ll his life been so deeply and powerfully imressed and absorbed by a virile conviction o intense as that which has lined him up in he very front rank of those who oppose this eague of Nations. He has put his whole oul and strength and mind into the opposion. I have heard him say, not once but sevral times, that if by putting his back against stone wall and receiving a dozen bullets he ould save his country from the results of this oreign complication, he would go gladly to he sacrifice. Whatever the League may hean to other sincere and honest Americans, o Senator Reed it means a deadly stab to the ederal Constitution, a blow to the Monroe Doctrine, a surrender of our national spirit, nd the opening of Pandora's box of swarmng evils to the whole genius of our governhent and to the future of the American eople. Not to fight this proposition with all he strength and power of his brain and ongue would be to Senator Reed the betrayal f his own integrity and treason to his own eople. And he has poured into the opposion a fervor and eloquence of effort that harks this as the high-water mark of his ublic career. The speeches he has carried o the country in solemn expression of his conictions have not been surpassed in the orensic annals of American eloquence. Win r lose in the finals, the great campaign xed for the Missouri Senator a high and urable place among the great orators of the epublic.

Like the frank and courageous statesman hat he is, James A. Reed carried his convicions first of all to the people of Missouri hose commission he bears, and who had the rst right to know his views and intentions pon this mightiest of all the questions that oncern the country. A timid man or a emagogue would have been silenced or alted by Missouri's answer. The Legislaure heard him coldly, and his own Demoratic minority clamored for his resignation. ot for a day or an hour did Missouri's enator hesitate. Whatever the loyalty he ay feel and illustrate to Missouri's final and onclusive attitude toward the ratification of he League when it comes to a State decision, er Senator holds his conscience and convicion as his guide to the last limit of loyalty, nd with only a breathing space to renew his trength, has gone forward and onward, thundering to Missouri and to other commonwealths his protest and his reasons with unabated earnestness and with unsurpassed eloquence—so long as the mighty issue abides in the balances of the American ballot. There have been few finer illustrations of civic conviction and civic courage in the history of representative government.

AS a constitutional statesman, Senator Reed has carried the Constitution as the gauge and measure of all public questions. But it does not follow that he is a Bourbon or at any time a reactionary. Far from it. No man or few men in public life are more widely open to modern and progressive ideas. He is abreast of his party in legislation for the times. It is when legislation in his opinion menaces or threatens the Constitution or the system of the Government that the statesman takes alarm. The Constitution is to Reed the conserver of liberty, the genius of the Government, and he repudiates the idea of sacrificing it for temporizing policies or the issues of the hour. One of his finest constitutional arguments was made in opposition to the Saulsbury Rent Bill for the District of Columbia. He thought its provisions violative of constitutional rights, and in the course of his opposition speech he flung out several paragraphs of eloquence which embalm his spirit of devotion. Here for instance

"You will sit here and deliberately help to destroy the Constitution of the United States that it took 6,000 years of human travail to establish, every line of which is written in the blood that has poured from the veins of patriots through the long centuries, every paragraph of which is the ultimate result of wars that have whitened the plains of Europe with the bones of men who went down to their death in the cause of human liberty."

FROM this, you will realize, that it is no ordinary man that represents the Commonwealth of Missouri in the upper chamber of the American Congress. In type, in temper, and in attainment, the Missourian is altogether unusual. Serious in spirit and in manner to the point of sternness, he is always impressive because of the suggestion of more than ordinary earnestness and sincerity in his speech. Intense in feeling and expression, his convictions seem always on fire, and in his earlier public life carried almost too much of the glow and fervor, which have deepened into power with his maturer service. The amazing thing in the man is that, out of a life that has been one continuous procession of vital and strenuous action, he has managed, by some extraordinary power of diligence and assimilation, to absorb a scope of profound and accurate information upon general and constitutional topics, and upon all the lines of modern culture, which have equipped him for consultation and for controversy in almost every line of human discussion.

For the last several years James A. Reed of Missouri has enjoyed deservedly the repute of being the ablest debater on the Democratic side of the American Senate.

LEST this rapid summary should leave Senator Reed in the category of austere statesmanship, it remains to say that upon occasion he can relax into a humor that is delightful, a comradeship that is irresistible, and a human touch that carries the hearts of his colleagues.

The senior Senator from Missouri is where he is not from any inherited ambition for public life or from any thirst for fame or glory, which he honestly subordinates to duty, but simply because, in an earlier and less illustrious sphere of service, he fought so well and won so much for the people who trusted him that in simple gratitude they called him higher. He is to-day in the Senate of the United States because he made successively the best City Attorney and the best Mayor that Kansas City ever had. Straight from the Mayor's chair of the redeemed city he came to the U. S. Senate. And those desperate and dauntless years of fighting and winning against gamblers and grafters and profiteers and politicians in this growing and tempting city of the Central West, laid the durable foundations of the fame and the political fortune of James A. Reed. It is too deeply planted in the record of indestructible service to be destroyed.



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Once more you will laugh with Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn—but you will want to cry as you laugh. For behind the joy of youth is the reality of life—the philosophy you did not see when you were a boy.

MARK TWAIN

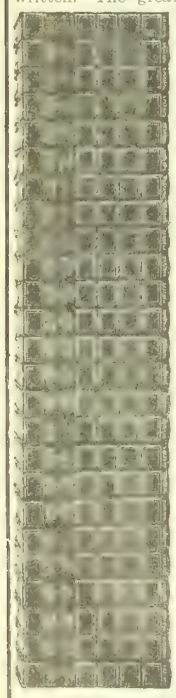
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The Five Million

(*Concluded from page 43*)

Doug—Well, I don't want to boast, but I bet I did just as much as this fellow Adams.

Midge (*getting very angry*)—Look here—I hate to bawl out a soldier and a sick one into the bargain, but I don't mind tellin' you you give me a large-sized pain. Why, even if you were hung so thick with medals that one couldn't see the color of your tunic, I'd still think you'd got an awful nerve to walk in here and class yourself with a fellow that gave up his life for his country like Lieutenant Adams did—in the first place——

Doug (*raising his hands and laughing*)—Kamerad! Kamerad! You know you're going to be sorry in a minute for talking like this to me. If you knew me better you'd realize I'm not the kind of chap that says anything disparaging about a man unless he's there to defend himself.

Midge, grasping the idea at last that this is Douglas Adams is amazed and delighted. Then follows Doug's meeting with his fiancée—not so happy a one as he had anticipated, and quite in contrast with Midge's eager welcome.

Doug—You never even thought of my being alive as a possibility? (*Ruth shakes her head slowly "No."*) Poor little girl—and you're wearing that for me! (*Doug touches the gold star on her arm*) I can see it's been pretty tough on you—you've been shut out from everything—you, who always loved good times so.

Ruth (*dully*)—That doesn't matter.

Doug—No, of course not—nothing matters now.

Grant (*Doug's younger brother is thoroughly delighted at Doug's return, but he has a confession to make*) Doug—I've—done something rotten—the rottenest thing one brother *could* do to another. *He tells the story of how he has allowed his grandfather to sell Doug's law practice to Bert Weaver and his father, to cover a crime he himself has committed.*)

Doug—And so you told Mrs. Snyder that I was the thief?

Grant—No, I didn't—I didn't do that. I only swore up and down that I knew nothing about it and, of course, there wasn't any one else that had access to the bonds except you.

(*For the sake of Grant's wife and baby Doug swallows this bitter pill. But because old Weaver's slogan seems to be "Give the man who fought for you a chance!" Doug makes an attempt to buy back his practice from Bert Weaver and his father.*

Doug—You see when Grandfather sold it to you he didn't realize what he was doing. I thought——

Weaver—I'll tell you what we might do—We need someone to help us in the office.

Jeff (*Doug's grandfather*)—A partner?

Weaver—No, not exactly that—an assistant.

Jeff—You mean clerk? A clerk in what used to be his own office? Well, of all the nerve!

Bert (*sneeringly*)—That's fair enough. We need a clerk and we *don't* need a partner. You asked for a chance didn't you? *This* is a chance.

Doug—That goes for me, Mr. Weaver. I'm ready to take your job!

Doug (*quite unconscious of Midge's interest in him which has been growing during the weeks that he has been slaving away in Bert Weaver's law office asks her casually one day*)—How would you like to take me in as a boarder at your place?

Midge (*a little bashful*)—Well, you see—when I have a room vacant I'd want to let it to someone who'd be likely to be *permanent*.

Doug—Permanent?

Midge—Yes. You're getting married pretty soon, aren't you?

Doug—I don't know—not very soon, I'm afraid.

Midge—I guess you're awfully fond of Ruth.

Doug—Why wouldn't I be? A girl who'll stick to you when you're clean out of luck deserves considerable loving.



Phil—(*to Nini*): "'Give me ze money!'—that's the first thing a woman learns to say."

Midge (*in a disbelieving tone*)—Uh-hmm—

Doug (*looks at Midge for a moment wondering—then*)—You see, I figure I ought to try and make up all that she's losing through marrying me by loving her that much more.

Midge—Gee, if that's the way men look at it, no wonder their wives do their best to keep them broke!

Doug (*staring before him*)—Love's a darned funny thing, little girl.

Midge—It sure am that. And the worst of it is once it gets hold of you there doesn't seem much use fighting it. I guess it's just got to run its course—like the flu.

Doug—I thought you were too young to know anything about it.

Midge—Well, I don't say I could give pointers to Beatrice Fairfax—*yet*. But I'm learnin' fast. . . . Only the way it's come to me isn't the nicest way to study the subject.

Doug is eventually offered a partnership with the Weavers because he questions the honesty of the firm which he refused.

It isn't just me so much, I've got somebody else to think of, somebody I'm giving my name to—and for her sake I'm going to see that that name's a clean one.

Bert (*laughing sarcastically*)—Ha-ha! So you think Ruth Hunter's so square and straightforward that you've got to be careful! You think she played straight with you and stuck to you like she said she would. Well she didn't— She went round with me all the time you were in France and two months after you were reported dead she was engaged to marry me!

Doug—You lie——!

Bert—It's true—if you don't believe me ask *her*.

Doug—Ruth! (*Ruth appears from outside the door. She has overheard.*)

Doug—Is that true?

Ruth—Yes. (*She drops her head.*) I *couldn't* tell you, Doug. I couldn't—you'd been to the war and——

Doug (*interrupting her*)—Yes, I'd been to the war! And I wish now that I had never come back from it!

Ruth—Doug!

Doug—It's not such a hard thing to lose your life, but to lose your faith—your faith in everything that's sweet and good—that is the bitterest experience a man can have—I shall never trust a woman again, never! That is what you've done to me Ruth, with your lies and your broken faith.

Ruth—I may as well go now—There's nothing more to say. (*She looks to Doug a moment. He doesn't speak.*) Good-by Doug.

Doug (*at the boarding house some weeks later. Midge has consented to take him as a "permanent" boarder after his disillusionment with Ruth*)—You know, you've been awfully sweet to me these two weeks. I've been living here, I guess it's because you're *sorry* for me. You think I've been playing in hard luck.

Midge—You certainly got a rotten reception for a hero.

Doug—Hero? I'm no hero. Midge—When a shell used to hit a bit too close for comfort I'd go "goosey" with the best of 'em. I admit my home-coming wasn't the way I'd imagined it, but I ought to be glad that I found out—what I *did* find out before all at once—instead of learning it gradually *after I was married.*

Midge—You don't think you could forgive her?

Doug—You mean would I let things go back the way they were? *Never*. You can't be partners with anyone you can't trust. Midge—that's why I wouldn't accept Weaver's offer that afternoon I quit my job.

Jeff (*Doug's grandfather, rushing in in great excitement*)—The Weavers have got out a warrant for your arrest. I met Callahan just as I was passin' the station house and he tipped me off. He hinted that he'd see that the police stalled around till you'd had a chance to leave town.

Doug—Leave? Good Lord, you don't think I'm going to *run away*, do you?

Jeff—I knew you'd say that. I told Callahan if you didn't run from the Germans I was darned sure you wouldn't run from Weaver.

Doug—Don't worry. There's many a slip between the warrant and the sentence—eh grandpa?

Jeff—There's one feature of it I *don't* like. The District Attorney is a great friend of old Weaver's.

Doug—Yes, and it won't do us very much good to have the case delayed until after his term expires, either.

Jeff—Why not?

Doug—Well, it's practically settled that the *next* district attorney will be Otis Weaver himself.

Doug (*going out*)—Well, if I don't come back, folks, you'll find me in the calaboose—One thing's sure. I'll bet it's a palace compared to that German prison of mine.

Doug's friends rally to his defense. They ree that his case will be lost unless they find a ndidate for District Attorney who can defeat is Weaver.

Jeff—But who'd be popular enough to at the entire organization?

Midge—I know—some one who would—oug!

Jeff—What?

Midge—Nominate Lieutenant Adams—e beat Von Ragen. He can beat *Weaver!*

Jeff (shaking his head)—Not a chance!

Midge—*Yes*, he can—if you get *all the sol-ers* back of him! Don't forget ten presi-nts of the United States were *soldiers*—d at least half of them were elected by the ldier vote!

Jeff—Oh, you've got to hand it to them. ie women don't make such bad politicians we thought they would!

Weaver (coming in with Doug and Grant)—ok here, is this true about the soldiers put-g you up to run for District Attorney?

Doug—Oh, have *you* heard it too? I ess there *must* be something in it.

Weaver—I'll tell you what I think—I ink you'll stop this fool business before it es any further.

Doug—Oh, I don't know. I'd rather like be the District Attorney—wouldn't you?

Weaver—You know right well that I've d the district attorneyship promised me.

Grant—But he will have an organization, r. Weaver—did you ever hear of an or-nization called the A. E. F.?

Weaver—The discharged soldiers? Beat e? Don't make me laugh!

Doug—Be careful, that's just what the aiser said when they told him that that nch of boys was out to beat him.

Weaver (in more conciliating tones)—Oh, I n't say the soldier vote isn't to be reckoned th—but the soldiers aren't going to hand er a great public trust like the district torneyship to a crook.

Doug—No, that's just what we're counting !

Weaver—Perhaps you don't know that ere's a warrant out for your arrest.

Bert—The best thing for you to do is to t out of town—*quick.*

Doug—For embezzlement?

Weaver—Yes, embezzlement and violation trust—and we're not the principals in the atter—only the attorneys. The charge is ing brought by Mrs. Snyder.

Grant (triumphantly)—But I've just been to rs. Snyder and told her the whole story—w I loved Daisy and wanted to fix things I could marry her. She listened to it all d then she pretended that she didn't know at I was talking about. That no bonds d ever been taken so far as she knew. She's thdrawing the charge.

Doug—Really? That was fine of her!

The Weavers leave hastily and the rest, con-atulating Doug as "our next District Attor-y," amble off, leaving him alone with Midge.

Midge (delivering a message from Ruth)—e's found out at last what a fool she's been she realizes your worth and she wants you forgive her.

Doug—I *do* forgive her.

Midge (on verge of tears—but fighting them ck)—Oh, that's fine—then everything's right.

Doug—She only changed her mind.

Midge—Yes, and now she's changed it ck again.

Doug—Of course I felt pretty bad when I und out the way she'd gone back on me, at I'm beginning to think that feeling must ve been largely wounded vanity.

Midge—Oh no!

Doug—Listen, Midge—have you ever seen necklace of near-pearls that looked simply onderful and everybody said: "Why, you uldn't tell them from *real* pearls," and it's ite true, you couldn't—*not* till you *see em alongside* some *real pearls.*

Midge—I don't understand.

Doug—Well, that's what's happened to me, idge—I've been looking a lot at the *real ing* and the nearly article can never seem e same.

Midge (almost speechless)—You mean—— *(with a motion to herself)*

Doug—I mean that I love you and if you n't come around that table—(*starts to imb over chairs toward her*) I'm going over e top!



A Diagram Picture

Note the Pointed Corn

Why Corns Hurt

Note this diagram picture of a corn. Note its conical shape. The cause of the corn is pressure. And pressure makes it hurt. The point of the corn is pushed into the nerves.

Applying a Blue-jay plaster instantly removes the pressure. Note the felt ring (A) in the picture below. We apply no anesthetic. The ring gives barefoot comfort in the tightest shoe.

But that is temporary. One should not continue a pad. The corn should be quickly ended.

The bit of B&B wax in the center of the ring does that (marked B in illustration below). In two days, usually, the whole corn disappears. Only rare corns need a second application.

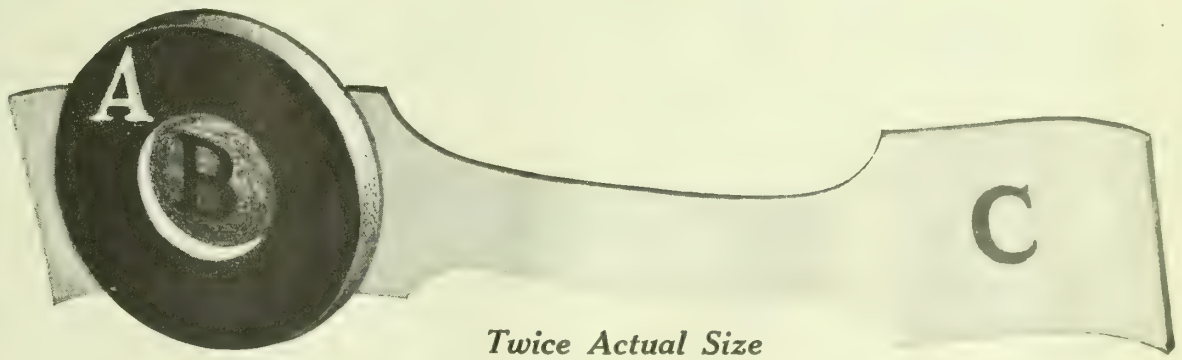
That's the great reason for Blue-jay. It stops the pain, then ends the corn. And it wraps the corn so the action is undisturbed.

Then the action of the B & B wax is centered on the corn. Held there by the rubber coated adhesive tape (C) which wraps comfortably around the toe. Healthy tissue is not affected.

Those are the reasons why millions of people have adopted the Blue-jay method. It is scientific, quick, comfortable and certain.

Keeping corns is folly when this easy way can end them. Treating them in cruder ways is inexcusable.

For your own sake, convince yourself by applying Blue-jay to one corn.



Twice Actual Size

B&B Blue-jay

Stops Pain Instantly — Ends Corns Completely

The Scientific Corn Ender 25c—At Druggists

BAUER & BLACK *Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products* **Chicago, New York, Toronto**

This Light Must Live

Continued from page 33



Storrow was relieved that Torrie could sleep through it all.

Hardy, the next day, tended to accentuate his impression of its worthlessness.

Storrow, alone in the studio, weighed down in spirit, depressed by the insidious and distorting toxins of mental fatigue, stared at the new cut-glass decanters with which Torrie had decorated his battered buhl table. He remembered, as he studied the rich amber frustum made by the light striking across the contents of one of these decanters, that there, close at land, lay a key of release from the desolating stagnation that possessed him. He reached for a glass, filled it half full, and hissed into it a spurt or two from one of the seltzer-siphons.

Having drunk this off, he sat down, morosely awaiting the desired effect. Then, finding not the slightest sign of exhilaration manifesting itself, he repeated the operation. This resulted in a vague feeling of uplift, touched with recklessness. Deciding to convert that feeling into something more definite, he took still another drink. After that he no longer cared about either his moods or his movements.

WHEN Torrie returned to the studio that night she stopped short with her parcels, startled by the figure that he presented.

"Owen!" she called out sharply.

His answer was as care-free as it was inarticulate. Slowly the look of anxiety ebbed out of her eyes. She could even afford to laugh a little as she threw aside her hat and gloves. "But *where* did you get it?" she demanded, with a humorous inspection of him at closer range.

"God id all by m'she'f!" proudly but heavily announced the swaying figure before her. She backed her husband into a chair, and stood looking down at him.

"Aren't you just a day or two too early?" she asked.

"Th' early bird casshes th' worm," he explained with a prodigious conviction of wisdom. The enormity of that wisdom so impressed him, in fact, that he solemnly reiterated the aphorism. If, through those fogs of inebriacy, he looked for some reproof from her, he was muddily perplexed by the absence of all rancor on her part.

"I don't think you can ever afford to preach to me, after this," she said to him as she buttoned up the jacket of his pajamas. "I was never in *that* condition in my life."

He slept heavily and late the next morning. Torrie, in fact, was up and dressed and had the studio put to rights before he so much as stirred. Nor did he stir, an hour later, when a knock sounded on the door.

Torrie, answering that knock, confronted Chester Hardy asking for her husband.

"He's in," she acknowledged after a moment of hesitation, "but I'm afraid you can't see him."

She met Hardy's look with an enigmatic stare that seemed almost one of triumph. It was the man who eventually lowered his eyes.

"Well, when he's in a condition to understand the message, will you explain to him that I had Arthur Scranton personally read his manuscript at once. Scranton's house has accepted it for publication. Torrie looked up at him, humbled in spite of herself.

"This *is* good news," she murmured.

"And it comes, as I remember it, on your birthday," added the man with the uncomfortably penetrating eyes.

"It's the finest birthday gift that you could have brought to me," she said without looking up.

Torrie, when he had gone, sat in the faded green armchair deep in thought. Then, emerging from her abstraction, she made coffee and prepared breakfast with exceptional care. There was a tray, studiously laid, awaiting Storrow when he awakened. He sat up and inspected it with a lackluster eye.

"Feel better, Honey?" Torrie casually inquired.

"Yes," he said, sour with self-hate.

"CAN you eat something?" was her next query. The man on the bed shook his head from side to side. He lifted his hands and pressed them against his temples. But that definite and decipherable pain, he felt, was more endurable than the dull ache of shame that weighed on his heart. He remembered the Dionysian revels at Brownie Tell's *bal masque*, the revels he had railed at. He thought of Pannie Atwell and her bubble-water friends at Krebbler's at three o'clock in the morning. He had fallen as low as any of them. He was one of them, stamped with the same brand, squeezed into the same mold.

"Would you like to hear some good news?" demanded Torrie, disturbed by the misery on his face. He turned and regarded her with bloodshot eyes, with an expression dangerously akin to distaste on his face.

"What news?" he asked with an effort.

"The Scrantons are going to publish your novel," she told him, waiting in vain for some visible reaction to that announcement.

"Who told you that?" he finally asked.

"Hardy came here this morning, especially to let you know."

A new light came into the dulled eyes regarding her.

"And you explained why he couldn't see me?" demanded Storrow.

Torrie hesitated.

"I told him the truth," she finally admitted. Yet she was hardly prepared for the utter misery that overspread his face.

"Then he understands now that I'm one of you," ejaculated the unhappy man on the disordered bed. Torrie flinched a little at the reproach in that exclamation.

He got out of bed and took a cold bath, a rite which under ordinary circumstances seldom failed to lure back his vanished sense of well-being. But in this case it only accentuated the sharp and throbbing pressure about his temples. So he mixed himself a "John Collins," after the manner of the circle of which he had become so unwittingly a member, and finding a modified relief from the lash of this chilled but warming liquid, in half an hour repeated the treatment. Throughout the day, in fact, he seemed set on keeping Intelligence from emerging from its fumy lair. He seemed intent on ushering Afterthought from the threshold of consciousness. Since it hurt him to think, he decided to do away with thinking. So he dulled his mind with alcohol, remaining in a mild anæsthesia which mounted almost to exhilaration as evening approached.

"What's got into you, anyway?" demanded his wife, with her first touch of apprehension at a mood which she could not comprehend.

"The spirit of the city," he retorted with a curt laugh.

"Wouldn't *spirits* be nearer the mark?" asked Torrie as she glanced at a half-en decanter.

"Well, for once I'm going to be one you," he explained with reckless levi though beneath that levity Torrie could tect a disturbing touch of mockery apprais his none-too-steady posture with an eye which burned both antagonism and disda And even in that inapposite moment Storr was stung sharply by the sense of her beau

YET he most indisputably made himself of the circle on that night of nights. seemed intent on demonstrating to the lig hearted throng that came straggling up to studio that he was no longer a kill-joy in th midst, that he could be a good fellow with best of them. He greeted stage-girls still their make-up with noisy and off-hand camaraderie. He shook hands fraterna with unknown men in evening dress, whose shirt-fronts stood out of the shad like tombstones. He entered gaily into long and vociferous arguments as to proper mixing of drinks, as to the relat merits of rye and Scotch, as to the corr kind of vermouth for certain cocktails, a as to the proper recipes for cobblers and m juleps. When no fresh strawberries were evidence for the latter, a pale youth in a f lined overcoat called loudly for his chau and proclaimed that he would find str berries for that party, even if he had jimmy his way into Charles's and Hicks's ransack the last ice-box in the Biltmore a the Plaza. After he had left on this ben cent crusade, amid cheers, Storrow fou himself tutoring a stout lady, in extre *décolleté*, through the intricate steps of Indian ghost-dance. He also found hims a little later, rhapsodically responding Modrynski's toast to Torrie, to Tor Throssel, "and well-named, my friends, as I remember it the Scotch throstle i



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contrivance for the twisting up of threads, and here is a Throssel who twists up our heart-strings the moment we bask in the light of her eyes!"

It lasted until well toward morning, that swirling and shouting revel, and always Storrow seemed to be in the thick of it. But always, at the same time, deep within the core of consciousness a lonely sentinel seemed to pace a lonely rampart; a sentinel with a voice which kept muttering: "This is folly. This is madness and emptiness. And things such as this may be, but they must never be again. Never—never again!"

It was not until the crowd had thinned a little that Storrow found himself sitting on the overturned buhl table, staring solemnly but unsteadily into the half-satyric face of Pannie Atwell.

"Pannie, I'm as drunk as a lord," he finally and slowly averred.

"You don't need to advertise *that!*" announced Pannie with her quiet laugh.

"And I'm not so sure but what it'll do you good. Perhaps it'll wash a little of the starch out of your make-up, you frozen-necked Canuck!"

Storrow sat worrying over that light-hearted remark, worrying over it even more than over his condition. Would he come to see things in that light? Then, capriciously and suddenly there came to him the memory of pineclad hills sharp against ruddy sunsets, of rustling valleys of bracken filled with the scent of the balsam, of water lapping against pebbly shores and skies of serene and brooding azure.

He looked up, dizzily, staring abstractedly before him as though the gold-green vistas of a robin-haunted twilight were to be visioned there. Instead, he saw a disordered room still blue-gray with tobacco smoke, a litter of glasses and unclean dishes, a welter of sullen shadow and light, and two vaguely defined figures which lost their remoteness as he stared at them. One of these figures, he saw, was Torrie. He could see the pearly luster of the milk-white skin along one shoulder, cut by the black-velvet shoulder-strap of her gown. The other figure was Modrynski's, so tall and statue-like in his long-caped great-coat that he stood by the open door strangely like a gaunt and hooded figure of Death. Storrow, viewing them with a singularly detached mind, saw Modrynski slowly turn about and stoop down, with the black cape falling about his shoulders in almost a monk-like effect. He saw the lined and yellow face bend still lower and thrust itself into the soft hollow of Torrie's neck.

IT was as startling as though he had beheld her kissed on the bare flesh by the lips of Death. He expected almost to hear the rattle of bones. It was too odious even to contemplate. For the second time Storrow let his head sink into his hands, submerged with an immense new misery of betrayal. He was being duped that night, he felt, for the second time, irreparably, unfathomably duped. Yet it amazed him to find that he was incapable of action, that he could contemplate a situation undermining the solidest timbers of his happiness and make no effort to combat it. He sat without moving, no longer conscious of even the throbbing ache in his temples, absorbing to the full a shock which could leave him more stupefied than alcohol.

It was not until Torrie closed the studio-door and crossed the room that he made an effort to get to his feet.

"I saw it," he said as he confronted her.

"Saw what?" she sharply demanded.

"You and Modrynski," he replied, averse even to putting into words a thing still too odious for expression.

"What about me and Modrynski?" she challenged.

"You know as well as I do," he counter-challenged, awakening to the fact that she herself was none too steady on her feet.

"Know what?" she insisted, apparently intent on making him phrase what he was so reluctant to drag out into the open.

"I'm beginning to know *you*," he equivocated, scarcely finding the courage to meet her gaze.

"Are you?" she murmured with half-closed eyes. "And what about it?"

"That's just what I've been wondering: what about it?" he repeated much more lucidly than she must have expected, for she turned on him again with a quick and defensive movement of impatience.

He turned and walked away from her, confounded by a sense of frustration, oppressed by the feeling of some vast issue left clouded and inconsequential. And as he gulped down a glass of ice-water and Torrie on the other side of the room with a parade of unconcern began to make ready for bed, he wished with all the strength of his being that for a time at least he might claim the luxury of solitude, the consoling dignity of at least sleeping alone.



If his wife in any way shared that feeling she did not give the thought utterance. Before he was quite aware of it, in fact, she was lying asleep, or in a pretense of sleep. And when, an hour later, he placed himself wearily on the same bed she neither stirred nor moved.

Yet when he wakened several hours later, with the high light of noonday flooding the studio, he found himself with his right arm thrown over her hot bare shoulder and the soft curve of her back lying in its habitual nestling posture. He saw, to his relief, that she was still sleeping heavily. So, quietly and slowly, and almost with a sense of shame, he withdrew his arm. Then inch by inch he moved over to his own side of the bed.

STORROW was roused out of his reverie by the shrill of the telephone bell. He glanced at Torrie, to see if it had awakened her, and then slipped quietly out of bed. He found that it was Chester Hardy calling him.

"Have you had any word from Charlotte Kirkner?" Hardy was asking him.

"None whatever."

"I was afraid not. Yet a couple of days ago a telegram was sent to you, a telegram——"

"That telegram never reached me," cut in Storrow, recalling that this was not the first message from the quarter in question which had been held up in transit.

"It was a telegram, I'm sorry to say, announcing the death of Mrs. Kirkner at Asheville," explained the unparticipating voice over the wire.

Storrow sat silent for a moment or two. It was not the news that was so much a shock to him, it was more the discovery that his world could have been such a narrowly preoccupied one, such a deadeningly self-immuring one.

"Where is Charlotte?" he asked.

"She went out to Swansea yesterday afternoon, right after the funeral service," explained Hardy. "And I'm afraid she feels very much alone there." Still again a moment of silence came in the talk.

"She is a wonderful girl, Owen," explained Hardy, for the first time using the other's Christian name as he ascended to a new earnestness of note, "and I know that she is very fond of you, ineradicably fond of you."

"Do you mean I could still be of any possible service to her?" asked the none-too-happy Storrow, pushing away the glasses from which the smell of stale liquor rose in the air about him.

"I think you could," said the kindly and patient voice which even the transferring metal failed to rob of its timbre.

"I'll go right out to her," announced Storrow after one short moment of hesitation.

He made his preparations quietly, puzzled by the sustained sense of relief which came from his discovery that Torrie could sleep through it all.

And he was foolishly grateful for the chance of escaping from the studio, with all its residual aspects and odors of vanished merriments, while Torrie slept on.

This sense of escape, of suddenly acquired breathing space, remained with him even after he had despatched what impressed him as an over-long and inadequate telegram to Charlotte Kirkner and had settled himself in the train.

When Storrow alighted at Swansea he found Charlotte awaiting him, flanked by what he took to be a footman in uniform, with a fur-lined rug draped over one arm, and a chauffeur equally statuesque. But it was a Charlotte somewhat different to the Charlotte he had so recently and so laboriously fabricated in his own mind. She was both less subdued and less funereal-looking than he had expected. She stood before him, unmistakably in the somber black of full mourning, but with a quiet-eyed self-possession which did something more than merely proclaim that the last of her girlishness was gone.

He noticed, as the footman took possession of his bag, that there seemed imposed upon her earlier air of shell-pink fragility an overtone of maturity touched with patience. He wondered if this arose from the fact that even against the dark furs her face carried a tint of pale bronze, an almost athletic-like darkening of pigment suggestive of wind and open air.

She smiled when he spoke of this as they struck out along the hard white road that wound hillward before them.

"That's nothing but sunburn," she said, coloring a little. They walked on for several minutes before she spoke again. "You see, Owen, I had to take myself in hand, down there at Asheville. I knew all along exactly what was ahead of me, and I had a feeling that I ought to organize for it."

"And your mother?" began Storrow.

"There was so little to do, there," explained the girl at Storrow's side, with a quietness which proved a surprise to him. "She was kept under morphine, for the last two months."

"And I was only making everything harder," said Storrow, breaking the silence.

"Mother thought more of you than you imagine," went on the girl, as though intent on ignoring that cry of protest. When she spoke again, out of the silence that ensued, it was on an altogether different subject. "I'm so glad about your book."

"Who told you?"

"Chester Hardy. And it's wonderful to think that you've succeeded in that first big effort."

"It's not so wonderful, if you bear in mind how Hardy helped me," acknowledged Storrow.

They were on the crest of a hill, by this time, and they stopped instinctively, to stare into the distance about them. From the windows of villas nestling low in the valley the sunlight flashed ruddily back at them, jeweling the somber green slopes with fire. In the distance were the shouldering crests of sister hills, purple in the softening light. The wind that blew against their faces was cold, but in its mellow chilliness was a lost promise of spring, a whisper of sternnesses relaxed, a prophecy of birth mysterious in its very remoteness.

Storrow, with a deep breath, turned and looked at the girl beside him. He was struck by a sense of rareness, an inalienable fineness of fiber, in the poised body as slim as the young elm beside which it stood.

"There's the Sound, where you and I nearly went under," she quietly remarked.

HE stared at the blue-green stretch of color, flashing with its silver and golden scales of drift-ice.

"There are so many different ways of going under," he finally asserted.

"But you never will, Owen," was Charlotte's equally low-toned reply. "I like to think of you as invincible."

"That seems to imply that I impress you as having odds to fight against," he replied, foolishly over-sensitive to the demands he must have made on her faith.

"But you'll never regard them as that," she bravely contended. "In some way, at the end, you'll win out. I know you will."

"Then I'm losing, as things now are?" he asked, meeting her gaze.

"I didn't say that," she replied, knitting her brows, without knowing it, as she lost herself in a prolonged and judicial inspection of his face. She noticed the slow wave of color that crept up to his forehead, and turned away to stare out over the Sound. It was not until they had crossed a meadow and passed through a gate that brought them back to the highway that Charlotte spoke again.

"You know, Owen, that nearly everything in my life has tended to make me smug. And I hate smugness. Sometimes, lately, I have even felt that I hate goodness. It

seems to imply the things that are neutral and passive and trivial. At least that's the kind of goodness that has always seemed to shut me in. And I've come to have a horror of being shut in, as though I was always being kept behind window-glass. And when you come to think of it, I always *have* been behind window-glass—the window-glass of home, the window-glass of hotels, the window-glass of railway trains, the window-glass of a limousine. I never asked for it; I never wanted to be sheltered that way. But I was. And all the while I was a kind of impostor without quite knowing it. Inside of me was a big black spirit of revolt, like a barrel of dynamite buried in a prim little New England flower-garden."

And in the midst of it, apparently, this girl who had been brought up behind window-glass, as she complained, had been forced to fight for her pallid vitality as grass covered by a board must fight for life.

"You have no idea, Owen," she was saying to him, "of the wickednesses I'd be capable of. I don't think I'm more of an outlaw than other women, but I feel that I've been cheated. I've an ache to get even with the world."

Storrow was no longer laughing at her.

"We all want our share of happiness," he acknowledged. "And trying to get it is what makes such a muddle of life."

She stopped short and looked at him with almost defiant eyes.

"But it's not happiness that I want," she contended. "What I want is life itself. I want to be bigly and keenly alive, even if it's going to make me suffer. I'm beginning to have a sort of horror of just wasting and withering up. I'd rather see a cyclone smash the whole conservatory. I've tired of being suppressed and sedate and guarded. I'm beginning to realize that I'm a really dangerous woman. It's not that I feel something coming; it's more the necessity for something to come. And I warn you, Owen, that if you cross my path when I'm flying my red flags of anarchy, I'll make you open your eyes considerably wider than they are at this moment."

He could afford, by this time, to laugh at her openly. Then of a sudden he grew serious again, for his thoughts were swinging back to the woman he had left behind. He himself had been callow and cramped and narrow and Torrie had known the wise woman's clouded glory of bringing him wisdom when he remembered what she had said about the drabness of life—how too much monotony might lead to an eruption.

"YOU don't seem to take my wickedness very seriously," complained the solemnyed girl at his side.

"I can't. It's too self-conscious. And nothing, as someone has said, survives being thought of."

"Then I'll have to shock you into respecting it, after all," was the other's meditative reply.

Yet that night at dinner, as he sat opposite her in the high-ceilinged and shadowy dining-room, almost oppressed by the ordered silence which the quiet movements of the liveried servants only seemed to accentuate, he awakened to a realization that her confession had not been without its causes. She seemed in infinitely fragile and isolated figure muffled in the over-voluminous tapestry of tradition, a tapestry too unwieldy to be draped as she wished. And in her, only too plainly, was awakening some need for rhapsody, some call of the soul for its human right to know and suffer.

"I've been thinking of taking up nursing," he announced, "of going into training."

"But why should you want to be a trained nurse?" Storrow asked, not unconscious of the sacrifices any such move would involve.

Charlotte, before replying, dismissed the liveried man-servant with the impassive and mask-like face.

"There isn't much I believe in, Owen," she said when they were alone. "But I do know that somewhere deep inside of me is a light that must be kept alive, that brings a sort of tragedy into our lives when we let it go out. It's something more than the wonder of life, though the wonder of life is something we can't permit to die in us. I suppose it's more a gift, the gift of some final belief in things. And that's mixed up in some way with another gift which women have. You can call it devotion, or you can call it the blind longing to be of service. You can call it anything you like. But it's there, and if you ignore its voice you pay for that neglect, the same as you pay for the neglect of your body."

Storrow, as he stared across the table at the girl in the high-backed chair, found something solemnifying in this unexpectedly candid confession of faith.

"If you feel that way, Charlotte," he said out of the silence that had fallen over them, "why don't you marry?"

"That," she told him, "is out of the question."

"Why?"

"Because," she said with quiet candor, "the man I was in love with married another woman."

Her gaze, directed valiantly into Storrow's slightly flinching eyes, left no shadow of doubt as to her meaning.

"But there are so many men," he murmured, extenuatingly, out of a silence even more prolonged than the first.

"But wasn't it a fellow-countryman of yours who once said:

> 'The night has a thousand eyes,
> The day but one'?

. . . you know the rest!"

Storrow knew the rest. He also knew as he sat gazing across the intervening oblong of damask, that the quiet-eyed girl with the wistful smile was no longer the shell-pink shepherdess of Dresden china that he had once considered her. Time had brought its changes to her, had brought maturity, had brought courage, had brought a ripening vigor which could even prove disquieting to the man on whom her eyes were resting with an almost meditative defiance. Yet more disturbing to him than their defiance was the intervening milder light which suffused and softened them. In that gaze, too, he beheld audacity, though he tried to tell himself it was merely the unconsidering audacity of youth. He remembered, with an eruptive bodily warmth which left him with a nettling skin, an earlier scene in that house, a scene which, through no decipherable fault of his own, recurred to him with a persistent sense of the ignominious.

Charlotte herself must have fathomed the cause of his momentary discomfort, for she laughed a little as she pushed back her chair.

"Are you still impregnable?" she asked as she came and stood beside him.

"I'm afraid I'm still stupid," he clumsily replied, puzzled by a fluttering note of what seemed like disdain in her voice. Yet a vast tranquillity possessed her face as she placed one hand on his head.

"It's not stupidity, Owen," she told him. "It's honesty. It's that dreadful disheartening honesty which I thought they were taking away from you."

"I wouldn't bank on it too much," he said with a forlorn effort at lightness, acutely conscious of her nearness. And that nearness had brought flashing back to his mind the familiar intimate approaches of Torrie.

"Look at me," she commanded, as she turned his slightly averted head. "Even now, at this very moment, you are thinking about another woman!"

"On the contrary," he protested, "I was thinking very much about you."

"What were you thinking?" she diffidently inquired.

"How lovely you look," he compelled himself to acknowledge. And that declaration was true enough, in its way, but she seemed conscious of its deficiencies.

"Dear old dissembler," she said with her wintry smile. "You won't even give me a taste of power, the power every woman is so famished to feel. And you *are* impregnable!"

HE rose to his feet close beside her, and their glances met and locked. They locked together, not altogether challengingly, not altogether combatively. But in that long look dwelt something denuding and isolating, as though the world were ebbing slowly away beneath them, leaving them poised in interstellar emptiness.

"You are not impregnable," she said very quietly, as she closed her eyes.

He took a step toward her. He took a step in her direction and then turned toward the table. For a door had opened and a liveried servant stood before him. As Storrow made that movement the memory of Vibbard's movement toward his Sentinel Wolf flashed back in his mind, bringing with it an inundating and emancipating wave of self-hate.

"You are wanted at the telephone, sir," he heard the servant announcing.

"I?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," was the impassive response.

"But it must be some mistake. There's no one could possibly want——"

He did not finish.

"It's Mrs. Storrow, sir," explained the footman. "And she said that it was urgent."

When by a chance discovery Storrow goes poking about in Torrie's past, he learns some unexpected things about his wife—in Hearst's for November.



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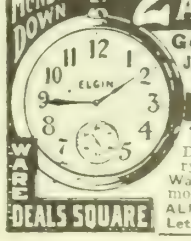
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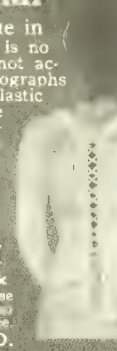
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Extenuating Circumstances

(*Continued from page 25*)

arrested . . . At the police station? . . . No? . . . In—in prison . . . you say? . . . He is to be tried by court-martial? . . ."

She hid her face in her hands:

Holy Virgin, it was true then! Holy Virgin! . . .

STAGGERING, she turned away. At the military prison she learned that her son was in solitary confinement, and the word "solitary" increased her terror. She imagined him alone, forever shut away from everyone, fastened in. They told her to go and see a lawyer, and with the same unsteady steps she went and found a lawyer. From him she learned the exact state of affairs. There was no possible doubt about it. Her boy had killed someone to rob them; they had found the money—nearly six hundred francs—in his mattress. He had confessed.

After much weeping and useless begging to be allowed to see him, she went back to the village. Everyone knew. Shrinking from what they might say to her, dreading their looks, she did not go home till midnight. Like a poor animal who fears blows and hides itself, she dare no longer go out, keeping her shutters closed, trembling as she lifted the paper that was pushed under the door every morning. From it she learned not only all the details of the crime, but that her son was accused of something else. All the evidence seemed to prove that it really was he who had robbed the cooper. But that—never! She would swear it was not true! . . . But eventually she began to have doubts about even that.

At the end of a month she went back to the lawyer. She no longer asked to see her son. Not, great God, that she had ceased to love him! . . . She was ashamed. . . .

"What will they do with him, Monsieur? You won't let them take him from me . . ."

"My poor woman, I am very much afraid they will . . . If only I could find some extenuating circumstance . . ."

"What's that? A circumstance . . . what does it mean?"

"It means something that will lessen the crime in the eyes of the judge. Here is an example—a man steals; if it can be proved that he did it because he was in great poverty, because his children were starving, that would be an extenuating circumstance. In this case there's nothing of the kind. It's not even his first offense. That other robbery—he denies it—but—well, well, I will do everything that can possibly be done."

FRANCOISE went home wearier and more heartbroken than ever, her mind tortured by those new words: "Extenuating circumstances." How, where, could she find some excuse that would move the judges to clemency? . . . There was none. She could see nothing but the crime: nothing could lessen its horror.

The day of the trial came. She set out again, the last step in the ascent of her Calvary. In the train she prayed, invoking all the saints, while through her empty brain there resounded the words, so often repeated: "Extenuating circumstances . . . Extenuating circumstances . . ."

She waited in the dark, gloomy room with the witnesses who lowered their voices because of her presence. When her turn came she walked into the box with faltering steps, her eyelids blinking in the clear light, and in a moment her eyes were on her boy, who bowed his head over a handkerchief with big blue squares, and burst into short, sharp sobs. . . . She drew herself up stiffly and faced the officer who presided as judge.

She herself had asked to go into the witness-box. Standing there, she wondered vaguely why she had insisted. She knew nothing at all about it; she had nothing to say. Why was she there? . . . For no reason at all except that she was his mother. Was it not she who had borne him . . . nursed him . . . caressed him . . . brought him up? . . . Was he not hers, her very own? . . . But no, not now; to-day he did not belong to her.

To all the questions she replied by signs or unintelligible words. There was dense silence in the court. An infinite pity went out toward the old black-robed peasant woman, bowed by sorrow.

"He is your only child?" said the judge.

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Did you have anything to complain of when he lived with you?"

"Oh no, Monsieur, never!"

By the same author

THE DEBT COLLECTOR

By

MAURICE LEVEL

In the November issue of Hearst's

"Had he any bad companions?"

"Never. His father, who was liked and respected by everyone, would not have allowed it . . . Neither would I . . . We were very highly thought of . . ."

"We know . . . we know . . ."

THEN turning to the prisoner:

"You knew it, too, and that is why, screening yourself behind the good reputation of your parents, you took advantage of your stay with your mother to commit a robbery . . . How could anyone suspect the son of such honest people? . . . Others may be able to say: 'I am not wholly responsible. I lived with people who set me a bad example.' You, you have no such excuse."

At thi. the old woman seemed to make a violent effort. A strange light shone under the tear-swollen lids of her small eyes and, her head bowed, without a gesture, in a voice that was almost steady, she spoke.

"Forgive me, Monsieur. I see I must tell you the truth. My poor lad is guilty of much, very guilty . . . But he is not the only one . . . I told you just now I had nothing to reproach myself with . . . I lied. That 300 francs of the cooper's, it was I who stole them, me . . . When my Jules came home at Easter I told him I had done it . . . It frightened him, poor lad . . . he is very young . . . he saw his mother might lose her honor and her reputation . . . and it was to get the money back and stop my being arrested that he stole that other money . . . He was interrupted. . . . He lost his head . . . and he struck the blow without knowing what he did."

SHE was silent for a moment, out of breath; then went on in a lower tone:

"I lied . . . I am a wicked woman. It was I who set him the bad example . . . It is I you must arrest . . . Is that an extenuating circumstance for him? . . . Forgive me, Monsieur . . ."

More bowed than ever, the shoulders drooping, the head lower, she seemed to shrink to nothing . . .

. . . The son escaped with hard labor for life. Soon afterward she died, scorned by all the village. They said a hasty mass for her and laid her in a remote part of the graveyard, a corner where even on the sunniest days the shadow of church or belfry does not reach.

THIS story was told me at her grave, which had nothing to ornament it but a cross of weatherbeaten black wood and a single wreath of rusty beads, twisted and broken, on which, however, I could distinguish the words:

"To Françoise Michon. From the judge who tried her son."

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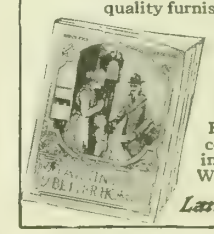


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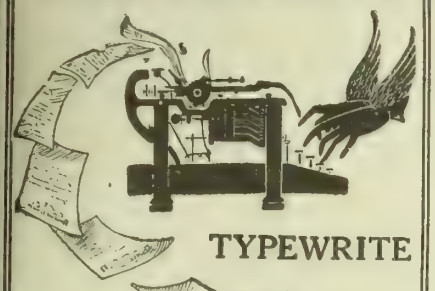
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The Casket of Confucius

Continued from page 50)



She pressed two knobs; a portrait rolled back exposing the stout safe—opened.

And then the body of Bernard stiffened There had been something reminiscent in the way the fellow had waved his hand. There was a jauntiness to the gesture that . . . He leaned farther over, observing him more carefully.

So it was that he alone, of all the person s on the veranda, was able to see that the young Cockney workman attached so me thing to the stem of the rocket.

It seemed as though his heart stopped beating. There *was* something reminiscent in the jaunty hand-wave. But—he'd heard the youth speak—he'd heard him *swear!*

SLOWLY Bernard turned back. There *was* something attached to the stick o f the rocket, a package that—no, there was nothing like it on the other rockets, not, at least, on those which he could see.

It was a ten-foot drop to the lawn beneath, but Bernard vaulted the rail without hesitation.

But the rockets were all in place, the hour was growing late, the chief workman was anxious, like his fellows, to call it a day, and so, as Bernard was still five yards away from the young Cockney, the leader signaled, matches were applied and, with a sizzing roar, fifty-four rockets shot into the air.

Stock-still, staring upward, Bernard watched the flight of one alone. It was hard to pick out one from the rest, but—to that one was attached the Casket of Confucius!

He could not be sure; no one could be sure; but it seemed that as the rocket which his eye was following burst into fragments of light, something dark detached itself from the flame and swooped downward.

He had fired rockets as a boy. He knew that the stick falls to earth. And this stick had fastened to it sixty-five thousand dollars in an object of art!

HE forgot his hostess, the members of the Arm-chair, forgot even the young Cockney workman, as he raced south, in the direction of the falling rocket-stick.

A fence brought him up with a halt. Behind him were yells of confusion, amazement. And those cries had brought away from the fence the servants detailed to guard it. No one offered him hindrance as he scaled it.

Outside, of course! How cunning! How damnably cunning! The thief knew that guests, servants and outside workmen would be searched, that no one could leave the Vanderveer estate carrying the precious Casket of Confucius. But if, by some method or other, the Casket were smuggled outside the estate, for the thief to pick up at his leisure. . . .

But the eyes of Dick Bernard were keen, and his limbs, despite the leap to the lawn, were swift. He knew almost exactly where the rocket-stick had fallen, and would be the first one there.

He was! Exactly as he had mentally traced the flight of the stick, so had it fallen. In the midst of the leaves of a bush it stuck out. And attached to it one could see the package, the package that, without a doubt on earth, unwrapped, would reveal the Casket of Confucius. Yet, even as he reached for it, strong hands seized him.

"You would, would you?" It was the butler who had withstood the verbal assault from the young Cockney.

It was no use to struggle. Three other servants were with the man. And, of course, his leaping from the veranda had been misunderstood, as had, equally of course, his sudden flight from the grounds.

But a word would clear him. He pointed toward the bush. And then he dropped his hand. For, six feet away from him, crouched Nancy Darrell still in the overalls of the Cockney workman.

The strong little hands—strong for a woman, but—doing the fearful tasks of the penitentiary what would happen to them? He saw fetters biting into the slender wrists. . . .

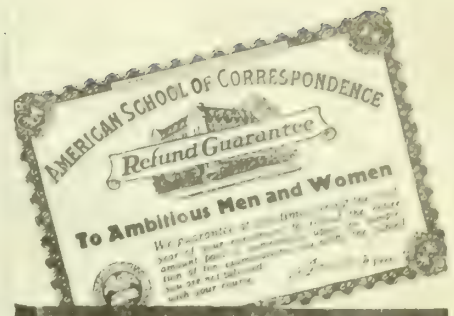
HIS captors roughly pushed him back toward the Vanderveer grounds. One word . . . She was a thief. For all her loveliness, she was a *thief!*

And he knew that she knew that he saw her. She could blow him no mocking kiss to-night, as she had done on other occasions. But he seemed to hear her soul speaking to his, telling him that he was a good sportsman.

As if he cared! The wordless commendation of a female crook! But he must think no more on her and her ally to-night. He must think up a good excuse for his sudden rush from the lawn. Well, that was easy.

"Thought I saw someone scaling the fence," he said to Cranahan. And because the Casket was not on him, because the butler vowed that he had not once ceased running until at the moment of his capture, could not possibly have placed the Casket in safe-keeping, he was believed. Not that he cared much. Even the fact that he must pay his share of the sixty-five-thousand-dollar theft did not matter. It only mattered that once again Nancy Darrell had proved herself a criminal.

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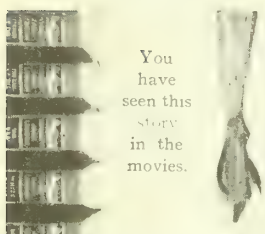


"I live in Brick-dust Row. They call it that because there's red dust from the bricks crumbling over everything. There's no place to receive company. You can't have anybody come to your room. What else is there to do? A girl has got to meet the men, hasn't she?"

She was twenty, and her name was Florence; she trimmed hats in a millinery shop. She was a girl who laughed. And somehow she solved her problem. What she did may make you weep or make you rage with anger—when you read the story told by

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Some Senators

(Concluded from page 34)

THE NEW SENATOR FROM MASSACHUSETTS



personalities progressive, patriotic and independent—and gradually making the Senate as radical and progressive as the House.

Walsh of Massachusetts is one of these, and a fine product and type of the popular will as expressed in the choice of representatives. Few men in American public life have forged to the front so fast, or won so many striking political victories. He is now and has been always the one triumphant Democrat in a strongly Republican district of a strongly Republican State. He has never held an office to which he could have been elected by the votes of his own party alone. Sent to the Massachusetts Legislature from a Republican district at the beginning of his political career, then for successive terms Lieutenant-Governor and Governor of the State when the legislature, as usual, was overwhelmingly Republican, and now, having defeated John W. Weeks, one of the most brilliant Republicans of the decade, David Ignatius Walsh, an unmixed Celt, and of a religion far from dominant, takes his seat in the Senate at the age of 47, bearing the commission of the historic Puritan commonwealth which for more than a generation has refused to entrust that high office to any but a Republican of the most stalwart type. With an eagle eye and fine, clearcut features, David Walsh will rank with Owens of Oklahoma and Harding of Ohio as one of the three handsomest men in the Senate.

With his Senatorial career all before him, the forward-looking Democrats of that body feel rich in the pronounced attitude of Walsh toward curbing the money trust, equalizing taxation, improving labor conditions, smiting with a strong hand the profiteering combines that have laid their clutches upon the prime necessities of life, the exploitation of our natural resources, putting money out of politics, and going forward against the forces of Reaction.

The new Senator from Massachusetts is in love with his job. He magnifies his calling. He is likely to be long in the Senate.

ARKANSAS' ABLE SENATOR



of his State, through five diligent terms in the lower House of Congress, and a brief touch of the Governorship, he came to the Senate at the age of 41, ready for work and usefulness.

He brought with him the "speed record" in American politics, having been Congressman, Governor and Senator within the brief period of sixteen days!

While a member of the House, he was elected Governor of Arkansas in November, 1912. He resigned from the House on January 14th, 1913. He was inaugurated Governor on the 16th of January, and on the 28th of January he was elected U. S. Senator, resigning as Governor on the 10th of March to qualify as Senator—a record of popular approval without a parallel

Senator Robinson, as Chairman of the Senate sub-committee on Interstate Commerce, made a magnificent fight on the floor of the Senate for the Child Labor Law.

He was loyal and powerful in support of the great war measures of the Administration. He was a potent factor in vital legislation for flood control of the Mississippi Valley, in the legislation for Indian affairs, for the reorganization and enlargement of the Interstate Commerce Commission, for reforms in the Aviation Service, for the Export Trade Bill, for the Federal Trade Commission Act and the Daylight Saving Act, and was an eloquent advocate of the Restriction of Immigration by an educational test, and for a wise and conservative return of the railroads to their owners.

Powerful in debate, fearless in conviction, physically and mentally without fear and of superb health and strength, Senator Robinson is one of the figures of growing power upon the horizon of the Senate's future. Arkansas has good reason to be proud of him.

A CAVALIER IN THE SENATE



He had fourteen years in Congress, dating from the Fifty-third. He had four years in the Governorship and he has had nine years in the Senate, sitting in the seat made famous by the brilliant and beloved John W. Daniel.

While in the House of Representatives, Senator Swanson outranked both Champ Clark and Oscar Underwood on the Ways and Means Committee, and by the rule of seniority would have been either Speaker of the House or Chairman of the Committee had he not been called to the Governorship of his State. In the Governor's chair he established the rural schools for Virginia, the Department of Health and the State System of Highway Improvement, and bore himself with such force and dignity that he was elected and reëlected without opposition to the Senate of the United States.

In the Senate the Virginian has won fame as Chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee and as the ranking member of the Foreign Relations Committee. He was the staunch advocate of a greater navy and did splendid service in building up that mighty arm of our war machine.

Senator Swanson is one of the strongest debaters on the Democratic side of the Senate. His scope of knowledge and accuracy of information, joined to his logical mind and fearless equanimity of temper make him a formidable opponent for any Senator upon the floor. The President of the United States has always leaned heavily upon the ability and loyalty of Swanson of Virginia. One of the great administration speeches on the League of Nations was committed to his care and was splendidly spoken, while other great Administration measures have prospered under his leadership.

There are few more modest gentlemen or less-obtrusive Senators in the chamber than Swanson. He has no gifts as a press-agent, and his civic powers and personal graces alone commend him to the public admiration.

A SERENE AND FEARLESS FIGHTER



no soaring political ambitions to cloud his courage or confuse his judgment, he is always the representative of California and the Pacific Coast, ready at all times to make an argument for her welfare or to shiver a lance in protest or denunciation against measures that oppose, or men that criticize the Commonwealth over whose interests he watches as a sleepless sentinel.

Senator Phelan has a mighty problem on his hands in the immigration question on the Pacific Coast. Only the other day he startled the Senate with the statement of the California State Board of Health that Japanese births in the last ten years had increased 3000 per cent. in California, and the white births had increased only 9 per cent. Before this towering menace the gallant Californian statesman stands in fearless protest, and neither shrinks nor hesitates before the remedy. "Halt this silent invasion of the Japanese," he thunders in the Senate, "or we face the end of the White Race in California, the subdivision of American institutions, and the end of our Western civilization." There is no mincing of words or glozing of the issue with Phelan. No international question and no outside diplomacy outweighs the social peril of his people. The clarion note he sounds is: "The fight is on! On which side do you stand?"

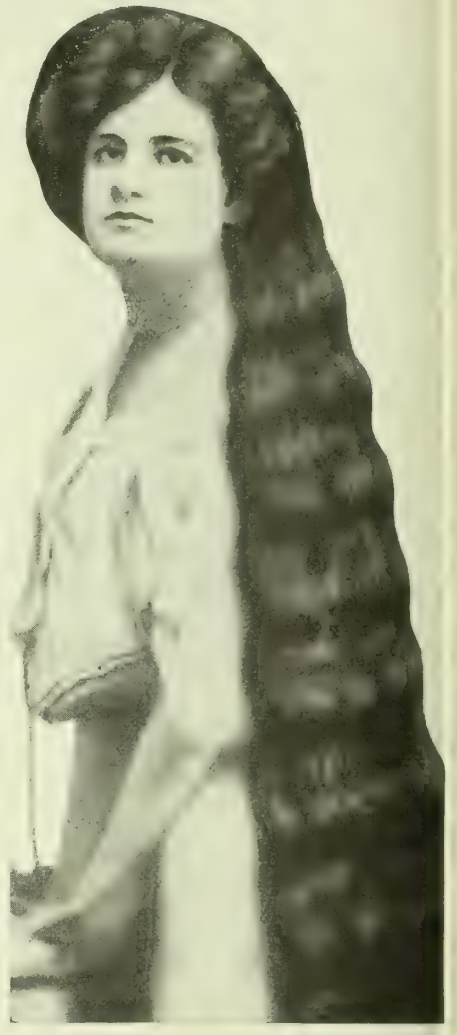
The senior Senator from California is a stalwart Democrat. He supports the President with unwavering loyalty. He was the defender and champion of Herbert Hoover, who was a California resident, and Phelan never goes back on his friends or allows the older Senators to browbeat him.

It would be difficult to adapt a people and their soil, climate, and institutions to a representative in Congress more happily than in the case of Phelan and California.

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35 cent bottle of "Danderine" makes hair thick, glossy and wavy.

Removes all dandruff, stops itching scalp and falling hair.



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"Saint's Progress"

(*Concluded from page 45*)

ıe silk crossed on her breast, seemed no hiter than her skin. He wondered whimcally whether it had dropped to her out the dark!

She raised her hands so that the dark lk fell back from the whole length of those hite arms.

"I haven't lived for two years. Oh, mmy! Help me to live a little! Life's short, now."

At the hospital one day Noel has a fainting spell and Leila takes her home.

AT last the girl raised herself; now that the pallid, mask-like despair of the last ıonth was broken, she seemed on fire, and er face had a wild look. She withdrew erself from Leila's touch, and, crossing her rms tightly across her chest, said:

"I can't bear it; I can't sleep. I want ım back; I hate life—I hate the world. Ve hadn't done anything—only just loved ach other. God likes punishing; just beause we loved each other; we had only one ay to love each other—only one day—nly one!"

Noel fastened her great eyes on her cousin. We loved each other; and children are orn, aren't they, after you've loved? But ine won't be!" From the look on her ace rather than from her words, the full ality of her meaning came to Leila, vanshed, came again.

"I did it so that we should belong to each ther. Nothing could have taken him from ıe."

Leila caught at the girl's words.

"Then, my dear—he hasn't quite gone rom you, you see?"

Leila herself was deep in her new draught f life. When she fell in love it had always een over head and ears, and so far her assion had always burnt itself out before hat of her partner. This had been, of ourse, a great advantage to her. Not that eila had ever expected her passions to burn hemselves out. When she fell in love he had always thought it was for always. his time she was sure it was, surer than she ad ever been. Jimmy Fort seemed to her he man she had been looking for all her life.

SHE had begun to have a curious secret jealousy of Noel, though why—she could ot have said. It was perhaps merely ncidental to her age, or sprang from that ague resemblance between her and one who utrivaled even what she had been as a girl; r from the occasional allusions Fort made to what he called "that little fairy princess."

"Do you know that your fairy princess, is you call her, is going to have what is known as a war-baby?"

The sound of his "What!" gave her quite stab. It was so utterly horrified.

Leila was suddenly smitten with a horrible loubt. She had thought it would disgust ım, cure him of any little tendency to roanticize that child; and now she perceived hat it was rousing in him, instead, a dangerous compassion:

What an idiot she had been!

At first Noel is greatly concerned to keep her secret from her father. But when she overhears him discussing the advent of a war-baby with its reluctant mother-to-be, she feels she must speak.

THE girl ['Ilda] said with a sort of surprising quietness: "I don't want the baby!"

The remark staggered Edward Pierson, almost as if she had uttered a hideous oath.

Noel was standing with her back to the door, over which a dark curtain hung; her face looked young and small against its stuff, her eyes very large. With one hand she plucked at her blouse, just over her heart.

"I heard you say: 'A judgment!' You'll say the same to me, won't you? Only, I do want my baby."

Pierson stared at her, and gripped the back of the chair he had been sitting in. A lifetime of repression served him in the half-realized horror of that moment. He stammered out the single word: "Nollie!"

"It's quite true," she said, turned round, and went out.

Pierson had a sort of vertigo; if he had moved he must have fallen down. Nollie! He slid around and sank into his chair, and by some horrible, cruel fiction of his nerves, he seemed to feel Noel on his knee, as, when a little girl, she had been wont to sit, with her fair hair fluffing against his cheek. He seemed to feel that hair tickling his skin; it used to be the greatest comfort he had known since her mother died. At that moment his pride shrivelled like a flower held to a flame; all that abundant secret pride of a father who loves and admires, who worships still a dead wife in the children she has left him; who, humble by nature, yet never knows how proud he is till the bitter thing happens; all the long pride of the priest who, by dint of exhortation and remonstrance, has coated himself in a superiority he hardly suspects—all this pride shrivelled in him. Then something writhed and cried within, as a tortured beast cries, at loss to know why it is being tortured. How many times has not a man used those words: "My God! My God! Why hast Thou forsaken me!"

NOEL had a fancy to put on a bright-colored blue frock that evening, and at her neck she hung a Breton cross of old paste, which had belonged to her mother. When she had finished dressing she went into the nursery and stood by the baby's cot.

Noel had been standing there some minutes in the failing light, absorbed in the face of the sleeping baby, when a sound made her raise her eyes, and she saw in a mirror the reflection of her father's dark figure by the door. She could hear him breathing as if the ascent of the stairs had tired him; and moving to the head of the cot, she rested her hand on it, and turned her face towards him. He came up and stood beside her, looking silently down at the baby. She saw him make the sign of the Cross above it, and the movement of his lips in prayer. Love for her father, and rebellion against this intercession for her perfect baby, fought so hard in the girl's heart that she felt suffocated, and glad of the dark, so that he could not see her eyes. Then he took her hand and put it to his lips, but still without a word; and for the life of her she could not speak either. In silence, he kissed her forehead; and there mounted in Noel a sudden passion of longing to show him her pride and love for her baby. She put her finger down and touched one of his hands. The tiny sleeping fingers uncurled and, like some little anemone, clutched round it. She heard her father draw his breath in; saw him turn away quickly, silently, and go out. And she stayed, hardly breathing, with the hand of her baby squeezing her finger.

The father felt great concern for the future of his daughter, who is even now barely nineteen.

EDWARD PIERSON found a spot of something like refuge in Leila's sitting-room.

"I wish I could see her future. She's so attractive. And her defenses are gone. She's lost faith, and belief in all that a good woman should be. The day after she came back she told me she was ashamed of herself. But since—she's not given a sign. She's so proud—my poor little Nollie. I see how men admire her, too. Our Belgian friend is painting her. He's a good man; but he finds her beautiful, and who can wonder? And your friend, Captain Fort. Fathers are supposed to be blind, but they see very clear sometimes."

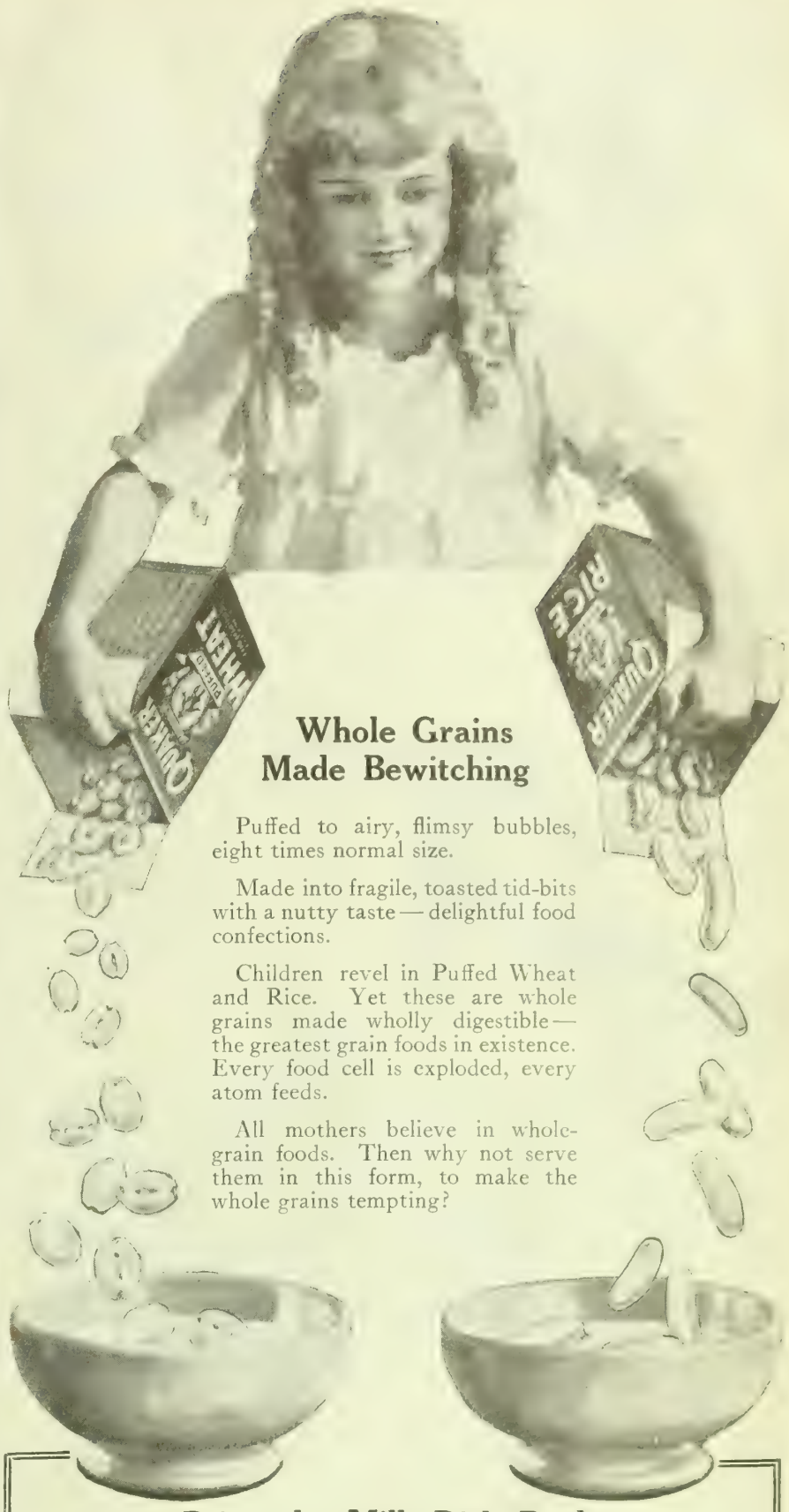
Leila rose and drew down a blind.

"This sun," she said. "Does Jimmy Fort come to you often?"

"Oh! no; very seldom. But still—I can see."

"All this is very interesting," she said, spurning her words like Noel, "considering that he's more than my friend, Edward." It gave her a sort of pleasure to see him wince. "Oh! I sha'n't break my heart; I'm a good loser. And I'm a good fighter, too; perhaps I sha'n't lose." And snapping off a sprig of geranium, she pressed it to her lips.

When he had disappeared she went into her bedroom. What he had said, indeed, was no discovery. She had known. Oh! She had known. "Why didn't I accept Jimmy's offer? Why didn't I marry him? Is it too late?" she thought. "Could I? Would he even now?" But then she started away from her own thought. Marry him! knowing his heart was with this girl?



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Think what a combination. Milk is a premier food, rich in vitamines. Every child should get at least a pint a day.

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Here it comes as thin, crisp, toasted bubbles, four times as porous as bread. It is made by Prof. Anderson's process—shot from guns. There is no other way to serve whole grain in such inviting, such hygienic form.

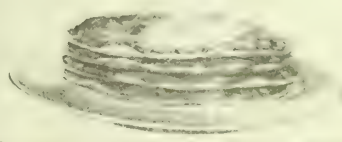
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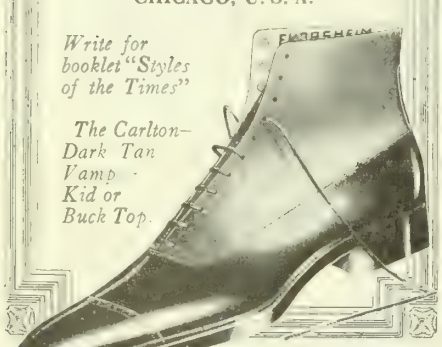
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SHE looked long at her face in the mirror, studying with a fearful interest the little hard lines and markings there beneath their light coating of powder. She examined the cunning touches of coloring matter here and there in her front hair. Were they cunning enough? Did they deceive? They seemed to her suddenly to stare out. She fingered and smoothed the slight looseness and fulness of skin below her chin. She stretched herself, and passed her hand down over her whole form, searching, as it were, for slackness or thickness. And she had the bitter thought: "I'm all out. I'm doing all I can."

She searched her wardrobe, for some garment or touch of color, novelty of any sort, to help her. But she had tried them all—those little tricks—was bankrupt. And such a discouraged, heavy mood came on her, that she did not even "change," but went back in her nurse's dress and lay down on the divan, pretending to sleep, while the maid set out the supper. She lay there moody and motionless, trying to summon courage, feeling that if she showed herself beaten she was beaten, knowing that she only held him by pity. But when she heard his footstep on the stairs she swiftly passed her hands over her cheeks, as if to press the blood out of them, and lay absolutely still. She hoped that she was white, and indeed she was, with finger-marks under the eyes, for she had suffered greatly this last hour. Through her lashes she saw him halt, and look at her in surprise. Asleep, or—ill, which? She did not move. She wanted to watch him. He tiptoed across the room and stood looking down at her. There was a furrow between his eyes. "Ah," she thought, "it would suit you, if I were dead, my kind friend." He bent a little toward her, and she wondered suddenly whether she looked graceful lying there, sorry now that she had not changed her dress. She saw him shrug his shoulders ever so faintly with a puzzled little movement. He had not seen that she was shamming. How nice his face was—not mean, secret, callous! She opened her eyes, which against her will had in them the despair she was feeling. He went on his knees, and lifting her hand to his lips, hid them with it.

"JIMMY," she said gently, "I'm an awful bore to you. Poor Jimmy! No! Don't pretend! I know what I know!" "Oh, God! What am I saying?" she thought. "It's fatal—fatal. I ought never—!" And drawing his head to her, she put it to her heart. Then, instinctively aware that this moment had been pressed to its uttermost, she scrambled up, kissed his forehead, stretched herself, and laughed.

"I was asleep, dreaming; dreaming you loved me. Wasn't it funny? Come along. There are oysters, for the last time this season."

And that evening when he had left her she wrote:

"MY DEAR JIMMY:

"It will be better for us both if you take a holiday from here. Don't come again till I write for you. I'm sorry I made you so much disturbance to-night. Have a good time, and a good rest; and don't worry.

"Your LEILA."

"I must post it now," she thought, "or he may not get it before to-morrow evening. I couldn't go through with this again."

And Jimmy Fort began his answer thus.

"MY DEAR LEILA,

"I cannot express to you the feelings with which I received your letter—"

He tore it up. Nothing would be adequate, nothing would be decent. Let the dead past bury its dead—the dead past which in his heart had never been alive! Why pretend? He had done his best to keep his end up. Why pretend?

So Jimmy Fort is free to win his "fairy princess." But because he feels he would be "a bit of a makeshift" for Noel, he finds it difficult to speak. But his chance comes to him unexpectedly one night in the country. Noel had gone for comfort to the sweet-scented, dark woods—and lost herself.

Her foot struck something soft. A voice muttered a thick oath; a hand seized her ankle. She leaped, and dragged and wrenched it free; and, utterly unnerved, she screamed, and ran forward blindly.

A voice gasped: "Oh! It's—it's nothing!" He saw Noel. She had swayed back, and stood about a yard away. He could dimly see her covering her face with her arms. Feeling instinctively that she wanted to hide her fright, he said quietly:

"What luck! I was just passing! It's awfully dark!"

"I—I got lost; and a man—caught my foot, in there!"

Moved beyond control by the little gulps and gasps of her breathing, he stepped forward and put his hands on her shoulders. He held her lightly, without speaking, terrified lest he should wound her pride.

"I—I got in there," she gasped, "and the trees—and I stumbled over a man asleep, and he—"

"There, there, my darling!" he kept on saying. "There, there, my darling!" He could feel the snuggling of her cheek against his shoulder. He had got her—had got her! He was somehow certain that she would not draw back now. And in the wonder and ecstasy of that thought, all the world above her head, the stars in their courses, the wood which had frightened her, seemed miracles of beauty and fitness. By such fortune! as had never come to man, he had got her! And he murmured over and over again:

"I love you!" She was resting perfectly quiet against him, while her heart ceased gradually to beat so fast. He could feel her cheek rubbing against his coat of Harris tweed. Suddenly she sniffed at it, and whispered:

"It smells good."

Better Days

(*Concluded from page 14*)

which she had not at first perceived. He had managed somehow to surround himself with an atmosphere of mystery and romance. To have enjoyed the privilege of reading what was in his mind she would gladly have sat up all night; just as she had sat up with "The Cloister and the Hearth" and with "Lorna Doone" and with "Pan Michael."

Wherefore it was with an air of the most careless and aloof indifference that she wished him good-by and good luck in his business. She did not even offer to shake hands with him, and before he was out of the room she had turned once more to the papers on the table before her.

But when he had actually gone she thrust the papers impatiently aside, darted to a window, concealed herself behind a curtain, made a peephole between the curtain and the window frame, and watched him descend the steps of the veranda and cross the quadrangle to where his wagon waited for him.

You might have thought that his mare Molly had been traveling for many days instead of resting. She moved forward with the utmost reluctance—she dragged her feet, rather small, breedy-looking feet they were, and at one moment it looked as if she was actually going to balk.

A sharp touch of the whip brought her to her senses, and she broke into a listless—yes, a *despairing*, trot,—she turned her head toward the stables of Joyous Gard, and uttered a long, piteous neigh of remonstrance and farewell.

With that sound ringing in his ears, the luxurious, well-lighted, airy, deep-strawed, sweet-smelling, flyless box-stall of the pampered Lancelot became a noisome dungeon. He reared and struck savagely at the door with his fore feet; he plunged, and with his hind feet he thundered against the walls. He might as well have kicked the Rock of Gibraltar. He stood still then, and, trembling from head to foot, he sent after the mare Molly a heartbroken cry of love and despair.

Then his pores opened and the sweat gushed out of them, and there came into his eyes a look so wicked and venomous that for twelve hours no man dared go into the stall with him. His eyes had in them the cruel, relentless, foolish look of ostriches and crocodiles. There was murder in them.

The gypsies say: "A man who drives a horse with white ears will come at last to his heart's desire . . ." But that doesn't help white-eared mare Molly and Lancelot to their hearts' desire—In Hearst's for November.



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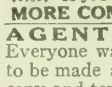
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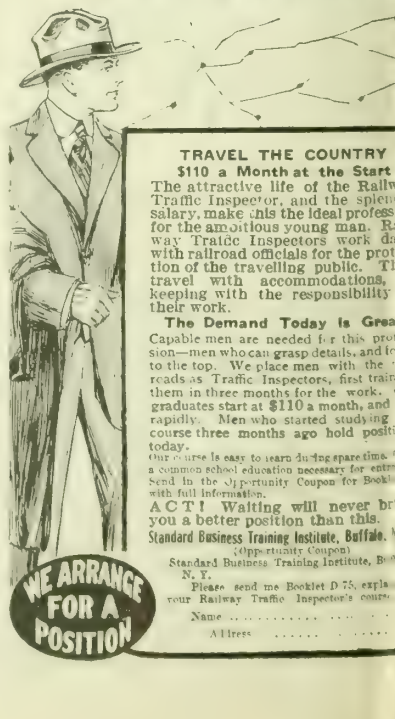


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Box with Broken Seals

(*Continued from page 58*)

listening intently, realized like a flash that for the first moment the mask had fallen away.

"I have lived for many years with that other danger," he went on. "It has lain like a shadow always in front of my path. Perhaps that is why I have become what I am, why I have never dared to hope for the other things which are dear to every one."

Her hand suddenly gripped his. They sat there for a moment in a strange, disturbing silence. Then the orchestra ceased, the curtain was rung up, the performance, which was in the nature of a music-hall show, with frequent turns and changes, commenced. Popular favorites from every department of the theatrical world, each in turn claimed attention and applause. Katharine watched it all with an interest always strained, a gaiety somewhat hysterical; Jocelyn Thew with the measured pleasure of a critic; Richard with uproarious, if sometimes a little unreal, merriment. The time slipped by apparently unnoticed. Suddenly Richard glanced at his wrist-watch and stood up.

"I must go," he declared. "I had no idea that it was so late."

Katharine's fingers clutched the program which lay crumpled up in her hand. She looked at her brother with almost frightened eyes. Their host, too, had risen to his feet, and downstairs in the stalls two men had slipped out of their places. Jocelyn Thew threw back his head with a little familiar gesture. The light of battle was in his eyes.

"Richard, is right," he observed. "It is twenty minutes to ten."

"My man will meet me down there with my kit and get me a seat," the young man said. "I shall have plenty of time, but I think I had better make a start."

Katharine came into the back of the box and threw her arms around the brother's neck. He stooped and kissed her on the lips and forehead.

"Cheer up, Katharine," he begged. "There is nothing to worry about."

"Nothing whatever," Jocelyn Thew echoed. "The most serious contingency that I can see at present is that you may have to find your way home alone."

"The number of the car is twenty," Beverley said, handing a ticket to his sister. "I'll send you a wire from Folkestone."

JOCELYN THEW suddenly held out his hand. His eyes were still flashing with the light of anticipated battle, but there was something else in his face reminiscent of that momentary softening.

"Mine, I fear," he murmured, "may be but a wireless message, but I hope that you will get it." . . .

They departed, and Katharine, drawing her chair into the back of the box, faced many anxious moments of solitude. The two men made their way in leisurely fashion along the vestibule and turned upstairs toward the refreshment-room. Half-way up, however, Jocelyn Thew laid his hand upon his companion's arm.

"Dick," he said, "I think if I were you I wouldn't have another. You've only just time to catch your train as it is."

"Must have a farewell glass, old fellow," the young man protested.

His companion was firm, however, and Beverley turned reluctantly away. They walked arm in arm down the broad entrance lounge toward the glass doors. It seemed to have become suddenly evident that Jocelyn Thew's words were not without point. Richard stumbled once and walked with marked unsteadiness. Just before they reached the doors, Brightman, with a tall, stalwart-looking friend, slipped past them on the right. Another man fell almost into line upon the left, and jostled the young officer as he did so. The latter glanced at both of them a little truculently.

"Say, don't push me!" he exclaimed threateningly. "You keep clear."

Neither of the men took any notice. The nearer one, in fact, closed in and almost prevented Beverley's further progress. Brightman leaned across.

"I am sorry, Captain Beverley," he said, "but we wish to ask you a question. Will you step into the box-office with us?"

"I'm damned if I will!" the young man answered. "I have a matter of ten minutes to catch my train at Charing-Cross, and I'm not going to break my leave for you blighters."

Crawshay, who had been lingering in the background, drew a little nearer.

"Forgive my intervention, Captain Beverley," he said, "but the matter will be explained to the military authorities, if by chance you should miss your train. I am afraid that we must insist upon your acceding to our request."

THEN followed a few seconds' most wonderful pandemonium. Jocelyn Thew's efforts seemed of the slightest, yet Mr. Brightman lay on his back upon the floor, and his stalwart companion, although he himself was not ignorant of Oriental arts, lay on his side for a moment, helpless. Richard, if not so subtle, was equally successful. His great fist shot out, and the man whose hand would have gripped his arm went staggering back, caught his foot in the edge of the carpet, and fell over upon the tessellated pavement. There were two swing doors, and Richard, with a spring, went for the right-hand one. The commissionaire guarding the other rushed to help his companion bar the exit. The two plain-clothes policemen, whose recovery was instantaneous, scrambled to their feet and dashed after him, followed by Crawshay. Jocelyn Thew, scarcely accelerating his walk, strolled through the left-hand door, crossed the pavement of the Strand and vanished.

Fortune was both kind and unkind to Richard in those next few breathless minutes. An old football player, his bent and iron shoulder were sufficient for the commissionaires, and, plunging directly across the pavement and the street, he leapt into a taxi which was crawling along in the direction of Charing-Cross.

"Give you a sovereign to get to Charing-Cross in three minutes," he cried out, and the man, accepting the spirit of the thing, thrust in his clutch eagerly. For a moment it seemed as though temporarily, at any rate, Richard would get clear away. In about fifty yards, however, there was a slight block. The door of the taxicab was wrenched open, and one of the men who were chasing him essayed to enter. Richard sent him without difficulty crashing back into the street, only to find that simultaneously the other door had been opened, and that his hands were held from behind in a grip of iron. At the same time he looked into the muzzle of Crawshay's revolver.

"Sit down," the latter commanded.

Brightman, too, was in the taxicab, and one of the other men had his foot upon the step. With a shrug of his shoulders, the young man accepted the inevitable and obeyed. Brightman leaned out of the window, gave a direction to the driver, and the taxicab was driven slowly in through the assembling crowd. Richard leaned back in his corner and glared at his two companions.

"Say, this is nice behavior to an officer!" he exclaimed truculently. "I am on my way to catch the leave train. How dare you interfere with me?"

"Perhaps," Crawshay remarked, "we may consider that the time has arrived for explanations."

"Then you'd better out with them quick," Richard continued angrily. "I am an officer in His Britannic Majesty's Service, come over to fight for you because you can't do your own job. Do you get that, Crawshay?"

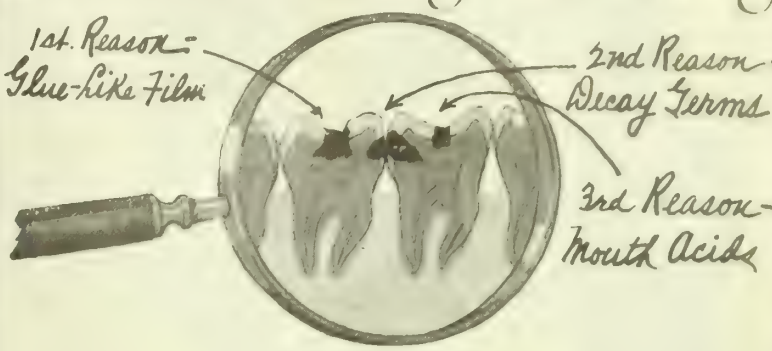
"I am listening."

"I am on my way to catch the ten o'clock train from Charing-Cross," Richard went on. "If I don't catch it, my leave will be broken."

"I FEEL sure," Crawshay remarked drily, "that the authorities will recognize the fact that you made every effort to do so. As a matter of fact, there will be a supplementary train leaving at ten-forty-five, which it is possible that you may be able to catch. Explanations such as I have to offer are not to be given in a taxicab. I have therefore directed the man to drive to my rooms. I trust that you will come quietly. If the result of our conversation is satisfactory, as I remarked before, you can still catch your train."

They accepted his decision in silence, and a few minutes later they descended

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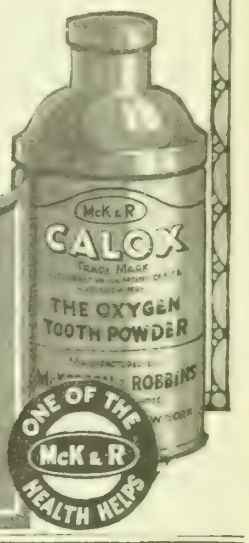
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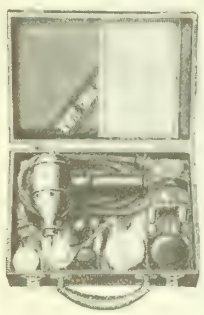
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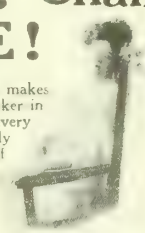
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outside the little block of flats in which Crawshay's rooms were situated. Richard made no further attempt to escape, stepped into the lift of his own accord, and threw himself into an easy-chair as soon as the little party entered Crawshay's sitting-room. There was a gloomy frown upon his forehead, but the sight of a decanter and a soda-water siphon upon the sideboard appeared to cheer him up.

"I think," he suggested tentatively, "that after the excitement of the last half-hour——"

"You will allow me to offer you a drink," Crawshay begged, mixing it and bringing it himself. "When you have drunk it, I have to tell you that it is our intention to search you."

"What the devil for?" the young man demanded, with the tumbler still in his hand.

"We suspect you of having in your possession certain documents of a treasonable nature."

"Documents?" Richard jeered. "Don't talk nonsense! And treasonable to whom? I am an American citizen."

"That," Crawshay reminded him, "is entirely contrary to your declaration when a commission in His Majesty's Flying Corps was granted to you. The immediate question, however, is are you going to submit to search or not?"

RICHARD glanced at that ominous glitter in Crawshay's right hand, glanced at Brightman, and at the giant who was standing barely a yard away, and shrugged his shoulders.

"I suppose you must do what you want to," he acquiesced sullenly, "but you'll have to answer for it—I can tell you that. It's a damnable liberty!"

He drank up his whisky and soda and set down the empty glass. The search which proceeded took a very few moments. Soon upon the table was gathered the usual collection of such articles as a man in Richard's position might be expected to possess, and last of all, from the inside of his vest, next to his shirt, was drawn a long blue envelope, fastened at either end with a peculiar green seal. Crawshay's heart beat fast as he watched it placed upon the table. Richard seemed to have lost much of his truculence of manner.

"That packet," he declared, "is my personal property. It contains nothing of any moment whatever, nothing which would be of the least interest to you."

"In that case," Brightman promised, "it will be returned to you. Mr. Crawshay," he added, turning toward him, "I must ask you, as you represent the Government in this matter, to break these seals and acquaint yourself with the nature of the contents of this envelope, which I have reason to suppose was handed to Captain Beverley by Jocelyn Thew a few minutes ago."

Crawshay took the envelope into his hands.

"I am sorry, Captain Beverley," he declared, "but I must do as Mr. Brightman has suggested. This man Jocelyn Thew, with whom you have been in constant association, is under very grave suspicion of having brought to England documents of a treasonable nature."

Crawshay broke the seal, thrust his hand into the envelope and drew out a pile of closely folded papers. One by one he laid them upon the table and smoothed them out. Even before he had glanced at the first one, a queer presentiment seemed suddenly to chill the blood in his veins. His eyes became a trifle distended. They were all there now, a score or more of sheets of thin foreign note-paper, covered with hand-writing of a distinctly feminine type. The two men read—Richard Beverley watched them scowling!

"What the mischief little May Boswell's letters have to do with you fellows, I can't imagine!" he muttered. "Go on reading, you bounders! Much good may they do you!"

There were minutes of breathless silence. Then Crawshay, as the last sheet slipped through his fingers, glanced stealthily into Brightman's face, saw him bite through his lips till the blood came and strike the table with his clenched fist.

"By God!" he exclaimed, snatching up the telephone receiver. "Jocelyn Thew has done us again!"

"And you let him walk out!" Crawshay groaned.

"We'll find him," Brightman shouted. "Here, Central! Give me Scotland Yard. . . . Scotland Yard, quick! . . . Johnson, you take a taxi to the Savoy."

Unnoticed, Richard Beverley had risen to his feet and helped himself to another whisky and soda.

"If you are now convinced," he said, turning toward them, "that I am carrying nothing more treasonable than the love-letters of my best girl, I should be glad to know what you have to say to me on the subject of my detention?"

Crawshay for once forgot his manners.

"Damn your detention!" he replied. "Get off and catch your train."

ON the extreme edge of a stony and boundless moor, Jocelyn Thew suddenly brought the ancient motor-car which he was driving to a somewhat abrupt and perilous standstill. He stood up in his seat, unrecognizable, transformed. All that was hard and cruel seemed to have passed suddenly from his face.

Behind him lay the rolling moor, cloven by that one ribbon-like stretch of uneven road, broken here and there with great masses of lichen-covered gray rock, by huge clumps of purple heather, long, glittering streaks of yellow gorse. The morning was young, and little shrouds of white mist were still hanging around. His own clothes were damp. Little beads of moisture were upon his face. But below, where the Atlantic billows came thundering in upon a rock-strewn coast, the sun, slowly gathering strength, seemed to be rolling aside the feathery gray clouds.

The traveler gazed downward till he suddenly found a new mist before his eyes. Nothing was changed. Everywhere he looked upon familiar objects. There was the little harbor where he had moored his boat, scarcely more than a pool surrounded by those huge masses of jagged rocks; the fields where he had played, the cave in the cliffs where he had sat and dreamed. This was his own little corner, the land which his forefathers had sworn to deliver, the land for which his father had died, for which he had become an exile, to which he returned with the price of death upon his head. . . .

After a while he slipped down from the car, examined the brakes, mounted to his seat and commenced the precipitous descent. Skilful driver though he was, more than once he was compelled to turn into the cliff side of the road in order to check his gathering speed. At last, however, he reached the lowlands in safety. On the left-hand side now was the rock-strewn beach, and the almost deafening roar of the Atlantic.

He came at last to the great gates leading to the ruined castle grounds, the pillars of which were surmounted by huge griffins. He looked at the deserted lodge, the coat-of-arms, nothing of which remained but a few drooping remnants. He shook the iron gates, which still held together, in vain. Finally he drove the car through an opening in the straggling fence, and up the long, grass-grown avenue, until he reached the building itself. Here he descended, walked along the weed-framed flags to the arched front door, by the side of which hung the rusty and broken fragments of a bell, at which he pulled for some moments in vain. To all appearance the place was entirely deserted. No one answered his shout, or the wheezy summons of the cracked and feeble bell. He passed along the front, barely out of reach of the spray which a strong west wind was bringing from seaward, looked in through deserted windows till he came at last to a great crack in the walls, through which he stepped into a ruined apartment. It was thus that he entered the home in which he had been born. . . .

HE made his way into a stone passage, along which he passed until a door on his right yielded to his touch. In front of him now were what had been the state apartments, stretching along the whole front of the castle save the little corner where he had entered. Here was dilapidation supreme, complete. The white, stone-flagged floor knew no covering save here and there a strip of torn matting. The walls were stained with damp. At long intervals were tables and chairs of jet-black oak, in all sorts and states of decay. On one or two remained the fragments of some crimson velvet—on the back of one, remnants of a coat of arms! And here, entirely in keeping with the scene of desolation, were the first signs of human life—an old man with a gray beard, leaning upon a stick, who walked slowly backward and forward, mumbling to himself. A new light broke across Jocelyn Thew's face as he listened, and the tears stood in his eyes. The man was reciting Gaelic verses, verses familiar to him from childhood. The whole desolate picture seemed to envisage thoughts which he had never been able to drive

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from his mind, seemed in the person of this old man to breathe such incomparable, unalterable fidelity. He felt himself suddenly a traitor who had slipped unworthily away and hidden from a righteous doom.

Jocelyn Thew stole softly out of the shadows.

"Timothy," he called quietly.

The old man paused in his walk. Then he came forward toward the speaker and dropped on one knee. His face showed no surprise, though his eyes were strange and almost terribly brilliant.

"The Cathley!" he exclaimed. "God is good!"

He kissed his master's hand, which he had seized with almost frantic joy. Jocelyn Thew raised him to his feet.

"You recognized me, then, Timothy?"

"There is no Cathley in the world," the old man answered passionately, "would ever rise up before me and call himself by any other name."

"Am I safe here, Timothy, for a day or two?"

The old man's scorn was a wonderful thing.

"Safe!" he repeated. "Safe! There is just a dozen miles or so of the Kingdom of Ireland where the stranger who came on evil business would disappear, and it's our pride that we are the center of it."

"They've held on, then, in these parts?"

"Held on? Why, the fire that smouldered has become a blaze," was the eager response. "Ireland is our own country here. Why—you know?"

"Know what?" Jocelyn Thew demanded. "You must treat me as a stranger, Timothy. I have been living under a false name. News has failed me for years."

"Don't you know," the old man went on eagerly, "that they meet here in the castle, the men who count—Hagan, the poet, Matlaske, the lawyer, Indewick, Michael Dilwyn, Harrison, and the great O'Clory himself?"

"I thought O'Clory was in prison since the Sinn Fein rising?"

"In prison, aye, but they daren't keep him there!" was the fierce reply. "They had a taste then of the things that are ablaze through the country. The O'Clory and the others will be here to-night, under our own roof. Aye, and the guard will be out, and there'll be no Englishman dare come within a dozen miles!"

Jocelyn Thew walked away to one of the great windows, and looked out seaward. The old servant limped over to his side.

"Your Honor," he said, his voice shaking even as the hands which clasped his stick, "this is a wonderful day. . . sure, a wonderful day!"

"For me, too, Timothy!"

"You've been a weary time gone. Maybe you've lain hidden across the seas there—you've heard nothing."

"I've heard little enough, Timothy," his master told him sadly. "There came a time when I put the newspapers away from me. I did it that I might keep sane."

"You've missed much, then, Sir Dennis. There has been cruelty and wickedness, treason and murder afoot, but the spirit of the dear land has never even flickered in these parts. The arms we sent to Dublin were landed in yonder bay, and there was none to stop them, either, though they laid hands on that poor madman who well-nigh brought us all to ruin. There's strange craft rides there now, where Your Honor's looking."

A silence fell between the two men. Presently the steward withdrew.

"I'll be seeing after your Honor's room," he murmured, "and there's others to tell. There's a drop of something left, too, in the cellars, thank God!"

Jocelyn Thew listened to the retreating footsteps and then for a moment pushed open the window. There was the old roar once more, which seemed to have dwelt in his ears; the salt sting, the scream of the pebbles, the cry of a wheeling gull. There was the headland round which he had sailed his yacht, the moorland over which he had wandered with his gun, the meadow round which he had tried the wild young horses. In those few seconds of ecstatic joy he seemed for the first time to realize all that he had suffered during his long exile.

What finally became of the documents in the Box with the Broken Seals was as much of a surprise to Jocelyn Thew as it will be to you—in Hearst's for November.

Made Him a Spendthrift

(Continued from page 28)

about them. Don't ask me about anything more. Just go ahead. But if you're going to get them get something worth while."

THE only thing in the slightest bit out of the way in connection with the dinner was that the guests were invited verbally as the prospective host happened to run across them. Strangely, it seemed to him, the fact that he was to give a dinner party created no surprise whatever. To him it was almost a sensation, and he had been afraid—or perhaps had hoped—that it might prove, for a few hours at least, the common topic of hotel conversation. But it didn't. The invited ones merely expressed the usual degree of pleasure that goes with an acceptance and went right on talking about something else.

And now, having arrived almost at the door of the private dining room in which is laid the richly appointed table and with the guests up in their rooms dressing for the dinner, I find myself halted in my story by a dilemma not uncommon to writers of non-fiction. Shall I conclude my story as I should like to have it concluded, or shall I tell the truth?

Were I to forget for a moment that I am not a writer of fiction I should tell you of the wonders of that dinner. I should describe to you the richness of the favors found at every place, the walls and ceilings hung with roses, a menu unsurpassed. I would tell you of the compliments heaped upon the host and of the great joy that had come to him as he later sat in his one room and a bath conscious of the fact that he had at least learned something of the art of spending money.

I should tell you that from this small beginning—this little dinner—he had gone on and on until he had made good all of his boyhood promises. You would learn that he had finally gone back to the little town whence he had come to make his fortune in the big city and had first divided with Willie Wilkins, the dry goods man, had bought an automobile for Aunt Julia's eldest daughter—Aunt Julia being long since dead—and with lavish hand had distributed money among the poor, had built a public library as a memorial to his father and mother, and lastly had erected a monument in the village square—if the village had a square—to commemorate whatever the town council determined best deserved commemoration.

And then perhaps I might go on and let him die and be buried in the village graveyard, where he had asked that his body be interred so that it might find eternal rest among those he had loved the best. Or, if the mood so willed, I might let him live to a ripe old age in a mansion adjoining the property upon which Willie Wilkins had built a mansion with his half.

BUT *not* being a writer of fiction, I am compelled to tell you that at 6 o'clock on the evening of the day set for the dinner party a strange gentleman, who has nothing whatever to do with this story, and who was probably on his way home from work, saw in the distance—the hotel being in the distance—a thin trail of smoke that led upward from the hotel roof. And finally, in many a fiery and clangy paragraph I might give you to understand that while the hotel didn't actually burn to the ground it was messed up so that everybody had to move out and there never was any dinner party.

And the last I heard of the millionaire was that he was back in New York again grinding his life out once more. Also I have heard that the only story he ever told that got a laugh was how he tried to give a dinner party one time and the hotel burned and he didn't have to give the party.

(I might record also that some one saved the favors and that under all of the circumstances the jeweler was induced to take them back.)

Also, in closing, it may be of interest to know that they tore down the remains of the picturesque old hotel and built a fireproof structure in its place and sent engraved cards announcing the change to all of the guests who were at the hotel when the memorable dinner-fire occurred.

Our millionaire friend, however, still in his humorous mood, answered his card briefly to the effect that he didn't dare take a chance with a fireproof hotel.



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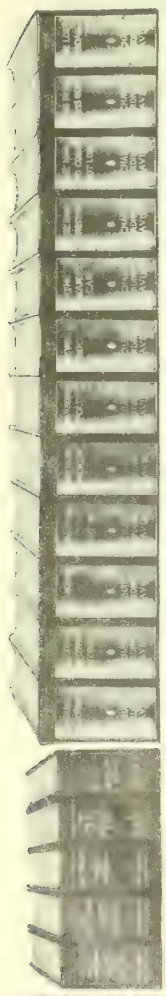
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Hearst's 10-19

In His Wife's Name

(Concluded from page 49)

can run it better than you can. Now, if you come to me for advice, I'd tell you the best thing you can do is to keep quiet. Under the law she owns the whole business and she can fire you if she likes. D'ye see?"

Taretsky collapsed. Beads of perspiration stood upon his forehead.

"She wants me to punch a time-clock," he said, feebly.

"I didn't hear about that," said Kalish. "What d'ye mean?" Taretsky told him Ikey's message. The lawyer clapped his hands with delight.

"Didn't I tell you?" he exclaimed. "Mr. Taretsky, your wife is a regular business genius. A time-clock! Ts! Ts! Every hour! Ts! Ts! Say, you stick to her and I bet you'll be a rich man some day."

When Taretsky returned to the up-town store he found his wife in possession. In some vague, indefinable way she seemed suddenly to have changed.

"I looked over the books," she said. "I think we ought to be making more money. There's a lot of waste in the workroom."

The young saleswomen, without a murmur, had yielded to her air of authority. She had discharged one and it was not Miss Menken. She had found the blonde efficient.

"Did you put down your name on the time-clock?" she asked her husband. He attempted to grin.

"I thought you was joking," he said. Mrs. Taretsky's eyes gleamed with a light which he had never seen there before

"Every hour. And order another clock for the down-town store. You're going down there next week."

MRS. TARETSKY surveyed her husband in calm silence for a moment. Then:

"I was looking over the checks," she said. "Who are all those men you gave checks to what were cashed in the Happy-go-Lucky Club? What kind of a place is that?"

Taretsky's discomfiture was pathetic. Guilt was plainly written upon his face.

"Sometimes I—I played poker for a change," he said, weakly.

Mrs. Taretsky nodded.

"And you let the business run down for a change," she said. "I guess now you'd better come home for supper every night for a change. If you got to have poker in the fur business I'll learn how to play it."

After that Taretsky became resigned to his fate. He wasn't exactly what you would call a strong character, but his heart was in the right place. Within a week his wife and her brother had mastered the details of the up-town store sufficiently to dispense with his presence. He was then placed in charge of the Canal Street establishment with a time-clock in which he had to record his presence every hour. Mrs. Taretsky always scrutinized the telltale slips in his presence.

The up-town Emporium began to flourish. The trading instinct had descended to Mrs. Taretsky from many generations of ancestors. The work and the responsibility and, more than all, the awakening of the aggressive spirit within her seemed to have a magical effect upon her. Her activity caused her to lose weight; she took greater care of her appearance; she began to regain some of her lost youth. Taretsky was delighted with the change and she loved to hear him talk about it. When he talked about the fur business she quickly lost patience. She was discovering every day that he knew less and less about it. But she never tired of hearing him express his amazement at the wonderful improvement in her appearance. Taretsky, you know, wasn't really what you would call an up-to-date business man, but his heart was in the right place.

Ikey, too, developed wonderfully under his sister's supervision. When the up-town Emporium had been firmly established Mrs. Taretsky put her brother in entire charge of it and, under the pretext of investigating the condition of the Canal Street *store*, announced that she would spend a few weeks there in order to be with her husband. It required only the most cursory investigation to reveal to her that the Canal Street Emporium was running down.

IT was a dull morning in the Canal Street store. The day was hot and sultry. Mrs. Taretsky had been sitting for an hour in profound thought. She called her husband to her side.

"If we could get the right person to manage this store," she said, "you wouldn't have to work so hard."

Taretsky blinked a great many times but said nothing. If the truth were told, the hardest work he had to do was to register his presence on the time-clock every hour.

"I was thinking," his wife went on, "about Miss Menken. I think she got a good business head."

Taretsky was glad that he had said nothing. He felt that, beyond all doubt, silence was the proper policy at that moment.

"I think," continued Mrs. Taretsky, "I'll ask her to take charge here and you and I can go to the country for a few weeks. Then I'll know what she can do."

It was nearly three o'clock when Mrs. Taretsky, accompanied by her husband, arrived at the uptown Emporium.

"Where is my brother?" she asked.

"He's out to lunch," said one of the saleswomen.

"Lunch? At three o'clock!" Mrs. Taretsky's lips became tightly pressed together. "Where is Miss Menken?"

"I—I don't know," said the saleswoman. "I think she's out to lunch, too."

Mrs. Taretsky sank heavily into a chair. Her husband stuck his hands into his pockets and began to jingle his keys. The scene, somehow or other, seemed strikingly familiar to him. He stole a glance at his wife and determined that silence was still the wisest course. And then, observing a sudden gleam in his wife's eyes, he followed her glance toward the door. A taxicab had stopped and Ikey was helping the blond saleswoman out. As they crossed the sidewalk to the door Ikey's arm went affectionately around Miss Menken's waist. As Ikey opened the door and permitted his companion to pass in before him, Taretsky remembered that, under similar circumstances, he had strode in first, leaving the lady to follow as best she could. He felt a sudden admiration for Ikey.

"So!" said Mrs. Taretsky. "You're back from lunch!"

"Sure," said Ikey, cheerfully. "We can't eat all day long."

And then he stooped and kissed his sister upon the cheek. Mrs. Taretsky sat dumbfounded. Her brother had not kissed her for many years.

"You've been drinking," said Mrs. Taretsky.

"Sure!" said Ikey. "Champagne. Charged on the books to profit and loss. Cheer up, Sadie. It only comes once in a lifetime. Come here, Lillie."

Miss Menken, removing her hat and smoothing her blond mound, came meekly to his side. Before his sister's astonished gaze, Ikey drew the girl toward him and kissed her upon the lips.

"Go and kiss Sadie," he said. "Sadie, you're going to kiss Mrs. Ikey Rosenbaum, ain't you?"

MR. and Mrs. Taretsky were sitting upon the porch of a hotel at the seashore. There was a frown upon Mrs. Taretsky's face.

"For heaven's sake," exclaimed her husband, "you ain't worrying about the business, are you? After that up-town statement from Ikey and the balance-sheet what Lillie sent up, what are you got to worry about?"

"I—I wasn't worrying," said Mrs. Taretsky. "I was only thinking."

"You ain't said a word for a hour," Taretsky said. "What was you thinking about what makes you look so blue?"

For a long while Mrs. Taretsky made no reply. Then, nestling close to her husband and tucking her hand under his arm, she asked, in a low voice:"

"Why do men always like blondes so much?"

Instinctively Taretsky's hand found its way to his pocket and he began to jingle his keys. Then he laughed and his arm went around her neck.

"You got to tell me first," he said, "why I like a brunette so much."

Taken all in all, Taretsky wasn't exactly what you would call a brilliant man, but his heart was in the right place.

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By-Products of Babylon

(*Concluded from page 23*)

"And where one can wake up in the morn-g," chimed in Royce, "and lie and listen God's silences, instead of the surface cars d the garbage carts; and can look out on mething besides the other side of the street. fter we've been living here in New York l our lives we forget that any 'cleaner, eener' places exist. It's as well we do. For 'd go out in search of them, else. And en New York would have to put up the utters."

"And then you could buy your Times uare farm for a song," she suggested; lding, quickly: "No, you couldn't either. efore the title-deeds could be made out, all e people who had left New York would be ooping back again. That's the trouble th the wonderful scheme. By the time ople have spent as many years in New rk as you and I have, the virus of the city ts into them. They get the habit. They n't break it. If you were set down now in e loveliest country neighborhood on earth, u'd positively revel in it—for maybe an ur. Then you'd be asking what time the xt train went back to New York. You ow you would!" she accused.

"How about *you?*" he demanded.

"*I!*" She laughed jarringly. "I wouldn't en make the effort to escape. A lifetime habit is too strong."

"I suppose you're right," he said, resign-ly.

"Mr. Royce Marvin," she asked. "Just w long have you lived in New York?"

IS former blasé air made a gallant effort to rally; but, under the level inquisition her eyes he went to pieces.

"Man and boy," he made sheepish answer, Man and boy, I've been a professional oadwayite and a born New Yorker—for e best part of sixteen days! Now, go ahead d laugh!"

"Yes," she agreed, but without smiling. ought to laugh. I know that. I ought laugh. Just as I'd laugh if a violet rigged elf up as an orchid; or if a Great Dane uld masquerade as a lapdog. But some-w I don't feel like laughing. Perhaps it's cause I'm so curious to know why you did Do you care to tell me? Or is it none of business?"

'My business is your business," he said, plessly. "So far as you'll bother to allow o be. It remained for an Olympia show-l to spot me as a farmer. Lord! how d I've worked to build this up! And e measly stalk of asparagus has upset it!"

'Not upset it," she corrected, softly. uild it a million times higher. Go on, ase; if you don't mind."

'My farm isn't at Broadway and Forty-ond Street!" he confessed, with rueful ubility. "It's ten miles out of Goshen. father owned it before me. He sent me Cornell, for the agricultural course. And and I made use of what I learned there. er he died I went on running the place. a money-maker all right. And it's earn-more every year. Then, last month, my at-aunt died. She lived out West. I'd er seen her. But I was named for her band. So she left me twelve thousand lars."

'Good for Auntie!" approved Laurette. Quite so. Good for Auntie! Not good ugh to call out the guard for, at that," he imed. "I'd been working like a dog. I'd er had a real vacation. It's only lately t things have begun to ease up on the n and give me any leisure. All my days been a farmer. All my days I've read, h a kind of gnawing envy, about the life by New York men-about-town. Always wanted a taste of their life. But never re could I have it in the way I wanted to. never had the time or the money. Now ad both. I came here and told my bles to Crichton, the dramatic critic on e Planet.' He and I used to room to-ner at Cornell; he still runs up to see me, y vacation. He heard me out; said I a natural-born fool to blow my cash that ; and then set about to help me. Col-l Brand—that banker you were speaking ut—is his uncle. Between them they e me the start. I did the rest."

On twelve thousand dollars?" she asked, dering.

Why not?" he challenged. "Colonel nd says a man in Chicago must have a dred thousand dollars to be a millionaire. In Pittsburgh, he can be a millionaire on fifty thousand dollars. But in New York, he says, a man with brains and the right backing can be a millionaire on ten thousand. It's true. Though now my twelve thousand looks like something left on the remnant counter. It's on its last lap. I'd done pretty much every thing else. But I wanted to round off with an affair with a chorus-girl——"

"Thank you!" she snapped. "And anyway, I'm supposed to be a show-girl. But I suppose it's all the same."

"Yes," he said, "it is. I went from one musical comedy to another in my search. But the very sight of most of the girls, from across the footlights, scared me. They all seemed so very much wiser than I. At last I saw you, at the Olympia. And I—I wasn't afraid of you."

"Thanks," she said again; but a shade less fiercely. "And I owe this—this very queer evening to the fact that you aren't afraid of me; and that your great-aunt's husband happened to be named Royce Marvin? Or was it only 'Royce,' and did he have some other last name? Not that it matters."

"HE didn't have either name," growled Marvin, driven into his last ditch. "But he had money. That's why I was named for him. His name was Reuben. So is mine. 'Reuben' would look swell, on a boulevardier's card, wouldn't it? So I massaged it into 'Royce' for this trip. I——"

"But," she interrupted, a new memory banishing her longing to laugh, and starting her off on another tack. "But how did you ever learn to order such a supper as this, up at the farm? And how in the world did you ever teach that lordly head waiter to cringe so, and to let you call him by his sacred first name? *How?*"

"You've lived all your life on Broadway; and you ask that?" he returned. "I thought only we rubes were impressed by that sort of thing. He ordered the supper. He did that; and he became my adoring slave for the evening—for the inconsiderable sum of twenty-five dollars; administered in the form of a tip. Shall we go?"

"Yes," she agreed. "We'll go. In just two minutes. It'll take me that long to tell you something."

She paused and drew a long breath. Then, eyes averted, she began to speak very fast.

"The head waiter's salaaming impressed me," said she, "because I had read that head waiters treat only influential patrons like that. I had no experience in it, myself. You see—this is the first time I've ever gone to a late supper—anywhere except at the dairy-lunch place—since I came to New York, three whole months ago."

"What?"

"SINCE I came to New York, three months ago," she repeated in a very small voice. "From Otisville. Up-State, you know. I taught the district school, there. Till the Assemblyman's daughter wanted the job. Then I—well, I had to earn the money to pay off the rest of poor Dad's debts. So—so, one of the girls who used to live near us up there let me come to New York and stay with her. This is a dress of hers I'm wearing. And she got me the chance at the Olympia."

"You don't mean——"

"Oh, I hate it!" stormed the girl. "And I'm so homesick every minute for the gorgeous country! Then, to-night, when I had to come here with you—I was—Oh, I was *sick*, I was so frightened. And—that's all," she concluded, hastily, "except that my name isn't Laurette Bynner. It's—it's Laura Binns. We're both sheep in vamps' clothing. There! Now, *you* laugh!" she commanded, shakily.

"We're not going home," announced Marvin, after a slack-jawed moment of staring. "We're going for a drive. Through the Park. Where we can smell the fields and imagine we're in the country. And to-morrow we're going, for the day, out into the *real* country, somewhere or other, you and I. And, next day, I'm going home. Perhaps—maybe—by that time—you'll— Well, anyhow, we're going to the country, to-morrow. Come along! I—I wonder what Gavroche would do if he guessed? It would wreck his faith in Broadway nature forever."

"It's fun being a Blighted Soul—as much fun as biting on a sore tooth" announces the girl in Albert Payson Terhune's "An Amateur Knight-Errant"—in an early issue of Hearst's.

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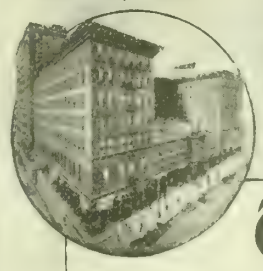
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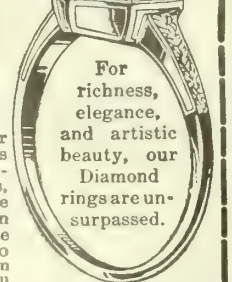
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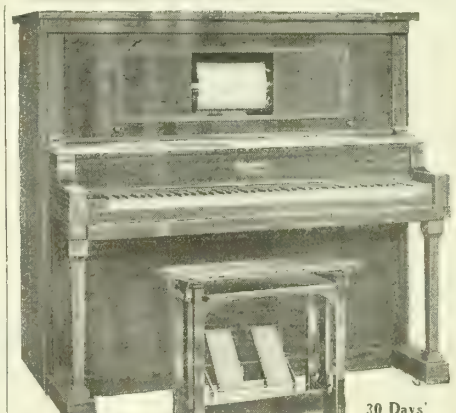
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Three Acres and A Cow

(*Continued from page 16*)

because it is really very shifting. Exactly because a man had his mouth open only for that moment he looks as if he had been made with his mouth open in the very morning of the world. Exactly because a man momentarily blinks at a magnesium flare, he looks like an eyeless creature as ancient as the sea. We have all delighted in the dramatic photograph of some statesman or philanthropist standing on one leg with an unseemly stagger of apparently falling forward on his nose with a serious expression on his face. This artificial rigidity in things rapidly changing in reality invalidates most of our talk about current things, and especially about capitalism.

It is not merely Bolshevism, but Capitalism, which is in itself a state of unrest. It is something changing like a nightmare, though, as often happens in the case of nightmares, the dreamers may be unable to remember anything before the beginning of the dream. We feel as if employers and employed in the modern sense had always existed, just as we feel that the man in the snapshot has always beeen blind and gray and gaping like a deep-sea fish. But in truth the world is yawning just now, and well it may; but it has not been yawning from its youth up. The realities of social discipline suggested however rudely in the Trust and the Trade Union, are but half-awakened memories—one is tempted to say of the Trusts rather half-witted memories—of our own real history. It is not so much Bolshevism that is a merely thin and theoretic revolt against capitalism; it is rather capitalism that was a thin and theoretic revolt against civilization. Civilization had coexisted with slavery; for to give men slavery is to give them security. Civilization had co-existed with property, as it existed and still exists in a peasantry, reasonably divided and roughly equal; for to give all men property is to give all men liberty.

ALL the great moral codes of the world, from the most ancient religions to the most modern revolutions, presuppose that the ordinary man has a moderate amount of wealth. The Ten Commandments tell a man that he is not to covet his neighbor's ox, that is the cattle of the common person who may happen to be living nearest to him. We might say that the Ten Commandments contain the ideal of "Three Acres and a Cow." A man sharing the fourteenth floor of a tenement-house in a modern industrial city, with a whole nest of next-door neighbors, is seldom tempted to sin in this respect by discovering anything like an ox on the premises. In the story of Naboth, in the fable of Nathan, the poor man is counted poor because he has only one vineyard or only one lamb. The modern navvy is seldom encumbered with a vineyard envied by kings; and it is seldom that a modern tinker or tramp arouses comment among the covetous by walking about followed by a little lamb, like Mary. But the idea is as clearly suggested in the great republican ideals of a hundred years ago as in any of these religious visions of thousands of years ago.

When the Declaration of Independence asserts that every man has a right to the pursuit of happiness, the writer is certainly not thinking of him as passing his whole life in the pursuit of employment. Indeed it is the fact, I believe, that Jefferson did apply his principle by proceedings in favor of the fairer distribution of property and land; and there can be no question about it in the case of the other great republic built, as on a rock, on the high table-land of Rousseau. The French Revolution was above all things a democratic demonstration in favor of property. The French, under its inspiration, may almost be said to have made a religion of respect for property. But it has been democratically distributed, with a success that makes the system the only sane model for the modern reformer. In other words that country, unlike the more industrial countries, has made property respected by making it respectable.

IT is sometimes said, as a condemnation of the trades unions, that they would not be content however much wages were raised or hours shortened. And it is the highest possible compliment to the trades unions to say that this is strictly true. They will not in the long run be content with any of these things; for the simple reason that any these things would be consistent with slave or even with that passing chaos of capitalis which we have noted as a mere uncomplete slavery. All civilized slave states have ma some laws for the general protection of t slaves; and it would be perfectly possible define the slave's sustenance and the slave leisure and still leave him a slave, that is, man forced by law to work for the profit another. Indeed, the real case against mar of the causes sustained by the trades unio has been that they were far too much co cerned merely with wages and hours.

Nevertheless these organizations have bee sub-consciously right if consciously wron and have drawn their driving force from muc more human and historic things. It wou be truer to say that they are seeking subco sciously, not the extension of wages, but t extinction of wages. And in point of fact, it happens, most of the recent proletaria protests in my own country have not bee merely about wages, or even merely abou hours.

The great strikes threatened in England the moment when I write point primarily something entirely different; and somethir which has a curious and arresting interes The miners are demanding the nationaliz tion of the mines, and the railway men t nationalization of the railways. There only one really plausible reason which could give for not giving the miners and t railway men what they ask. It is the par doxical fact that what they ask is not wha they want.

THE position is a very quaint and eve fantastic one, such as could only b made clear by some such fable as I had a ready sketched in connection with Unc Tom. We will suppose that Tom is a whit man and not a black man, and a servant an not a slave, and we will suppose that Tom ha got into a quarrel with Dick, let us say abou his spade, with which he has been digging th garden. Now, Tom might possibly refuse t discuss the matter over a pot of beer at "Th Plough and Harrow," a hostelry kept by Ha ry, on the ground that Harry was a snob an a sneak, that Harry was quite capable c hocussing his beer or even stealing his spad But it will certainly seem a sign of somethin eccentric and even erratic about the psy chology of Tom if he accompanies this refus with a rigid and even rabid demand that th spade, the garden, and all tools and building in any way connected with the garden sha instantly be handed over to Harry, th wicked innkeeper; and that this perfidiou public entertainer, who is not fit to take th chair at a conference for half an hour, shoul take the whole of the furniture foreve And yet that is exactly the curious and cor tradictory position in which some of the trad union representatives have placed themselve in their relations to the State, which the distrust as an immediate arbiter in the trad dispute, yet desire to make the ultimate an permanent arbiter for the trade.

The inconsistency comes, as a matter o fact, from their clinging to a dead formula o State Socialism, in which most thoughtfu people believed more or less about thirt years ago, and in which most thoughtfu people, especially thoughtful Socialists, thor oughly disbelieve by this time. The caus of the slump in state collectivism is easil stated. It is the realization that the stat simply means the statesman; and that th statesman simply means the sort of paltr and greedy politicians from whom parlia ments are now suffering all over the world When the workers are told that these politi cians or their servants will arbitrate on particular question round a particular table or will produce a particular report by a par ticular time, they simply kick over the tabl and refuse to wait for the report. But whe they are told in vague and venerable lan guage, taken from Socialist prophets in th time of their grandfathers, that this or tha ought to be "nationalized" they only fee dimly as if they were in church; and do no venture to remember that "the nation" wil only mean the same old state, which will only mean the same old politicians.

As will be seen it is very far from my inten tion to speak unsympathetically of the de mands of the trade unionists; I sympathiz with them in almost everything, and certainly in their distrust of the politicians as arbiters Indeed, the thing about them which I mos

admire is the thing for which they are most abused: their doubt, suspicion and even bitterness about such arbitration. I grieve to say that my own opinion of Harry and his hostelry is not dissimilar from that which I have darkly adumbrated in the allegory; I think he really is a snob and a sneak; in other words, I think that most modern governments are made up of men meanly serving the rich at the expense of the poor. And why the poor should wish to give a vast number of new powers to these servants of the rich must remain the mystery.

THE answer is, of course, that they do not want it. They only say it. Even those who do seriously propose that the Government should own the mines or railways do not really propose that the Government should rule them; though it may not be clear at first why a power should own anything except in order to rule it. A very interesting conception, which is in this sense a sort of compromise, has been preached by many brilliant and sincere men under the name of Guild Socialism; which does by definition affirm the paradox of the state owning but not ruling. I will not criticize this at the moment; for what concerns me now is the broad fact that the trade unions are not serious in their mere invocation of governmental power.

The trades unionists would not really wish to endow or enthrone the Government. What the trades unionists, oddly enough, would really enthrone and endow is the trades unions. In other words, rightly or wrongly, vaguely or vividly, in many different forms and degrees, what haunts all the minds of the labor world at this moment is something rather medieval than modern; the majesty or what was called the mystery of the Guild. It is the idea that the material of proletarian labor should at least practically be the property of the proletarian, and not of the policeman.

To this idea in itself I see no moral objection. It seems no more unnatural that the mine should belong to the miner than that the fiddle should belong to the fiddler; and I could reconcile myself to a society where railway men owned railways by the same strange chemistry of custom which has at last taught me to tolerate the idea of painters possessing paint. But the very simplicity of the parallel suggests yet a further simplification if the ownership is not to be another official fiction and foolery; if the paint is not merely to be political whitewash or the fiddling of the figurative sort that is dismissed as fiddlesticks. It is needless to note the parallel further, and observe that a violoncello, even if it is bigger than a violin, is best played by one person at a time; and that the artistic temperament is not always improved by a hundred painters using the same paintbox. In short, the property had much better be personal property, if this be possible. What is called the artistic temperament is often only the human temperament, and it is the glory of guilds and peasantries, and all systems founded on small property, that every man can have, as regards some material subject to his will and wisdom, the authority of the artist.

IT is here, I think, that we find finally a glimpse of the only good and reliable way of restoring confidence among the populace. My remarks about the paradox of the Socialist or "nationalizer" must not necessarily be supposed to mean that I am opposed to all such nationalization. I am inclined to think that railways, like roads, ought to be state possessions; and if we apply the same principle to mines and minerals we shall at least have advanced as far on the road of progress as that wild Bolshevist, King Charles I.

I do not say that I am especially opposed in spirit to the proposal of the nationalizers; I only say that they are. It is not I who should be, at any rate in this aspect, especially against nationalization. It is the nationalizers who would be against nationalization. That is, they would be against the fact following on their own formula; though the fact which the formula would produce would be very different from the fact which it literally affirms. They would not really trust the state; possibly they would not trust it as much as they ought to trust it.

There have been threats of strikes in the Post-Office. There have been real strikes on the police force. In short, it is not that nationalization is necessarily wrong in itself, but that it is powerless to right the wrong in question. For the truth is that the Socialist Trades Unionists have a very well-grounded distrust of their own formula; a doubt of whether it will do what it says, or even mean what it says.

There is one monstrous query in the modern world, confronting anybody who cares for things and not words. Can he nationalize the mines? He can officialize the mines, but who is to nationalize the officials?

A notable model and example, I imagine, of entirely nationalized mines, were the Siberian mines worked by the national government of the Czar. Even the secret police were supposed to be public officials; and there is not in that respect much difference between their secret police and our secret politicians. For another problem crops up with politicians and policemen everywhere, over and above those of inefficiency or even oppression: the falsification of all political mandates by political corruption.

It is worse to be in the hands of officials who take secret commissions than of shareholders who take audited dividends. And as the only funds that nobody is ever forced to audit are those of the political groups that govern the state, there is a sense in which we are safer anywhere than with the state. We may as well be in the hands of a coal-owner as in the hands of a politician in the pocket of a coal-owner.

SUCH is the real distrust of workmen in the Government; and there is only one thing a government could do that could really create trust in the workmen. They do not ask for it; it might be said that they do not hope for it; they do not hope for anything so human or so sane. They would be as much amazed at it as if they found a Christian monastery of the twelfth century in the middle of Manchester, serving out beer for nothing. But they would accept it with astonishment, as they would the beer. They would believe in it when they had got it, as they would believe in the beer when they had drunk it. The miracle I mean is this, that a modern government should force the millionaires to give up power or property to the millions. I do not mean to the men's organizations, but to the men. I do not mean to official institutions, national or not in name, which the capitalists can control or compound with, but to the millions of living and incalculable individuals, who would thus escape from control and be too many for conspiracy.

The millionaires may nobble the National Building Works Department, for such a government office is so big that it is always really ruled by the few. The millionaire may even nobble the National Guild of Builders, if that guild is very big, and therefore ruled by the few.

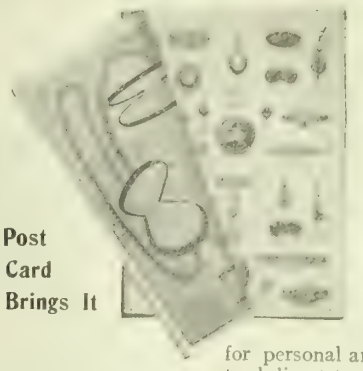
But the millionaire cannot nobble nine million peasants, each living on a free field which he owns, and building his own house in whatever fantastic shape he chooses. If the politicians gave *this* to the people, they would give what they have never yet given: a guarantee of good faith.

IT would mean that the rulers and the rich were making a real sacrifice for society; that they were parting with something, and not merely pretending to part with it. At present they feel a profound distrust both of the Government and the capitalist; but the encouragement of small property everywhere would not only take away wealth from the capitalist but would also take away power from the Government. It would be the unprecedented prodigy of the rich really doing something for charity, and of liberal institutions really doing something to liberate. It could be done quite as naturally and harmlessly as any medieval charity, or any recent constitutional liberation. Half of it would be done with a stroke of the pen, by re-establishing the medieval laws about usury and conspiracy and forestalling and freezing out; laws under which nearly all modern millionaires would be in the pillory and many on the gallows. The rest of it could be easily done by any government that wanted it done, by reforms favoring small property as such, a scheme of which could be drawn up on the spot.

It is not probable that this will be done; but until this and nothing else is done, rational and irrational intolerance of an intolerable inequality will rise higher and higher like a tide, which will engulf all the industrial countries, and above which only the peasant countries will stand unsubmerged; the towering rocks of Ireland and of France.

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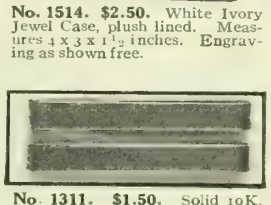
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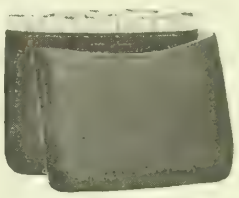
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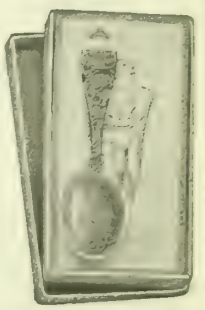
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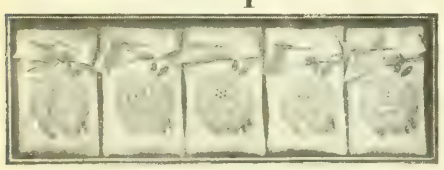
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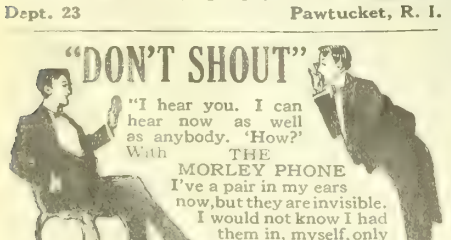
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Towers of Silence

(*Continued from page 31*)

I told thee to bring a plaid for my Sorabji,
And a pair of palòris for me, his adorer.
I gave thee an order, jeweler,
I told thee bring rings for my Sorabji
And a pair of bracelets for me, his bride."

And as Putlibai sang, old Sir Rustumji stroked his beard, and thought. *Ee-yah!* He was happy. Now he had a son for his family, and a husband for his daughter. Time would flow by in soft and reverential days, and when the end of his life came he would be tended. And more time would slip along, and by his side, happily, would repose his daughter and his new son in the great Tower of Silence he had builded above the hills of Guzerat. . . .

TREGARTHEN, the young Cornish poet, who had been across to America to represent art and letters on the British High Commission, was much taken with Brereton Ford. But then Tregarthen was taken with anything sinister. In early days he had sung the poetry of absinthe. Later he had become a Satanist. Now he had developed, in a month of Florida, an admiration for Brereton Ford.

They had wandered from their hotel up toward the shore, where the sea was continually complaining, and back down the soft Florida night to the resort grounds, a developed arid garden of no perfume, where palm-trees in ordered repulsive rows, and barren poinsettia plants rose shamefully from the sandy soil. They sat down, lighting cigarets. In a little while the moon would rise, but as yet it was very dark. They had been talking of recent art topics—a book by Ibáñez; a new Spanish colorist; the Victory Arch in New York.

"By the way," Tregarthen drawled, "the notice of your engagement is in all the New York papers. You know I never did anything but congratulate you, but, if you'll pardon me, I don't understand——".

"Well, I'll tell you," Ford said brutally. "I need the money. I can't work unless my surroundings are harmonious. To lack anything that money can buy irks me. This Parsee, my young poet, would make a Detroit millionaire seem like a piker. Frankly, I need the money."

"I thought maybe you were in love with the girl?"

"With the girl!" Ford laughed. "My lad, I've told you time and time again what my ideal of a woman is: a *chic* French marquise, or one of our well-groomed white beauties. The girl! Blast it! I think as little of her as of any good-looking colored girl working in the hotel. In a little while this fat father-in-law of mine will be reposing on one of his disgusting Towers of Silence—my soul! what a savage, vile conception!" and Ford shivered —"and I'll be back in civilization hunting a divorce——"

"And you're not overwhelmed at the truth of Parsism?"

"Parsism! Bah!" Ford fairly spat. "It's the same to me as the Holy Rollers, or any voodoo lodge. Damn their colored religions! Listen, Tregarthen, doesn't it make you laugh? Sun-worship! And Towers of Silence! Blazes! Why not cannibalism? Why not——"

"What was that?" Tregarthen had heard a noise in the garden.

"A mullet jumping in the river perhaps, or some tripe-merchant walking off his heavy dinner." Ford was paying no attention. 'I suppose most people would call me a damned scoundrel, but you know, as a poet, that art is unmoral, therefore, the artist, it follows, must necessarily——"

FORD whistled as he dressed by electric lights. It was decent of old Chatterjee, he decided, to ask to see his city hall before leaving for the North. The party had arrived in the town only late the evening before and at seven this morning they would be going north to New York. But the Parsee wanted to see his future son-in-law's masterpiece. Wherefore, Ford arose at five in the morning to bring him to it.

"I will show him what he's getting into the family," the architect boasted.

Below, in the lobby of the hotel, he found old Sir Rustumji alone, dressed in tweeds, a soft deerstalker on his reverend white hair.

"Did you have coffee?" the old man asked.

"No," Ford answered. "I ran across no one, and I didn't say I was coming out."

"Too bad to get you up, my son, so early." Sir Rustumji beamed benevolence.

"It's but a block away," Ford answered. "And I'm only too glad."

They went out through the deserted streets. The morning was heavy, foggy. As yet there was no sign of the sun. All of the town was sleeping, evidently, for they met no man.

"There it is!" Ford stopped on a side street. "I'm going to take you up on the roof just as you asked. Lucky I've got the keys. And the service elevator is running."

Ford made his way across stubble and planks to the elevator cage. He motioned the old man in before him.

"They're going to have an immense job to get this finished by the first of May, when they've announced the opening. My work on it's done, anyway. The carpenters, joiners, plumbers, have their month before them. They can do it, I guess, without me."

"I hope so, my son."

THEY left the elevator and climbed a short winding stair. With a mighty heave of his shoulder Ford opened the trap-door to the roof. It creaked as it rose. He slipped on to the solid ground alone. Sir Rustumji followed him, with surprising agility.

"There it is," Ford exalted. He looked down into the streets. The Parsee followed his eyes.

Towering like a spear from the ground up, the great white building rose like a spirit of flame. Very slender it was, with the slenderness of a young birch tree, and very white, like silver. It rose above the other buildings as a tall tree rises above shrubs, and the whole city seemed only a pedestal on which Brereton Ford's conception was a monument. And there was great silence—the silence of the sleeping city, and in all the city it was the most silent building of all.

The Parsee was thoughtful for an instant. He turned to the east, where mottled morning clouds were piled massively with here and there a ray of sunlight bursting through.

"It is a great work," Sir Rustumji acknowledged.

Suddenly, with the melodrama of southern climes, the sun seemed to shoot above the horizon—a huge scarlet splash in the east. The old Parsee bent his head.

"God is good," he said. "He gives us this magnificent orb to know Him by."

He turned to Ford calmly.

"I was in the garden of the hotel the night you spoke to your poet friend," he told Ford.

Ford had not been paying much attention to him, but these words seemed to drip into his brain like acid, etching into his intelligence like aqua fortis, and as he turned and looked at the Parsee, he felt his knees shaking suddenly, and a cold wind blowing through his hair. Sir Rustumji had lost his benevolence.

"I did not care about the money so much. If you had needed money you could have had it from me without marrying my daughter. And even what you said about Putlibai that night might have been forgiven and you allowed to go. But you did something else."

Ford could not take his eyes from the Parsee's face. Something he had never seen before stood out in it, mystic, very terrible. the Orient of ancient days, before Moses lived, or Abraham.

"You used God and His symbol and His prophet Zoroaster to get money for your uses. And then, laughing, you blasphemed Them. And for that you are going to die."

Without a hurried movement, Sir Rustumji took a revolver from his pocket.

"Here on your own tower, silently, you will lie with your face to the sun, as you would have lain dead eventually had you come with me to Guzerat, and married my daughter, and embraced our faith." And the old Parsee began shooting him. High in the air above the city, the sound of the explosion seemed negligible, and at the fifth shot Brereton Ford died.

The Parsee descended to the stairway, clanging the iron door behind him. From the street below, some minutes later, he looked up at Brereton Ford's tower rising with slender, silent majesty into the air. On the white top of it the sun seemed to beat in a kind of fury, white, infinitesimal; and in the blue sky overhead two buzzards were perched.

What is the mysterious tie that binds an Irish Colleen to two New England dwarfs? Watch for "Bart Treddick's Daughter," by Donn Byrne—in an early issue of Hearst's.

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A Magazine With a Mission

VOL. XXXVI. No. 5 — NOVEMBER, 1919.

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Are You Putting Sand In Your Stomach?

A new way you can remove stomach trouble in 48 hours

By Eugene Christian

IF you, right now, are suffering from any of the common disorders of the stomach or any of the associated ills caused by bad stomachs, you can positively be relieved within from 48 to 72 hours. In this short time your worn-out stomach can be literally re-born. You can be started once more on the road to good digestion, health and happiness. Here is the simple secret of the whole thing:

Almost every one is familiar with many food combinations that are harmful, but few people realize how many combinations of food they put into their stomachs every day which destroy their digestive organs as sand in the gear box would wear away the gears. Sand in the gear-box—Stomach Acidity and Indigestion—causes 90% of poor health and disease.

You know that beer, when combined in the stomach with ice cream, will cause almost immediate expulsion. Another less violent combination, equally well known, is that of acid fruits and milk or cream. But just as an example of one of the many combinations which we would never suspect of causing trouble, consider this: Here is a food experiment that you can try yourself, right in your kitchen.

EXPERIMENT XP37. Into a cup containing three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, drop half of the white of an egg. Let it stand for ten minutes. You will be amazed to see that the albumin has become a solid, white, rubbery mass.

Into another cup containing an equal amount of Pepsin, drop the rest of the egg white. (Pepsin is one of the chief digestive fluids used by the stomach.) In from one to three minutes the Pepsin will completely digest the albumin.

Then put the solidified albumin into Pepsin. The result will astonish you. For the powerful fluid which so readily digested the other albumin will have no effect whatever on that which has been hardened by vinegar. For days, weeks even, the Pepsin will try mightily to digest the rubber-like albumin—but in vain.

THIS is one of the simplest experiments I know. But its action is typical of hundreds of other seemingly innocent food combinations which we put into our unsuspecting stomachs every time we eat.

And while you may eat the very best foods; well-cooked and nourishing; simple and good; yet by combining two foods, both excellent when eaten separately, you may cause any number of stomach troubles. Constipation, Stomach Acidity, Gas, Indigestion and every other serious ailment of the stomach can be traced directly to WRONG FOOD COMBINATIONS.

Your stomach can be compared to a well-oiled, smooth-running machine. This machine, as long as it is not interfered with, will run swiftly along doing its appointed task. But throw some sand in the gears and your machine will come to a grinding stop. There will be no sense in bringing in specialists and experts to try to force the machine to run by feeding it oil or putting more power behind it. The machine will not run well again until you remove the sand.

The Proof of the Pudding

"The proof of the pudding is in the Eating." So runs an old proverb. But Eugene Christian, the well-known food specialist, says that the proof is in the digesting.

His article gives us some interesting side-lights on the action of various food combinations and tells us of the somersaults our stomachs turn in an effort to digest them.

Mr. Christian's method of stopping gas, indigestion, stomach acidity and constipation will be of extreme interest to the many sufferers from stomach trouble.

When you put into your stomach one of the hundreds of harmful food combinations which my experiments have disclosed, you are literally "throwing sand into the gear-box." Your stomach becomes clogged, gas is formed, the digestive juices are blocked; stomach acidity, indigestion and acute constipation are the immediate results. And finally every organ of the body is affected. Brain, eyes, hearing, heart, liver, lungs, nervous system—all become disorganized and often diseased.

NOW, as I have said, if it is not interfered with the body will maintain a natural, vigorous condition at all times. The stomach, when given the proper foods, will feed strength, vigor and energy to the body and will keep the mind bright and alert.

Therefore, is it not natural to believe that if the stomach is put back once more on a normal, healthy food ration—given the proper food combinations—that the natural juices and acids secreted by nature will bring it back to normal and eliminate all stomach disorders and all the associated ills?

This is not only supposition. It is fact. I have proved it in many thousands of cases. People have come to me suffering from every ailment which an abused stomach can cause. And in from 48 to 72 hours I have sent them away rejoicing; their digestive tract functioning naturally and well, constipation banished, gas and acidity gone forever.

These seemingly miraculous results were achieved through simply combining in the proper way the foods these people ate; in giving them what they wanted to eat *in the proper combinations.*

* * * * *

WITH Eugene Christian's method of treatment you can eat the things you like. You are not told that you must not eat the good, nourishing foods to which you are accustomed. You are not bound up with a lot of rules or expensive diets. You go right on eating the foods you like so long as they are properly combined with other foods.

This sounds so simple that many people will be incredulous. Many will think that a thing so obvious and so easy could not possibly cure so terrible an affliction as a bad stomach. Therefore, it will take unusual methods to back up this statement. Here is the way we propose proving our claims to you at our expense.

DON'T send a cent. This is going to be a free proof. Merely mail us the coupon. We will send you 24 Little Lessons in Corrective Eating, written by Eugene Christian to fill a nation-wide demand for his treatment. These lessons contain actual menus for breakfast, luncheon and dinner; covering every condition of health and sickness from infancy to old age, and for every occupation and climate.

With these lessons at hand it is just as though you were in personal touch with the great food expert. You can start immediately eating the very things that will produce the increased mental and physical energy you are seeking. And you will find that you secure results with the first meal. This, of course, does not mean that complicated illnesses can be removed at one meal, but it does mean that real results can nearly always be seen in 48 hours or less.

Try these delicious menus given in the Little Lessons for five days. Then after five days of health-building meals, if you are not convinced that right food combinations will not entirely banish your stomach trouble, send the lessons back to us and you will not be out a cent.

But if you realize — as you surely will — that these little lessons are invaluable to you as a health-builder and health-keeper, just keep them and send us only three dollars in full payment for the entire set.

That is the easiest, surest and quickest way we know of. We don't ask much of you. Just a 48-hour trial at our expense, that's all. You keep the lessons free for five days, but we stand or fall by what they can do for you in 48 hours. Surely you owe it to yourself at least to investigate this method and give this society an opportunity to prove its real worth. Give your stomach a fighting chance. Mail the coupon right now.

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You may send me prepaid a copy of Corrective Eating in 24 Lessons. I will either remail them to you within five days or send you $3.

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We are the Sheep

By Dr. Frank Crane

IT'S about time the great, silent, unvocal majority had its innings. I refer to what Mr. Meltzer calls the "Intermediary Class"—neither Capitalist nor Proletariat. They call us Bourgeois.

That means just plain, every-day United States—Folks.

We are not Socialists, because we have no cocksure scheme for running the Government nor for bringing in the Millenium in a minute.

We are not of Wall Street, nor are we Republicans or Democrats or Catholics or A. P. A.'s or Methodists or Sinn Feiners or Bolsheviks or anything but just Folks.

We don't want graft. We don't want anything we don't earn. We don't want to hold a pistol at the head of Congress and make it see things our way. We don't say we'll take our doll-rags and go home unless everybody agrees with us. We are no menacing Minority.

We are the sheep everybody shears.

We are the placid Majority.

WE go along, paying our taxes, getting all the money we honestly can, hiring people to labor for us when we can get anybody that will work, investing in stocks and bonds we don't know much about, paying parsons to tell us how to be decent, reading the kind of newspapers and magazines that are printed, drinking the milk and eating the bread that we find for sale, and trying to obey the laws our legislators concoct.

Isn't it about time we formed a Party, or a Union, or something?

The Railroad Men have their Union, and the Bricklayers, and the Molders, and the Waiters, and the Plumbers, and the Actors. And the Bankers have their Trusts. And then there are the embattled Office Seekers and Grafters that organize into Political Parties.

What about Us? Us is spelt U. S.

What about Me, and John and Cousin Ed, and Aunt Mary?

I MEAN that vast multitude that walk when the street-car men strike, freeze when the janitors strike, pay $50 for a $30 suit when the tailors strike, eat flapjacks when the bakers strike, cook our own bacon and eggs when the cooks strike, and enjoy a little peace of mind and a chance to talk when the theater orchestra strikes.

We thought we didn't belong to any Class, but we discover that we do.

We are Bourgeois.

IT is we that the rampant Bolshevik hates. It is upon us that the Greenwich Village revolutionist looks with scorn.

The Capitalist and the Aristocrat snub us.

The Laborer regards us as his enemy, also gouges us.

We give the Literary High-Brow a large pain.

When there is a strike, both sides strike Us, not each other. The Grocer cheats Us.

All who yearn to revolute and upturn find us in the road and curse us.

Also the Reactionary, seeing we are cold toward the time-honored bunk of his glorious traditions, pauses to swat us.

Poets look on us as hopeless, and Bricklayers are of the same opinion.

THE trouble is, viewed from one side, that we use a toothbrush, wear a clean collar, live with our legal wife, work for a living, save up a little money, keep most of the Ten Commandments, and generally try to mind our own business. Which is just plain, disgustingly Common.

The trouble is, viewed from the other side, we don't care a hang about Sassiety and our Best People, we don't want to keep up with the Joneses, it doesn't interest us to be bowed to by Mrs. Gotrox, nor be invited to the Duchess of Dingbat's tea. When we get through our day's work, we want to go home and tend the garden, eat with our family, play with the children, read a book, and go to bed.

We are not of any Elect.

WE are not Misunderstood. On the contrary, our neighbors have us sized up about right, and we are getting about all we earn.

We don't believe the country is going to the dogs. We think the President is doing his durndest according to his lights. We believe most men are honest and want to do the square thing, and most things will get well if you don't pick 'em.

We are full of the most Bourgeois opinions. We believe Prohibition's a good thing and that we'll all be glad of it in ten years from now. We don't see why a woman shouldn't vote if she wants to. We think the men who are running the Big Business of the country, and who came to their positions by Natural Selection, are doing it better than a lot of Walking Delegates of the Plumbers' Union would do it. Also that a man is not necessarily a criminal because he's rich, nor a nobody because he's poor.

WE are in the Bourgeois Class, along with Abraham Lincoln, Henry Ford, J. J. Hill, Ed Howe, Melville Stone, James Whitcomb Riley, Walt Mason, John Wanamaker, William Shakespeare, also the typewriter and telephone girl, the clerk in the shoe-store, and the milkman, the doctor, lawyer, preacher, and the ex-saloonkeeper.

We don't belong to the Vere de Veres, and a good many of our ancestors, likely as not, were glad to book passage in the steerage. Neither do we, on the other hand, belong to the professional Proletariat; Upton Sinclair, the United States Senate, Debs, and Berger get on our nerves with their unending yaps and aches.

We are hopeless. We even go to church.



Democracy

By Gilbert K.

DEMOCRACY, the doctrine that every man is a citizen and therefore a ruler of the city, has passed through a process common to most visions that are called dreams. When a revolutionary idea returns to the world, it is first dismissed as too bad to be true, and then dismissed as too good to be true. Democracy is abused as an anarchy fit only for apes, and then afterward even more abused as a perfection only possible to angels.

We say so often that democracy is the only hope of the nations, that it will be well to realize, on the contrary, that nations are the only hope of democracy.

In other words, patriotism, so far from being opposed to popular government, will always be one of the virtues of popular government. A populace acts more promptly, and not less promptly, against enemies or traitors than to monarchs or nobles.

Men can govern themselves; but mankind is too big to govern itself. That is why all the largest experiments of the past have been empires, and therefore autocracies.

BUT there are now so many internationalist intellectuals, who think they know all nations by knowing none, to whom this popular patriotism seems a mere paradox, that I will very roughly sketch why I think this national or local spirit a thing both spontaneous and permanent.

It inheres in certain fundamental facts of humanity—and in considering it we must once more remember what sociologists too often forget; that the citizen is, among other things, a man.

FIRST, the plain man everywhere has an instinct that these provinces or divisions are the places where democracy can really be achieved. He does not always analyze the reason, but there always is a reason. It is the fact that equality exists most completely in relation to obvious things.

An astronomer does not see the sun any plainer than an agricultural laborer sees it; and even a white man and a black man are equal in seeing the difference between black and white.

Now, the citizen feels that the simple things, about which men most feel their equality, are the things on the spot.

SUPPOSE we consider the concrete case of one village living largely by grazing and dairy produce. About the fact that milk comes from a cow the villagers are really equal; no despot or diplomatist can deceive them about such things.

They hold these truths to be self-evident. The village drunkard knows where milk comes from as well as the village dairyman, though he may feel more detachment about where it goes to.

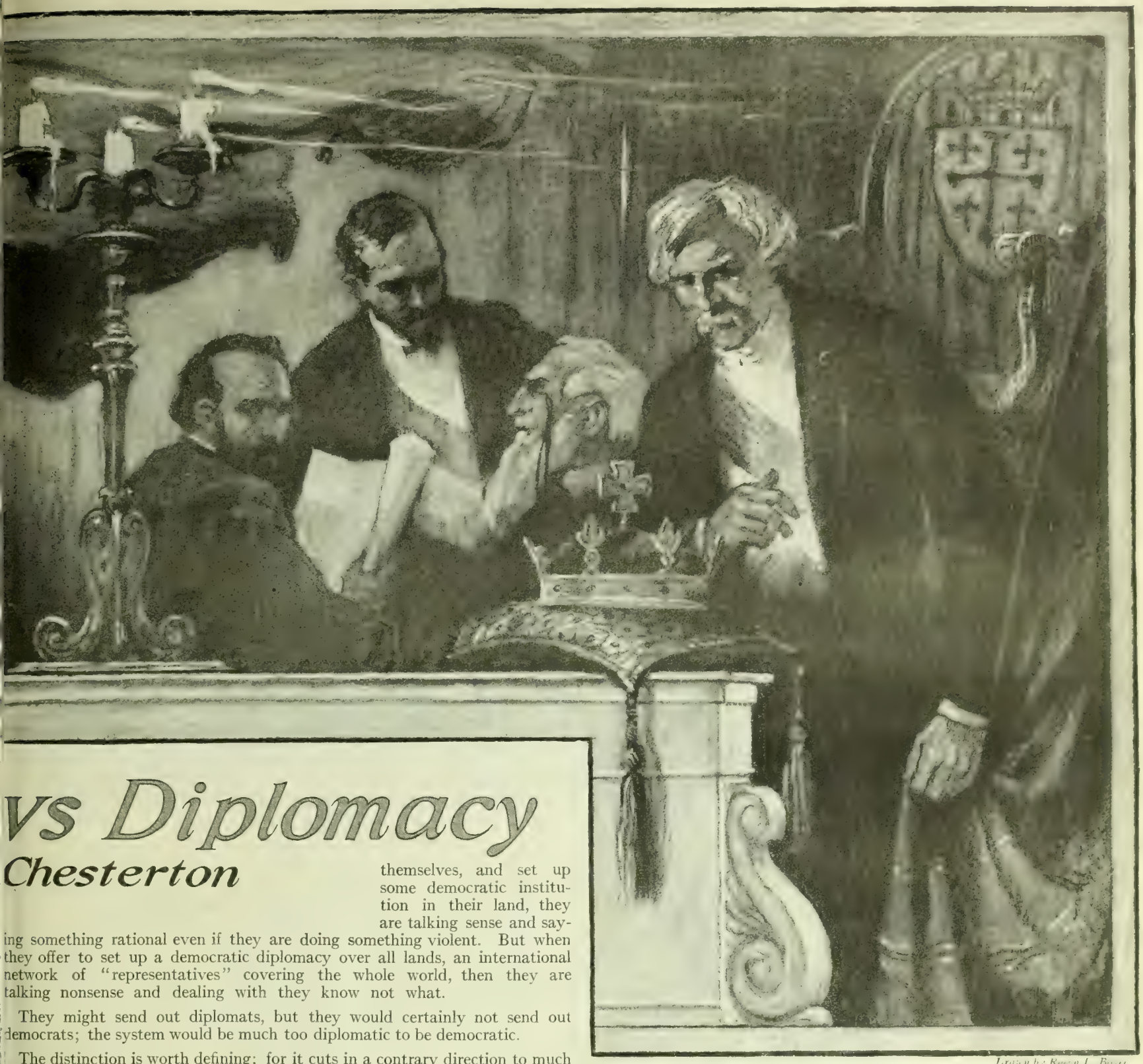
And democracy is really the most direct and decent government in such matters; because when the truism is attacked by some trick or fad or fashion, the attack is much more likely to come from a minority than a majority. If a sophist says that the equality of the sexes involves milking the bull as well as the cow, the common-sense of the village will make the very best comment that could be made. And something approaching equality will remain, in varying degrees, concerning all the problems connected with milking cows.

But it is not true that equality will exist about the project of copying some distant community which drinks the milk of elephants; or some scheme for milking the whales in the North Sea.

Touching these distant things, there is at once inferiority and superiority; the superiority of the man who has seen an elephant or sailed in the North Sea. There is established an aristocracy of travelers.

And this principle, which I have here reduced to its simplest form, means that cosmopolitanism must always be aristocratic. It is only the rich who can afford to be international; and that is the first reason why the poor are generally national.

THE general application of this elementary but neglected fact is obvious; especially touching the anarchic conditions of the new Russia or the new Germany. When certain people in Eastern Europe say they can rule



...vs Diplomacy

...Chesterton

themselves, and set up some democratic institution in their land, they are talking sense and saying something rational even if they are doing something violent. But when they offer to set up a democratic diplomacy over all lands, an international network of "representatives" covering the whole world, then they are talking nonsense and dealing with they know not what.

They might send out diplomats, but they would certainly not send out democrats; the system would be much too diplomatic to be democratic.

The distinction is worth defining; for it cuts in a contrary direction to much current talk.

In things like the Russian Revolution it is rather the part that is illegal that is legitimate because it is local. It is the part that is legal, the attempt to draw up a cosmopolitan code for all nations, that is to be resisted to the death.

In their riots the Russians murdered men they knew something about; in their propaganda they try to rescue or benefit men they know nothing whatever about.

There is much more to be said for Bolshevist riot than for Bolshevist rule.

THE second truth may roughly be defined by saying that no normal man will accept an abstraction as the complete copy of an actuality. His refusal is intellectual as well as instinctive; for it is nearly always an incomplete copy.

I mean that certain virtues evaporate when you attempt to translate a national tradition into an international treaty.

Here again we must feel the citizen as a man and his public life as if it were private life.

A MAN traveling in strange cities may feel homesick for his house in the country; but he will only say he wants his home, and the word will cover many more things than he can remember at the moment.

He may like to read in his library without liking to read his library catalogue; and he may like his furniture without walking about with an inventory of his furniture. He will not give up home for any abstraction,—even for Domesticity. He will not admit that what he wants is rusticity, which he might have up a tree, or privacy, as in a padded cell.

Drawn by Ralph L. Boyer

A man will stick to what he likes when there is no time to remember what he likes about it.

I will defend England when there is no time to define England. I know that "England" means a mass of things from the Dickens stories to the Downs, just as "home" means a mass of things from the dictionary to the dog.

When you say you can reproduce all these things in a universal republic I do not believe you. And if you ask any red-hot republican who is also a patriot,—M. Clemenceau, for instance,—he will tell you the same. He will be proud that France represents Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, but he will not allow Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity to represent France.

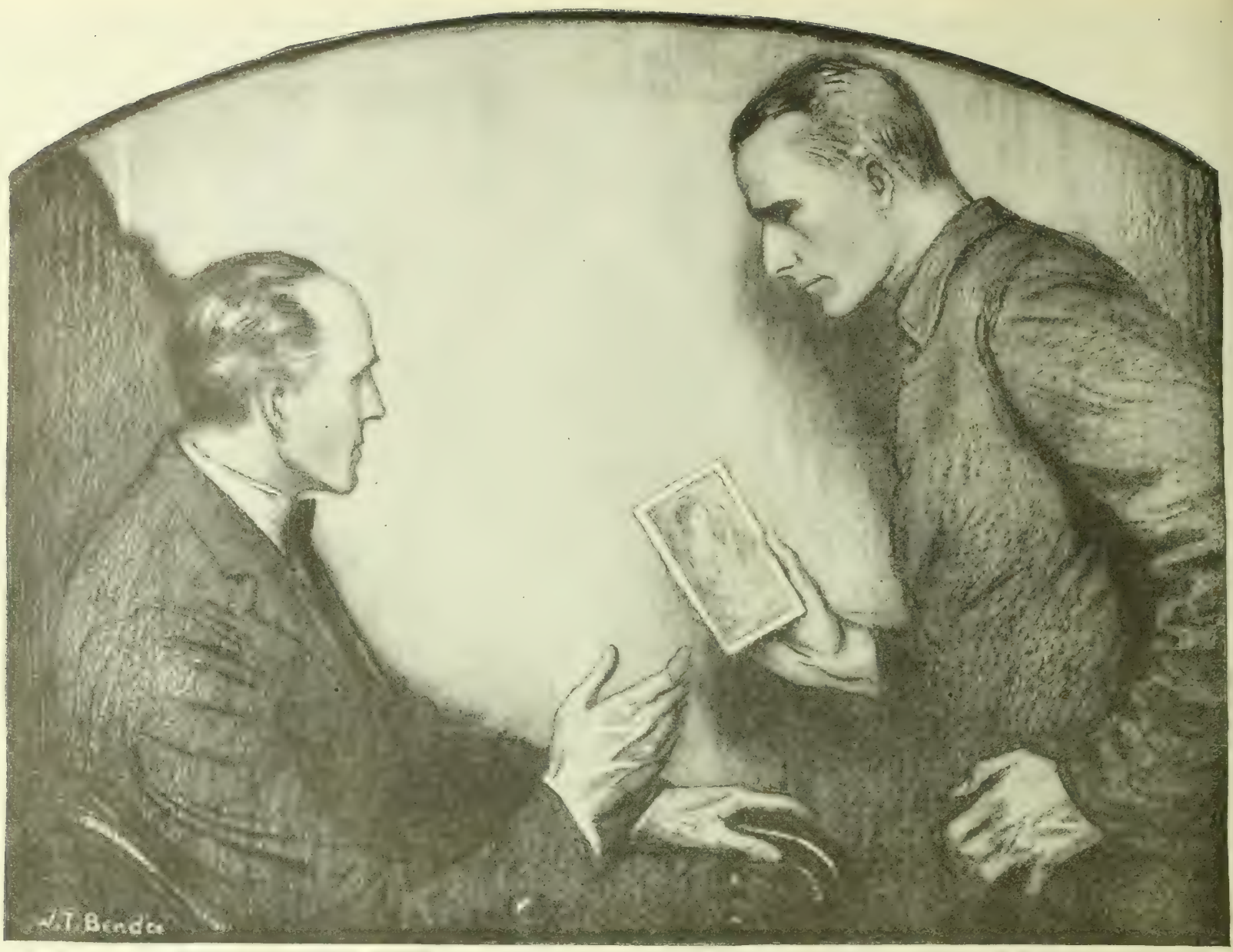
AN American will be rightly proud of a unique type of federal democracy, combining wide local liberties with a single popular executive. But transfer this bodily from the American states to the German states, and all Americans will be conscious that the new experiment is really new.

They may admit it is federal; they may admit it is free; they will naturally not admit it is American.

They may think it a better Germany, but they would think it a much worse America.

THE nations, especially the Western nations, have a high historic complexity and continuity which they will not have simplified in the sense of stultified.

Any negation, whether it be called imperialism or internationalism, which moves to destroy the nations will be like that Iconoclasm which once moved out of the East to destroy the statues of civilization, for the great nations are the world's really great works of art.



Although the Governor's hand was extended eagerly, the prisoner took a look at the photograph before he passed it on.

A Whiff of Heliotrope

By Richard Washburn Child

Illustrated by W.T. Benda

SOMEWHERE there is a girl.

They say she is beautiful. They say she is young, a golden girl, created as if from bits of spring sunlight, and that to-day her life is as full of promise as spring itself. They say she is velvety and soft and that there is about her that strange dignity and restraint and calm which the French convent can give, but that she can dance—oh, how she can dance!—as if music, expressing the great promise of her life, was able to unlock her spirit, and that it then flowed forth in undulating motion or spurted into the world, leaving a spray of happiness wherever her steps passed by, in a shower of vivacity.

They say her lips have never touched other lips except for one pair. And they say that it is probable that they never will. Happiness, the promise of full bloom, content! All these because, and only because, of a perfume from the long-ago!

THE location of a penitentiary is of no consequence; the place is seldom chosen for its view, or fresh air or the prospect which one could see even if one could stand, as the pacing guard can, upon the top of the thick, high wall of the merciless, treeless yard between the workshop and the cell-house, with their grim, hideous monotony of ugly stone and ugly barred openings.

The "stir," as the professionals used to call this unmerry institution, was built by the State close to the railroad tracks. The sun beats down, the freight engines snort, the chains of cars clank and the odor of soft coal and sluggish river come over the high wall where men look up hoping to see a bird cross the empty rectangle of sky. One man among them—he who is third in "seniority"—has heard the noon whistle on the engine-house blow within fifty or sixty thousand times. He had a number; none of the three wardens had changed it. It was 480. There is luck only in odd numbers.

Number 480 was a trusty. He was a "lifer." He had reached old age here; old age here is being forty-five when one begins being a "lifer" at twenty-six, and has left a girl with pretty hair and red cheeks and delicately formed limbs and a smile of such innocence that it makes one forget how purple-black her soul can turn in moments of viciousness. She had been married twice since, but, as if he haunted her, she had written him nearly every year—sometimes twice! She had sent her photograph too—a bit stout and all dolled up. But what person looking upon this portrait of a woman who, like a cat, had lived nearly eight lives, would guess that, in fact, she was older than Number 480 who once had learned so much terrible wildness from the ingenuity behind the luster of her black eyes and under the sheen of her black hair? Her name was Cleo.

He threw the picture away but he could not throw away the picture of her as she had been in the old days when life was a galloping horse of wild unreckoning runaway joy—of adventure, danger, craft, resource, bravado, grinding teeth, hot head, and then in moments of change, the serpentine sloth, the basking pleasure with Joe. He called her Joe; the gang all called her Joe. She had claws and fangs. Yes, she had!—back in those days of Chicago's South Side—the tender, graceful, white-armed, cool, moist-skinned Cleo Brody—like a reptilian sorceress, bleached by the darkness—like something out of a deep cave—damn her!

No. 480 must have thought of her that day, that hot, sunbaked day, when the heat-waves trembled so that every man was a neurasthenic—that day the Governor came.

The Governor had come down from the Capital to speak at the annual fair; he told the farmers what he would do if reelected, and the crowd in the streets who had cheered the gray-white winner of the All-Western Derby, cheered the gray-white lies the Governor told; and then he visited the "Pen" because he had promised Mike Pyne, the Warden, that he would. The politicians were trying to "get" Mike Pyne because of his "honor system" administration of this institution of "correction" where criminals are made permanent. The Governor was a humane man and he was on Mike Pyne's side and in defending the Warden—the square-jawed, flat-faced, honest old simple-thinking Warden—he wanted to be able to say that he had made an inspection of conditions at first hand. He could use the phrase, "I saw with my own eyes;" he could use it from the stump in the next campaign if necessary. So he left two members of his staff outside talking to the Warden's overdressed wife on the porch of the Warden's house, where the lemonade was, and he, having put his official hand into Pyne's warm, meaty grasp, went into the office and slumped down into a comfortable leather chair and wiped his high brow with a silk handkerchief as big as a bureau cover.

"Well Pyne, my friend," he said cheerfully, "let's see. I want to look at the place of course. I promised I'd pay you a visit. You're doing all right. Let the opposition howl."

THE Warden was a direct personality; if anything was to be done he was for doing it at once. He is one of the few beefy men who is always prompt.

"Do you want to go inside now, Governor?" he said, reaching for his broad-brimmed black felt hat.

"Well, in just a little," the other man said with his eternal lawyer's manner of judicial weighing of all questions, problems and decisions. "Suppose first I take up with you those two pardons."

Pyne looked up quickly and then drummed with his heavy square-end finger-tips on the desk.

"Yes," he said. "I wrote you."

"You didn't sign the papers for ——." The Governor put on his glasses and looked at the sheet. "For Number 480. His name?"

"It's there—George Hasdock," the Warden answered.

"Why didn't you sign?"

The Warden was one of those heavy men, square of frame. When his eyes looked at you they left an impression of looking out of square openings. His hands were square. Perhaps his mind was square. The men inside, the lifers, the yeggs, the incorrigibles, and even the forgers and sneaks and embezzlers whom Pyne could never like quite as much nor believe quite as promising, called him "Square Mike" behind his back, believed in him, were with him, not because he was a reform-jail-system warden, but because he acted square. "Even his conversation comes in square blocks," Denver Eddie once said of him.

AND now Pyne answered squarely. "I wanted to pass the buck, Governor. I wanted you to see the man yourself. It was he—the man —who begged for a pardon or a parole. My stars, how he has begged! And I'm with him. Only there's a risk. I wanted to dodge it. I wanted to put the responsibility on you."

"How?"

"Your judgment, Mercer," Pyne said, forgetting titles. "See the man. Talk with him. He has the blamedastest tale. We get some tough ones, but —his!—Lord! Two women. Three lives!"

His Excellency looked back into Pyne's face, studying. Whatever his reluctance to touch personally the wreck of a life, he was still more reluctant to suffer the certain contempt that a direct and conscientious man like Pyne has for those who dodge issues.

"For a moment I thought I'd pass the buck back to you," the Governor said. "But I don't often have the chance to stand stiffer and firmer than you do, Pyne—I'll take up your dropped burden. Bring in your man."

THE Warden picked up the telephone. "Send in Hasdock," he said, and then to the Governor who had raised his eyebrows, "He's a trusty. He was a trusty back five years ago—the year before I came."

"The other case—the—er—forger. That's clear, isn't it? Prison doctor says T. B. But tell me briefly about the man —the one I am to see."

Pyne played with a paper-cutter as he talked. He said: "He was a Chicago messenger boy once. Then a bellhop. He learned the world that way. Gambling on the ponies. Shot in a card game in New Orleans. After six months he found the man who put him in the hospital and left him for dead. Arrested. Six months. Learned something in the penitentiary. Great schools, Governor, we run. Teach a rotten brand of fortitude. Discharged with a prison pal named Foley. Met Foley's sister. Oh, well—on and on— Hitched onto Blake's pay-off joint and kicked in his share of wholesale house burglaries. Then came out here. Country-town bank. Safe-blowing job. Night watchman fired two shots. Hasdock was cornered. Offered to surrender, but watchman saw red. Hasdock's life or his. So Hasdock made the big mistake, as he says himself. He often says, "I wish to God I'd taken that medicine instead of this."

The Governor nodded.

"Record good?"

"Excellent. Best man in the lot. Not tame. I don't mean that. Damn the milk-and-water ones, Governor. This one has still got fight in him. I like him for it. It's the whining, soft hypocrites that make me sick. No, there's something in this one that hasn't been killed. I guess it's soul, Governor. It's what makes a man shoot to kill when it's misused, and the same thing that makes him throw his own life away to save another. I'd hate to have Hasdock say he'd kill me. He'd do it if it took a lifetime. But I'm human enough to love him. He tries to get the men here in line. He says, 'The Pen is our world, boys, let's make it the best one we can.' And when he says he'll do a thing——"

"You'd bet your last dollar?"

"Yes, on his nod. Yegg, profligate, murderer. Ran the whole record of vice and crime. Ran it in a hurry. And yet—well, here he is."

Hearing the steps in the corridor, Mercer sat up. He was conscious of his almightiness, but not sure that he would not be embarrassed. He was a little surprised at the appearance of the man in the trusty's blue serge in the doorway; he, like so many of us, expect among criminals to find the "criminal type."



They say she is young, a golden girl, created as if from spring sunlight.

HASDOCK'S hair had turned a lifeless white, suggestive of the colorless things which sprout in cellars. The pallor of his skin was not the prison pallor of fiction, but only that strange, priestlike pallor which had grown up with him, and if it had not been the setting for two deep-set and clear-blue eyes it might have been unpleasant.

He was a tall, lean and graceful person. Neither the manual labor nor the humiliation of his position, nor the garb nor the manner of prison had effaced from him an air of fastidiousness, which half-a-dozen of his old pals, who may be alive and read this, will recognize and remember. His nails were polished. His lined face was closely shaven, his hair was parted scrupulously. He might have been an English lord of an inbred and run-out line.

If there was anything about him, except the slight stoop, symbolic of hideous prison patience, and the eternal restlessness of his clear-blue eyes, it was his grin. He always appeared as if life was a joke —a ghastly comedy. This contrasted unpleasantly with the upper part of his face, for there upon forehead and around the eyes there was an indication that life was tragic and perhaps sublime.

"This is Hasdock," said the Warden.

The prisoner appeared baffled; he looked at the strange and important personage with a scowl of doubt and perhaps of suspicion.

"It's nothin' about her?" he said to Pyne at last in a hoarse whisper.

"No, no," the Warden replied. "Not directly—not the way you mean. Come in, Hasdock. This is Governor Mercer. I spoke to him about you."

Number 480 stood with his lips parted and once he shut his teeth and drew in a long breath.

"Yes, sir," he said at last.

Pyne looked from the face of the Governor, which had become resistant and cold, to the lifer. The Warden said:

"Tell the Governor. Everything depends on it. Tell him as you told me, old man."

Hasdock, with the grin on his mouth and the wistfulness of all human yearnings multiplied throughout the ages in his eyes, walked forward and then looked down at the rose blooms on the carpet at his feet.

"I want to get out," he said like a talking-machine. "I've done twenty years. I want to get out."

"They all want to get out," the Governor said with unconscious brutality. He considered this a common-place expression out of the mouth of Stern Justice.

"I got another reason," said Hasdock.

"State it."

Number 480 glanced quickly toward the Warden, and Pyne nodded assent. This nod he followed by saying, "You can tell Governor Mercer just as you told me. He's on the level."

"Thank you, Pyne," Mercer said. "And now Hasdock——"

"It's my girl."

"Your wife?"

"Wife!" The prisoner's face, white, lined upper half grave, lower half grinning, turned suddenly black. His mouth twisted into silent blasphemies. And then as suddenly, as if a storm had passed, as if a benevolent breeze had cleared away a blanket of poisonous vapors, a light sprang into his countenance. It appeared to spring up from the storage-batteries of long days of affection—the affection which grows with slowness and silence, like a cedar tree, resists not, becomes beautiful with age, points to the sky.

"It's Alice," he said in a whisper, as if this was his secret.

"Alice?"

"Yes, sir. My daughter."

MERCER put on his glasses again and looked at the typewritten sheet in his hand. He said, "I don't find anything about any Alice here. The record doesn't say anything about a daughter."

"No," said Hasdock anxiously. "No. It don't. Nobody knows but me. And one woman in Paris, who's dead. And the Warden. And her mother—Joe."

"On the record as Cleo Hasdock, wife," explained Pyne.

"Oh, yes," Mercer said. "I see. The daughter is in some kind of trouble. And he wants to go to her."

The prisoner thrust forth his arm with a watch-spring swiftness and held it extended on a crooked elbow, the palm of the hand vertical. It was like an imitation of a knife-thrust and it was a characteristic gesture, used a lifetime to command attention.

"You don't get it, Governor," he said, sending forth word after word, as a machine for cutting wire nails spits out its metallic product. "She ain't never going to see me—not in a thousand years!"

The other scowled, as if he disapproved of parental coldness, and Pyne, seeing the scowl, smiled as if he were thinking that the Governor had much to learn.

"If you are responsible for bringing this child into the world, the first thing you ought to think about when you get out is going to her—helping her—trying to make up for these twenty years of being away from her, through your own fault."

Hasdock looked at the Governor, who had lapsed back into the leather chair, self-satisfied; he looked upon him with pity and shook his head.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said with a patient sigh. "I gotta explain to you like I did to the Warden. Here's a picture of her."

He fumbled in his inside pocket, producing it, and although the Governor's long-fingered hand was extended eagerly, the prisoner took a long look at the photograph before he passed it on.

Some Parisian maker of portraits had produced an extraordinary example of his art. This was no motionless and inertly flat picture personality. Even the golden quality of the original appeared to be projected so that there shimmered on the nine square inches of the pocket photograph a suggestion of the color of life. And from the quiet tender eyes and from the slightly parted moist lips there shone forth that poised expectancy of youth, beauty and love.

"See her hair and them eyes," said Hasdock. "There ain't a drop of her mother's blood in her."

"She's like you?"

"Yes, sir. See the hair." He touched his own lifeless white hair as if he had forgotten for the moment that youth had gone. "Yes, she's like me—the best of *me*."

"And yet—" began Mercer. "You don't want to see her?"

"My God!" Hasdock answered. "Want to see her! Well, from the day I put her into that Frenchwoman's hands and looked down at her—a little thing, no longer than my arm—and I thought my bloody soul had been run all out of me and into her, she's all I ever wanted to see. I wouldn't believed it. I know what thirst for booze is. And I know how a guy hungers for the snow-stuff. I been there. But it's easy to be off them things compared to a fight to stop the hanker for her. Want to see her? Do I? Hell, I'd do another thousand years right here and now, to see her—just once."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mercer. "I understand. And does she want to see you?"

"See me?" inquired Hasdock sarcastically. "She want to see me? Why, Governor Mercer, she don't know she's mine. And by God she won't ever know. I was having life easy and money tucked away when I provided for her. The Frenchwoman was high class and she kept her mouth shut except to write me every year until she blew out. Oh, I had plenty of being a fool, but when I fixed it that time so Alice wouldn't ever know who she come from, I had my bean working good."

MERCER stared; he was flabbergasted. The clock ticked, the flies buzzed against the screen, and at last he said inquiringly, and hopefully,

"And maybe your heart, Hasdock?"

The prisoner did not hear, but he was thinking too.

"That was the little house that I built," he said with a deep breath. "I provided for her when there was time. And all these years here, when I knew I'd never set eyes on her, just the same I knew she was the best of me and was separated from me and the worst of me and the dirt of being mine. See? I've sent my overtime earnings too since I been here. Damn her little picture—she was mine anyhow!"

The Governor took off his glasses and wiped his thin lips with the palm of his hand; he was preparing a sentence. The Warden, however, broke in, saying,

"Wait a moment, Governor. Let him finish."

Hasdock looked up. "I bet I've stretched my arms out in the dark of the cell a million times. But let that go. You don't care nothing about none of that. That's between me and——"

"Who?"

"Let it pass, I say," the prisoner repeated sullenly; and then he added, "I don't mean no offense. It comes down to why I want to get out. That's what you want to know. And I told the Warden and he wants me to tell you. Only, before I do, you gotta see that this girl and her happiness—all clean and free from dirt—is my one bet now. Sometimes a man has got an idea that everything is staked on one bet. But I know. It's no idea. Everything I got is on that girl. I haven't seen her in twenty years and she never heard my name. But everything I got is staked on her."

Mercer nodded, wide-eyed. This was a new experience for him.

"Yes, sir," the prisoner went on. "She could die and I could stand that. She will never see my face and I will never see hers. And I can stand that, too. But by Judas! she has come (*Continued on page 83*)



Into the black curtain came the face of a man. The upper half was grave, but the lo[illegible] ...ie grimness Joe knew so well.

Something More than the Pay Envelope

By Elbert H. Gary
In an Interview with B. C. Forbes

RECENT events have not shaken my confidence in the fairness and reasonableness of the vast majority of American workmen or in their ability to handle the prevailing spirit of unrest in a way to avoid the troubles and disasters that have overtaken certain European countries.

Last June I issued a statement in which I said:

> "Accomplishment by force in any form must give way to reason and conciliation. This is not idealistic; it is practical common-sense. The Golden Rule, more and more, should and will be practiced in every-day economic life."

President Wilson more recently expressed, with greater force, the same sentiment when he said, in his address to Congress:

> "I believe, too, that the more extreme leaders of organized labor will presently yield to a sober second thought and, like the great mass of their associates, think and act like true Americans. They will see that strikes undertaken at this critical time are certain to make matters worse, not better—worse for them and for everybody else."

In an enlightened land like America, where the average standard of education among the so-called working classes,—(we are all workers either with hand or brain or both; there is no standard for drawing an exact line between capital and labor),—is relatively high, there should be little occasion for labor troubles. Indeed, there would be little or no occasion for troubles did employers and employees alike approach all questions in a spirit of justice and with a full understanding of all the facts and factors entering into each case. Misunderstanding usually arises from lack of understanding. Not a great many men, either workers or employers, mean to be unfair. Where unreasonable action is taken the cause more often lies in faulty judgment, based on imperfect knowledge of all the facts and circumstances, than in any wilful desire to do by threat or force anything unjust.

It cannot be denied that in the past the workingman throughout the world did not, broadly speaking, receive all that he should have received; nor was the "master and servant" relationship at all ideal.

THE time has come when the wage-earner should enjoy a more generous share of what his efforts, in conjunction with capital and management, produce.

The workman is entitled to something more than what is contained in his pay-envelope.

No inflexible rule can be laid down for the fixing of all wages. Many conditions and influences have to be taken into consideration in each individual case, such as the times, places, services rendered, results of operations, and, not least, the question of supply and demand, which always has been and will be a factor in determining the price of labor as well as the price of commodities.

On the subject of wages I would, however, lay down as suitable for general application this maxim:

When there is any well-founded doubt as to wage rates it should be decided in favor of the employee.

Employers must more and more pay conscientious heed to the safety and health, moral, mental and physical, of employees and, so far as practicable, of their families.

There are too many accidents in industry. No expense should be spared to protect the life and limb of workmen by the use of the best and most modern safety appliances. Our corporation almost from the start has devoted serious, consistent, alert effort, at the cost of many millions of dollars, to safeguard every class of workers from bodily injury. It has been gratifying to us to receive appreciative recognition in the form of awards and honors from national associations engaged in promulgating such reforms.

Proper medical, surgical and hospital facilities should be provided in all cases. And no pains should be spared to provide the very finest sanitary conditions.

Pensions, both for old age or other disability, should be arranged on a liberal scale. There should be approved systems for voluntary and immediate relief in case of accident.

Healthy and attractive working quarters and homes, together with vegetable and flower gardens, schools, churches, parks and facilities for wholesome amusements and recreation should be provided. In short, everything within reason which can be done to enable workers to enjoy life amid proper environment ought to be done, not only because this will tend to retain workers, but because such environment is necessary for the development of the right kind of citizens and the right kind of children, healthy in body, in mind and in disposition.

Something beyond all this should be done by employers, particularly large organizations. In times of acute temporary stress neither the employee nor his family ought to be left to suffer for lack of the necessities of life. While this may not be "called for in the bond," it is humane—and it pays, too, in dollars and cents far beyond what those who have never done it are apt to imagine.



E. H. Gary, commander of the greatest industrial army ever organized; during the war it numbered 300,000.

EARLY in its existence our corporation recognized the desirability of giving employees opportunity to invest on favorable terms in shares of the business. We inaugurated a system of employee stock ownership as long ago as 1903. Under the attractive terms arranged, no less than $80,000,000 worth of Steel Corporation stock, common and preferred, has been subscribed for by our own people. By paying for their stock regularly and systematically from their wages, the employees develop the habit of thrift, they cultivate ambition, and their sense of responsibility is heightened. They become, in short, genuine partners in the business.

One day I received a letter from a foreign-born, poorly-educated laborer in one of our plants. He complained that a certain workman, whom he named, was wasting material. The writer added that, as he was a stockholder, he wanted this waste stopped. I asked the general manager to investigate, and, sure enough, what the writer said was found to be true.

The incident, trivial in itself, is illuminative of how this stock-ownership (*Concluded on page 68*)

Making Life Worth While for Workers

By C. L. Close

Director Bureau of Safety, Sanitation and Welfare, U. S. Steel Corporation.

I HAVE been associated with Judge Gary's activities on behalf of our people for many years, and if we have left anything undone to insure their health and safety and happiness, it has not been because he did not desire to have it done.

What are some of the things we do along these lines?

Committees of workers were started as long ago as 1908; we now have more than 5,000 wage earners on these committees. Each department of each plant has a committee; each plant, in turn, has a committee; each company has its committee; and then there is a central committee composed of representatives from all the companies forming the parent corporation. These committees look after such matters as sanitation, safety, general working conditions, recreation, education, Americanization—everything, in fact, pertaining to the well-being of the workers and their families.

We were among the first of the very large corporations to bring forward a plan to enable even the humblest of our workmen to become holders of stock through a system of easy installment payments from wages, the holders of such stock receiving in addition to the regular dividends, five dollars a share extra for five years, thus making their investment exceptionally profitable.

Last year alone no fewer than 60,741 employees became stockholders. Their subscriptions totalled 156,680 shares, representing a par value of $15,668,000. In the last four years our own employees have purchased stock to an aggregate par value of $37,000,000, or more than the total capital stock of the average industrial company.

AS for what is commonly grouped under the general head of "Welfare Work," our expenditures last year were $12,650,081.

None of this work, however, is allowed to take the place in any way whatsoever of adequate advances in wages to meet changing conditions. From the beginning of 1916 to October, 1918, eight wage increases were granted, the accumulated increase reaching 131 per cent. From 1914 the average earnings per employee rose from $905 to $1,950 at the end of last year. Every increase was granted voluntarily before any demand came from the workers. Indeed, we had no strikes from beginning to end of the war.

Furthermore it is safer to-day to be a steel worker than a farmer. That statement may astonish you, but it it borne out by the records. We have reduced accidents by fifty per cent. since 1906. A study of 185,490 accidents brought out that less than 4½ per cent. were due to causes distinctive to the steel industry and not peculiar to all industries. Not less than 90 per cent. of all accidents are traced to the *carelessness* of the workers.

We have 350 first-aid or emergency stations, to say nothing of perfectly-equipped hospitals at some of the plants. Over $500,000 was spent last year alone in providing (*Concluded on page 60*)

Salesmen Who Can't Sell Me Anything

By Walt Mason



He was just out of school, wore his hair roached and chewed gum

SEVEN SALESMEN come to see me, selling books or beeswax salve; six give up the job and flee me; one gets all the coin I have. Six are selling goods of merit, strictly fine and up to date; but their style! I cannot bear it, so I shoo them from my gate. Six have rude or servile manners, they're extravagant with wind; so I send them to the canners, where such delegates are tinned. One is selling goods of shoddy, none would want about the place; but this fellow's curves embody all there is of art and grace. He is grateful to the senses, he is soothing to the soul; so he scales my garden fences, and he bears away my roll.

Walt Mason

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, being unable to sleep, I groped around for something to read. I was wearing my foot in a valise at the time, because of rheumatism, and it would have been a painful journey to the bookcase, across the room. The only book within reach was a work entitled "Suggestions to Salesmen." It had been kicking around the house a long time, and, not being a salesman, I had never opened it.

But the occasion being what scientists call a groundhog case, I languidly took up the book. To my astonishment, the first page interested me; the second page exerted a still stronger pull; and the interest increased as I went on. I had never been so absorbed in a book since I first read "Half Hours With the Hangman." I forgot I had the rheumatism, and neglected to anoint my foot with Dr. Bulger's Chain Lightning Liniment at the proper time.

This book was written by the sales manager of a big corporation which has agents in every corner of the country. It was prepared as a guide to their feet and a light to their path. It covered every phase of that branch of salesmanship. The author had no literary graces, no humor, no imagination. He wrote as with a sledge-hammer. He took himself and his work seriously, and even when he instructed agents how to tie their shoelaces he permitted himself no descent into persiflage.

When I had finished the last page and put the book aside, it was my conviction that after reading it a man should be able to travel north and sell ice to the Eskimos. But the more I considered it, the less faith I had in the book and the formula it contained. It became evident to me that the author had made one great mistake—a common one in this world of woe; he lacked the psychological insight; he assumed that all people are alike, and that the prescription which will work with one will work with the rest of us.

He bunched all human beings as Prospects, without regard to age, sex or previous condition of servitude. I don't object to this. I rather enjoy being known as a Prospect. People have been calling me an Ultimate Consumer for years, and I am getting sick and tired of it. A man can be a Prospect, and still retain some shreds of personal dignity; he can hold his head up and look people in the eyes, with no blush of shame mantling his cheeks. But when you are referred to as an Ultimate Consumer it seems to place you with smoke consumers, and fireless cookers, and other utilitarian devices.

THE hymnbook speaks of a country "Where every Prospect pleases," but I have searched its pages in vain for any reference to a place where every Ultimate Consumer pleases.

The book says, among other things, that it is well to open an interview with a Prospect by telling an amusing story, and suggests that salesmen should have a stock of such stories ready for immediate delivery. I detest funny stories unless I tell them myself; and if an agent opened business by telling me about the Irishman who came to this country and got a job carrying a hod, I'd release the imported Siberian bloodhound at once. This one suggestion shows a fatal weakness in the author's system. We really are a serious-minded people, especially when we are expected to spend money; and a salesman approaching us with a view to selling a revolving churn would be wiser to speak of graves and epitaphs and dead men's bones, than to resurrect anecdotes from back-number almanacs.

The ideal salesman should be a mind reader, a psychologist and a seer. No two Prospects are alike. He should be able to glance at a victim's countenance and read his character. The method that will make a great hit with one, will cause another to take down the sword of Bunker Hill and resort to violence. In the book, salesmen are informed that a little judicious flattery greases the ways beautifully. For instance, if a Prospect deals in thoroughbred Poland China swine, it is well to intimate that said swine enjoy a national reputation, the salesman having heard of them in distant States. The author doesn't realize that only a consummate artist can handle flattery in a workmanlike manner. It should be administered with an atomizer; and the salesman who isn't an artist uses the garden hose.

FOR years I have been sawing poetry into stove-lengths and shipping it to Ultimate Consumers in all parts of the country. Practically all the salesmen who approach me—and they are ringing the doorbell all the time—have something to say about my germ-proof verse. In the majority of cases their work is too coarse, and I tell them to darken my door no more. Yesterday a man arrived with a combined corkscrew and fountain-pen. It was an implement I sorely needed, and had he got down to business at once he'd have made a sale. But he considered it wise to deliver some flattery, and applied it with a trowel. He said he had been reading my poems for years, and always had a few of them pasted in his hat, and his wife and children spent most of their time reciting my verses to each other; and a lot of stuff like that. It caused gooseflesh to appear all over my back, and I pushed him through a hedge that is covered with thorns and carpet tacks, and threw his hat over after him.

This morning a real artist appeared. He had a big grip full of books. He was suave and agreeable and talked along for ten minutes, all six cylinders hitting, without even hinting that he often got up in the middle of the night to read extracts from my valuable Works. But in the course of his remarks he quoted a stanza from one of my favorite rimes. He did it casually and beautifully. It was the most subtle and delicious flattery. That man sold me the Life and Letters of Jess Willard, in seven *de luxe* volumes, handsomely bound in purple plush, and decorated with brass-headed nails.

I am Grand Keeper of the Wampum of the Ancient Order of Easy Marks. I am always in the market for gold bricks and stuffed pelicans and any kind of merchandise that is of no use in the earth or the waters under the earth. But even the easiest mark must draw the line somewhere, and I draw it at coarse work. And what is coarse work, asks the Gentle Prospect. It is simply overdoing things. The arts and graces are in themselves beautiful things, but when they are overdone they become obnoxious.

The book which is the text of this discourse continually insists upon Politeness as the most necessary thing in a salesman's equipment, but does not devote a line to an explanation or description of politeness. It seems to be considered a garment that one can put on or off at will. As a matter of fact, politeness is the most difficult of all arts to acquire. It is such a subtle thing that men of coarse fiber can never grasp it. It is not a thing of bows and becks and wreathed smiles. It is an atmosphere. It is not a formula, and you might commit to memory all the polite phrases in the books of etiquette, and all the gestures of the dramatic schools, and fail of being polite.

WHEN I go into the Emporia "Gazette" office to loaf a while, Old Bill White looks up from his work and says, "Hello, you old fraud," or something like that. And this, as he says it, with a reassuring grin, is true politeness; and I feel quite at home, and swipe a few stamped envelopes, and drink four fingers of the copying ink, and know the office is mine.

Then I go around to Binswanger's grocery to buy some prunes and boneless codfish. Mr. Binswanger is a good man, but he is so excessively polite that if you see him before retiring the memory spoils your night's rest. He meets me at the door of his emporium, and bows me in, and smiles until his larynx catches cold, and rubs his hands, and keeps on bowing; his whole attitude seems to suggest that he'd consider himself honored if you'd kick him down into the basement and then around a block. He is like a million others; he confounds obsequiousness with politeness. I'd spend $10 with him where I now spend $1 if he wouldn't be so blamed polite.

I have a hard time finding a grocer with whom I can deal in comfort. When Dave Kershaw opened his new store he personally asked me to deal with him to some extent, and I said I surely would. Dave is a good fellow, and when my cow had appendicitis he came over and helped me nurse her all through the night. A Prospect doesn't forget a thing like that. This is the way life goes in a small town. We all know each other, and we favor those who favor us. For instance, when there is a mild form of sickness in our house, such as a bad cold or cramps in the stomach, I always send for Doc Wagstaff, although he's probably the worst physician in the State. But one rainy day my auto broke nine miles from town, and the Doc came along in his little pewter boat, and tied my car to his hind axle and towed me in, so he gets my trade for all diseases up to seven-year itch, when real medical science is required.

WELL, as I was saying, I felt under obligations to Dave, and when he opened his trade palace I went around and bought a (*Concluded on page 82*)

Better Days

By Gouverneur Morris

Illustrated by Clarence F. Underwood

Did that white-eared gypsy mare, Molly, rub noses with the blooded Lancelot and then forget him? Or did she realize that neither she nor Martin Gail, the friendly young peddler who drove her off so reluctantly, had any business giving a second thought to anyone who lived at Joyous Gard?

AT Joyous Gard they will tell you that Lancelot thought it all out. He must have, they say. And they will not tolerate any other explanation. And they speak of him, not as you would speak of a mere man of average intelligence, but as you would speak of a man whose powers of ratiocination had been developed to the *n*th power.

One thing is sure: He had fallen desperately in love with the mare Molly, and his subsequent behavior had that fact at the root of it.

It will be remembered that the little mare left the compound and the vicinity of the stable with reluctance. Lancelot saw her go. It is likely that some instinct told him that she was not coming back, and that his grief and despair were very real. Think how it would be with humans. The most lovable and attractive girl he ever saw comes into a man's life and sets his eyes dancing and his heart beating; with her, too, it is love at first sight. They meet, and without hesitation or preliminaries the man takes her in his arms and kisses her. Imagine that at this point a policeman separates them, and throws the man into jail without any explanation, and that from the window of his cell, he sees the girl who is all the world to him, as he to her, prepared to go a journey. He sees her resisting as much as she dares, put aboard a train, and, for all he knows, drawn swiftly out of his life forever. Imagine how he would feel, and how he might act.

Having rubbed noses, Lancelot and Molly had every reason to think that they belonged to each other, and that life was very beautiful. Thereupon they were separated.

For many of the two-legged inhabitants of Joyous Gard, Lancelot had a real affection. But in comparison to his great love for Molly these little affections were not worth a pinch of bran, and for those who seemed most directly to have come between him and his darling they turned instanter into suspicious hatreds. Was there never a boy in this world who, having been separated from his sweetheart by a stern father, sincerely wished to wring the old gentleman's neck? Old Galways had been father and mother to Lancelot, but to have kicked the meddlesome fool's slats in and to have bitten off his head would have afforded Lancelot infinite satisfaction.

HAD Lancelot really been able to reason he could undoubtedly have gratified himself at Galway's expense. He could have hidden the fact of his sudden dislike. But he didn't. The stallion's eyes had put Galways on his guard. And the more Lancelot raged, kicked, pawed and squealed, the more tenuous became his chances of revenging himself on those who had wronged and oppressed him.

Still, those who know Lancelot best affirm that he actually did reason things out. His crazy rage, they say, did not end by natural exhaustion. It was ended by an act of will. He forced himself to look pleasantly in the faces of those whom he hated. He accepted an offering of sugar and asked for more. He appeared to be the same reliable, lovable, playful stable pet and friend of all the world that he had been prior to and up to the coming of white-eared Molly into his life. Molly herself he seemed to have forgotten. "He heaved no sigh and he made no moan." The great heart that had sent the hot blood slashing through his veins idled. An immense and triumphant calm possessed him.

And all this, say those who know him best, was put on. It was camouflage. It was part of a plan. Having failed to kick and bite a way to liberty and love, and having perceived that the more he bit and kicked and squealed the more closely he was watched and guarded, the wily beast concluded that gentleness might open the way which rage had blocked.

It is certain that for one whole day he behaved like an angel. The lapse of a few hours seemed completely to have cured his heart. Seeing him reach a velvet and prehensile lip for a lump of sugar, the deepest student of psychology could never have guessed that beneath the satin coat raged one of the great loves of history.

Molly herself, had she seen him, might well have been deceived, and believing that his love for her was dead, might have gone her way with a broken heart.

About five o'clock Miss Edith sent word to have Lancelot saddled and bridled and brought round to the front door.

In her riding clothes she resembled a valiant and kingly boy, and a small one at that. It is no wonder that Martin Gail had not connected her with his reluctance to leave Joyous Gard. She was a scrap of a thing. There was nothing to her!

Galways put her up and she rode off, as lightly and as sweetly balanced as a bird on a swaying bow.

A LOVE affair that has gone wrong is more exhausting than much violent exercise. And when the reluctant Molly was forced into the very first step that took her away from Lancelot she was already tired.

It went against Martin's nature to coerce the little beast, or to tax her strength. He let her walk, and after a little while he jumped to the ground and walked too.

It seemed as if Molly knew that it was not her Martin's fault that she was being taken away from the great lord who had sought her out in her humble unpedigreed state and declared his passion. She was as gentle toward Martin, and as confiding as ever; only very tired.

Dark came before they had gone many miles, and they made camp in a grove of spruces.

There were tall and mighty trees crowning a knoll of rock and thin soil, and surrounding a spring.

Having been watered and hobbled, Molly was turned loose to graze, and Martin having lighted a block of alcohol, made a supper of coffee and canned beans, got his bedding out of the wagon and lay down to smoke and think.

Only the smoking was deliberate; the thinking went as it pleased. If he thought to any purpose it was this: he had every reason to be happy and he was not happy.

He had cut loose from and put aside and believed all those things which make for restlessness and discontent. The life that he was leading was the life that he must have wished to lead or he would have chosen some other. There was no roof above his head; his windows were as wide as space, and they were wide open.

He had cut through the gordian knot which had once bound him to so much that was complex, false and unprofitable, and he had been dipping deeper and deeper into the sincerities, deeper and with more zest.

The impression that Joyous Gard had made was still very fresh in his mind. He had not yet withdrawn far enough to achieve a perspective. How much of the impressive would remain with him always vivid? Perhaps one incident, and no more.

That night scene of the dying man looking down upon the horse of hope that had been his ruin? Lancelot rubbing noses with white ears? Himself flirting



Miss Edith sent word to have Lancelot saddled and brought round.

with Prudence across the pea-shelling? His conversation with the childlike and forceful Miss Edith? He wondered.

OF his year in India, packed with color and experience, so much had already faded that if you had said the name suddenly to him, he would have remembered only a slim girl in black, dripping wet, who stood on a broad flight of marble steps rising out of the Ganges. She had but just purified herself in the river itself, and the wetting of the one piece garment had made it cling to her slim and budding figure. He had seen her from afar. He had not been able to distinguish her features—only the exquisiteness and grace of her carriage, and the blackness of her dress against the white marble steps.

In all India, that land of color, he had seen but the one note of black.

For what did he remember the great city of New York? What did the city of his birth mean to him? Only the expression on a girl's face. Until the moment when it had worn that expression he had thought hers the most exquisite and desirable face in all the world. And he had believed in the goodness and the unselfishness of her heart.

But others had seen deeper than the coloring and modeling of the hide. And Martin's close friend had said to him:

"Marry away; but before you do it I dare you to tell her that you have lost your money."

And he had done just that, not in a spirit of testing her, but to prove his own faith. Immediately upon the telling that expression had come into her face. It was as if love could be ridden on a curb and twitched up short.

Many a young man would have tried to drown so bitter and terrible a disappointment in dissipation. Martin, more sane and direct minded, had simply cut loose from the conditions which can produce such an expression on a young girl's face and gone away.

But it was only recently that the contempt which he felt for her had killed the love. It had died hard. And now at last the contempt itself was beginning to die. He no longer judged her as an individual but as a product; and his contempt was for the producers.

THE night became black and starring. Hobbled as she was, Molly could not very well run away, but she grazed in the general direction of Joyous Gard and sometimes stopped grazing and just stood and looked in that direction with her white ears pricked forward. Like her master, Molly ought to have been contented and was not. For Molly the grass was sweet, the night cool, and there was nothing that bothered. Martin's bed was soft, and his digestion good. Yet neither was contented. Molly was discontented because she was in love. If she had not been, the grass, the night and the coolness would have been her idea of heaven. Martin's discontentment was not so easy to diagnose. But he was probably discontented because he was not in love.

To the man who has once loved strongly the fact of loving is almost a necessity. Because there is no other state in which his best qualities of patience and generosity are so in evidence. Martin had loved with all his might and main. And while he was in love he had seemed to be a reasonably satisfying person even to himself.

He lay flat on his back gazing into the star depths. An old song floated out of his memory and his heart felt a twinge of loneliness and pain:

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight
Of birdsong at morning and starshine at night.
I will build a palace fit for you and me
Of green days in forests, and blue days at sea.

He could not have put it into words. But this was what ailed him: the night, the stars, the fragrant coffee, the soft bed, even the words of the old song—these things had not been put into the world for single persons to enjoy; but for pairs.

How would it be, he wondered, if he had tempted Prudence away from her kitchen chores to share his life and his little house on wheels? Or if not Prudence some other imprudent young woman of alluring qualifications? Sparsely settled as it was, the region had its share of good looks and folly.

So if he traveled alone it was because he wanted to travel alone, and not because he had to. Indeed a traveling companion—no chosen individual but an abstraction—had figured in his original plans. When the pinches came, however, he had not yet been able to voice the words of invitation.

AFTER his great disillusionment Martin Gail had made up his mind that hereafter and forever he would do as he pleased *when* he pleased. And since nothing at that moment of decision had been further from his mind than playing gypsy, it is a little curious that he should have ended up in a grove of spruce-trees, with a wagon and a white-eared mare.

Upon leaving the house of the girl who could not face poverty, he had walked down Madison Avenue to Forty-second Street. Here the first impulse that he was to yield to impelled him to turn off, enter the Grand Central Station and go directly to the Bureau of Information. After a short hobnob with one of the informers, he went to a ticket window and exchanged a large sum of money for two long tickets. At the Pullman window he purchased a drawing-room. After that without once leaving the station, he bought a leather suitcase, underclothes, socks, pajamas, shirts, neckties, a suit of clothes, a light overcoat, a novel by Booth Tarkington, another by Rupert Hughes, and still another by Mrs. Reinhart. He bought also a safety razor, a stick of soap, a can of tooth powder, a sponge and a toothbrush.

Since his train did not leave for an hour he crossed Forty-second Street to the nearest hotel and had himself manicured. He did this upon impulse. And it was a curious impulse for him to have. If he had ever been manicured before he would not have had it.

"If I like her," he thought "I will ask her to go West with me."

She was young, powdery, pretty, smart and businesslike.

"I have never done this before," he said. "I am at your mercy. But I think you ought to know that I hate nothing so much as long-pointed, bright pink, highly polished nails; push the cuticle back if you must, but don't cut it."

After that they conversed, and he learned something of her life and business. He gathered that many men were in love with her and wanted to marry her, that she had one customer, who as each nail was finished laid a five-dollar gold piece on the table; another who came all the way from Denver once a month because there was no one in Denver who could do his nails as she could. And there may have



The mad stallion swerved from the main trail. . . "I'll catch him and ride him u...



"I'm going West in an hour, Want to come?"

been some truth in this, for she was a swift and delicate performer.

WHEN his nails were nearly finished Martin leaned a little toward her and speaking quietly asked the question which he had come to ask.

"I'm going West in an hour. Want to come?"

She looked up quickly and calmly. She was used to questions like that. But her face had in it the exact expression of that other New York girl from whom he had so recently fled, and before she had answered he had laughed and turned his question into a mere piece of banter.

She gave a final flick with the polisher to the little finger of his right hand, and smiled in a friendly way.

"Sure I want to come," she said. "When do you start?"

"In half an hour."

She shrugged her shoulders and puckered her eyebrows with a charming look of resignation.

"I didn't think you were like *that*," she said, "to lift me up to the *n*th heaven of high hope and expectation, and then give me only thirty minutes to get up to West 119th Street, and pack my grip and tell my mother that I am going away to be fooled by a man. Couldn't *possibly* manage under an hour."

If it had not been for that brief calculating look that had followed his question, he might have pressed the point. He might have put off his departure till the following day.

Instead he chuckled and gave her a heavy tip,—so heavy, that she was sorry to see him go, and a little panic-stricken. It was just possible that she had missed something very, very good.

She had.

For somewhere Martin believed in his romantic mind there existed a maiden who would look no deeper than his face value. He was not out to wreck lives or to follow the red flag of temperament.

Suppose she had looked in his face and asked no question; either by a word spoken or the twitching of a muscle and had said "Yes, I'll go."

Well, she would not have gone, not then. She would have had time to buy clothes and money to buy them with, time to realize that she would never want for money or consideration, time to go with her bold wooer to the City Hall for a license, and time to be married to him at the Little Church Around the Corner.

Sore and cut to the quick our impulsive youth was in that state of mind where, in order to show the woman who had scorned him how much he scorned her, he would have done almost any wild and reckless thing. And he wondered how long it would be before she found out that he had *not* lost his money.

Following thus every impulse which persisted throughout the time which it sometimes takes to follow even a very little one, Martin had gone West, and then South, and then Northeast. In a rough and little town where he waited for a train, he had seen the white-eared mare and the wagon attached for debt. He had bought them, and the train which was to have taken him to a mountain lake, where white flannel is worn and tennis played, chugged off without him. Upon an impulse he had turned gypsy. And so disguised, it became more difficult for him to find that not impossible she who would take him on trust and for himself alone.

For he no longer even wore the clothes that go with millions.

HAVING slept and breakfasted and sought Molly, he drove on a dozen miles and there, since there was shade and water and Molly seemed tired and dejected and because there was no reason to go any further or indeed to have come so far, he broke trail and once more camped.

His camp was among the foothills of the mountains which surrounded Joyous Gard in a ring. It was a delectable region, of lovely contours and fine grasses.

Having lunched, he loafed for a while, and then, the impulse seizing him, got out a large record book from the wagon, turned to the page where he had left off writing, and began to write. He called his work "The Peddler's Progress" and, given enough impulses, he might live to see it finished, and even sold between covers. And of this there was some real hope, for he was nearly half way through his second Record Book and had almost entirely forgotten what he had written in the first.

An hour passed, and he chuckled awhile, and stopped chewing his pencil, and thereafter for some little time wrote with ease and fluency.

"—wrapped in a piquant atmosphere of abstraction, the door had not yet closed upon our peddler, when the little mistress of the Great Ranch was back at her papers. Men might come and men might go, for all she cared; business was business. If, however, she was a little intrigued by the obvious stiffness between our particular peddler and other peddlers, why in the name of that frankness and common honesty upon which the Twentieth Century female so prides herself did she not tell him so? And why, if she was sweet and intelligent and good and impulsive, did she wish him to believe that she was only a thinking-machine? And why, if she did actually and truly wish him to believe that, did she, the moment he was gone, forsake the flim-flam of preoccupation, dash to the window, and steal a last look at him?"

That Edith MacMahon had actually done just this, Martin Gail did not know. His Romance was only based on fact. It was second in fancy.

He closed his book and put it away. Thereafter he became restless, and his immediate surroundings hateful. And so, following the rules which he had laid down for himself, he harnessed Molly and drove on.

The sun would not set for another hour or so, and he had the impulse to find what was beyond the top of the next hill but one.

He little thought that he was driving Molly for the last time. He little thought that his solid wagon was, so to speak, upon its last wheels, or that he himself was in imminent peril of his life.

THOUGH little Miss MacMahon rode off in the direction taken by Martin Gail and the mare Molly, it was with no thought of overtaking them. It was because the sun would be on her back until she turned for home, by which time it would have dropped below the mountain tops.

Lancelot was all sweetness. He walked with just enough mincing and coquetry to show his breeding, and he played with his bit as lightly as a girl plays with a ring. And Miss Edith talked to him and told him how nice it was that he had gotten over his crazy fit and was his dear, good, kind, reliable old self again.

She urged him into a rocking-chair, lullaby sort of a canter; the motion exhilarated her, and the breeze seemed to brush the cobwebs from her mind.

Her mind that day had been peculiarly cobwebby, and dusty and disordered—like the office desk of an unsuccessful man. Nothing seemed to be in its proper pigeonhole, the pens had hairs in them; the blotter was damp.

It was delicious to have put aside her cares and responsibilities for an hour or two, and to be riding the horse.

And as the lullaby canter (*Concluded on page 67*)

The Pink Frock in the Window

The Derelictions of Dolf - One

By F. E. Baily
Illustrated by Will Grefé

HER mother watched her, grimly critical. "Looks," she commented, "won't help you much, my girl. Good looks don't last long, and they only bring trouble while they do."

One afternoon during of late July, Dolf sat on the edge of a counter in the dress department of her father's shop, clasping one knee with her slender hands, and gazed dreamily at the pink frock in the window.

Nothing stirred. The children had clattered by on their way to school; the hoof-beats of a passing horse clip-clopped away into the distance. Sunlight transmuted Avonbridge high street into a magician's dream of gold and gray; not a leaf fluttered on any tree and the lazy call of birds came softly as the cooing of a bride.

With a sigh almost of agony Dolf slipped down to the floor and stood straight as truth, slender as a sword, listening to the silence. Little aching thrills of lovely pain ran through her veins, cravings she barely understood, yet longed to satisfy, tore at her heart. She only knew she was eighteen and a whole beautiful world lay laughing in the sun, a play-ground for love, full of splendid lovers. It was a morning when the grass seemed to grow and the buds open before her very eyes; with a sudden smarting of tears Dolf knew she had no love, that the pink frock would never be hers, that no fairy piping calls a little girl from a country drapery to meet her wonder-sweetheart in the greenwood.

She paused a moment, a slight, fair haired creature with the short, straight nose and tender provocative mouth that send an instant wave of desire through four men in every five. Then, with a movement of half-comic resignation, she crossed the worn oak floor and climbed into the window, lifting a short flight of steps after her. At any rate she could fondle the pink frock, dream over it, arrange its soft-linen lines to better advantage. Dolf prepared for the task in the spirit of one who lures some indifferent sister to wed the only man she herself can ever love.

AS she stood gazing, Tom Wainwright came out of his father's grocery opposite with all the bustle and importance of the smart young salesman, to criticize his own window dressing.

Dolf hesitated. Her calculating girl's glance took in his round, boyish face with its already close, purposeful mouth. She lost no value in all his composition—the smooth, carefully oiled hair, the dashing green tie, the snowy apron fastened at the back with one of those heart-shaped pins all good grocers seem to wear. Dolf knew Tom Wainwright by heart; she recognized success in every line of him. She saw him as in a vision piling up capital slowly and surely, coaxing business away from other people. There was not a spark of romance in all his body and soul, but Mrs. Tom Wainwright would always be an enviable person. Her clothes would be sound and prosperous, her children fat and healthy, her husband looked up to with approval. Tom knew his value; he always patronized a girl very faintly yet consciously. And she knew she interested Tom, and she knew Tom's wife would always live in Avonbridge and be dull and respectable and domestic and housewifely. On the other hand Tom's wife would never be poor, always be envied. . . .

From the expression of his back she knew he was aware of her. He would be too proud to turn round—yet. Without looking at him she stood upon the lowest step of the flight and set her right foot on the next step but one higher. Reaching up to the rail on which it hung she began slowly to re-drape the pink frock. Her pose, graceful and kind to every line of her slight figure, exhibited twelve inches of slender left ankle in the contour of which Dolf had perfect confidence. Tom Wainwright turned immediately. For a second Dolf held the pose. Then, glancing across the street she met his eyes; immediately she drew up the left foot to the right, sat on the top step and pulled her short skirt ankleward with that gesture every girl knows. It was at once maidenly and reproving.

A fleeting smile rewarded the wave of Tom's hand; then, gathering the pink frock in her arms Dolf ran down the steps into the shop out of sight.

For some reason her eyes danced.

INTO the shop on slow, unenthusiastic feet listless with treading a path they never chose of their own free will, came Dolf's mother. Her years numbered thirty-seven and she might equally well have been fifty or five hundred. For all the reality in her existence she was a dead woman. She had long traveled from the sentient into the automatic. Young unmarried girls might well shudder when she passed by. Otherwise she was an older edition of Dolf.

"We're out of baking-powder," she said, with a sort of dull irritation against fate. "You might run across to Wainwright's and get some. Your father won't like it if I don't make a tart out of those plums."

"All right, mother," replied Dolf half reluctantly. She patted her hair out of habit and smoothed the collar of her frock with instinctive touches.

But Dolf had fled out of the shop with a longing to put her fingers in her ears. She told herself her mother was old and quite wrong, with a horrible fear that she must inevitably be right. Mother was married, tired, finished. But of course nowadays things were different. People used to manage so badly, and father was *very* old—older than mother. . . .

She passed Tom, still intent on his window. Within old Wainwright leant forward over the counter; leered at her behind his pointed white beard and carefully clipped moustache much as a satyr might ogle a confiding wood nymph. To Dolf he seemed faintly ridiculous, as old men do when they strut for the benefit of young girls.

"And what can we do for you this beautiful morning?" he inquired playfully, his moist underlip thrust a little forward. "Pretty as a picture as ever, Miss Dolf—breaking all the young fellows' hearts—and the old ones' too. I'll warrant my rascal of a son'll be dancing attendance in a minute—trying to cut out his own father."

"You *are* dreadful, Mr. Wainwright," murmured Dolf, with the large charity of her youth and sex. "Mother wants some baking-powder please. I'm sure Tom never even troubled to look at me."

She had felt his eyes all over her back as a matter of fact and even then he was peeping through the window.

OLD WAINWRIGHT hastened smirking to serve her. He placed the packet on the counter as though it were a diamond necklace at least. His greedy old eyes devoured her slender beauty so patently that he would have distressed her if she had been less amused. These ancient flirts always made her laugh.

On the way back Tom stood in her path.

"Good-morning," he said meaningly.

"Good-morning," returned Dolf, looked straight at him, and then lowered her eyelids.

"You don't take much notice of a chap these days." He was as ever the Sultan casting favor on a pretty favorite.

"I don't know what you mean. I haven't been rude, have I? Not that it would matter to you if I were, I expect, would it?" For a second she smiled into his irresolute eyes. Then, with a distracting flutter of dainty ankles she was gone. As she entered her father's shop, drab and repellent even in the July sunshine, Dolf smiled again. Yet again that morning the victorious thrill ran in her blood. It was a season for kisses and there being no one in the wide world to kiss she stooped and laid her lips lovingly against the breast of the pink frock.

Across the street old Wainwright called to his son. The smirk had vanished from his face, leaving it hard and relentless. Tom came sheepishly, conscious of unknown guilt.

"Listen to me, my lad," said old Wainwright. "Don't go making a fool of yourself over that little bit of pink and white. I've got eyes in my head, remember. Your business is to stick to my business. I've got the whip-hand here. You have to look to me for every penny for your green ties and brown boots. I'll see about a wife for you when the time comes. Understand me?"

For a moment father and son glared at one another. Between them the sex jealousy of the male burnt



Dolf studied her young prettiness. A sudden thought of John Wainwright crossed her mind.

most vehement flame. Then, silent, sulkily, the younger turned away.

II

ALL the morning Dolf measured yards of material and pretended interest in other people's clothes with increasing boredom. The sunlight had got into her bones; she wanted to play, to laugh, to be admired. Instead she endured the faint, stuffy smell of the shop and had her dreams darkened by its gloom. Midday dinner only added to the depression. Dolf, helping a tired, resigned mother to dish up, hated her world with bitter hatred. She loathed the dreary room behind the shop, the stained tablecloth, the odd, cracked crockery, the black-handled steel forks. She hated the subdued quarrelling and scuffling of her twelve-year-old brother and her two younger sisters. She hated the boiled rabbit; her father, elderly, stout, cold, maddened her with his coarse table manners and a certain sanctimonious air.

"George," he commanded, tucking a table napkin into his collar, "stop your noise and ask a blessing."

The children bowed their heads in outward reverence, while George gabbled a grace. Mrs. Farmer helped everyone to the steaming rabbit. An odor of onions filled the room. They fed in silence, cowed by the austere severity of the father. Dolf, conjuring up mentally a long sequence of similar meals past and meals to come, felt a pitiful longing to scream. She wanted a little joy so badly. Desperately she resolved to make a heroic effort. When the children had scurried out she approached the silent figure of her father bent over his newspaper.

"Father," she began.

He looked up coldly over his glasses, out of a hard-lined, unsympathetic face, white-bearded, sensual-mouthed.

"Well?"

Dolf twisted nervous hands, fidgeting one foot restlessly on the linoleum.

"Father, please, may I have the pink frock?"

Emotion vitalized the cold features at last—a wave of angry contempt.

"You must be mad, girl. Do you suppose I'm made of money, with four of you to keep, and your mother? Don't I give you enough clothes as it is?—and precious little I get in return. You think of nothing but gadding about dressed up like a hussy. Where's your religion you've been taught? Don't we pray for our daughters to be like the polished corners of the Temple, not hussies smothered in finery? Besides, that's a dress for a young lady, not you."

Dolf, squeezing her hands tighter, still persisted.

"But Daddy, Bank Holiday'll be here soon, and sports, and a fair, and everything. And it's my birthday next month, and I thought—you generally give me some thing. I could pay for it partly. I've got a little pocket-money saved up."

Her father's face flushed with rage.

"You'll not have the dress. Go away and leave me in peace," he thundered. "Try and have a little modesty if you can. That dress you've got on's disgracefully short."

THERE were tears in Dolf's eyes as she turned away, angry tears. Her heart felt hard and bitter. He had been unreasonable, insulting, she thought passionately. Well, if he asked for rebellion he should have it. When the shop closed for the day at seven o'clock she went to her mother.

"I want to go out, mother. My head aches. I must have some fresh air. I don't want any supper. Can you manage?"

Mrs. Farmer considered her daughter with dull, expressionless eyes. Whatever she thought lay unrevealed.

"Very well," she answered.

Dolf fled to her room like a mad girl. She tore off her black frock, flung it on the bed and put on one of cool blue linen. She hunted out imitation blue-silk stockings and a pair of little white canvas shoes, cheap yet effective. She brushed out her shining mane of fair hair and put it up most patiently, setting on it a soft wide-brimmed straw bent craftily to aid and abet her charming face. Then she stole down to the empty kitchen and made herself a cup of tea. As she swallowed it her mother came in and stood watching for a moment. Whatever she thought, she said nothing.

A sudden gust of pity for her tired, loveless mother came over Dolf. For a second she flung two passionate arms round Mrs. Farmer's neck and pressed her young mouth to the sallow cheek. Then she turned and fled.



The slenderness of her ankles, the curve of her neck, the sheen of her hair, overcame him.

In the street, on the other side, Tom Wainwright was shutting his father's door behind him. Dolf half glanced at him under her long lashes. She strolled slowly, without taking further notice, in the direction of the river. Tom hesitated, glanced doubtfully up and down the street, and followed.

IN his office, a space divided from the shop by a wooden partition paneled with frosted glass, George Farmer reviewed broodingly the day's business. In a sense his office might be called a sacred edifice, for none of his family dared disturb him there. He looked up fiercely therefore at the apparition of his wife and smoothed the anger from his face as she announced old Wainwright and left the two men alone.

"Not intruding, I hope, George?" inquired Wainwright almost obsequiously.

"No, John; an old friend's always welcome. I was just running through the day book."

Wainwright seated himself thoughtfully on an old-fashioned stool. He seemed preoccupied. Then he came straight to the point. *(Continued on page 78)*

Like a Blind and Drowsy Crocodile



By Maurice Maeterlinck

"Suddenly opens wide its jaws and swallows profits and capital at a single gulp"

NOW that peace is restored it is unfortunately probable that our allies will visit in too-numerous and confiding crowds the dubious havens of delight which we are about to enter. I have no pretension to serve them as a guide nor to teach them how to fight against the whims of fortune; but a handful of them may find in these lines, if not useful hints or profitable advice, at least some few reflections or observations which will pave the way for their own experiments or render them easier. Let us then pay a last visit to one of those green tables which spread their length in the somewhat disreputable place of which I have written elsewhere* as the "Temple of Chance." To-day I would rather call it the Forcing-house of Chance, for it is here that, for more than half a century, without respite or repose, on week-days, Sundays and holidays alike, daily from ten in the morning till twelve at night, with croupiers unintermittently relieving one another, men have obstinately forced the birth of unnatural Chance and doggedly consulted the formless and featureless god that shrouds good luck and ill within his shadow.

We do not yet know what he is nor what he wants; we are not even sure that he exists; but surely it would be strange if no result of any kind, no clue to the tantalizing puzzle, had emerged from this endless effort, the most gigantic, the most costly, the most methodical that has ever been made on the brink of this gloomy abyss, if nothing had been born of all this furious work, however trivial, however unhealthy and useless it may appear.

CERTAINLY at these tables, as at all places where passions are vibrant, we are able to make interesting observations and, with other things, to behold at first hand, violently foreshortened and harshly illuminated, certain aspects of man's lifelong struggle with the Unknown. The drama, which as a rule is long drawn out, projecting itself into space and time and breaking up amid circumstances that escape our eyes, is here knit together, gathered into a ball, held, so to speak, in the hollow of the hand. But, for all its speed, its abruptness of movement and its extreme compression, it remains as complex and mysterious as those which go on indefinitely. Until the ivory ball that rolls and hops around the wheel falls into its red or black compartment, the Unknown veiling its choice or its destiny is as impenetrable as that which hides from us the choice or the destiny of the stars. The movements of the planets can be calculated almost to a second; but no mathematical operation can measure or predict the course of the little white ball.

Your more skilful players, indeed, have given up trying. Not one of them any longer seriously relies on intuition, presentiment, second sight, telepathy, psychic forces or the calculation of probabilities in the attempt to foresee or determine the fall of a destiny no larger than a hazel-nut. Ordered science has failed in this; and the whole occult and magical side of human knowledge has failed likewise. The mathematicians, the prophets, the seers, the sorcerers, the mediums, the psychometrists, the spiritualists endowed with psychic receptivity who call upon the dead for assistance, all alike are blind, confounded and impotent before the wheel and before Destiny's thirty-seven compartments. Here Chance reigns supreme; and hitherto, though it all happens before our eyes, though it is ever repeated to satiety and may be held, let me say once more, in the hollow of our hand, no one has yet been able to determine a single one of its laws.

YET such laws seem to exist; and thousands of players have ruined themselves in following their forms or their elusive and deceptive traces. Let us take a bundle of those records or *permanences*, published at Monte Carlo, which give day by day the list of all the numbers that have come up at one of the roulette or trente-et-quarante tables. As everybody knows, these numbers are arranged in long parallel columns, the black on the left and the red on the right. When we look at one of these sheets, containing as a rule ten columns of sixty-five numbers each—dead and harmless numerals now, though once so dangerous, once destructive of so many hopes and perhaps the inspiration of more than one disaster—we observe a tendency toward a perceptible equilibrium between the red and the black. Most often the two chances balance each other singly or in little groups, a black a red, two blacks three reds, three blacks two reds and so on. When we come upon a series of five, six, seven, eight, sometimes eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve consecutive blacks, we are almost certain of finding not far away a compensating series of five, six, seven, eight or ten reds. There is a very real rhythm, a sort of breathing or a cadenced movement to and fro of the mysterious creature which we call Chance. This rhythm or balance is moreover confirmed by the final statistics of the day, from which we learn that, in a total of six hundred odd spins of the ball, the difference between the black and the red very seldom exceeds twenty or thirty; and this difference is even smaller in the total for the week; that is to say, in a total of nearly five thousand spins, when it is usually reduced to a few units.

The monster has other strange habits. We see, for instance, that it is not uncommon for a number to come up twice in succession; and it is undeniable that, in each day's play, two or three numbers are obviously favored, so that we may hurl our challenge to logic and declare that the more frequently a number occurs the more chances it has of reappearing. This seems to conflict with the law of equilibrium which we have remarked; but it must be observed that this equilibrium will be recovered later, that by the end of the week the differences will no longer be very great and that they will almost disappear when the month is over. The equilibrium is more slowly restored because we must multiply the number of series by eighteen and a half to reach the proportions of the even chances.

Players note yet another law which, for that matter, is but a corollary of the former habit, but which has something curiously human about it; the chances which lag behind show a greater eagerness to regain their lost ground at the moment that follows more or less closely upon a halt, as though they had recovered their breath after a brief rest on the landing of a staircase.

Let us add at once that it is wise to distrust these fluctuating habits and these gropings after laws. For instance, red has been known to beat black by seventy per cent. in the course of a day's play. Black, on the other hand, as people still remember at Monte Carlo, one day came up twenty-nine times in succession and the second douzaine twenty-eight times without a break. Chance has not our impatient nerves; it is not, like us, in a hurry to make good its losses or to carry off its gains. It takes its time, awaits its hour and does not trouble to keep step with our ways of life.

Players as a rule attribute these habits or caprices to a trick of the croupier's hand. This is hardly tenable. After all, we know how the thing is done. The ball drops into its compartment and the croupier announces, it may be, thirteen, black, *impair* and *manque*. The losses are raked in, the winnings are paid out, the players renew their stakes, there is sometimes a brief dispute, somebody asks for change, and so on. These operations vary a good deal in length; and all this time the wheel carrying the ball is making hundreds of revolutions. The croupier stops it at last, takes the ball, reverses the wheel and sends the ball spinning in the opposite direction. It is impossible under these conditions for his particular trick of the hand to exercise any influence whatever. Besides, we can easily see from the chart of the *permanences* that the change of croupier does not perceptibly affect the rhythm of the even chances. It is not the man who controls the rhythm, but the rhythm that controls the man.

THESE gropings after laws in what would seem a negation of all or any law; these efforts on the part of Chance to quit its own domain and to organize its chaos; this god who denies himself and seeks to destroy himself by his own hand; these incomprehensible stammerings, these awkward efforts to achieve utterance and assume consciousness are rather curious, we must admit. For the rest, it is these efforts, these hankerings after equilibrium, this embryonic rhythm that constitute the gamblers' good and bad luck. If Chance were simply Chance, as we conceive it on first principles, one would stake any sum anyhow and at any moment. I am well aware that, according to the most learned theorists on roulette, each *coup* is independent of all the others and begins as if nothing had happened before, as if nothing were to happen afterward, as if the table were fresh from the shop, the wheel from the factory and the croupier from the hands of God. In theory this is quite accurate; but we have just seen that in practice it does not seem to be so. For that matter it appears impossible to explain the reason. Players are satisfied to observe the fact, while yielding to a dangerous but very human tendency to exaggerate the scope and the certainty of their observations. (*Concluded on page 67*)

*In the volume, published in 1904, entitled "The Double Garden."



"It is rather a contrast to Daleford," said Michael, pointing at the great empty veldt.

The Claw of Africa

A Vignette in Psychology

By Derek Vane

Illustrated by Baron Gayne De Meyer

"WELL?" he asked. "What do you think of it?"

She turned to him slowly.

"I scarcely know—yet. It's all very wonderful and a little overpowering. It almost takes my breath away."

"I suppose it is rather a contrast to Daleford," with a laugh. "A brand-new fussy suburb—and this," throwing out his hand at the great empty African veldt, which crept right up to the stoop of the little farmhouse, where they stood.

"It was a kind, friendly little place," the girl said.

"You don't regret it already?"

"Oh, Michael, of course not—how could you think of such a thing?" She slipped her hand through his arm with a caressing gesture. "You know I wanted to come to you before, but you couldn't have me."

"I wanted to have things fairly comfortable for you. I didn't want you to miss all the little conveniences of your precious Daleford. But perhaps," with a change of tone, "I have waited too long."

"Why?—what makes you say that?"

"Haven't you noticed any difference? Am I just what you expected—what you remembered? It's three years since we parted." She heard the underlying anxiety in his voice and hastened to reassure him.

"I see very little difference, only what might be expected from your hard, lonely life. When you came on board at Cape Town I thought you were just the same dear old Michael, only bigger and browner. But to-night you look a little tired and worn. You've got very thin, sweetheart; I must fatten you up. I'm a splendid cook, I must tell you. I've been taking lessons."

"You don't know how I felt when I caught sight of your face, it seemed to mean everything to me—home, happiness—all the dear, familiar things that I've half forgotten. It's strange how much one does forget up here, how little things slip away. You are left face to face with Nature and"—his face darkening—"say what you like, primitive Nature is an enemy to man, not a friend. She's grudged me everything I've got."

"It's been hard work for you, dear."

"I should think it has! I've fought every inch of the way—not that I minded that; I enjoyed it once my blood was up. What I gained one day I often lost the next. You've no idea," looking round, "of all the forces that work against you in a place like this. You see, I'm the only settler here, the first white man to come so far up country."

She looked round and shrank closer to him.

"Yes, it's terribly lonely, only just you and I. Even the natives are some way off," looking at the Kaffir huts, huddled together in the shade of a kopje.

"And they are an uncertain quantity, here to-day and gone to-morrow. I can only reckon on old Yacop and his family. The younger men get restless after a time and go off. The call of the wild, I suppose."

"I wonder how you stood it! Didn't you feel horribly lonely at times?"

"Yes, at first. But I was determined to win through—and I have. It's quite a promising little property now," looking round with the pride of ownership at the green oasis he had created in the wilderness. "And," slowly, "I've grown to love it." His wife followed his gaze and wondered if she would grow to love it too.

"IT'S so deadly quiet," she said. "no birds, no sign of life, and yet—curiously enough—you don't feel as if you were alone, as if you had the place to yourself."

He turned on her sharply.

"Is that how you feel?" he said. "Well! I used to feel that way too. But you'll get used to it. I suppose the size has something to do with it. When you've been accustomed to thickly populated places,



"You may live too long away from your kind," . . . "Go home, dear."

you can't realize that all these miles and miles are empty of human life."

"Don't you ever see anybody?"

"Very rarely. A bullock-wagon occasionally, or the postcart, or a wandering nigger; that's about all. And even the nigger takes care to get under shelter before nightfall."

"Why? I should have thought they were accustomed to sleeping out of doors. It couldn't hurt them. I shouldn't mind sleeping on that warm, sweet-smelling veldt myself, wrapped up in a rug."

"Niggers are superstitious, you know, and they have a fancy that the night belongs to the dead—more especially about here. This is supposed to be a happy hunting-ground for the spirits of great chiefs who died ages ago. That's why they didn't like its being disturbed."

Ann felt a chill creep over her. She had never seen anything so vast and lonely before. Standing there on the stoep of the farmhouse that was her new home, she realized for the first time how far she had come from England and Daleford. On board the Union Castle liner it had been like a great hotel; their honeymoon at a Cape Town seaside resort had not been very unlike what a honeymoon at home might have been—but *this* was utterly different. This was Africa: savage, inscrutable, untamed.

"Why, you're not cold?" Michael said anxiously as she shivered. "I dare say you're tired; come inside, supper will be ready soon. I can smell riet buck roasting and there's no better smell. You must get [illegible] show you how she does it; she cooks it [illegible]tion."

No, don't go in yet," Ann pleaded. "It fascinates me, though I'm half afraid of it. We seem to be miles and miles away from civilization."

"So we are. We left the world behind us when we got out of Zeederburg's coach and started over the veldt in the bullock-wagon. The coach mules rolling in the dust were your last glimpse of civilization," with a laugh.

"That's three days ago."

"Yes, three days, or thirty. There's not much difference. The veldt has got you now and will keep you."

SUDDENLY it seemed to Ann as though a door had closed behind her. She was shut in—shut off. There was no way of escape from this huge prison. Here she was and here she must remain. She slipped her hand into her husband's. She wanted the comfort of his touch.

"Oh, Michael, I never knew before how brave you are. How did you bear it for three years alone? What did you do all those days and nights?"

"I worked hard all the days and slept hard most of the nights. And I had you to think of and work for and hope for. That was the goal that kept me steady."

"Poor boy! It was too much; you ought not to have done it. It was too great a strain for anybody. No wonder you look older—that you have almost forgotten how to laugh."

"I shall grow young again now you have come."

"At all events, you will have something else to look at except miles of emptiness. Why, there isn't anything higher than a thorn-bush."

"That's the charm of the veldt. Nothing to limit your view but the skyline; nothing to distract your attention from its own majesty of space and silence. You might have reached the end of the world."

Even as he finished speaking, the sun dropped down and darkness was upon them before Ann had hardly time to realize what had happened. She was not yet accustomed to the sudden change from day to night without the tender twilight that blends one into the other at home. As the sun set, a light wind sprang up like a sigh of relief from the parched brown earth. It was as soft on her cheek as the touch of a cool hand.

THEY went into the living-room, which was a little warm and close with the smell of the skins lying on the floor. Ann noticed the red dust lying everywhere and made up her mind to banish it as soon as she could unpack her dusters. But before she had been at the farm very long she had learned to accept a moderate quantity with resignation. It was only when a dust-storm swept past like an angry brown-red cloud leaving a quarter of an inch of gritty substance everywhere that she allowed herself to feel discouraged.

"It's part of the place, you must put up with it," Michael said philosophically. He did not seem to notice it himself.

But the dust-storms were only a minor evil after all. There were other things that worried her more. As the weeks went on their monotonous course she was forced to acknowledge that her husband was a different man from the lover to whom she had said farewell in England. It was not only that he was older and graver—that was only to be expected—but he was so silent as to seem almost morose at times. It was hard to make him talk; harder still to make him laugh. She was out of touch with him; he seemed to live in a world apart.

She comforted herself in the beginning with thinking that this would wear off. He had been alone so long, it was only natural that he should have grown grave and quiet. She would win him back to his old ways. He was a young man, it was not good that he should be so shut up in himself. But, though she exercised all her powers and charm, which were considerable, she could not make Michael more companionable. He was as kind and considerate as a man could be, [illegible] word to her, he spared her



Suddenly it seemed to Ann there was no escape from this huge prison.

every hardship, but sometimes he seemed like a stranger of whom she knew little or nothing. There were days when he was almost his old self, but as time went on and he got accustomed to her, these breaks became fewer and shorter. She saw the effort he had to make and hated it. She would rather he were silent than that.

"I left him too long alone," she thought remorsefully. "I ought to have insisted on coming out sooner."

WHEN the day's work was over, he would take his pipe and a book on to the stoep and lie out there in an old rocker until it was time to go in to supper and bed. At first he would call to her to come out too, then he gave up calling, and lately it seemed to her that her presence made him restless and uneasy. He would rather be alone. She soon found out that the book was a mere pretense. He did no reading unless he heard her coming and then he picked up the book quickly. Once she had surprised him and caught the look in his eyes before he had time to change it. He had been staring over the veldt and there was something in his face which she could not fathom. It haunted her long afterward. She tried to put it into words, thinking that so she might get rid of it, but she was not very successful. It seemed as if the spirit of the man had gone out of him, leaving only an empty shell behind. In the first moment, when he looked round, she thought that he hardly recognized her.

"Why, Michael!" she exclaimed with an uncomfortable thrill of her nerves, "you're dreaming." She tried to treat it as a joke and asked laughing, "Where were you? You had gone a long way off."

He answered absently, in a thick, slow voice which she hardly recognized

"Yes, a very long way." He passed his hand over his forehead. "I had gone to the back of beyond, if you know where that is." Then he had abruptly changed the subject and she could not get him back to it.

A few hours later she was roused from her first sleep by the sound of some animal tearing in panic through the night. She was only half awake and she turned to her husband in sudden fear.

"What is it?" she asked, clutching his arm. "Do you hear? Why does it tear along like that?"

"It's a frightened springbok," he answered quietly. That's all."

"But why should it be frightened?" she persisted. He did not answer, and she wondered if he had pretended not to hear. She could not go to sleep again at once, and when she did the sound of those flying hoofs went through her dreams. She could imagine the terror of the poor, pretty creature. There was panic in the sound . . . and yet she had heard nothing following it!

It was hard on her; she had (*Concluded on page 76*)



"Look at them carefully and you'll see that every one of them *looks* American

Drawn by Franklin Booth

America Before the Eyes of Europe

By Vicente Blasco Ibañez

BEFORE the war the so-called Blue Coast was the paradise of Europe.

All whose means permitted a winter emigration hastened to the sunny Riviera the moment they felt the first cold winds.

We, the spectators of the Great War, can say with Talleyrand, "Those who did not know the days of the all-conquering tango, will never know what Humanity is capable of when it decides to enjoy itself."

Never did money flow so freely, never were women so expensively dressed, never did human beings feel such a passion for expressing their emotions through the movements of their feet. They whirled and they twisted! Even the Pope had to intervene in the question of the dance, recommending the "furlana" instead of the tango.

The revel along this hundred miles of coast was unending! Nice was the great dancing center, Monte Carlo produced new operas each year before a brilliant public that relieved its artistic emotions playing roulette between the acts. The trains traveled [illegible] all night along the coast, bearing women in [illegible] gowns, laden with diamonds and pearls, and gentlemen who pulled from their inner coat-pockets wallets stuffed with bills or eloquently empty.

AND then came the war, and the [illegible]st was deserted. The luxurious trains, [illegible]ugh expresses from Paris and London, from Rome [illegible] and Russia, no longer arrived from every direction. The stations of this land of joy saw only trains of troops bound for the north, and months later trains bound for the south with cargoes of wounded. The magnificent hotels were turned into hospitals, the former tango-dancers became nurses, the drawing-rooms that had known only tea-tables and the violins of the Hungarian gypsies in their red jackets, were filled with white cots, and heard the groans of mutilation shrieking with pain under the surgeon's knife.

By the second year people began to return to the Blue Coast in search of their lost joy. But there were many more women than men, and what men there were were old ones. All the rest were at the front.

THE AMERICANS! The Côte d'Azur belongs to them. The French signs are repeated in English, the newspapers of the country are bi-lingual. From every roof there floats the Star-Spangled Banner. A stranger landing here without knowing where he was, would think himself in the United States. Now and then one sees a French uniform, but it is quickly lost in the great mass of khaki.

Everything belongs to them—even love. The girls of the land felt their hearts throb first for the generous Parisian, then for the distant Russian who was going to crush Germany like a steam roller, and now all for Tommy Atkins. But all these early attachments have been for- (*Concluded on page 88*)

Now that Religion is Dead?

The Chance of the Church

By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle



THERE are many incidents in the New Testament which might be taken as starting-points in tracing a close analogy between the phenomenal events which are associated with the early days of Christianity and those which have perplexed the world in connection with modern Spiritualism. Most of us are prepared to admit that the lasting claims of Christianity upon the human race are due to its own intrinsic teachings, which are quite independent of those wonders which can only have had a use in startling the stolid complacence of an unspiritual race with petrified traditions and so directing their attention violently to this new system of thought. Exactly the same may be said of this new revelation. The exhibition of a force which is beyond human experience and human guidance is but a method of calling attention. To repeat a simile which has been used elsewhere, it is the humble telephone bell which heralds the all-important message. In the case of Christ, the Sermon on the Mount was more than many miracles. So in the case of this new development the messages from beyond are more than any phenomena. A vulgar mind might make Christ's story seem vulgar if it insisted upon loaves of bread and the bodies of fish. So also a vulgar mind may make psychic religion vulgar by insisting upon moving furniture or tambourines in the air. In each case they are crude signs of power, and the essence of the matter lies upon higher planes.

To take a concrete example: It is stated in the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles that they, the Christian leaders, were all "with one accord" in one place. "With one accord" expresses admirably those sympathetic conditions which have always been found, in psychic circles, to be conducive to the best results and which are so persistently ignored by a certain class of investigators. Then there came "a mighty rushing wind" and afterward "there appeared cloven tongues like unto fire and it sat upon each of them." Here is a very definite and clear account of a remarkable sequence of phenomena. Now let us compare with this the results which were obtained by Professor Crookes in his investigation in 1873 after he had taken every possible precaution against fraud which his experience as an accurate observer and experimenter would suggest. He says in his published notes: "I have seen luminous points of light darting about, sitting on the heads of different persons"; and then again: "These movements, and indeed I may say the same of every class of phenomena, are generally preceded by a peculiar cold air, sometimes amounting to a decided wind. I have had sheets of paper blown about by it . . ." Now, is it not singular, not merely that the phenomena should be of the same order, but that they should come in exactly the same sequence, the wind first and the lights afterward? In our ignorance of etheric physics, an ignorance which is now slowly clearing, one can only say that there is some indication here of a general law which links those two episodes together in spite of the nineteen centuries which divide them. A little later it is stated that "the place was shaken wherein they were assembled together." Many modern observers of psychic phenomena have testified to vibration of the walls of an apartment as if a heavy lorry was passing. It is evidently to such experiences that Paul alludes when he says, "Our gospel came unto you not in word only, but also in power." The preacher of the New Revelation can most truly say the same words.

IN a previous section of this essay I have remarked that no philosophical explanation of these phenomena known as spiritual could be conceived which did not show that all, however different in their working, came from the same central source. St. Paul seems to state this in so many words when he says, "But all these worketh that one and the selfsame spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will." Could our modern speculation, forced upon us by the facts, be more tersely stated? He has just enumerated the various gifts and we find them very close to those of which we have experience. There is first "the word of wisdom," "the word of knowledge" and "faith." All these taken in connection with Spirit would seem to mean the higher communications from the other side. Then comes healing, which is still practised in certain conditions by a highly virile medium who has the power of discharging strength, losing just as much as the weakling gains, as instanced by Christ when He said, "Who has touched me? Much virtue" (or power) "has gone out of me." Then we come upon the "working of miracles" which we should call the production of phenomena, and which would cover many different types, such as apports, where objects are brought from a distance, levitation of objects or of the human frame into the air, the production of lights and other wonders. Then comes prophecy, which is a real and yet a fitful and often delusive form of mediumship—never so delusive as among the Early Christians, who seem all to have mistaken the approaching fall of Jerusalem and destruction of the Temple, which they could dimly see, as being the end of the world. This mistake is repeated so often and so clearly that it is really not honest to ignore or deny it. Then we come to the power of "discerning the spirits," which corresponds to our clairvoyance, and finally that curious and usually useless gift of tongues, which is also a modern phenomenon. I can remember that some time ago I read the book, "I Heard a Voice," by an eminent barrister, in which he describes how his young daughter began to write Greek fluently with all the complex accents in their correct places. Just after I read it I received a letter from a no-less-famous physician who asked my opinion about one of his children who had written a considerable amount of script in medieval French. These two recent cases are beyond all doubt, but I have not had convincing evidence of the case where some unintelligible signs drawn by an unlettered man were pronounced by an expert to be in the Ogham or early Celtic character. As the Ogham script is really a combination of straight lines, the latter case may be taken with considerable reserve.

THUS the phenomena associated with the rise of Christianity and those which have appeared during the present spiritual ferment are very analogous. In examining the gifts of the disciples as mentioned by Matthew and Mark the only additional point is the raising of the dead. If any of them besides their great Leader did in truth rise to this height of power, where life was actually extinct, then they undoubtedly far transcended anything which is recorded of (*Continued on page 86*)

Resurrection Rock

By Edwin Balmer

Illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer

HAS Barney Loutrelle met with foul play? Or has some force from the spirit world made way with him? Ethel Carew knows only that the young man who went to Resurrection Rock in answer to spirit messages from her dead father has not come back. But does her grandfather, who hates and fears young Loutrelle, know more about it? Unable longer to stand the agony of uncertainty, Ethel herself sets out for Resurrection Rock to search for Barney. Just ahead of her she discovers Kincheloe, "Miss Pratt's husband," who, it seems, is also bound for the Rock.

Can the Dead really communicate with the Living? This story of love and mystery hinges on that vital question.

AT moments, the sight of Kincheloe hastening ahead of her over the snow lessened Ethel's feeling that he had taken part in some violent act during the night. She thought that if he had been guilty of what she dreaded, he would be afraid go openly to the Rock.

He was on skis, as was she; but when he reached the shore and encountered the hummocks of hard-frozen snow and spray which everywhere fringed the lake ice, he removed his skis and turned about, delaying. The dogs were accompanying her, scrambling along on the crust over the stretches where the wind had packed the snow hard and floundering willingly through the softer patches.

"Here Lad; here Lass!" Kincheloe shouted to them, his voice borne by the wind; and at the call the collies strained forward eagerly.

"Lad! Lass!" Ethel spoke to them, in opposition.

The dogs looked about, puzzled; they halted, panting and tossing their heads from master shouting far ahead to mistress speaking to them from nearby. They stayed [illegible] thel and Kincheloe proceeded alone out upon the smooth ice.

She reached the fringe of the snow and removed her skis. Watching Kincheloe, she thought that his attempt to take the dogs from her was not as trivial as he had tried to make it seem. He was still far ahead of her, but he was exhibiting an uneasiness which restored to Ethel her fears of the night. Miss Platt's husband seemed to be losing determination; he no longer was hurrying, but was glancing back often at her, and he was wandering off from the direct line to Resurrection Rock.

She noticed that something on the shore seemed to disturb him, and, looking about, Ethel observed that Asa Redbird had emerged from the trees and was hastening after them. Asa was carrying his rifle and this reinforcement evidently decided Kincheloe to forsake his race with Ethel for the Rock; and although Ethel had been endeavoring only to reach the Rock before Kincheloe, now she would not be satisfied with that. She called to Kincheloe as he circled away to return to the shore and she ran after him; the dogs dashed ahead of her and jumped upon their master in all good friendship, yet they impeded his retreat. So Miss Platt's husband halted and waited.

When she had gone to his room in the night and his wife had protected him, Ethel had thought of him as frightened and cringing; just now, when she had been pursuing him, she had fancied him pale, with set lips and with eyes shifting and bright. But she found him quite different from her imaginings—so different indeed that she recalled his remarkable gaining of composure when she had surprised him listening at her grandfather's door.

"Hello, Miss Carew," he hailed her before she had time to catch breath. "Changing your mind? You're not going to make a daybreak call after all?"

"Daybreak call?" she repeated. "Where?"

[illegible] you bound [illegible]



The sight of Kincheloe ahead of her lessened Ethel's fear he had taken part in some violent act.

"Visit him?" she iterated, stupid in her astonishment at this tack which he had taken.

"Down, Lad!" Kincheloe yelled at the dog who had leaped on him again; and he struck at the dog too roughly. He glanced up at Ethel boldly—too boldly; and he carefully drew himself straight.

SHE had been thinking that crime, and fear of consequences, would have weakened this languorous, sensuous man whom she had known as Miss Platt's husband; but if he had been guilty of a crime the result was to make him bolder than before.

"What were you coming out here for?" she demanded of him.

"I?" he said. "Why, I was following you."

"Following in front of me?"

"Oh, I thought you were steering this way."

"Because you knew I had reason to come out to see what you did last night? What did you do at the Rock last night? And why? Why did you do it?"

"Why did I do what?" he demanded of her in reply. "What are you talking about?"

"About what you did to——"

"To whom?"

"To Mr. Loutrelle."

"Oh!" he laughed suddenly and queerly. "Oh!"

A few minutes ago she had thought of seizing Kincheloe when she caught him and of somehow holding him under restraint, but now she was recoiling from him.

"Are you crazy, Miss Carew?" he challenged, advancing a little. "Mr. Loutrelle's your dear friend of the train, I suppose. Why, I haven't even seen him—not even seen him. Why should I do anything to him anyway? Tell me that!"

"Then where were you?"

"Where was I when?"

"Last night. I saw how you came in."

"Then you saw your grandfather meet me."

"Yes."

"Well——" he hesitated.

"What?"

"Where I was, was his business, I should say—or Mrs. Kincheloe's. What's it of yours, anyway? What did you mean by coming to my room for me? What have you to talk about—out here yourself at this time in the morning?"

She made no response but to move away. He was serving his purposes, not hers, by delaying her in argument; he walked beside her, talking in an attempt to divert her; failing, he abruptly parted from her, shouting to the dogs to follow him. She summoned them sharply and when they bounded to her, she seized their collars and held them against his repeated shouts. Then Asa approached and Kincheloe walked rapidly off.

"You want me to stop him?" Asa inquired when he came up.

Ethel shook her head. "Just come with me."

She released the dogs and they stayed nearby while she proceeded with Asa. The Indian asked no questions and offered no comments, contenting himself with answering when she inquired about the chase of the fox the evening before. Yes, Merrill Kincheloe had started out with them; but he did not catch the fox which Asa had shot. Asa did not know whether Kincheloe had caught another fox or not.

They began to see, plainly, that the windows of the house, which always before had borne shutters, now exposed panes to the light; they could see that paths had been dug on Resurrection Rock; they could see streaks and soil in the snow on the roof of the house which indicated that smoke recently had blown from



the chimneys; but now no vapor was visible—not even such emanation of smouldering embers as had risen from Asa's stovepipe. The house was bleak and lifeless, while the evidences of recent occupation, instead of diminishing, strangely increased its air of desolation. Probably this feeling was largely the result of images which possessed Ethel; but images affected the Indian, too.

She had not yet inquired of Asa whether he knew of any unusual occurrence here during the night because she had assumed that he would not know. Inquiring, she was answered now by a negative; but Asa's eyes roved uneasily about the house and he plainly was reluctant to proceed.

Yet he helped her over the rough hummocks which the waves of the early winter had thrown up about the base of the Rock; they ascended the path at the northern end of the island to a clump of pine and cedar which clung in a hollow; they passed a clear space where the Indian fisherman of long ago had planted his squash and potatoes and where Halford—whom Ethel could just remember—had kept his vegetable garden.

She was thinking of Halford and wondering about him, not in any separation from her anxiety for Barney Loutrelle. Halford's vigil upon the Rock many years ago must have been connected, she thought, with all the strange circumstances surrounding the place which yesterday had reached a certain culmination in the coming of Barney Loutrelle from abroad under directions from London to go to the Rock. Recalling to herself the extraordinary text of those directions, she thought of her discussion of them with him—how he had showed her his ring, their long walk together, the delight of their delay in the little cabin and their impromptu luncheon of tea and crackers. Her shoulders jerked in a spasm of feeling and she went on rapidly to the house.

THE north end was the rear and the door on that side opened, she supposed, into a kitchen. The house, which was perhaps forty feet wide and somewhat longer in its north and south dimension, was an adaptation of a châlet type, having two floors under a low, gracefully sloping roof which spread wide eaves over the front and rear. There was no penthouse or projection at the rear; a couple of steps led to a solid door flanked by windows, which were closed and locked, but which had curtains hanging within and shades raised about half way. Ethel kept glancing at these windows as she approached; she found a bell-handle beside the door and, pulling it, she heard a bell jangling within.

It roused no response; so she pulled several times and had Asa pound the door with the butt of his rifle. He shouted and the dogs excitedly leaped about and barked loudly; but no one answered; no one appeared at a window; the whole house was still. Ethel led Asa about to the west side. She knew that the front of the house was so close to the edge of the Rock that the front door faced only a small platform at the top of a stairway cut in the rock and communicating with another platform, just above the lake level, which evidently was planned as a landing-stage for small boats in summer. The west door, accordingly, was the main entrance and Ethel found there a heavy, varnished oak door with three long lights set vertically in place of panels in the upper half, and she saw that the glass over the knob had been broken and pulled out.

A plain, storm door—now removed—ordinarily protected this oak door; so the glass must have been broken after the recent opening of the house. This evidence of violence accordingly shortened the moments that Ethel was willing to wait after vainly pulling the bell. She thrust an arm through the hole so plainly prepared for turning the lock from the outside and, opening the door, she entered.

"You want dogs?" Asa whispered to her, stepping into the hall immediately behind her and catching her arm to prevent her from proceeding alone.

"No; we'd better keep them out."

The Indian closed the door upon them. "You stay there," he commanded. "You be quiet."

He had made no comment upon discovering the broken glass, as he had yet volunteered no remark about any of the proceedings. But now he said:

"Bagley got key from Wheedon; Barney Loutrelle come yesterday when Bagley right here and let him in. You know that?"

"I'd supposed so," Ethel said. She recognized that Asa was informing her that neither Bagley nor Barney Loutrelle would have broken the glass over the lock. Asa was maintaining his grasp of her sleeve while they stood listening and looking around. There was no sound from within the house; the dull, frequent noises were echoes of the ice cracking or lifting or settling as some current swept around Resurrection Rock and the warmer temperatures of the water encountered the frigid sheath of the surface.

The hall was wide and pleasant, lit by two windows as well as by the panes in the door; it was furnished as a sort of lounging room with gay, bright wall-paper picturing tall herons standing in river reeds. There were pretty, painted chairs in gray and gold, matching a table and a lounge which had cushions of black silk with gold herons embroidered. Under foot was a handsome, silky rug in the blue-and-yellow designs of the Chinese weaver. It showed no wear or soil; nothing showed use.

ETHEL stood amazed at the beauty and brightness of the place; having never viewed the interior and having observed the exterior only when all the windows were shuttered, she had thought of rooms as gloomy or, at least, as severe and masculine; but now she found herself thinking of a woman in connection with this house on Resurrection Rock—a woman of positive and good tastes.

Draperies hung in a wide doorway opening into a big room at the front. Ethel advanced and looked in and a moment later she entered with Asa, no longer holding her sleeve, but close at her side.

This room, which extended the full width of the house, had windows to the east and south and west, and was so large that Ethel could not be certain at a glance that it was unoccupied. The bright, diffused light from the clear dawn flooded the room from the many windows and fell upon a large, heavy, carved table near the center of the room; upon chairs and couch on one side; upon a grand piano at the east end with a tall lamp and a music cabinet nearby. In the wall to Ethel's left, which was the interior wall, was a large and beautiful fireplace with a high, marble mantel. A small table, by one of the south windows, displayed an old bronze figure; a larger statue of marble stood upon a graceful pedestal. Bookcases full of books were in the wall on both sides of the mantel; upon the mantel shelf were antiques—bowls and vases;



"What's the trouble with you?" her grandfather demanded. "Step in here and explain."

and above were old rapiers and steel gauntlets from some ancient suit of mail.

Ethel had made sure now that no one was in the room; and it showed no sign of disorder or of violence done there; yet sight of the room itself amazingly disturbed her. She did not know why, at first; she merely felt frightened as by something uncanny. Asa noticed her excitement and looked inquiringly about the room again before he asked in a whisper:

"Something here you see?"

"No," she said. "It's—Asa, I've been in this room. I've never been in this house before; but I've been in this room!"

"Yes?" Asa inquired, unable to comprehend her.

She went about the room and the feeling grew stronger. The wood paneling of the walls between the windows, the window casings and the mantel were all old, she saw—much older than the house itself. Most of the furniture was old—the tables, chairs and foot-rests. These and the bronzes and the marble were not mere copies, in wood and metal and stone, of work of some past period; the materials themselves were old; the handiwork was old.

Ethel was familiar with the American liking for buying "an interior" abroad and transporting and installing it in toto within new walls; and it was plain to her that this room once had been part of a French building, French of the sixteenth or the seventeenth century, French of the periods which one associated with Louis XIV and Henry of Navarre. Ethel's recognition of this partly explained her impression of familiarity here; when she was a child at her aunt's château, Aunt Cecilia had taken her on visits to châteaux of many of Uncle Hilaire's friends. She might indeed have been in this very room before. It was hopeless for her to try to recall from her memories of when she was five and eight where it was that she had previously visited this salon; moreover, her mind was not now dwelling upon what might have been her own association with this room. What was Barney Loutrelle's? For this remarkable salon was, she knew, the heart of the house; he had been sent here from across the water to come to this room.

SHE moved nearer the mantel and gazed at the design incised over the fireplace; it bore a dignified, formal device like—yes, very like the device wrought upon Barney Loutrelle's ring. Certainly his ring, which Azen Mabo had taken with him from Noah Jo, belonged to the epoch and to the station of this room. Such a lady as had first worn that old ring must have entertained in a salon like this.

Recollections of many events were rushing through her mind connecting themselves with this room. She remembered that several years ago her grandfather had made Wheedon take him through this house and when she asked him what it was like he had refused to tell her—without reason, it then seemed. Now she knew that there was a definite, compelling reason which he had found when he viewed this room; her grandfather knew the significance of these things on Resurrection Rock; he had known why Barney Loutrelle had been sent here—and he had taken it as a threat to himself which he had met by sending Kincheloe out last night.

She forbade herself further conjectures and set herself to examine the room more closely for evidence of recent events. There were cold ashes in the fireplace and oil in the lamps which had wicks black from burning. She went through the door in the north wall at the east and found a large dining-room, all modern, with graceful Sheraton furniture which was not older than the year of the building of the house. Next was a kitchen where the ashes of a wood fire lay cold in the stove upon which stood a kettle filled with water, cold but not frozen. All the fires in the house had burnt out, but so recently that some heat remained. There were a few provisions in the kitchen cupboards, evidently freshly bought; some were leavings from a meal.

Ascending with Asa to the second floor, Ethel found only bedrooms and baths above—four large bedchambers and three smaller rooms in a suite at the rear for servants. All had modern furniture and fittings. Barney Loutrelle seemed to have occupied—or to have planned to occupy—one of the large rooms; Ethel found brushes and a comb, which evidently were his, upon a dressing-stand; the suit-case, which he had carried, was in the closet; it had been unpacked and its contents laid in the dresser drawers. The bed in that room was made up with fresh linen; but it had not been slept in.

Someone had slept in the bed in the first of the servants' rooms in the back of the house; but there were no personal belongings in that room.

"Bagley sleep here, I think," Asa volunteered. "Night before last night."

Ethel asked how he knew and Asa informed her that he had seen a light in this part of the house upon the night before last and early last evening. "But Bagley leave here last night 'bout nine o'clock. He had enough."

"Enough?" Ethel repeated. "Enough of what?"

"That's all he said; he had 'enough.'" Asa was merely quoting the expression.

"He said that to you? Where did you see him?"

"No; he said that to Wheedon. I did not talk with him, but I saw him at Wheedon's—about nine o'clock. Wheedon said Bagley come to stay there all night; he had 'enough.'"

"Then Mr. Loutrelle went to Wheedon's too, Asa?"

"No; he was not there."

"Where was he?"

"I do not know; here, I suppose," Asa said uneasily. "Somebody had light here late? What do you know?"

SHE had not told Asa what she knew and what she had supposed, because she had expected that they immediately would discover evidence which would make unnecessary any explanation of her summons to accompany her here. But they had found nothing except that Bagley and Barney Loutrelle both had been in the house and neither one was here now.

Asa had accounted for Bagley's absence; but not for Barney's. She asked Asa to go down into the cellar with her to make certain that no one was anywhere in the house; and the unwillingness with which he accompanied her into the dark passages made plain to her what the Indian was (*Continued on page 58*)



"I thought you were dead!" Ethel was explaining to him. "I thought they had killed you."

Wild Joe and I Fight the Police

The Story of Marie Ganz

Illustrated by M. Leone Bracker

"They are my own people," says Marie Ganz; "why shouldn't I associate with them? Haven't I myself known poverty and starvation? I am the girl that circumstances made me. So are those poor wretched friends of mine who risked broken heads and prison to fight for the principles their circumstances had taught them!"



The old shoemaker heard the crowd break into a roar.

LONG I talked that day with the old shoemaker in his cellar, and I came away thrilled by a new resolution. "Ah," he had said, "you have a head on your shoulders. You will teach yourself to think!" Yes, I determined, I would teach myself to think. I would read. I would study. I would go to the libraries. I would go to the night school. I would talk with people who knew how to think. I would raise myself out of the rut.

But first of all I must get a job. Through the remainder of that day I went from shop to shop, spurred on by the realization that every hour I was out of work brought starvation so much nearer to our door. Toward the end of the day I called at the sample-card place of a man named Lewis, in Grand Street. This man told me I could go to work, but that instead of naming my salary in advance he would pay me at the end of the week what he thought I was worth. I was not sure I could trust him to be fair with me in this proposition, but I took the job.

In a small, dingy room I found eight girls working by gaslight. One or two of them glanced at me indifferently, but the rest did not even look up from their cards as I took my place with them. They were all working with feverish energy at top speed, as if they were mere bundles of nerves keyed up to the breaking-point.

I soon learned why the girls put such feverish energy into their work. The shop had what was known as the slip system, which was designed to keep a check on the workers every hour of the day. On arriving in the morning each girl received a long, white slip of paper ruled into spaces in which the foreman marked the precise time at which a bundle of work was passed to any of us and the time of its return to him. At the end of the day these cards were collected and turned into the office. If the record showed that a girl had fallen off in speed during any hour of the day she was informed that a deduction would be made from her pay to make up for her failure to keep the pace. We were like runners in a long-distance race, not daring to pause for an instant, straining to keep abreast of one another or to catch up with some girl who was outdoing us. When my first pay-day came I received an envelope containing four dollars and a half.

Night school was out of the question until I could manage to find a job that would not keep me so late, for it was nine o'clock before my evening meal was over. But I could carry out a part of my resolution, and most every evening I went to the East Broadway Library, across the street from the Educational Alliance.

IN the evening I would go to Jackson Park, where groups of Russians were to be found. They discussed their favorite authors, Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, Ibsen, Tolstoy, of none of whom I had ever heard, but with all of whom I soon became acquainted in the library. When they were not carrying on animated discussions they sang their folk songs or danced. There was nothing apathetic about them. Their minds and emotions were always wide awake. They were the only intellectual people I had ever known, and association with them widened my mental horizon rapidly. They read everything they could lay their hands on. They introduced me not only to books but to newspapers. They took a lively interest in the Yiddish paper Ben Rubin worked for, and whenever they disagreed with its editorial policy they raised loud protests and either wrote to the editor or sent delegations to him.

A novel written by Rubin himself was running in this paper serially at the time, and it met with their violent disapproval. They sent a committee to the editor, Rubin's boss, to tell him so.

"What kind of a story is this, about dukes and earls and counts and things like that?" demanded their spokesman. "What do we care about such people. There's nothing in it but high society-life. Anybody'd think you were running a paper for aristocrats."

"I'll see about it at once," the editor assured them, getting very nervous and excited, and he called Rubin in.

"BEN," he said, "I'm told that story of yours is no good. Our readers don't like it. You got to end it right away."

"Right away!" cried Rubin, his eyes growing very big behind his horn-rimmed spectacles.

"Yes; in the very next chapter."

"But how can I end it in the next chapter when it isn't half told yet?" Rubin protested. "Can a novel be ended all of a sudden before it's begun?"

"You got to do it," his boss insisted. "A bum novelist it would be that couldn't invent a quick ending to a story that's no good."

The committee filed out, and waited for the next number. When it came out they found that Ben Rubin had obeyed his orders. He had put all his characters into a barn, set fire to the hay and burned them up.

Most of my Russian friends were Socialists, but a few of them had dropped Socialism and were now anarchists through and through, holding the laws in contempt and speaking bitterly of all government. I think the first of these anarchists I met—with the exception of Zalmon Eckstoff, who really didn't count, as he was a weak character wholly under the influence of whomever he chanced to be associating with—was Dave Lerner. Dave was a consumptive, but he was studying in one of the preparatory schools and was about to get his last few counts that would entitle him to enter a medical college. He knew that he had not long to live, but he persisted in his studies in the night classes in spite of the fact that his work as a salesman in the day time told heavily on his strength. He supported his mother and consumptive sister, Rebecca, a girl a little older than myself, with whom I became very friendly. They had quite a library at home, and I often visited there and read their books. Dave and I had long talks together. He was twenty and I barely fifteen, but he did not treat me as if I were a child. Indeed I was a child no longer, in spite of my age, and he seemed to realize that fact. He knew that childhood passed away quickly in the hard routine of the sweatshops.

"THE world hasn't been very kind to you and me," he would say bitterly, his eyes growing very bright and a feverish flush creeping into his hollow cheeks. "Look at me. I (*Continued on page 62*)

The Clock with Golden Hands

The Crimes of the Arm-Chair Club—VIII

By Arthur Somers Roche

Illustrated by Gerald Leake



From the window above a light suddenly rested upon the face of the climbing thief.

WHEN the members of the Arm-chair Club made a gentlemen's agreement among themselves to commit twelve crimes, they did not figure that a real criminal might be in their midst. Yet who but a trained crook could have planned or executed the amazing theft of the Club Clock itself—the Clock with Golden Hands?

WHEN the Yankee merchant marine—that later, with its countless masts, was to spread itself over the Seven Seas, only to dwindle and die through governmental lack of foresight—was still in its swaddling clothes, burly, bearded men, fresh from the Orient, from Magellan's Straits, from the uncharted Pacific, from the Cape of Good Hope bringing with them a tang of windswept salt water, were wont to foregather in a tavern near the Battery.

Here they swapped yarns, were made welcome by their owners, lounged in the heavy arm-chairs that were the most conspicuous feature of the tavern. They swore queer oaths, pounded tables violently, squared thickset shoulders and clenched scarred and tattooed fists. These were the skippers who were, some of them, later to humble the frigates that flew the haughtiest flag that floats; that were to outsail and outfight the pride of the battlefleet of the French; that were to furnish the Reids of the Arm-Strong, the Lawrences and the Decaturs and, still later in the tradition, the Farraguts and Porters.

A sturdy and upstanding type, they loved the sea and its hardships. But equally, when on shore, they loved their ease. So, back in the eighteenth century, when America was emerging from the chaos of revolutionary war, certain shipowners decided that they would make this informal club permanent. Thus began the Arm-chair Club, the oldest and most exclusive organization in America.

Limited to twelve members, at first equally divided between ship-captains and ship-owners, the former, when our merchant fleet vanished after the Civil War, slowly began to disappear from the club roster. Also, men whose inheritances had been won from the sea, turned to the land. Bankers and merchants and—in the case of young Dick Bernard—even lawyers were represented in the membership now.

But the old tradition lingered. The same old arm-chairs, their cushions restuffed, their wabbly legs and arms periodically strengthened, were set around the same great table in the same old room that had housed the first meeting of the regularly constituted club that had succeeded the informal gatherings in the old tavern.

For the club still inhabited the same old building. This is a bit farther uptown than one would have expected considering the ancient—for America—date of the founding of the club. In the old days, nearly every sea-going member had prided himself on his little farm, where the wife and children awaited him when he plied his trade. While the homes that they owned are well downtown to-day, they were uptown then, and the club was located near to their homes.

THUS, to-day the Arm-chair Club is huddled between buildings of fairly modest height, not so high as those tremendous skyscrapers that are found in the financial district. Nevertheless, the building next to the venerable club, devoted to jobbers in the silk business, is nine stories high. The little Arm-chair Club nestles at its feet, dwarfed and shadowed, in its two stories, by the silk building.

"So you see," said the renting agent who was showing a prospective tenant about the silk building, "you have perfect light from the north." He had been explaining, from the fourth story window, the history of the little club below.

"A ten-year lease is long, though," protested the would-be tenant. "If the club should sell its quarters, and an office building is erected in its place——"

"But I've assured you that that is impossible," cried the agent. "The clubhouse of the Arm-chair was presented by Obadiah Yellis, the first president of the club."

"Queer name," commented the other.

"It certainly was. I believe that his paternal ancestor was a Hollander, married to a New England lady. It's the only way to account for the combination. Well, anyway, Mr. Carter, in his deed of gift Yellis provided that the building must never be sold. If the club decided to move, the building must be turned into a home for the destitute widows of sea-captains who died in China."

Mr. Carter smiled, exposing a row of even white teeth.

"Funny bequest."

"He'd had a hard time in early life. His father had been a sea-captain—so the story is, anyway—who'd died in China leaving his widow too poor to support her children. She'd married again and old Yellis had hated his stepfather."

Carter laughed. "You certainly know the history of the club, Mr. Winslow."

Winslow smirked. "I'm one of the few outsiders



A fist crashed against Dick's forearm and his pistol dropped to the roof.

who's ever been to that club, sir. You see, there was some talk of turning this building into a garment—ladies' cloak and suit—factory. That meant—fifteen years ago when the garment workers weren't organized as they are to-day—nothing less than a huge sweat-shop. Naturally, the members of the club down there below objected. They invited me to take luncheon there. I tell you, I met some pretty big people; John Cranahan—he's the president. You've heard of Oriental Exchange. Well, Cranahan is the head of it. And Herriman, of Pinnacle Copper, Glendenning, of the Forty-fifth National Bank, Sinsabaugh, of Generator Power—I tell you, Mr. Carter, they're about the biggest men in the country, those Arm-chair people.

"And they just made it clear to me that the owners of this building better hadn't turn this building into any sweatshop."

"How could they stop it?" inquired Carter.

"Well, they could," admitted the agent. "They didn't *say* much, but—well, my people like a bank loan occasionally. And they'd have trouble getting it if the Arm-chair people were against them. Then, something else. The Arm-chair crowd agreed to do certain things to the property around here. They financed a campaign to improve property in this neighborhood. That was good for us, you can see."

"Must have cost them money," said the other.

The agent swelled with vicarious pride. "They love their club. They're willing to spend a little money to keep its surroundings right." Abruptly he changed the subject. "Well, how about it? Think you want to take the floor?"

CARTER looked out the window. His gaze was mostly directed downward toward the roof of the Arm-chair Club. He noticed that there was a sort of hatchway in the roof, covered with a slanting glass window or door. He pursed his lips; he whistled softly.

"I'll take it," he said.

The agent beamed upon him. "Shall we go to my office, sir, and complete the little formalities that——"

"Why not? I've made up my mind."

"Very good, sir." The agent could not refrain from rubbing his hands together. He'd made a most advantageous deal. He'd expected to come down ten per cent. on the rent. This Mr. Carter was a most amiable gentleman.

Half an hour later, from a booth in a saloon whose customers' noses were as red as before prohibition had come into being, if not into complete effect, Carter called up a number. A woman's voice answered.

"Miss Darrell?"

"Yes."

"This is Carter. I've rented the floor in the building next door."

"Yes?" her voice was encouraging, congratulatory.

"Told them that I was going into the silk jobbing business on a most extensive scale. Told them that I'd been a mill-owner, and all that. Paid a year's rent in advance—no questions about me at all to amount to anything."

The voice of the girl was most cordial. "Good work, Carter," she said.



As Nebidan finished twelve pair of eyes turned toward the club clock.

CRANAHAN called the meeting to order. It had not been a difficult task. Even dice, that new amusement of the members, that had been taken up most delightedly by two such staid church-goers as Herriman and Sewall, held no attraction this evening. It was the end of the seventh month that had elapsed since they had signed the fatal agreement whereby each member bound himself to commit a crime secretly selected by the late Inspector Burke. Since the theft of the agreement—with their names signed to it—the club mood had been erratic, swinging from righteous indignation to blind wrath, around to panic, further on to recklessness, still further to philosophic calm, back to indignation and around the circle once more.

To-night the mood common to all was a combination of indignation and calm. They were unwontedly quiet.

"Of course," said Cranahan in his heavy bass, lightened a bit by the brogue that occasionally crept into it, "ye know the date."

Sinsabaugh smoothed a recalcitrant lapel. His valet had become devilish careless. . . . "As well as we know the date of a note that we can't meet, John."

"Right," boomed Cranahan. "Well, I don't need to tell ye, then, that before midnight to-night the eighth crime will be committed, if we can judge the present by the past."

No one had put it into words before this evening. Oddly enough, the mood that had descended upon them all had held in it something of that mood which inspires a small boy to whistle as, at dark, he passes a graveyard. To talk of other matters, to ignore the threat that hung—eternally it seemed—over their heads, was to evade the threat, perhaps.

But Cranahan's words banished this hoped-for evasion. Some one of their number had stolen the agreement to which their names were signed, which bound them to commit the crimes that Inspector Burke, before his sudden death, had written opposite each man's name. That one, that thief among them, had committed in dead earnest crimes that they had intended to attempt in fulfilment of a mirthful wager. And by threat of exposure of the agreement, which might conceivably mean social and financial ruin for them, he had persuaded them to pay blackmail, to connive, in effect, at real crime. Whereas they had desired to commit deeds whose criminality would be laughed away by even their victims, once explanation of the wager was made.

SUSPICION, never more than lightly slumbering, was wide awake again. These were men who had been boyhood friends, whose fathers had known each other. There was not a member of the club who could not boast at least a collateral ancestor in the list of the club's charter members. Further, not one of them but was a big figure in the world of commerce or finance. Except young Dick Bernard, who had been elected to fill the vacancy caused by his father's death.

Yet one of them had taken advantage of a friendly wager to steal! Which one of these men needed money desperately? For only one who needed money most vitally would overturn all the traditions of his ancestry and of his own upbringing.

Yet, with all the sources of information open, by virtue of their positions, to each member of the club, nothing detrimental could be learned about any other member. But the facts—seven thefts, executed with the utmost cunning and daring—were spread upon the record of the past seven months.

Once a month a crime! Seven done, five more to go. . . . Instinctively each moved away from his neighbor. A shudder ran through the group as Cranahan produced, from an inner pocket, an envelope.

"Good Lord," groaned Sinsabaugh, "another warning?"

"You noticed an unusual number of men outside, lounging around the streets?" asked Cranahan.

Several members nodded eagerly.

"Let me read this letter," said Cranahan. "It's addressed to the Forty-fifth National Bank—Glendenning gave it to me—and it says, 'To-morrow night a bomb will be exploded in your bank. It will be followed by other events, which the kept capitalistic press will term outrages, but which will be steps forward in the evolution of justice!' "

He paused, then drew another letter from his pocket. "As you know," he went on, "we've let a few of the higher police officials into our troubles. But it would be difficult to get a guard placed here without letting news of it and the reason get into the papers. But—I wrote myself an unsigned letter, with the same wording as this that Glendenning got, and—outside are fifty policemen. I'm thinking," and he grinned mirthlessly, "that the crook among us will have his troubles to-night. With fifty cops outside, and eleven honest men of us on the alert inside—well, let him start something."

Herriman stirred nervously. "Good for you, John," he piped. "We get the cops without telling the real reason."

Sewall glared at Herriman. His whiskers bristled. Much alike in appearance, of the same general habits of thought, both church (*Continued on page 54*)

This Light Must Live

A Novel of New York

By Arthur Stringer

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

What right has a man to pry into his wife's past? Storrow, a vigorous young sculptor, came down from the Canadian Rockies to New York, fell in love with a Greenwich Village artists' model, married her first —and asked his questions afterward.

THE STORY—Owen Storrow, a young sculptor, came down from Canada to study and work at his art in New York City. He stops at "The Alwyn Arms," a cheap hotel, although Augusta Kirkner, an aunt and a matron of means, has offered him a studio in her Brooklyn home. Storrow's first day is full of incident: a fight to the finish with the brawny engineer of the hotel; and when he climbs back to his room, the discovery that a careless hotel clerk has assigned his room to another. This maroons him on the fire-escape, till the girl on the floor below his takes him into her room and impulsively administers to the bruises of his recent battle. It is a case of love at first sight, though not without complications for the girl, Torrie. For Krassler, the musical-comedy producer, upon whom she is depending for a chance on the stage, discovers Storrow's presence and misinterprets according to his nature. Owen goes to his aunt's cottage on Long Island Sound, and there rescues his cousin, Charlotte Kirkner, from drowning. But he returns to New York, where he meets Chester Hardy, who advises him to quit sculpture and write a novel of the great Northwest. Then Storrow finds that Torrie Throssel occupies the studio adjoining his own, and their former intimacy is resumed. When Modrynski, a veteran artist, unhesitatingly condemns his modeling, Storrow definitely decides to go in for literature. Then he marries Torrie Throssel, and his novel is accepted for publication, with probabilities of a screen production also. Storrow delves into his wife's past and receives a jolt.

THE air of ghostliness about every-day objects, the vague sense of unreality in familiar things, taking possession of Storrow on his return to the city, did not remain with him for any ponderable length of time. Old scenes and old habits promptly caught him up in their course, as the steel rails catch a car making a flying switch, and guided him back into a flat and familiar world.

Even Torrie's matter of urgency, so mysteriously withheld, failed to impress him, once he was back in the studio, as anything approaching the momentous. It was merely that "The Seventh Wave" company had been reorganized for a road tour and Krassler had sent a hurried call for her to rejoin the departing forces.

"And why couldn't that have been mentioned over the telephone?" asked Storrow, resenting the natural inference that he had been deliberately manipulated. Yet Torrie's almost colorless face remained impassive, even before his unmodified note of mockery.

"I felt that you might not want me to go out with that road company. And long-distance wasn't the place for carrying on an argument about it—especially after spending over an hour in finding you."

He stared at her, with a singular detachment of mind, unimpressed by the note of bitterness in her voice, for all its quietness. What did succeed in impressing him, however, was the weariness of the white face, heavy about the eyes and mouth, the listlessness that had imposed itself upon the once-ardent and childlike contours.

"You weren't always so considerate of my feelings," he retorted, steeling his heart against her pose of unprotesting world-weariness.

"What do you mean by that?" she almost triumphantly challenged, glad, apparently, to find prolonged and benumbing constraint breaking out at last into a clarifying storm of words.

"I mean that a telegram was delivered here three days ago, and I never got it. A message for me!"

She looked up at him steadily.

"You were much too drunk to do anything when that wire came, even if you could have understood it," she quietly explained.

"But that message was for me," he reiterated.

"Well, it's somewhere about. Nobody's keeping it from you."

"But it was kept from me," he contended. "And you succeeded in humiliating me before——"

"Before whom?" she cut in jealously, at his moment of hesitation.

"Before my relations." It sounded inadequate, and he knew it.

"Well, I can't see that those relations ever did very much for you," she scornfully exclaimed.

He began to see how foolish and futile it all was. He turned away from her with a movement that was both angry and dismissive. She still stood before him, with what he accepted as a mere pretense of timidity.

AFTER all, it was *me* you married," she said in a voice that was thin with misery. Her moods, he decided, were beyond him. They were incomprehensible in their capriciousness, a mixture of steel and rose-leaves, a confusion of ice and flame



It was more hostility than hate that crept into Torrie's eyes.

"Yes, it was *me* I married," he slowly repeated, beholding the point of that scornful reiteration pierce like a spear-head into the softness of her body, as he had intended that it should. Yet there was no touch of joy to his triumph. He had looked for another outburst from her, a noisy fusillade of anger that would have eased his soul of its rancor. But now, with something dangerously close to hate burning in his heart, he suddenly found pity unnerving him. Women, he remembered, were frail and flexible, were more played upon by their environment, were susceptible to influences unknown to men. It was the duty of the strong, accordingly, to protect the weak. And with Torrie, after all, it was a matter of weakness, of surrender to impulse. She did not differ from other women, except that she was more vital. Even Charlotte Kirkner, sheltered and sensitive, as fine-fibered as women were made, had betrayed a promise of outlawry, a potentiality of revolt from the worn old paths of Right. It was men who sentimentalized women, who established false standards toward which they were forced to strain. That was something he had learned from the city which harbored him. And with it he wistfully feathered the nest of Compromise.

"Then the thing is settled!" It was the voice of Torrie speaking in a tone singularly remote and final. Already she seemed to be accosting him from beyond a gulf of terrifying dimensions.

"What thing?" he demanded, vaguely disturbed.

"ABOUT my going," was her answer. Already, he fancied, he could detect about her a valedictory air, a retrospective and autumnal pensiveness.

Storrow recalled haphazard impressions of road companies, impressions picked up from motion pictures and Broadway romances and studio gossip. He remembered what Chester Hardy had said to him about stage-life. And the thought of her once more engulfed in that devastating environment became unbearable. To surrender her to such a life seemed a contradiction of every protectional instinct in his being. It seemed the end—the end of everything.

He crossed the room to the window and stood staring out.

"I'd rather you didn't go," he said in a strained voice, without turning his head.

She stood watching him, without changing her position. "Why not?" she asked.

"I don't want you to go," he repeated, almost brusquely.

And that was all that came of the matter, at the time, for Torrie, with the unrelaxed lines of thought still furrowing her creamy forehead, made it a point to absent herself from the studio as soon as she could withdraw without any seeming sacrifice of dignity.

Yet the question was brought up again, two hours later, when Pannie Atwill invaded the studio and found Storrow there, alone in the paling afternoon light.

"How's things?" she



"Gee, Torrie," said Pannie, "man-handlin' like that ought to be great for your Art!"

htly inquired as she discarded the white fox furs nich encased her up to the eyes.

"Tangled up, as things most always seem to be," sponded Storrow, anticipating her hand-reach for e cigaret-box.

"Where's the Odalisk?" asked Pannie, with a ance about the room.

"What do you mean?" demanded Storrow.

"Where's the *frau?*"

"Shopping, I believe," answered Storrow.

"Gettin' ready for the grape-vine circuit?"

Still again Storrow did not understand her.

"Gettin' ready to go out with that Krassler bunch?" e said by way of exegesis.

"I hardly think so."

"She's goin', ain't she?" demanded Pannie.

"She is not," asserted Storrow.

"Odalisk is right," observed Pannie, under her eath. Then she blew a smoke-ring, and through at blew a smaller one. "Hermie will throw a fit hen he gets hep to that. He thinks he can smooth it that play on the rubes and bring it back to roadway a knock-out. And he intended Torrie to e the big splash when they hit this Hudson again."

BUT Torrie wasn't the star," contended Storrow. "She didn't even have the lead."

"Of course she didn't, dearie," acknowledged annie. "But Krassler was nursin' her like an eight-n-inch naval gun. He was keepin' her tarpaulined own until the Broadway openin', and th n he as goin' to let her loose and smother the performance. fully gee, man, why do you suppose he was belascoin' ound here in private, and coachin' her under cover, nd frettin' and workin' his crazy little kike heart out it wasn't to give her her Big Chance?"

Storrow seemed slow to absorb the situation which annie thought she had made plain to him.

"But why should Krassler go out of his way to naneuver her into a chance which couldn't have een quite legitimate?" he asked.

"Oh, it's legitimate all right, once you can get away with it," announced Pannie, with the wisdom of the serpent in her artless young eyes.

"But why should he do it, or want to do it?"

An invisible shutter was drawn down over the wise young face.

"I guess Hermie had banked on Torrie gettin' away with it," she offhandedly acknowledged.

It occurred to Storrow that Hermie was banking altogether too much on the lady in question, though he resisted the impulse to assert the same to the sophisticated young woman confronting him. He was growing into a clearer perception of the fact that Krassler's interest in Torrie was something more than a professional one. And once that fact became established in his mind he became more fixed in his opposition to his wife's adventuring forth with a road company. And Torrie herself, after a day or two of opposition, gave up the idea. She bent to his will, apparently impressed by the fact that an opposite course would lead to a break that would prove final. Her surrender, however, was not an unqualified one. There was a note of constraint, sometimes almost a note of bitterness, in her attitude toward Storrow. She was depressed for a day when a Buffalo paper, sent back through the mail, brought an exceptionally long and enthusiastic review of "The Seventh Wave."

But she said nothing about it to her husband.

Storrow himself, with his novel finally disposed of, was already hard at work on a short story or two. His struggles in this new medium were not mild ones, for he was determined to push them through to an end without in any way calling on Hardy for help. His progress was slow and his first results were far from satisfactory. When his second effort seemed equally futile he became depressed and morose. Torrie, in fact, even announced that living with a bilious author was worse than living with a bear with a sore paw, and advertised her intention of giving him the studio to himself as much as she was able. This policy of absentation flowered in a later announcement that Donnie Eastman was getting up a series of historical *tableaux*, at the Biltmore, and that she had agreed to take part in a couple of the groups.

TO this Storrow offered no objections, though he found it presented as an excuse for more and more absences, for unexpected telephone-calls, for surprisingly late home-comings to the studio. And through it all Storrow nursed a sense of waiting for something, something which he was unable to define. When he asked himself if it were release, he was unable to define the thing from which he sought liberation. When he pondered if it were merely the promise of spring working in his nomad's blood, he could see no possible change to come from the changing season. But as the winter slipped away he found himself possessed by a listlessness he could not explain. The appeal seemed to have gone out of the city about him, which cared neither for his happiness nor his misery, his success nor his failure. The city humbled a man, he found. And it also tended to obliterate him.

Yet he remembered, word for word, what Charlotte Kirkner had said about life. "Somewhere deep inside of us is a spark that must be kept alive, a light that brings a sort of tragedy into our lives when we let it go out." And whatever happened, he told himself as he went back to his work very much like going back to the side of an old and dependable comrade, that light must live.

One raw and blustery afternoon when March gave every promise of going out like a lion he was alone in his studio, going over the proofs of his book. This task, with its evidences of definite accomplishment, brought with it an unexpected revival of spirits. He had, after all, created something, of his own wit made something to redeem him from blank namelessness, left a record for others to read and understand. And this thing of his own, clothed now in the authority of print, fortified him with a (*Continued on page 91*)

Several Senators from Scattered States

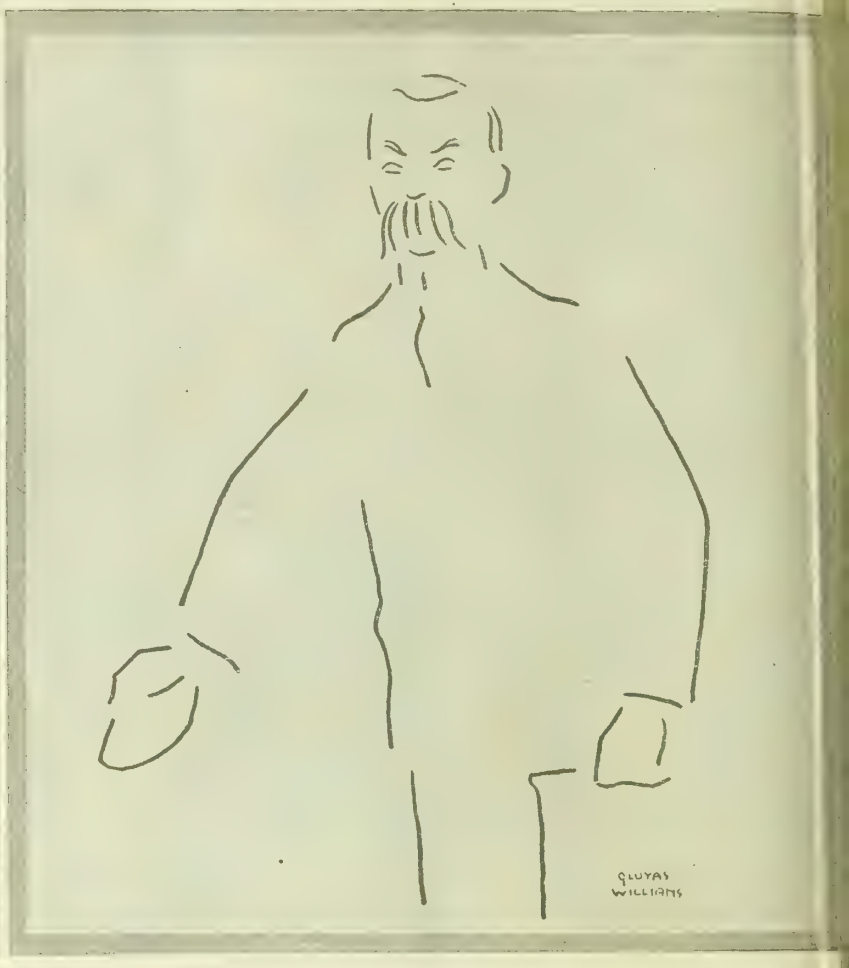
Drawings by Gluyas Williams ~ Sketches by John Temple Graves



THE MAN WHO WROTE THE PROHIBITION BILL

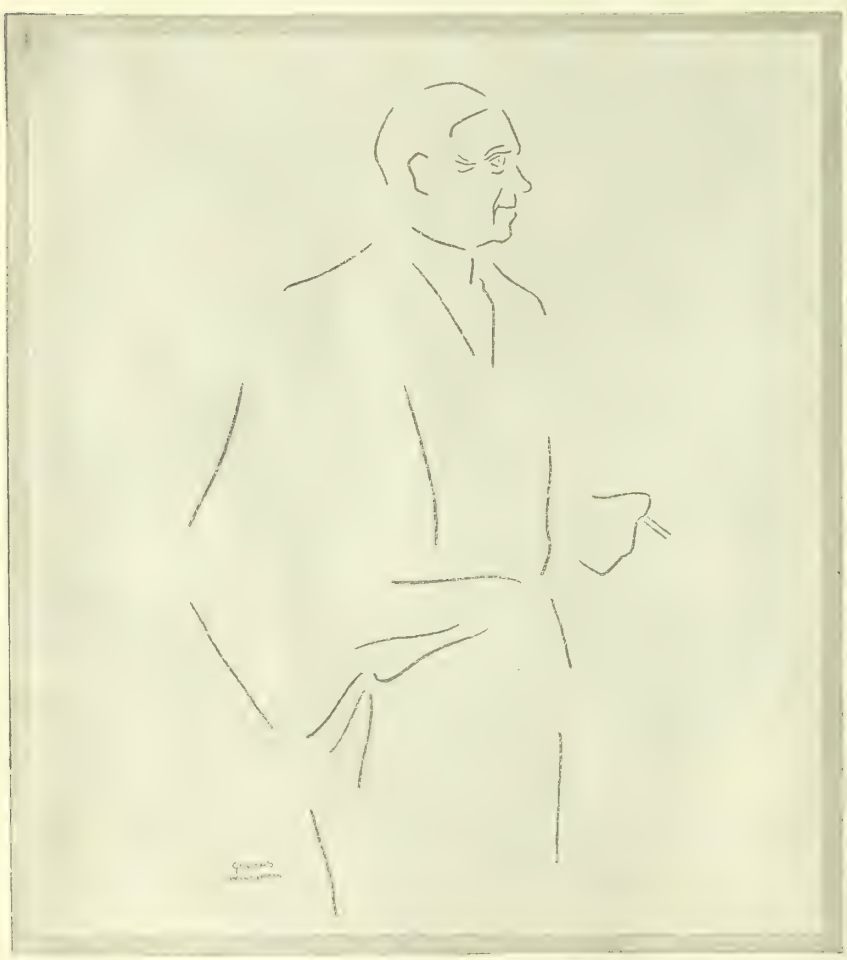
IN Morris Sheppard of Texas the Senate has the anomaly of a brilliant speaker who rarely speaks—and when he does speak, he ignores entirely each and every subtle art of the well-known press agent to get his speeches into the newspapers.

Among American statesmen there is no more notable record of ceaseless diligence and devotion to duty than his. Since he has been in the Senate, there have been*



THE INDEFATIGABLE GENTLEMAN FROM MONTANA

SINCE the retirement of Elihu Root, Thomas J. Walsh of Montana is reckoned by many of his colleagues as the ablest lawyer of all the lawyers in the Senate. Walsh won his spurs in the Senatorial forum when he completely floored Root on the Ship Purchase Bill, by asking Root how it happened that the delegates to the London Conference, appointed by Secretary Root, had not upheld the immemo-*



NEVADA'S SOLDIER SENATOR

WHEN Governor Emmet D. Boyle of Nevada on January 4, 1918, appointed Charles Belknap Henderson, Democrat, of Elko County, to succeed the late Francis G. Newlands in the Senate of the United States, the people of Nevada saw the new Senator, beheld he was good, and on the November 5th following, by a magnificent majority, confirmed Charles Belknap Henderson as Nevada's Junior*



A PIONEER FIGHTER FOR WOMAN SUFFRAGE

IT was a bold act for Joseph Eugene Ramsdell, Senator from the extreme southern and altogether chivalric State of Louisiana, to stand in the United States Senate and vote for the Woman Suffrage Amendment when it was first presented in 1914. There were only three southern Senators who dared to do this, and Ramsdell was one of them. Sheppard of Texas and Lea of Tennessee were the other two.*

*(Concluded on page 70)

He Kept His Promise

By K.C.B.



The check-room boy—as he looks today.

"Business is business," the wise men tell us. Well, "sentiment is sentiment" too so far as all that goes. But sometimes a man comes along who can mix the two. This is the true story of one "practical business man" who did.

OUT in San Francisco there is an hotel the foundation of which was a Scotch boy's love for his mother.

There is a material foundation, of course—great depths of concrete that hold up the steel and stone and brick.

But long before the workmen came with their great oads of gravel and cement the foundation had been id deep in two hearts.

Just to look at the hotel one would never suspect at it was other than a commercial enterprise. Only y searching the son's heart—for the mother's has ng since gone to rest—may one discover the real undation stones.

The boy was Allan Pollok, and the name won't ean anything to most of you.

He had come from Scotland with his mother d with the tides that beset young men seek- g their fortunes in a strange land he had ifted about until one day he found himself in e lobby of a San Francisco hotel.

He wasn't a homeless boy and he still had n dollars paid him for a week's labor in the cal room of a San Francisco newspaper office.

But it wasn't very much money and his hope acquiring a fortune from that source had long o passed on into the land of disappointment.

e was a cheerful boy, however, mostly for the ason that he thought he had the grandest mother the world.

And of course he had.

Almost every boy has.

And on this day that we find him sitting in the bby of the hotel he had determined to make a ange.

And acting on a sudden impulse he sought out the anager of the hotel and asked him for a job.

There was a vacancy in the checking-room, the anager said, and he might have the position at o a month and his board.

It wasn't very much money, but he took the b.

His mother cried a little when he told her what he d done. She didn't like hotels very much and she dn't think a job in a check-room was good enough r so grand a son.

But the son promised her that he wouldn't be in e check-room very long and he made her see that an tel was a perfectly proper place.

"And besides," he said in his assumed enthusiasm, I want to stay and learn the business because some y I am going to build an hotel in San Francisco just r you and me."

And the foolish mother—for all mothers are foolish times—believed what her son told her and talked nstantly and looked forward always to the day en her son should build an hotel through his own orts.

NCIDENTALLY the young man didn't remain very long in the check-room.

He was taken out and given more important rk.

Within a year he had climbed so high that he s actually bumping into the manager himself. ere was no question but that he was learning e hotel business, and every day drew him a little ser to the fulfilment of the promise he had made mother.

They were Presbyterians—this son and mother— d every Sunday night they could be found in their n pew in a church that had held its place while the siness district of San Francisco had expanded and rrounded it.

On one particular Sunday night—sometime in 99, and the young man had arrived in his early rties—he led his mother across the street from the urch.

"Mother," he said, "do you know what I was nking about in church to-night?"

And mother supposed, of course, that he was think- g about the sermon.

But he wasn't.

"I was thinking," he said, "that this church site uld make a wonderful location for an hotel."

He knew that the property could be purchased, and t week he took an option on it for thirty days. e option cost him $100.

HE didn't know as much about finance at that time as he does to-day, but nevertheless within rty days he had found two men who expressed ir willingness to buy the property and erect an hotel if an operating company could be found to lease it from them.

Before the option had expired he had found a lawyer who agreed to form an operating company.

Thereupon the property was purchased, and for the first time since that Sunday night outside the church young Pollok felt assured that he was headed straight for the goal of his desires.

It took four years to build the hotel, counting the time spent in visiting other hotels both in America and Europe.

And twice while the plans were being made more property was purchased and provision made for a still greater hotel than the original plans called for.

They were wonderful days for the mother of the young promoter and she was as familiar with every progressive step as was the son himself.

FINALLY, the hotel was completed, a great imposing structure that stands to-day one of the finest hotels in America.

On a certain night in March, 1904, with the opening scheduled for the next day, a waiting list of guests that promised almost to fill the hotel at once and every table taken in the dining-rooms, the hotel manager, Mr. Allan Pollok—none other than our check-room boy—called to their places all of the employees of the hotel and told them a secret that must have been a pleasant one, for they all of them smiled and the bellboys clapped their hands.

At the particular moment of the telling of this secret there was no one thing left undone to complete the hotel as it would be when the doors were thrown open on the following morning.

It was as complete as human mind and human hands could make it.

The bellboys were at their stations, behind the desk were the clerks clean shaved and waiting, in the kitchens work was already under way for the big rush that was to come, on the floors above the chambermaids in their neat new uintorms had put everything in readiness and were also waiting, and last, but not least, standing inside the locked doors to the entrance of the hotel stood the carriage man in the most elaborate uniform that had ever come to San Francisco.

Then the great doors were unlocked and Allan Pollok walked out and behind him the doors were locked again.

Waiting for him outside was the wonderful new bus, with a wonderful team of horses, and into the bus climbed the manager.

And the bus man didn't drive to the railroad station or the ferry, but instead drove straight to a home out in the Park district.

It was where "mother" lived and she was waiting for her "boy"—not really a boy any more, but a full-fledged business man who had "arrived."

NO queen was ever accorded more gallant escort to her carriage than was this mother to the brand-new hotel bus.

And no royal guests were ever more graciously received than were this mother and her son when a few moments later the bus stopped at its place outside the hotel entrance.

The gorgeous uniform was there in all its glory, and the wearer of it bowed as low as the stiffness of new things permitted him to bow.

The entrance doors to the big hotel were wide open and inside every light seemed bent on showing off the grandeur that was there.

And then the doors were locked again, and a clerk behind the desk handed to the gray-haired woman a bright new pen and on the top line of the first register she wrote her name.

And strangely enough, as she did so, there came into the lobby so great a silence that the farthermost bellboy could hear the scratching of the steel against the page.

Then came a key from the key rack just behind and the clerk called: "Front!"

A bellboy hurried to his place and lifted from the floor the handbag that had been brought along.

IT was half way across the lobby to the elevator and no one moved except the bellboy and the mother and her son.

And the deep, thick rugs that covered the tiling of the lobby floor held sacred the tread of the first guest and her escorts.

Upstairs the bellboy turned the lock that opened the way to the "Presidential Suite."

There were flowers there and every light burned in the whiteness of its youth.

THERE we must leave them, the mother and the son, until we go back again a few moments later with the waiter and the dinner bill of fare.

That they didn't look at the bill of fare might have been because they couldn't see past the film of happy tears that glistened in the eyes of each.

Or it might have been that because the son was a dutiful and thoughtful son he had already ordered what he thought his mother might like the most.

And anyway, a little while later tables were brought and the dinner spread.

There was no solemnity in the dining on that first night in the new hotel.

It was a happy party for the two of them.

Even the waiters would have liked to smile, but being good waiters they didn't listen and they didn't hear.

But being men they must have had mothers sometime somewhere, and they must have felt —even if they didn't hear—at least a little of the warmth that lay in the hearts of those they served.

A maid came after the dinner was served and laid back the covers in "mother's" bed in an adjoining room.

When she had gone the son took the mother's face between his open hands and kissed her and the pride that shone in her eyes was crowded out with the love that came through with the tears that he kissed away.

AND the next day came the great public to San Francisco's new hotel, the St. Francis, and it didn't know that on the day before had occurred the really, truly opening.



Ravenot stopped suddenly, murmuring, "How extraordinary . . . I can't remember!"

The Debt Collector

By Maurice Level

Illustrated by Harry Townsend

RAVENOT, debt collector to the same bank for ten years, was a model employee. Never had there been the least cause to find fault with him. Never had the slightest error been detected in his books.

Living alone, carefully avoiding new acquaintances, keeping out of cafés and without love affairs, he seemed happy, quite content with his lot. If it were sometimes said in his hearing: "It must be a temptation to handle such large sums!" he would reply quietly: "Why? Money that doesn't belong to you is not money."

In the locality in which he lived he was looked upon as a paragon, his advice sought after and taken.

On the evening of one collecting day he did not return to his home. The idea of dishonesty never even suggested itself to those who knew him. Possibly a crime had been committed. The police traced his movements during the day. He had presented his bills punctually, and had collected his last sum near the Montrouge Gate about seven o'clock. At the time he had over two hundred thousand francs in his possession. Further than that all trace of him was lost. They scoured the neighborhood and the waste ground that lies near the fortifications; the hovels that are found here and there in the military zone were ransacked; all with no result. As a matter of form they telegraphed in every direction, to every frontier station. But the directors of the bank as well as the police, had little doubt that he had been lain in wait for, robbed and thrown into the river. Basing their deductions on certain clues, they were able to state almost positively that the robbery had been planned for some time by professional thieves.

Only one man in Paris shrugged his shoulders when he read about it in the papers; that man was Ravenot.

JUST at the time when the keenest sleuth-hounds of the police were losing his scent, he had reached the Seine by way of the Boulevards extérieurs. Under the arch of a bridge he had dressed himself in some everyday clothes he had left there the night before, had put two hundred thousand francs in his pocket, and making a bundle of his uniform and satchel, had dropped the whole, weighted with a large stone, into the river and had returned to Paris. He slept at a hotel, and slept well. In a few hours he had become a consummate thief.

Profiting by his start, he might have taken a train across the frontier, but he was too wise to suppose that a few hundred kilometers would put him beyond the reach of the gendarmes, and he had no illusions as to the fate that awaited him. He would most assuredly be arrested. Besides, his plan was a very different one.

When daylight came he enclosed the two hundred thousand francs in an envelope, sealed it with fixed seals, and went to a lawyer.

"Monsieur," said he, "this is why I have come to you: In this envelope I have some securities, papers, that I want to leave in safety. I am going for a long journey and I don't know when I shall return. I should like to leave this packet with you. I suppose you have no objection to my doing so?"

"None whatever. I'll give you a receipt . . . "

He assented, then began to think. A receipt? Where could he put it? To whom entrust it? If he kept it on his person he would certainly lose his deposit. He hesitated, not having foreseen this complication. Then he said easily:

"Mon Dieu, I am alone in the world without relations and friends. The journey I intend making is—not without danger. I should run the risk of losing the receipt, or it might be destroyed. Would it not be possible for you to take possession of the packet and place it safely among your documents, and when I return I should merely have to tell you, or your successor, my name?"

"But if I do that . . . "

"State on the receipt that it can only be claimed in this way. At any rate, if there is any risk, it is mine."

"Agreed. What is your name?"

He replied without hesitation:

"Duverger, Henri Duverger."

WHEN he got back to the street he breathed a sigh of relief. The first part of his program was over. They could clap the handcuffs on him now; the substance of his theft was beyond reach.

He had worked things out with cold deliberation on these lines:—on the expiration of his sentence he would claim the deposit. No one would be able to dispute his right to it. Four or five unpleasant years to be gone through, and he would be a rich man. It was preferable to spending his life trudging from door to door collecting debts! He would go to live in the country. To everyone he would be Monsieur Duverger. He would grow old in peace and contentment, known as an honest, charitable man—for he would spend some of the money on others.

He wanted twenty-four hours longer to make sure the numbers of the notes were not known, and reassured on this point, gave himself up, a cigaret between his lips.

Another man in his place would have invented some story. He preferred to tell the truth, to admit the theft. Why waste time? But at his trial, as when he was first charged, it was impossible to drag from him a word about what he had done with the 200,000 francs. He confined himself to saying:

"I don't know. I fell asleep on a bench. . . . In my turn I was robbed."

Thanks to his irreproachable past he was sentenced to only five years' penal servitude. He heard the sentence without moving a muscle. He was [illegible] five. At forty he would be (*Concluded on p.*

The Box with Broken Seals

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

AS good as any short story is this last chapter of "The Box with the Broken Seals." Jocelyn Thew, a young Irish rebel, has tricked the whole Allied secret service of two continents and fought his way back to Ireland, the stronghold of the Sinn Fein. German submarines are off the Irish coast signaling impatiently for his action. What answer shall he give them? All Thew's future turns on the decision he must make at this moment.



"So much I had thought lost forever has come back. Is it too late for me to ask the greatest thing?"

MORE and more unreal seemed to grow the world in which Sir Dennis Jocelyn Cathley passed that night. Time after time, the great hall in which he had played when a boy, draughty now but still moderately weather-tight, had echoed to the roars of welcome from old associates. But the climax of it all was later on, when he sat at the head of the long, black-oak table, presiding over what was surely the strangest feast ever prepared and given to the strangest gathering of guests. The tablecloth of fine linen was patched and mended—here and there still in holes. Some of the dishes were of silver and others of kitchen china. There were knives and forks beautifully shaped and fashioned, mingled with the horn-handled ware of the kitchen; silver plate and common pewter side by side; priceless glass and common tumblers; fragments of beautiful china and here and there white Delft borrowed from a neighboring farm. The fare was simple but plentiful; the only drink whisky and some ancient Marsala in dust-covered bottles, produced by Timothy with great pride and served with his own hand. The roar which had greeted the first drinking of Sir Dennis's health had scarcely died away when Michael Dilwyn led the way to the final sensation.

"Dennis, my boy," he said, "there's a trifle of mystery about you yet. Will you tell me, then, why, when I spoke to you at the Savoy Restaurant the other night, you denied your own identity? Told me your name was Thew, or something like it, and I your father's oldest friend, and your own, too!"

A sudden flood of recollection unlocked some of the fears in Dennis Cathley's breast.

"I have not used the name of Cathley for many years," he said. "Was it likely that I should own to it there, in the heart of London, with a price upon my head, and half-a-dozen people within earshot? I came back to England at the risk of my life, on a special errand. I scarcely dared to hope that I might meet any of you. I just wanted twelve hours here——"

"Stop, lad!" Dilwyn interrupted. "What's that about a price on your head? You've missed none of our letters, by any chance?"

"Letters?" Sir Dennis repeated. "I have had no word from this country, not even from Timothy here, for over three years and a half."

There was a little murmur of wonder. The truth was beginning to dawn upon them.

"It'll be the censor, maybe," Michael Dilwyn murmured. "Tell us, Dennis Cathley, what brought you back, then? What was this special errand you spoke of?"

"Nothing I can discuss, even with you," was the grim answer. "It was a big risk, in more ways than one, but if to-night keeps calm I'll bring it off."

"You've had no letters for three years," Michael Dilwyn repeated. "Why, d—n it, boy," he exclaimed, striking the table with his fist, "maybe you don't know, then? You haven't heard of it?"

"Heard of what?" Sir Dennis demanded.

"Your pardon!"

"My—what?"

"Your pardon," was the hoarse reply, "signed and sealed a year ago, before the Dublin matter. Things aren't as bad as they were! There's a different spirit abroad. Pass him the Madeira, Hagan. Sure, this has unnerved him!"

Sir Dennis drank mechanically, drank until he felt the fire of the old wine in his veins. He set the glass down empty.

"My pardon!" he muttered.

"It's true," Hagan assured him. "You were one of a dozen. I wrote you with my own hand to the last address we had from you, somewhere out on the west coast of America. Dilwyn's right enough. England has a Government at last. There are men there who want to find the truth. They know what we are and what we stand for. You can judge what I mean when I tell you that we speak as we please here, openly, and no one ventures to disturb us. Dennis, they've begun to see the truth. Dilwyn here will tell you the same thing. He was in Downing Street only last week."

"I was indeed—I, Timothy Dilwyn, the outlaw!—and they listened to me."

"The days are coming," Hagan continued, "for which we've pawned our lands, our relatives, and some of us our liberty. Please God there isn't one here that won't see a free Ireland! We've hammered it into their dull Saxon brains. It's been a long, drear night, but the dawn's breaking."

"And I am pardoned!" Sir Dennis repeated wonderingly.

"Where have you been to these three years, man, that you've heard nothing?" Timothy Dilwyn asked.

"In Mexico, Cuba, Nicaragua, Uruguay. You're right. I've been out of the world. I crept out of it deliberately. When I left here, nothing seemed so hopeless as the thought that a time of justice might come. I cut off myself even from news. I have lived without a name and without a future."

"Maybe for the best," Hagan declared cheerfully. "Remember that it's but twelve months ago since your pardon was signed, and you'd have done ill to have found your way back before then. But what about this mission you spoke of?"

Sir Dennis looked down at the table. Of servants there was only old Timothy at the sideboard, and of those who were gathered around his board there was not one whom he could doubt.

"I will tell you about that," he promised, leaning a little forward. "You have read of the documents and the famous stolen letter which were supposed to have been brought over to England in a certain trunk, protected by the seal of a neutral country?"

"Why, sure!" Michael Dilwyn murmured under his breath. "The box was to have been opened at Downing Street, but one heard nothing more of it."

"The stolen letter," Hagan remarked, "was written in a moment of impulse by a great American statesman, who loved peace for the sake of peace. It was intercepted by a German who loved war for the sake of war."

Sir Dennis nodded.

"You've got the story all (*Continued on page 60*)

OVER the United States stretched an unseen network of secret intrigue woven tirelessly night and day by the busy enemies of civilization—Reds, parlor-socialists, enemy-aliens, terrorists, Bolsheviki, pseudo-intellectuals, I. W. W.'s, social faddists, and amateur meddlers of every nuance—all the various varieties of the vicious, witless, and mentally unhinged—brought together through the "cohesive power of plunder" and the degeneration of cranial tissue.

All over the United States the various departmental divisions of the Secret Service were busily following up these threads of intrigue leading everywhere through the obscurity of this vast and secret maze.

To meet the constantly increasing danger of physical violence and to uncover secret plots threatening sabotage and revolution, there were capable agents in every branch of the Secret Service, both Federal and State.

But in the first months of 1919 something more terrifying than physical violence suddenly threatened civilized America,—a wild, grotesque, incredible threat of a *war on human minds!*

And, little by little, the United States Government became convinced that this ghastly menace was no dream of a disordered imagination, but that it was real: that among the enemies of civilization there actually existed a few powerful but perverted minds capable of wielding psychic forces as terrific weapons: that by the sinister use of psychic knowledge controlling these mighty forces the very minds of mankind could be stealthily approached, seized, controlled and turned upon civilization to aid in the world's destruction.

In terrible alarm the Government turned to England for advice. But Sir William Crookes was dead.

However, in England, Sir Conan Doyle immediately took up the matter, and in America Professor Hyslop was called into consultation.

And then, when the Government was beginning to realize what this awful menace meant, and that there were actually in the United States possibly half-a-dozen people who already had begun to carry on a diabolical warfare by means of psychic power, for the purpose of enslaving and controlling the very minds of men,—then, in the terrible moment of discovery, a young girl landed in America after fourteen years' absence in Asia.

And within a month the Secret Service realized that, as far as anybody knew, this young girl, Tressa Norne, was the only person in the United States capable of understanding and combating the hellish purpose of these unknown masters of unknown powers—these utter enemies of civilization.

And so her case was given to the master-mind in the Secret Service, John Recklow; and John Recklow gave this case to Victor Cleves. And Victor Cleves, still unconvinced of the reality of this alleged psychic menace, started after his quarry—a girl of twenty-one, who had spent ten years of her life in Yian with her celebrated father, Dr. Norne; and four more, after his murder, in the Yezidee Temple of the Prince of Darkness.

And now, from the secret head of the forces of disorder, her assassination had been decreed by the New Anarchy.

And this was the amazing girl that Victor Cleves had just married, at Recklow's suggestion, and in the line of professional duty,—and moral duty, perhaps.



"Look at the river," Tressa said. For over the St. John's

The Smile of
The Slayer
By Robert W. Chambers

IT had been a brief, matter-of-fact ceremony. John Recklow, of the Secret Service, was there; also Benton and Selden of the same service.

The bride's lips were unresponsive; cold as the touch of the groom's unsteady hand.

She looked down at her new ring in a blank sort of way, gave her hand listlessly to Recklow and the others in turn, whispered a timidly comprehensive "Thank you," and walked away beside Cleves as though dazed.

There was a taxicab waiting. Tressa entered. Recklow came out and spoke to Cleves in a low voice.

"Don't worry," replied Cleves drily. "That's why I married her."

"Where are you going now?" inquired Recklow.

"Back to my apartment."

"Why don't you take her away for a month?"

Cleves flushed with annoyance: "This is no occasion for a wedding trip. You understand that, Recklow."

"I understand. But we ought to give her a breathing space. She's had nothing but trouble. She's worn out."

Cleves hesitated: "I can guard her better in the apartment. Isn't it safer to go back there, where your people are always watching the street and house day and night?"

"In a way it might be safer, perhaps. But that girl is nearly exhausted. And her value to us is unlimited. She may be the vital factor in this fight with anarchy. Her weapon is her mind. And it's got to have a chance to rest."

Cleves, with one hand on the cab door, looked around impatiently.

"Do *you*, also, conclude that the psychic factor is actually part of this damned problem of Bolshevism?"

Recklow's cool eyes measured him: "Do *you?*"

"My God, Recklow, I don't know—after what my own eyes have seen."

"I don't know either," said the other calmly, "but I am taking no chances. I don't attempt to explain certain things that have occurred. But if it be true that a misuse of psychic ability by foreigners—Asiatics—among the anarchists is responsible for

If Tressa Norne, who as a temple occult in China, can overcome the she can save the world. But she cruel and grim. Can her White

some of the devilish things being done in the United States, then your wife's unparalleled knowledge of the occult East is absolutely vital to us. And so I say, better take her away somewhere and give her mind a chance to recover from the incessant strain of these tragic years."

The two men stood silent for a moment, then Recklow went to the window of the taxicab

"I have been suggesting a trip into the country, Mrs. Cleves," he said pleasantly, "—into the real



misty surface, there was the span of a Chinese bridge.

a Sorcerer

of Souls ~ V

Illustrated by Armand Both

girl learned the secrets of the malevolent power of the Yezidees, is as gentle and brave as they are magic overcome their Black art?

country, somewhere,—a month's quiet in the woods, perhaps. Wouldn't it appeal to you?"

Cleves turned to catch her low-voiced answer.

"I should like it very much," she said in that odd, hushed way of speaking, which seemed to have altered her own voice and manner since the ceremony a little while before.

Driving back to his apartment beside her, he strove to realize that this girl was his wife.

One of her gloves lay across her lap, and on it rested a slender hand. And on one finger was his ring

But Victor Cleves could not bring himself to believe that this brand-new ring really signified anything to him,—that it had altered his own life in any way. But always his incredulous eyes returned to that slim finger resting there, unstirring, banded with a narrow circlet of virgin gold.

IN the apartment they did not seem to know exactly what to do or say—what attitude to assume—what effort to make.

Tressa went into her own room, removed her hat and furs, and came slowly back into the living-room, where Cleves still stood gazing absently out of the window.

A fine rain was falling.

They seated themselves. There seemed nothing better to do.

He said, politely: "In regard to going away for a rest, you wouldn't care for the North Woods, I fancy, unless you like winter sports. Do you?"

"I like sunlight and green leaves," she said in that odd, still voice.

"Then, if it would please you to go South for a few weeks' rest——"

"Would it inconvenience you?"

Her manner touched him.

"My dear Miss Norne," he began, and checked himself, flushing painfully. The girl blushed, too; then, when he began to laugh, her lovely, bashful smile glimmered for the first time.

"I really can't bring myself to realize that you and I are married," he explained, still embarrassed, though smiling.

Her smile became an endeavor: "I can't believe it either, Mr. Cleves," she said. "I feel rather stunned."

"Hadn't you better call me Victor—under the circumstances?" he suggested, striving to speak lightly.

"Yes. . . . It will not be very easy to say it—not for some time, I think."

"Tressa?"

"Yes."

"Yes—*what?*"

"Yes—Victor."

"That's the idea," he insisted with forced gaiety.

"The thing to do is to face this rather funny situation and take it amiably and with good humor. You'll have your freedom some day, you know."

"Yes—I—know."

"And we're already on very good terms. We find each other interesting, don't we?"

"Yes."

"It even seems to me," he ventured, "it certainly seems to me, at times, as though we are approaching a common basis of—of mutual—er—esteem."

"Yes. I—I do esteem you, Mr. Cleves."

"In point of fact," he concluded, surprised, "we *are* friends—in a way. Wouldn't you call it—friendship?"

"I think so, I think I'd call it that," she admitted.

"I think so, too. And that is lucky for us. That makes this crazy situation more comfortable—less—well, perhaps less ponderous."

THE girl assented with a vague smile, but her eyes remained lowered.

"You see," he went on, "when two people are as oddly situated as we are, they're likely to be afraid of being in each other's way. But they ought to get on without being unhappy as long as they are quite confident of each other's friendly consideration. Don't you think so, Tressa?"

Her lowered eyes rested steadily on her ring-finger. "Yes," she said. "And I am not—unhappy, or—afraid."

She lifted her blue gaze to his; and, somehow, he thought of her barbaric name, Keuke,—and its Yezidee significance, "heavenly—azure."

"Are we really going away together?" she asked timidly.

"Certainly, if you wish."

"If you, also, wish it, Mr. Cleves."

He found himself saying with emphasis that he always wished to do what she desired. And he added, more gently:

"You *are* tired, Tressa—tired and lonely and unhappy."

"Tired, but not the—others."

"Not unhappy?"

"No."

"Aren't you lonely?"

"Not with you."

The answer came so naturally, so calmly, that the slight sensation of pleasure it gave him arrived only as an agreeable afterglow.

"We'll go South," he said. . . . "I'm glad so that you don't feel lonely with me."

"Will it be warmer where we are going, Mr. Cleves?"

"Yes—you poor child! You need warmth and sunshine, don't you? Was it warm in Yian, where you lived so many years?"

"It was always June in Yian," she said under her breath.

She seemed to have fallen into a revery; he watched the sensitive face. Almost imperceptibly it changed; became altered, younger, strangely lovely.

Presently she looked up—and it seemed to him that it was not Tressa Norne at all he saw, but little Keuke—Heavenly Azure—of the Yezidee temple, as she dropped one slim knee over the other and crossed her hands above it.

"It was very beautiful in Yian," she said, "—Yian of the thousand bridges and scented gardens so full

of lilies. Even after they took me to the temple, and I thought the world was ending, God's skies still remained soft overhead, and His weather fair and golden. . . . And when, in the month of the Snake, the Eight Sheiks—El-Djebel came to the temple to spread their shrouds on the rose-marble steps, then, after they had departed, chanting the Prayers for the Dead, each to his Tower of Silence, we temple girls were free for a week. . . . And once I went with Tchagane—a girl—and with Yulun—another girl—and we took our keutch, which is our luggage, and we went to the yaïlak, or summer pavilion on the Lake of the Ghost. Oh, wonderful,—a silvery world of pale-gilt suns and of moons so frail that the cloud-fleece at high-noon has more substance!"

Her voice died out; she sat gazing down at her spread fingers, on one of which gleamed her wedding-ring.

AFTER a little, she went on dreamily:

"On that week, each three months, we were free. . . . If a young man should please us. . . ."

"Free?" he repeated.

"To love," she explained coolly.

"Oh." He nodded, but his face became rather grim.

"There came to me at the yaïlak," she went on carelessly, "one Khassar Noïane—Noïane means Prince—all in a surcoat of gold tissue with green vines embroidered, and wearing a green cap trimmed with dormouse, and green boots inlaid with stiff gold. . . .

"He was so young . . . a boy. I laughed. I said: 'Is this a Yaçaoul? An Urdu-envoy of Prince Erlik?' —mocking him as young and thoughtless girls mock —not in unfriendly manner—though I would not endure the touch of any man at all.

"And when I laughed at him, this Eighur boy flew into such a rage! Kai! I was amazed.

"'Sou-sou! Squirrel!' he cried angrily at me. 'Learn the Yacaz, little chatter! Little mocker of men, it is ten blows with a tick you require, not kisses!'

"At that I whistled my two dogs, Bars and Alaga, for I did not think what he said was funny.

"I said to him: 'You had better go home, Khassar Noïane, for if no man has ever pleased me where I am at liberty to please myself, here on the Lake of the Ghost, then be very certain that no boy can please Keuke-Mongole here or anywhere!'

"And at that—kai! What did he say—that monkey?" She looked at her husband, her splendid eyes ablaze with wrathful laughter, and made a gesture full of angry grace:

"'Squirrel!' he cries—'little malignant sorceress of Yian! May everything high about you become a sandstorm, and everything long a serpent, and everything broad a toad, and everything——'

"But I had had enough, Victor," she added excitedly, "and I made a wild bee bite him on the lip! *What* do you think of such a courtship?" she cried, laughing. But Cleves's face was a study in emotions.

And then, suddenly, the laughing mask seemed to slip from the bewitching features of Keuke Mongole; and there was Tressa Norne—Tressa Cleves—disconcerted, paling a little as the memory of her impulsive confidence in this man beside her began to dawn on her more clearly.

"I—I'm sorry——" she faltered. . . . "You'll think me silly—thing evil of me, perhaps——"

She looked into his troubled eyes, then suddenly she took her face into both hands and covered it, sitting very still.

"We'll go South together," he said in an uncertain voice. . . . "I hope you will try to think of me as a friend. . . . I'm just troubled because I am so anxious to understand you. That is all. . . . I'm—I'm troubled, too, because I am anxious that you should think well of me. Will you try, always?"

She nodded.

"I want to be your friend, always," he said.

"Thank you, Mr. Cleves."

II

IT was a strange spot he chose for Tressa—strange but lovely in its own unreal and rather spectral fashion—where a pearl-tinted mist veiled the St. Johns, and made exquisite ghosts of the palmettos, and softened the sun to a silver-gilt wafer pasted on a nacre sky.

It was a still country, where giant water-oaks towered, fantastic under their misty camouflage of moss, and swarming with small birds.

Among the trees the wood-ibis stole, without on the placid glass of the stream the eared grebe floated. There was no wind, no stirring of leaves, no sound save the muffled splash of silver mullet, the breathless whirr of a humming-bird, or the hushed rustle of lizards in the woods.



"And when I laughed at him, this Eighur boy flew into a rage!"

For Tressa this was the blessed balm that heals,—the balm of silence. And, for the first week, she slept most of the time, or lay in her hammock watching the swarms of small birds creeping and flitting amid the moss-draped labyrinths of the live-oaks at her very door.

IT had been a little club house before the war, this bungalow on the St. Johns at Orchid Hammock. Its members had been few and wealthy; but some were dead in France and Flanders, and some still remained overseas, and others continued busy in the North.

And these two young people were quite alone there, save for a negro cook and a maid, and an aged negro kennel-master who wore a scarlet waistcoat and cords too large for his shrunken body, and who pottered, pottered through the fields all day, with his whip clasped behind his bent back and the pointers ranging wide, or plodding in at heel with red tongues lolling.

Twice Cleves went a little way for quail, using Benton's dogs; but even here in this remote spot he dared not move out of view of the little house where Tressa lay asleep.

So he picked up only a few brace of birds, and confined his sport to impaling too-familiar scorpions on the blade of his knife.

And all the while life remained unreal for him; his marriage seemed utterly unbelievable; he could not realize it, could not reconcile himself to conditions so incomprehensible.

Also, ever latent in his mind, was knowledge that made him restless—the knowledge that the young girl he had married had been in love with another man: Sanang.

And there were other thoughts—thoughts which had scarcely even taken the shape of questions.

ONE morning he came from his room and found Tressa on the veranda in her hammock. She had her moon-lute in her lap.

"You feel better—much better!" he said gaily, saluting her extended hand.

"Yes. Isn't this heavenly? I begin to believe it is life to me, this pearl-tinted world, and the scent of orange bloom and the stillness of paradise itself."

She gazed out over the ghostly river. Not a wing stirred its glassy surface.

"Is this dull for you?" she asked in a low voice.

"Not if you are contented, Tressa."

"You're so nice about it. Don't you think you might venture a day's real shooting?"

"No, I think I won't," he replied.

"On my account?"

"Well—yes."

"I'm so sorry."

"It's all right as long as you're getting rested. What is that instrument?"

"My moon-lute?"

"Oh, is that what it's called?"

She nodded, touched the strings. He watched her exquisite hands.

"Shall I?" she inquired a little shyly.

"Go ahead. I'd like to hear it!"

"I haven't touched it in months—not since I was on the steamer." She sat up in her hammock and began to swing there; and played and sang while swinging in the flecked shadow of the orange bloom:

(*Continued on page 71*)



The American Speaks

By Margaret Widdemer

THE place is full of the strangers; I am here, their guide;
They smile toward my quiet face, the white teeth flash in the brown. . . .
If the wind veered even a little the love in their eyes would hide
And the wild thing under the gleaming smiles would leap and trample me down:

I must smile toward the flashing faces; I must feign they are even as I,
(They have flooded my fathers' land that was built in the name of God)
They are powerful, careless children; they are only intent to buy
Soft living and power, or piling gold to pour on another sod:

I am tired with the gesturing hands and the strident voices here,
Tired with the child-quick anger and reasonless mocking mirth,
Tired with forcing the torch that I once saw burn up clear
Into the hold of the wavering hands that would rather dabble in earth.

I want my own, who came to a hard land long ago
For the sake of a prayer they made, for the sake of their souls to keep;
My fathers, who builded the things that I hold to and love and know,
Who fought a good fight long since; who sleep a contented sleep. . . .

My fathers . . . but they are dead: my children may never be . . .
(Oh, noble stern faces forgotten! Oh, little pure faces unborn!)
Yet the dead and the unborn hands hold the torch where it burns for me—
Oh—I must still fare on through the sloth and the fear and the scorn. . . .

Fathers, you gave me the torch: I hold it high to the end:
And ever if these about me torture or maim or slay,
Lo, here is my life you made—lo, I am your word you send!
I have lit them the light you gave—I have showed them your righteous way!



Copyright, Imperial War Museum, London.

"Gassed"—a dramatic painting of American soldiers by an American artist, which occupied the place of honor in the Royal Academy. The picture shows an

The One Great Picture of the War

An American Triumph in London

By Gardner Teall

THERE can be no question but that the great American artist, John Singer Sargent, remains the most dominant figure among modern portrait-painters. He is, indeed, one of the art-giants of the period. When Isham said that, with all limitations and reservations made, Sargent "has talents manifest and unmistakable that give him securely his position as the foremost portrait-painter since Reynolds and Gainsborough," I do not think he exaggerated in the least.

IN the opening paragraph of his essay, *Sargent*, T. Martin Wood thus deftly places the artist: "Was there ever a more romantic time than our own, or a people who took everything more matter-of-factly? The paintings of a period contain all its enthusiasms and illusions. We remember the Eighteenth Century—at least in England—by Reynolds's and Gainsborough's art; the Seventeenth Century by Van Dyck's; and when we remember the Eighteenth Century in France, it is to think of Watteau, who expressed what his world, drifting toward disaster, cared about—an illusion of a never-ending summer's day. These names are expressive of their times, and Sargent's art, with disillusioned outlook, mirrors an obvious aspect of English life to-day. Above all others he has taken his world as it is, with the delight in life, in its everyday appearance, with which the representative artists of any period have been gifted."

KENYON COX once wrote that, since the death of Whistler, Mr. Sargent holds by all odds the most conspicuous position before the world of any artist whom we can claim in some sort American.

In these later years Sargent has been coming closer and closer to the hearts of his own countrymen. Because he was born in Italy, spent his student days in France and has made London his home for so many years, some of us had come to look upon Sargent almost as a foreigner, often as an ex-patriate. But Sargent in America has shown us how true in spirit he is to the national fibre of American ideals.

The honors that have been bestowed upon Sargent in recognition of his remarkable achievements have been too numerous to catalogue in an article, but it is interesting to be reminded that he is a National Academician, as well as a Royal Academician, a Member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, an Officer of the Légion d'Honneur, a Member of the Societé Nationale des Beaux Arts and that he has received the Order Pour le Merite.

The art of Sargent superbly rebukes all the mad, sad, self-glad output of the cubistic futurist who shrilly disclaims relationship to spirituality and to sanity without knowing it, and descends from the paradise of possibility into the purgatory of pitiful painting.

THIS was written before the Great War, but the Sargent of yesterday is likewise to-day's Colossus, a master whose brush is ready and equal to interpreting the spiritual import of the hour. If one were asked what had been the picture of the year, I think the answer would have to be Sargent's "*Gassed*," shown in the recent exhibition of the Royal Academy in London. There it was given the place of honor, not merely in compliment to a distinguished painter, but because the superb qualities of this wonderful painting command its position and the recognition it received. In this picture we are shown an evening after a battle, an evening still tinged by the glow of the setting sun, with the full moon rising upon the horizon, the whole scene atmospherically impressive. Soldiers in khaki crowd the foreground, where they have sunk to the earth in stupor, too exhausted to struggle onward. Another line of such men presents itself, while pressing between them advances a tumbling array of gas-blinded soldiers, bandaged, each resting a hand on the shoulder of the one who goes before. A second group of such victims also plods along, both lines directed toward a tent, whose ropes and cast shadow only are seen. At first one does not, perhaps, fully discern the curious introduction in the distance of a group of men at football, but it gradually comes to the vision.

I KNOW of no other living artist who could have handled this composition with such success in its perfect accomplishment. Truly indeed the almost



evening on the battlefield; gas-blinded soldiers are being led to the dressing station.

unearthly beauty of eventide is held for us by the painter's skill. Notwithstanding the fact of this masterpiece, there are numerous critics—Mr. Lawrence Binyon among them—who hold, although qualifying the work as of extreme interest, that it is, critically speaking, a failure. I do not agree that it is a failure, critically speaking or otherwise. Many will not feel, as does Mr. Binyon, when he says that Sargent's "long-developed skill in rendering the facts of sight with the most vivid accuracy, seems to have inhibited his powers of expression."

CRITICS in London have held various points of view in the matter. Some contend that Sargent accepted the facts of sight when he should have transformed them, that "with less scrupulous realism we should feel the reality far more, because we should be drawn into a world which had a superior reality of its own," while others ask if Sargent wished this reality to be oppressive or impressive. It *is* impressive, and we are thankful that it stops just there, —thankful, too, that it is a picture we can all understand, a picture which requires no textbook by Mr. Critic This or Mr. Critic That to initiate us through the language of profound analysis into its spiritual significance.

WE may concede that Sargent has not, as we have occasionally been reminded, always exhibited in his portraits the same fastidiousness in selection as in delineation. But that is because he had not been afraid to unveil the traits of his sitters, has not sought to make them immune to revelation. We have long been accustomed through familiarity with his portraits, to place Sargent's men and women definitely in a class by themselves,—that is to say, in a group representative of those who have interrupted their well-established social routine long enough to sit for a painter, but only as a concession, a condescension or as a whim, although no portrait by Sargent ever seems posed.

AND now comes this "*Gassed*," this great canvas which shows us his familiarity with another world, with the very foundations of humanity. How mistaken are those who would exchange this realism for patterned fresco! How far from the opulent world of the Sargent most familiar to us is the setting of this picture of an evening on the battlefield, but how equally an art masterpiece! I do not know a single other war picture wherein the atmosphere of the scene, as well as its *dramatis personæ*, has been suggested with more wizardry of accomplishment than Sargent has done just here. That modernness which distinguishes this master's method, a method developed under Carolus-Duran, has kept pace with events, has impressed us with the fact that "Sargent's world is everybody's world."



John S. Sargent, one of the foremost of our American painters.



City Editor (Hallett Thompson): "I knew the boss was an out and out Socialist but—"





Mary (Jessie Glendenning) doesn't understand politics, but she knows a lot about love.

Mary: "You and I—born boy and girl to grow up man and woman. Nothing can change that—nothing."



o Dick (Allan Dinehart): "I'll give you your li[fe] [I] 't want mine. You've held it too close and too l[ong]"

The Challenge

By Eugene Walter

"THE Challenge" is more than a vastly entertaining play—it is an important contribution to live discussion. America may expect no peace until the labor problems are settled, and there can be no settlement that does not take the rights of all into full consideration. Justice is not the property of any one class. Just as the hopes of the majority lie between the violences and selfishnesses of extremists, so is the truth itself to be found in the "No Man's Land" created by the existing conflict between so-called "Labor" and "Capital." Hate is not going to get us anywhere. The Golden Rule has greater strength than armies. What Mr. Walter is daring enough to imply by "The Challenge" is that America might now attempt the practice of the Christianity that has been on the lips of mankind for two thousand years without ever reaching down to the heart.

George Cecil

DICK PUTNAM fought for democracy in France, and came out of the war with a burning conviction that he must carry forward the fight for justice—for the rights of the people—no matter who it hurt or what it cost him. Mary, his sweetheart, and Hal, his closest friend, are of the capitalist class and, as Mary says, "We've always been masters, we Winthrops! I don't know anything about this socialistic thing—I've let Hal do that sort of thinking for the family, but I do love you and if something is always going to (*Continued on page 56*)

By courtesy of The Selwyns, produce



From a painting by Sorolla. Courtesy of the Art Society of America

"La Bodega"

(The Fruit of the Vine)

By Vicente Blasco Ibañez

COURTESY OF E. P. DUTTON & CO., PUBLISHERS.

VICENTE BLASCO IBANEZ, born in Spain in 1867, began his literary career at eighteen with an anti-government sonnet which cost him six months in prison.

Since then he has written more books and served more terms in prison for them than any living writer. As editor of the Spanish Republican paper "El Pueblo" (The People), publisher of a library of several hundred translations of such men as Nietzsche and Tolstoy, and author of some twenty-two books, Blasco Ibañez has attacked about everything in Spain from the Church to the bullfight.

Yet, just a few months ago, his own province celebrated an Ibañez Feast Day and launched a ship with the names of his nineteen novels on its sails. Thus has one prophet, at least, achieved honor in his own country.

At 52 Blasco Ibañez is still writing and fighting for things as they ought to be, and the world at large waits to hear what he has to say. "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," his great war novel, and "La Bodega" (just translated into English) are being read by the thoughtful all over the civilized world.

DON FERNANDO SALVATIERRA had returned to Jerez after serving an eight years' sentence in a penitentiary of northern Spain. The noted revolutionist came back to his province modestly, without any ostentation whatever, as if he had spent the past eight years in traveling for pleasure.

He was a "lay saint," as even his adversaries confessed. Had he been born two centuries earlier, he would have been a pious mendicant preoccupied with the sorrows of others, and perhaps would at last have come to figure upon the altars. Plunged into the activities of a period of strife, he had become a revolutionist. He journeyed hither and thither like a Wandering Jew of revolt, incapable himself of doing harm, detesting violence, yet preaching it to the lower classes as the only means of salvation.

He went about in tatters, almost naked. Thirty centimos were sufficient for his daily needs. He had decided that as long as the social maladjustments lasted and millions of his kind were slowly starving to death, he had no right to any more.

The unspeakable hardships of the laborers in the wine granges of Jerez always rouse Salvatierra to pity and rebellion. He longs for the day of the "Social Revolution."

The toilers had three meals per day, all consisting of bread; food fit for dogs. The men pulled out their horn spoons, forming a wide circle about the food. There were so many of them, that in order to avoid interfering with one another they kept at a great distance from the tub. Every spoonful meant a journey. They had to come forward, bend over the tub, which was placed on the ground, scoop out their share and return to their places to devour the sops, which were repellently lukewarm. As the men approached, their thick boots raised the dust or clods of earth, and the last spoonfuls tasted like the soil itself.

The aspect of the laborers' quarters, the herding of the folk, evoked in Salvatierra's mind recollections of the prison. The same whitewashed walls, only less white here, rendered sooty by the nauseating vapor of the animal fuel, exuding grime because of continual contact with the unclean bodies. The same hooks upon the walls, and hanging from them the same outfit of poverty: saddle-bags, blankets, tattered clothes, torn mattresses, many-colored blouses, grimy hats, boots cumbered with countless patches fixed by sharp nails.

In prison each convict had his own pallet. In the workers' quarters only a few could permit themselves this luxury. The rest slept upon mats, without undressing, resting upon the hard earth the bones that had been wracked by exhausting toil. Bread, the cruel divinity that obliged them to accept this wretched existence, was scattered in crumbs upon the floor, or could be seen upon the pegs, among the ragged garments, in enormous six-pound loaves, like an idol who might be approached only after a day of wearisome genuflections.

SALVATIERRA peered closely into the faces of these persons, who eyed him with curiosity, for a moment suspending their meal, holding their spoons upraised in the air, motionless.

There were meager, sallow bodies, tanned by the sun, with wrinkled skin. Between this and their skeletons, their poor, scant food had not succeeded in forming the slightest cushioning. Men who had not yet reached forty showed necks almost without flesh, with loose-hanging, swollen skin and the stiff tendons of old age. Their eyes, sunken deep in their sockets and surrounded by an aureole of wrinkles, shone like pale stars in the depths of a well.

THE women looked worse than the men. Some were gipsies, as old and ugly as witches, with tanned, coppery skins that seemed to have passed through the flames of all the Witches' Sabbaths. The younger ones possessed the sad, faded beauty of anemia; flowers of life that withered before blooming; adolescents of pale skin, as white as paper which the sun had been unable to warm, staining it here and there with small, bran-colored patches. Virgins with their eyes extraordinarily wide open, as if amazed at having been born with blue lips and gums of a pale pink that betrayed the poverty of their blood. Their sad, lusterless hair peeked out in astonishment from under their kerchiefs, showing wisps of straw and particles of earth. The breasts of the majority displayed the unbroken flatness of the desert, and as they breathed, under their blouses appeared not the slightest trace of the seductive mounds that advance proudly like a heraldic glory of sex.

Compelled to undergo the identical fatigue as the masculine drove, they remembered that they were women only in the advanced hours of the night, when, amid the darkness of the workers' quarters, as they lay huddled in their corners they were disturbed in their heavy sleep—that of females of burden—by the impudence of the youths, who groped about for them, while the older laborers, cured of life's illusions, snored away outrageously, as if they wished to fall asleep as promptly as possible to recuperate their lost energy.

Salvatierra tries to inflame the men to rebellion in the hope of improving their situation. Juanon, stronger and more intelligent than most of his fellow laborers, attributes the hopelessness of their condition to "the fruit of the vine."

SALVATIERRA'S voice resounded through the silence of the room like a battle cry. "The land is yours; nobody created it, and it belongs to you. That man who seizes a piece of land, excluding all others from it—who delivers it over to human beasts for them to cultivate while he remains idle—that man robs his fellow men."

That land was the land of wine, and Salvatierra, with the impassivity of the abstainer, cursed the power that alcoholic poison wielded over the people, transmitting its evil from generation to generation. Their enthusiasm, their crimes, their joys, their love—all were the product of wine. They learned to drink almost at the moment when their lips left the mother's breasts and counted the hours of the day by the number of glasses.

Intelligent men who could serve as leaders for those below revealed generous aspirations in their youth, but scarcely did they become of age when they fell victims to the epidemic of the land. Their brains were unable to function unless stimulated by alcohol. In the very prime of life they became decrepit, with trembling hands—almost paralytic—red eyes, obscured sight and confused thoughts; as if the fumes of the alcohol had shrouded their minds in clouds. And having become joyous victims of this slavery, they lauded wine as the most certain aid to a long robust life.

The horde of the poor could not enjoy this pleasure of the rich; but they envied the wealthy, dreaming of intoxication as the greatest of joys.

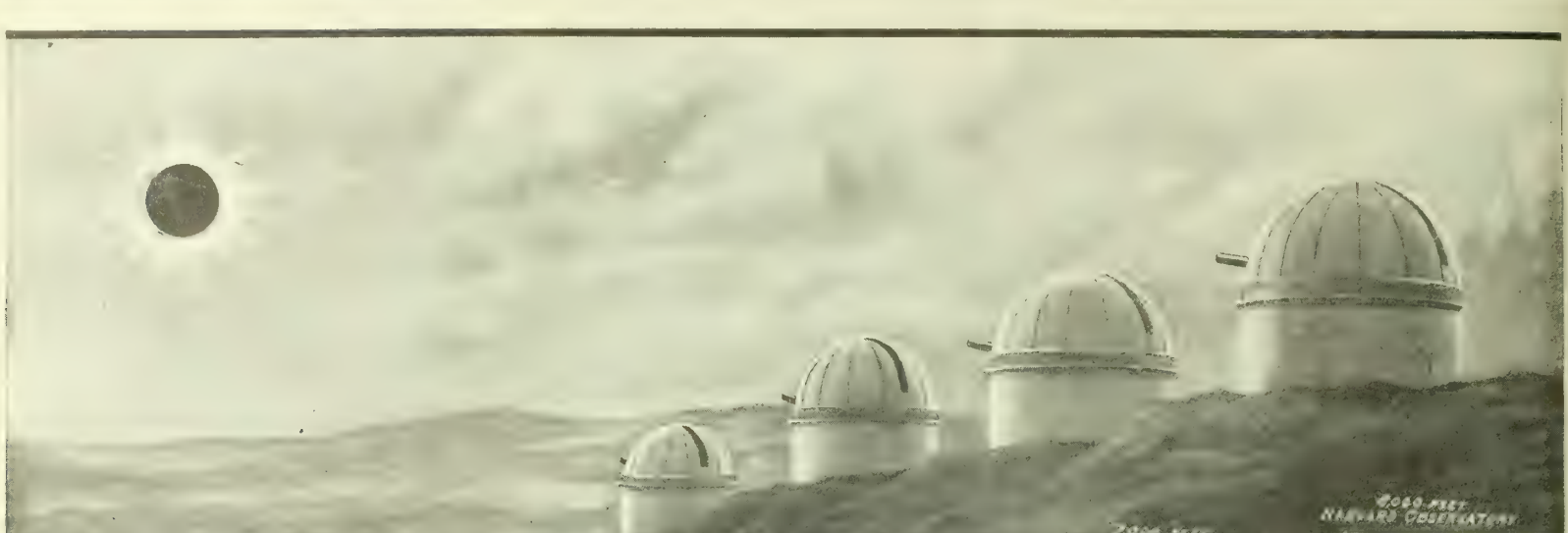
At last, moved by their unendurable sufferings and by the flaming words of Salvatierra, the laborers abandon their work, and devote themselves to the Social Revolution.

The landowners bore the conflict without impatience. "They will surrender," they said. "It's a hard winter and hunger is widespread." But by the beginning of January the strike of the laborers had spread throughout the Jerez countryside.

And then comes the black day of revolution. The spirit of disaffection has seethed up and boiled over. The mob gathers.

Before the afternoon was half over the first groups of workingmen had arrived at the immense plain of Caulina. They appeared like black flocks, rising from every direction of the horizon. They looked with savage glances toward Jerez. The triumph of the poor was near, and the white, smiling city—the city of the rich, with their wine-stores and their millions—was going to burn, illuminating the night with the splendor of its ruins.

Through the country there (Concluded on page 80)



Five great observatories, upon mountain tops, insure "good seeing" of the annular eclipse of the sun that is coming this month.

IT is reported that certain priests in Japan are overawing the populace by walking with bare feet over a bed of glowing coals. But there are sundry incantations practised before the miracle is undertaken; and thereby hangs the tale.

An American observer tells of witnessing the miracle of fire walking, and incidentally of detecting the simple act of jugglery by which it was accomplished. The trick consisted, he says, in rubbing the feet with salt, a pile of which was conveniently placed near at hand. The narrator states that he himself duplicated the fire-walking test, passing across the eighteen-foot bed of coals with no protection for his bare feet except that afforded by the salt, freely applied. The soles of his feet were not burned, but his ankles, which he had failed to protect with the salt, were scorched.

This would appear to be a scientific experiment not lacking in interest; but perhaps there are some persons who would be content to watch the demonstration without attempting to duplicate it.

To Walk on Fire
Safety for Fishes
How Old is a Father?
Muskrats and Cattails
November 22nd

By Henry Smith Williams, M.D., LL.D.

SAFETY FOR FISHES

THERE are certain points of view from which the World War appears to be a beneficent visitation. Such a view-point, for example, is probably entertained by various tribes of fresh water and littoral fishes.

The explanation is found in the fact that the war provided a market for vast quantities of by-products of manufacture that previously were permitted to escape as refuse into the streams, thereby polluting the water. Gas factories in particular were casting into the streams enormous quantities of coal and oil by-products, constituting material for munitions as well as for dyes, drugs, and flavoring substances. Materials representing untold wealth were thus wasted, and at the same time the streams were made uninhabitable for fish, thus multiplying the economic loss.

The general subject of wasteful manufacture has been exploited from time to time; but the double loss that results through the destruction of the fish is revealed as the result of investigations conducted by Dr. Victor E. Shelford under the auspices of The Illinois Natural History Survey and the Department of Zoölogy of the University of Illinois. Studies have been conducted to ascertain the susceptibility of fishes of various species to poisoning by polluted water, and the results, though put forward as tentative, are highly interesting.

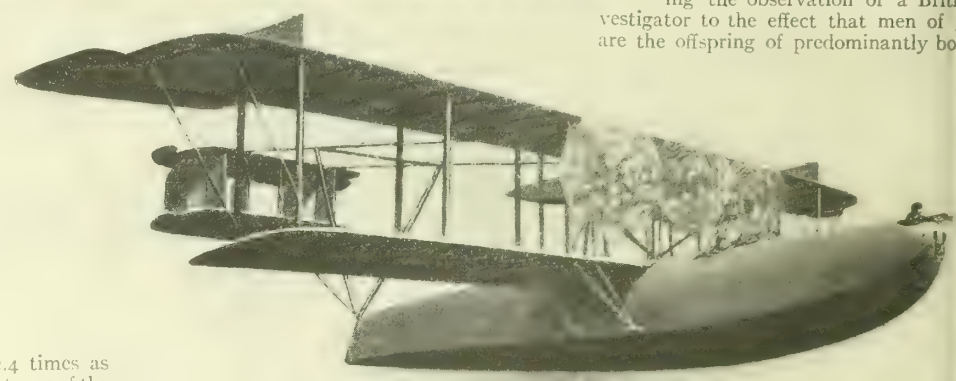
But it is not manufactures merely that pollute the streams, but the sewage of cities. It is estimated that the sewage of 97 cities of more than 50,000 inhabitants, if properly treated, would yield valuable fertilizer to the amount of more than 97 million tons; ammonia nearly 5 million tons; grease, nearly 26 million tons; and glycerine more than a million tons. The direct loss, obviously, must be calculated in hundreds of millions of dollars. The indirect loss that results from the destruction of fish in the polluted water is probably far greater.

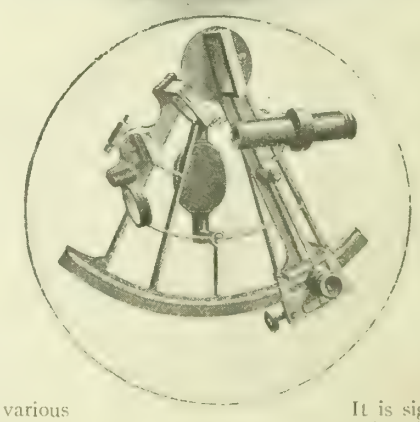
In the old days the food value of fish was appreciated. We moderns, in this country in particular, have permitted the destruction of food supplies of fabulous value, almost without giving the matter a thought. So when we were urged to eat more fish and save the beef, pork, and mutton, there were many regions where the substitute was not forthcoming.

It appears that there is very wide variation as to resistance shown by different species of fish to water pollution. The little minnow is peculiarly unresistant. Using the susceptibility of this little fish as a unit for comparison, it appears that the resistance of the common sucker is 2.4 times as great. On the same scale, the resistance of the small-mouthed black bass is 5; that of the large-mouthed black bass, 6; of the rock bass, 10; of the yellow or American perch, also 10; of the gold fish, 12; of the blue-spotted sunfish, 15; and of the black bulkhead, 45. There is, however, a great difference in individuals of the same species according to size; a rock bass weighing from 20 to 40 grams, for example, is five times as resistant as one weighing about 2 grams.

Certain chemicals are peculiarly noxious; notably hydrochloric and nitric acids, ammonia, and calcium sulfite. Of the by-products of the manufacture of illuminating gas, it was found that the most valuable compounds are the most poisonous; for example, benzine, zylene, and toluene, which are used in making explosives. It had been supposed that these substances, not being very soluble, would not injure fishes. But Dr. Shelford found that all are slightly soluble in ordinary stream water, and that the amount going into solution readily kills the best food fishes in a few minutes. Representatives of nearly all the groups of compounds found in coal tar and gas liquor are deadly to fishes. Curiously enough, about 90 per cent. of these deadly compounds do not repel the fishes. When they encounter these compounds they do not turn back, but swim into them and die. Gas liquors and tar "drip" from the pipes, are very toxic, from two to forty parts per million killing the most hardy species of fish in an hour. Wholesale destruction of fishes sometimes results, and the only remedy is the complete recovery of all the coal products.

It is obvious that in this day of vanishing beef and mutton, the subject of saving our food fishes has real importance





This sextant enal the aëronaut to find position regardless weather conditior

HOW OLD IS A FATHER?

FOR many years Professor J. McKeen Cattell has been gathering data in regard to family histories of American men of science, in an effort to clarify various problems of heredity and eugenics.

An analysis was made of the ages of the parents at the birth of 865 leading American men of science; it was found that the fathers were on the average thirty-five years old and the mothers twenty-nine years and eight months, when their sons were born. At these ages, the parents would obviously be in their prime; so the statistical findings accord with what would doubtless be regarded as a common-sense expectation by practical students of heredity, without, however, affording a definite answer to the problem as to whether the children of older parents are physically and mentally inferior, as has been claimed.

It is of further interest that of the fathers of 865 leading men of science, 370 were followers of various professions, whereas 193 were engaged in culture, the remaining 330 being classed as manufactu

It appears that the average age at death of all fathers was 70.6 years; but that the agriculturist a class lived to the average age of 72.81 y whereas the physicians died at the relati early age of 67.20 years. Medicine has long recognized as a profession little conducin longevity; and the present statistics uphold tradition. The teacher, the clergyman, the lawyer all outlive the physician; so that matter, does the manufacturer. agriculturist, as we have seen, outlives physician, on the average, by than five years. The curious ob vation is made that on the ave the notable men of science have r brothers than sisters, thus corrobo ing the observation of a British vestigator to the effect that men of ge are the offspring of predominantly boy-

ducing parents. It is that, contrariwise, families of women genius show a pred nantly girl-producin dency. The present stu however, affords no as to this, being concer only with men of scie

It is significant of the altered dencies of the times that the pare families of the distinguished me science under consideration averaged children; whereas the families of the of science themselves average only 2.22 dren. Statistical support is thus given the familiar observation that persons adapted for parenthood nowadays have fe children than did persons of similar st in the preceding generation. This fact a disturbing significance from a social st point.

MUSKRATS AND CATTAILS

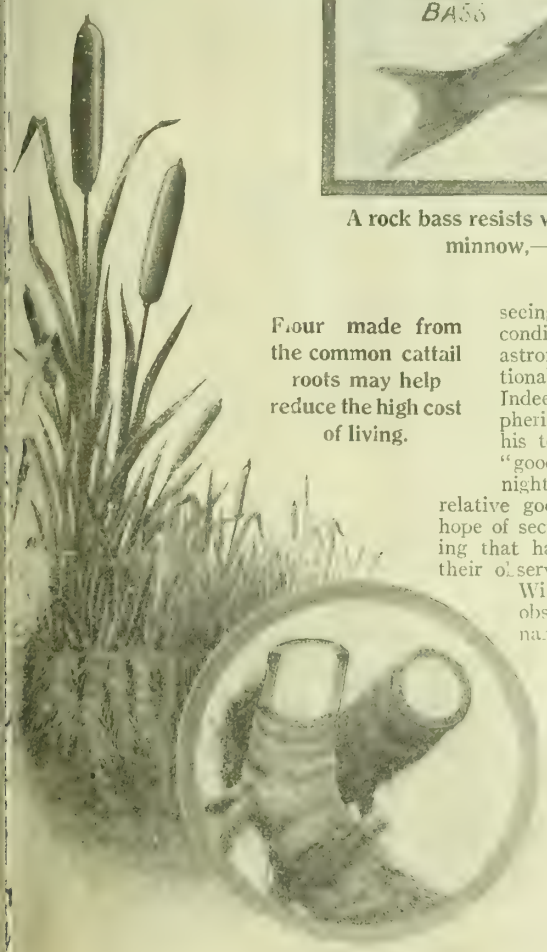
PROFESSOR P. W. CLAASSEN Cornell University calls attention t possible new source of vegetable food supp

He tells us that, while we have adopted corn and potatoes, we have neglected another food stuff that was prized by the American Indians,—the common cattail.

The Indians are said to have dried and pulverized the root of the cattail to make flour, and to have boiled the fresh roots to secure a syrupy gluten to mix with corn meal pudding. The large underground root stalks or rhizomes of the cattail spread in all directions, making an irregular net work a few inches under the surface of the ground. The rhizomes are about three-quarters of an inch thick, and have a central core about half an inch in diameter which is an almost solid mass of starch. It is comparatively easy to remove this nutritious core, especially after the root is dried.

Tests made by Professor Claassen show that the amount of starchy food that can be obtained from the roots of cattails growing on an acre of ground would aggregate about 500 pounds. Analysis of the flour made from these root-cores show that the food constituents are closely similar to those of flours made from cereals; the resemblance is closer to corn meal than to wheat flour. The flour has been used as a substitute for flour in baking and as a substitute for corn starch in puddings.

The importance of these observations is emphasized by the familiar fact that the cattail grows prolifically under conditions that prohibit the cultivation of the more familiar food plants. It is estimated that there are in the United States, as unused land, 39,855 square miles of swamp land, thousands of acres of which are at present cattail marshes. The muskrats that inhabit these marshes feed largely on the rhizomes of the cattail. Apparently man is missing an opportunity in not taking a hint from the muskrat. Accepting the figures given by Professor Claassen, it would appear that if only one-tenth of the waste swamp lands of the United States could be utilized for the growing of cattails, and their stores of starchy food gathered, we would have an annual production of something like 25,000,000 tons of cattail flour, or more than a ton for every family in the land.



Flour made from the common cattail roots may help reduce the high cost of living.

THE COMING ECLIPSE OF THE SUN

THE most spectacular of astronomical events, from the popular standpoint, is an eclipse of the sun. Every one knows how portentous an event this was held to be in ancient times, when the phenomenon was supposed to be of miraculous origin. Nowadays the mystery has disappeared, but the interest remains, and it may be predicted that thousands of people will get up earlier than usual on the morning of November 22d, and provide themselves with a smoked glass through which to watch—if clear weather permits—the face of the sun as the obscuring moon creeps slowly across it.

During an eclipse, the astronomers are always busy gathering new data as to the character of the solar prominences. The coming eclipse will not be visible from the great mountain observatories of the Pacific Coast, but there will be plenty of telescopes brought into requisition in other parts of the country. Unfortunately, however, the eclipse occurs soon after sunrise, so it is not to be expected that the conditions of seeing will be very good.

This matter of "good seeing" depends upon atmospheric conditions, which always give the astronomer concern when an exceptional event like an eclipse is pending. Indeed, he must consider the atmospheric conditions whenever he brings his telescope into use. He talks of "good seeing" and "bad seeing" nights and has scales to estimate the relative goodness and badness. It is the hope of securing favorable conditions of seeing that has led the astronomers to place their observatories on the mountain tops. Within recent years, five important observatories have been so located, namely: (1) the Lick Observatory at an elevation of 4,000 feet, opened in 1888; (2) the Arequipa Station of Harvard Observatory in the Andes, at an elevation of 8,000 feet, opened in the year 1891; (3) the Lowell Observatory, at Flagstaff, Arizona, at 7,000 feet, opened in 1894; (4) the Mount Wilson Solar Observatory, near Pasadena, California, at 6,000 feet; and the Jamaica Station of Harvard Observatory, at an elevation of 3,000 feet.



A rock bass resists water pollution 10 times as great as the minnow,—the least-resistant of all fish.

There seems to be some doubt among the experts as to whether the results attained at these high stations justify the difficulties of installing them.

The value of the location of observatories in dry climates is also open to question. Professor Pickering makes the curious observations that during a series of observations when the seeing was bad (3 or 4 on a standard scale) it was found that the amount of dew was only 3.6 cubic centimeters per square meter; whereas on another series of nights when the seeing was perfect (12 on the scale), it was observed that the amount of dew was 108.1 cubic centimeters to the square meter, or just thirty times as great. In other words, according to these observations, good seeing was associated with moist atmosphere rather than the reverse.

We kill millions of dollars worth of food fish a year by carelessly letting factory refuse and sewage flow into our streams.

EVERY MARINER HIS OWN HORIZON

MOST ocean voyagers have seen an officer on the ship's bridge "taking the sun," and everyone knows that in using the familiar sextant to accomplish this the navigator is merely determining the size of the angle between the sun's direction and a horizontal line. The instrument is so constructed that the observer can see the horizon line and the image of sun or star at one view.

But what is to be done if a fog bank or a low-lying cloud obscures the horizon? Then the navigator guesses at the horizon, and sails mainly by "dead reckoning."

The Arctic explorer is another user of the sextant, but he cannot depend upon a natural horizon line owing to the irregular contour of the ice fields. So he must carry with him a quantity of mercury and a more or less cumbersome trough to hold it, in order to secure an artificial horizon. Difficulties of yet another character confront the aerial navigator who may be flying at such an elevation that the true horizon is rendered vague and uncertain by distance.

All these difficulties vanish before the new type of sextant which has been constructed as to supply its own horizon line, making it feasible to take an accurate observation whenever the sun or a star is visible, without regard to the visibility of the natural horizon.

There have been many attempts to solve this problem, but the first really successful one, so far as recorded, appears to have been made by Dr. Carl Pulfrich of Jena. He devised a little apparatus about four inches in diameter and weighing less than a pound, in which an isosceles reflecting prism is adjusted at the end of the observing telescope in such a way that the observer sees two images of the star, which diverge or approach each other as the sector oscillates. The two images will come together only when the arm of the sector is horizontal. At this moment the instrument may be clamped, and the scale giving the desired angle may be read at a glance. Without doubt the navigator of every Zeppelin was provided with one of these instruments, accounting in part for the successful air raids on London.

The construction of self-leveling sextants is an open secret; it was reported that the NC-4 and its companion airships used instruments of this character during their memorable voyage. For airships making long voyages this type of sextant will be in- [illegible] advantage by navigators of ships as well.

. . . In spite of all
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits.

The Eve of

By Bruno Lessing



Farman had no idea how long she had been there. The faintest

MOST of the benches in Riverside Park were occupied by nursemaids, knitting or idly chatting while their young charges romped about on the grass. Farman, his hands clasped behind his back, wandered aimlessly along the winding path until, in a sharp bend of the road, he found two benches, side by side, entirely deserted. The spot seemed hidden from the rest of the park by two trees and a cluster of bushes, although the cries and laughter of the children at play filled the air.

Farman sank wearily upon a bench, lit a cigaret and gave himself up to his thoughts. They were unpleasant thoughts; they moved—it was over the thousandth time—in an unpleasant circle and they invariably came back to the unpleasant starting-point. He was married and he had never loved his wife. Her feeling for him was one of pure contempt. There was a child—a little boy—whom he idolized. His wife was hardly ever at home. Her friends were not his friends nor were her ways his ways. She had managed to outrage almost every feeling of propriety and decency which he possessed. There was only one bound which she did not overstep.

"I wish to God she would," he sometimes thought.

It is quite an old story, is it not? Sometimes the husband is to blame and sometimes the wife, but, you see, blaming accomplishes nothing. Neither does thinking. Farman had thought the matter over many times and had made no progress. To sit on a bench in a quiet spot and nurse his unhappiness was as comforting as anything else.

PRESENTLY he drew from his pocket a small book bound in flexible leather and, with the intention of escaping from his thoughts, began to read. It was a volume of Keats. Could anything be more telltale? The most casual passer-by, in this year A.D. 1914, would have smiled to behold a man sitting on a park bench reading Keats——

Within my breast there lives a choking flame—

He had been reading perhaps half an hour when the faintest possible touch upon his knee caused him to look up from his book. A squirrel, evidently long pampered by the children in the park, sat squatted upon the bench close beside him in an attitude of shameless begging for sweets. Farman smiled. At that moment an indefinable sensation caused him to turn his head. A young woman had taken possession of the adjoining bench—Farman had no idea how long she had been there—and was watching the antics of the squirrel. She now looked up and their eyes met. The faintest glow of warmth suffused Farman's heart: it was as if he had unexpectedly met an old and sympathetic friend. Her eyes were gray and long-lashed, and their expression was wistful. She was smiling—the smile, too, was wistful, as if there were profound depths of sadness behind it. Farman thought she was pretty.

"I'm sorry I have nothing to give him," he said. He reached out his hand to stroke the squirrel but the wary little beggar sprang nimbly up the back of the bench and disappeared among the branches of the tree.

"He does that every day," said the young woman. "He'll eat from your hand but he won't let anyone touch him."

Farman's eyes returned to his book. When, a moment later, they roved to the adjoining bench, he saw that the young woman was knitting. He glanced at her, from time to time, but she seemed oblivious of his presence. He wanted to talk to her but felt diffident. The thought of a flirtation never entered his head. There was nothing coquettish in his neighbor's demeanor.

Somehow or other Farman found it difficult to concentrate his attention upon his book of poetry. He wondered why it was that he, who saw so much of women and was so little interested in them, had suddenly been impressed by the consciousness that a strange woman sitting close by him was sad. He came to the conclusion, finally, that it was all the reflex of his own mood, a chimera of his own consciousness, heightened by the fact that this woman had a wistful look in her eyes.

IT was time to go home. He rose and, in passing, raised his hat and bowed. He met her eyes again. They had a faraway look in them which died out as she gazed at him. Then she smiled, perfunctorily, and nodded slightly. Farman thought there was something tremulous about her mouth, and decided that it was this which gave her countenance its air of sadness. Her face lingered in his mind.

His wife had not returned when he reached home. The boy had wakened from his afternoon's sleep and Farman played with him. Then a maid brought him a message.

"Mrs. Farman telephoned that the Winstons and the Blacks are coming for dinner. She thought you might want to dress or—or go to the club."

It meant an evening of cards, which bored Farman.

"Thank you," he said, "I'll go to the club."

He went to his room, threw himself into an armchair and revolved his situation in his mind over again. It was painfully simple and painfully insolvable. His was a dreamer's life, idyllic and impractical. He had been happy in college, pursuing his own way, browsing in classic fields, reading—and even writing—poetry, failing in all practical studies and excelling in every endeavor which involved his taste and his fancy. Then came his father's sudden death and his recall to enter upon the management of a big department-store.

His plunge into matrimony had been, largely, a *mariage de convenance*. His mother had urged the union—the girl's family were part owners of the department-store—and had manipulated and maneuvered, as only an energetic mother can, to bring it about. It being the line of least resistance, Farman, with little demur, had yielded. He had always been accustomed to yield. It was not that he lacked pride or conviction, but he was extremely sensitive, and dreaded strife. The marriage was doomed to failure in the very beginning.

THE next morning he went to his business and performed his unattractive duties as speedily as possible. In the afternoon he returned to the bench in Riverside Park. The young woman was already sitting there, knitting. She bowed gravely. Farman noticed that she looked worn and tired, and felt sorry for her. He took out his volume of Keats and began to read. He found it difficult to fasten his attention upon the printed page. Then he looked at her.

"It's wonderfully restful to sit here and read," he said. She nodded and glanced at his book.

"It's poetry—Keats," he said, holding it up. Her eyes suddenly sparkled and her lips parted in pleased surprise.

"Really?" she exclaimed. "He's my favorite. Are you reading 'Endymion'?"

Farman experienced a thrill of pleasure. It was long since he had met a human being who loved Kea[illegible] who knew "Endymion." Everybody was so pra[illegible] and so busy.



glow of warmth suffused his heart.

St. Agnes

Illustrated by Everett Shinn

"I'm reading it over for perhaps the fiftieth time," he said, eagerly. "'The Eve of St. Agnes,' I only read in the winter. You lose most of its flavor if you try to read it on a warm day." The young woman nodded understandingly.

"I read it every year on the Eve of St. Agnes' day," said she. "But," she added, after a moment's hesitation, "I do not imagine there are many people who read 'Endymion' nowadays. It doesn't seem to fit in modern life."

Soon they were launched upon a discussion of "Endymion," the enchanting song of "man's aspiration toward an ideal—high, pure and immortal, that gives beauty, as the moonlight does, to all it touches." Farman found that her taste was exquisite and her judgment sure. She had found as great delight in Keats as he and had appreciated the poet's struggle as fully.

"What a heart, what a soul she must have!" thought Farman.

A man who has throughout his life made few friends is prone to exaggerate the good qualities of those he likes.

Farman fell into the habit of going to the park every afternoon at the same hour. The young woman was always there. Sometimes an interloping nursemaid or a casual passer-by usurped one of the benches but, probably owing to the fact that this spot, unlike most others in the park, commanded no view of the broad river's expanse, they rarely remained long. The acquaintance which rose between them and slowly ripened into friendship was as purely impersonal as the relation between a man and a comely woman can be. Their conversation was confined entirely to an intellectual plane. The similarity of their tastes which became gradually revealed startled each of them. They spoke of books and of the ideas they had found in books and, as they discoursed and enlarged upon these ideas, they found that their hearts and their minds were in perfect accord. Once—and once only, in the beginning—did Farman attempt to introduce the personal element.

"My name is Farman," he said, somewhat abruptly and, pointing to a big apartment-house whose top was visible above the trees, "I live over there," he added. He observed that the young woman turned somewhat paler.

"Look," she suddenly exclaimed. "Your squirrel is coming back."

To free her from all embarrassment, he turned to his volume of Keats and read aloud a passage which they had discussed the day before.

The inevitable climax in his marital life arrived. It took a rather trivial form. His wife had accepted an invitation to luncheon from a man of unsavory reputation and he had mildly protested.

"If you don't like it," said his wife, "why don't you arrange for a divorce? If I'm not interested in life, I don't care to live. You don't interest me. Well and good. I'm going to find someone who does. I don't think you have any right to complain."

"The boy—" began Farman, but, with a shrug of her shoulders, his wife interrupted him.

"If you had the bringing up of the boy," said she, "he'd become the same impractical, uninteresting kind of fool as his father. I'll take care of him. If you care to see him you can come whenever you like. I'm sure you'll never be in my way."

"Perhaps," said Farman, quietly, "a divorce would be best."

A flash of pleasure shone in his wife's eyes. She stepped toward him with outstretched arms.

"That's the first nice thing you've said in a year," she said. "It's worth a kiss."

"I'd rather not," said Farman, retreating a step. Within an hour he had communicated with his lawyer and the details of procedure were all arranged. He was considerably surprised to find how natural and how simple a solution of all his difficulties a divorce now seemed. And—without any surprise whatever—he found his thoughts reverting to the unknown young woman whom he met in the park every day. His new resolution made him feel, if not happier, at least more contented than he had been for a long time. What he did not realize was the extent of its strain upon his vitality.

"Aren't you well?" asked the young woman, the next day, the moment he greeted her. Farman smiled cheerfuly.

"I feel better than I have for a long time," he said. "Don't I look it?"

She shook her head, slowly, gazing at him somewhat anxiously.

"You—you look quite pale," she said. "You look as if you had been ill."

Farman did not reply. He turned the pages of his inevitable Keats and, presently, read aloud:

Until from the horizon's vaulted side
There shot a golden splendor far and wide
Spangling those million poutings of the brine
With quivering ore——

"There's a sunrise for you," he said. "I've had a sunrise, too. A new day has dawned for me."

SHE looked at him, quickly, with wide-open eyes and then, with a troubled expression, averted her gaze. Farman closed his book, threw his arm over the back of his bench and began to talk to her.

"Do you know," he said, "that you are the first human being I have ever met to whom I can talk? It sounds quite silly, doesn't it? The worst of it is that I really haven't anything to say. But you're the first person—man or woman—with whom I ever felt enough at ease—at home—comfortable—call it anything you like—to just rattle off what comes into my head. Not because there's any difficulty in understanding me but because—well, maybe it's because I've always been a little bit ashamed to say what I really think. Awfully trivial, isn't it? I suppose it's because we like Keats and because we can talk about poetry without laughing. Would you believe it, I never have mentioned a single poem that I ever read to my wife. And in business—Lord bless you!—they'd think I was crazy if they knew that, half the time, the song of 'Endymion' was ringing in my ears. And here I am—I don't even know your name—coming here on purpose to be with you just for a little while and hear myself talk. Did you ever know anything so idiotic?"

She was bending over her knitting. She did not look up or answer. Farman went on talking. He talked about himself, aimlessly, without purpose or coherence. Out of it all there formed a picture in her mind that portrayed Farman's immortal soul. There were just a few words about his marriage and its disastrous end, but she understood. There was no need of details. When he had finished she gathered up her knitting and rose from the bench. Her action recalled him to sudden consciousness.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed. "I've just been boring and pestering you to death." She smiled at him.

"May I see the book for a moment?" she asked. He handed it to her. She turned the pages deftly, nodding her head as her eyes fell upon familiar passages and then carefully folded a leaf so that the down-turned edge marked the beginning of a verse. She closed the book and handed (*Continued on page 81*)

The Clock with Golden Hands

(*Continued from page 35*)

members in high standing, they had been, before the depredations by the thief of the Arm-chair had begun, close friends. That friendship had survived the strain of mutual suspicion extremely well for four months.

Then Cranahan had introduced, aboard his yacht, the *Sea-Bird*, the royal and ancient game of poker. A little later, in the club's Maine camp, he had presented the members to two charming young females, whose fickleness proved their sex, by names of Annabelle and Eloise. Annabelle and Eloise were dice. Sewall and Sinsabaugh, the most conservative members of the club, had become enamored of the two damsels. A rivalry for their favor had sprung up between the two, with success swinging evenly between them. And now if Sewall made a remark, Herriman wanted always to bet that he was wrong. If Herriman happened to state that he believed it was about to rain, Sewall had money in his hand to back his faith in Herriman's error.

So now Sewall followed up his glare with a sneer.

"Good for you, John, eh?" he repeated. "Why, you poor idiot, you'd agree with anyone, wouldn't you?"

Cranahan chuckled. "What's wrong with the idea of having the cops here, Sewall?"

Now, the idea had been a very good one, Sewall had thought, until Herriman had indorsed it. "Why," he stammered, "if the thief should get away with anything, Herriman will go screaming to the police, and give everything away. That's what's wrong with the idea!"

"Bet a hundred you'll scream before I do," cried Herriman shrilly. "Put up your money, you sawed-off shrimp."

Sewall stiffened. "Let your money talk for you, Herriman," he advised. "I take your bet."

Glendenning, hiding the grin that sets-to between Sewall and Herriman brought to the lips of the others, no matter how tense the moment, addressed Cranahan.

"Have we any word as to what is going to happen? Has the thief given any warning of what he's going to do?"

Cranahan sneered. "Whoever he is, he's lost his sporting blood. I thought he would. No crook can be any more than a poor imitation of a sportsman. The Raffleses are found in fiction only."

"I don't know about that," said Sewall. "He's been pretty game so far."

"Want to make a bet, eh?" jeered Cranahan. "Well, maybe you're right; but he hasn't proved it yet." He looked about him. "How about a little bridge? We've enough for three tables."

HIS suggestion met with nervous cries of approval. Since the thief of the Arm-chair had begun his series of amazing crimes, the club members had not been gathered on the first of the month—the day on which the thief had hitherto acted—in the clubhouse. Last month they had been guests at Mrs. Kate Vanderveer's country place in Westchester. The month before they had been in Maine; the month before on Cranahan's yacht in Gloucester Harbor.

When on the yacht and in Maine they had been fleeing from the marauder of their number. They had hoped that, by rounding up all twelve of their membership, each would watch the other. Yet an outsider had, on these occasions, committed the crime scheduled. But that outsider had been aided, by information or otherwise, by someone of the club. Seclusion seemed to help not at all.

On other occasions it had happened that they had not been in the club on the day of the crime—save when the first had been committed. But to-night there was purpose in their being together. The same purpose that had animated them on their yachting trip, their sojourn in Maine: to watch one another. And as that was the idea, what better place was there for them to gather in than their own clubhouse?

It was nine o'clock when they sat down to their bridge. It was ten when Nebidan, the biggest fruit canner in the world, perhaps, and certainly the biggest in America, impatiently threw his cards on the floor.



Carter's gaze was directed toward the roof of the Arm-chair Club

He rose heavily to his feet. Almost as bulky as Cranahan, he did not move as lightly as the president of the club. When Cranahan was nervous it was apparent only in his brogue. But Nebidan shook all over.

"Damn!" he ejaculated. "I wish—John," he spoke to Cranahan, "why hasn't that devil, whoever he may be, notified us what and when and how?" He looked at his watch. It was ten-three now. "Do you suppose that if he doesn't pull off his stunt by midnight he'll quit?"

SEWALL was playing against Herriman, and Sewall had just redoubled a make of four no trumps. As they were playing for five cents a point, a pleasant—though not important—little sum awaited Sewall. For his hand was a certain winner; Herriman had been rash when he had doubled.

But Sewall, to whom gambling had acted as a sedative, threw down his hand. And Herriman, equally confident of setting his opponent, offered no protest. He dropped his cards, too. A babble of words filled the room. It ceased as suddenly as it had begun. For suddenly the electric lights went out.

Only for a moment. Even as Herriman's shrill pipe of alarm cried out, "Bet he's coming now," the lights went on again.

Herriman was standing up, breathing heavily. Sewall's whiskers were more belligerent than ever. Nebidan, whose courage no man could doubt, was nevertheless white. Sinsabaugh, the exquisite dandy of the club, was pale as the immaculate collar about his neck.

Probably, of the twelve men in the room, one would have thought that the bravery of only two could have been questioned: Sewall and Herriman. This because they were thin, undersized, physically weak and mentally querulous and complaining. But these two were now the reddest of face, the most pugnacious of attitude. Alarm affects men in different ways.

"Our two gamecocks, Herriman and Sewall," jeered Cranahan, "ready for a fight or a frolic."

"Ready," suggested Sinsabaugh, "to claim that the other screamed first."

Tension had relaxed with the coming on again of the lights. Guffaws sounded—nervous, tremulous guffaws—as men wiped their foreheads. Then Nebidan's hand ceased its moist travel across his brow. He pointed at the table where he had been sitting.

"That isn't—that isn't our bridge score," he said. The quaver in his voice sounded queer, coming from one of his solid bulk.

YOUNG Dick Bernard picked up the typewritten paper. His fingers shook. It was not because he feared, more than the others, the next attempt of the criminal. It was because he had managed, despite all his commonsense, to fall in love with mysterious Nancy Darrell, that lovely girl who was associated with the criminal, who had, indeed, committed apparently without outside aid many of the crimes already perpetrated.

His sigh of relief as he read the paper aroused the interest of Cranahan.

"Then it isn't anything, eh?"

"But it is," said Bernard.

"Faith, ye sounded like a man reprieved from hangin'," commented Cranahan.

Bernard turned away. How could he explain to these fellow-members of his that he was relieved because, threatening as the paper was, it was nothing that incriminated Nancy Darrell. She was on his mind as well as his heart these days. He could not think of the crimes being committed without thinking of that inevitable day of reckoning that Nancy Darrell must face, when she must pay the penalty of her violations of the law.

But the others forgot Cranahan's word, forgot that Bernard had blushed at them when Nebidan, having seized the paper from Dick's fingers, read its contents aloud.

"'To-night, gentlemen of the Arm-chair,' he read, "'the eighth crime will be committed. The club clock will be stolen.'"

Twelve pairs of eyes turned toward the club clock. It was an ornate thing, though at first glance it looked like an ordinary old-fashioned clock. It was only upon close scrutiny that one discovered that the yellow dial was of ivory, discolored with age; that the long hands were of beautifully wrought gold; that jade and onyx and precious metals and jewels were worked into the case.

The materials alone were worth thousands. The combination of them was worth thousands more. And the sentimental value of the clock was priceless. Obadiah Yellis, the first president of the club, had traded extensively in the Indies. This clock had come from there. Some European government had, in the sixteenth century, chosen to placate the pride or flatter the vanity of an Oriental island potentate. It had done so with the [illegible].

It had later come into the possession of a Dutch trading-house and from that owner had been purchased by an agent of Yellis. He had donated it to the club along with the house. The tradition of almost two centuries was behind it. The club members loved it as they loved the paper on which were written the names of the charter members.

And now the dread criminal among them threatened this most priceless possession. *And he was in the room.* During the moments of darkness he had contrived to toss his typewritten threat upon the table!

Yet, he had been in rooms before and made his threats, and his identity had not been discovered. There was hopelessness in the hostile glances which were exchanged. For how could one know which hostile glance was feigned, but hid a sneer of wicked mirth?

GLENDENNING snatched the paper from Nebidan. He stared at it. Then turned to Cranahan.

"John, give me that note I received this morning."

Cranahan produced it. "I thought so," said Glendenning triumphantly as he compared the two. Yet in his triumph was horror, also.

"Thought what? Are they—" gasped Fitzpatrick.

"Same paper—water-mark identical. Same color of type-writing—purple. And the 'a's' and 'k's' and 'm's'—look at them yourself," groaned Glendenning.

Slowly the paper passed from hand to hand. There was no doubt possible. The same anarchistic bomb-thrower who had threatened the Forty-fifth National had written this threat. At any rate, the same typewriter had been used, and it was too far-fetched to assume that [illegible] had provided two dangerous criminals with the same typewriter.

"Steal our clock, will he?" boomed the heavy voice of Cranahan. "Well—Nebidan you're a husky. So's Glendenning. I'm a lightweight myself. I appoint us three to stay by that clock, no matter what happens. Come hell, come high water, we'll stay by it, watch it——"

"You said it," grunted Nebidan grimly.

Glendenning said nothing. But he walked over to the clock, standing on the mantel and placed his six feet beside it. His lower jaw stuck forth, rounded, scrappy, defiant.

"Shall we call for the police outside?" asked Sewall.

It was an unfortunate remark. "Who's going screaming around first?" sneered Herriman.

Sewall colored. "I'll tell you, Herriman, I'll——"

Quit it, [illegible]

"Comrade, you are right in line
Boosting all I do
We'll be reconstructed fine
If all will work like you."





"Good Work!"

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Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



Dick to Hal (Holbrook Blinn): "This cause is closer to me than anything else in the world—except Mary."

The Challenge

(*Continued from page 48*

come between us—if our love is always going to be set aside—made to wait—a thing of convenience—don't you see, dearest, some day it will become just intolerable?

Dick—Why, Mary, my dear, when you talk that way—it hurts——

Mary—Well dear—it hurts me all the time—every moment you're away from me. I don't care about your theories or your convictions or all these fads or fancies or ambitions that seem to be crowding into your life—Dick, I'm just a woman and I want my man. We've passed the boy and the girl period, and I—I want a home and happiness—why only today Hal asked me in a sort of half quizzical manner if I was going to allow the proletariat to cut me out. Of course, he was just joking, but it hurt— Now you aren't going to let that happen are you, Dick, really?

Dick—No, Mary. If we could only work together for the same cause——

Mary—I don't want you to belong to any cause—or any party—or anything else in the world—I just want you to belong to me——

Dick—I do belong to you, Mary—trust me, dearest, and have just a little more patience—I've work to do first and then we'll be happy, dear—always and forever——

Mary—You're a very, very, difficult sweetheart—but as you're the only one I have, or have ever had—I guess I've got to get along with you just the best way I can.

Hal—Hello, you old rascal—Been away on a vacation, making speeches and everything? William (*to William Mather, his lawyer and friend*), here he is—here's our arch enemy, breaking in on us as if he didn't have any intention of busting up the Government—smashing the State—blowing up the universe—and making it uncomfortable for everybody——

Mather (*mournfully*)—It's beyond me, Hal. I've known Dick Putnam since he was a little shaver—used to like him too, but where he got this fool notion of running riot with the rabble——

Mrs. Mather—I'm quite disgusted with everything. Dick Putnam, with your preaching socialism and my not being able to keep a hired girl two weeks, I don't know what the world's coming to.

Dick (*gently*)—Well, Mrs. Mather, perhaps if you didn't regard them as servants—If you could come to look upon them as fellow workmen, you wouldn't have so much trouble——

Hal—Ha, ha! Come on—let's have it—he's started ——

Mary—What?

Hal—Set speech—they're all alike—interesting too. Come on, Dick, don't spare us—wipe us off the earth—Tell Mather and myself that we're a couple of ogres and it's time to put us where we belong—that we're a menace to mankind and the sooner we're hand-strung and exterminated, the better the world will be. Now that's what you think, isn't it, old boy?

Mather (*in the voice of a soap-box orator*)—And everybody should have a fair share of what he produces—and anything that even suggests industrial slavery should be terminated by the will of the people——

Hal—Great! (*Picks up the speech*) And if not by the peaceful means of ballot, by the more sinister means of force—Now how's that?

Dick—Oh, I don't mind, only the real truth is that this thing is too big and too holy even to be joked about——

Hal (*surprised at Dick's earnestness*)—Come, come now—on the level, you're not taking this whole thing seriously, are you? I mean it's a sort of mental recreation, isn't it?

Dick—It's closer to me than anything in the world, Hal—except Mary.

Hal is disconcerted by Dick's unaccountable interest in Socialism and "the people's cause," but is somewhat reassured by the lad's success with his job as Managing Editor of a paper which he (*Hal*) *owns.*

Hal—I got the statement of what the paper did last month in a business way—you know when this boy came out of college he wanted to take hold of the Globe—I could not sell it to anybody—so I told him to have a try and to do his best—he's got the circulation up from less than 12,000 to nearly 40,000 and the paper shows a clean profit last month of nearly $3,000—now there's nothing socialistic in that, is there?

Nevertheless it is the inspired leadership of Dick Putnam that sweeps the People's party to victory and puts the first Socialist Governor into the State House. Hal Winthrop is asked to discover that his young brother-in-law-to-be has been the brains of the campaign.

Hal—Then, while you were Managing Editor of this paper I am to understand that you acted in an advisory capacity to this so-called Workmen's Committee of Seventy?

Dick—Yes—— You knew how I felt—I've never made any secret of it. You knew it all at college, when I took over this paper, and even when I was in the army—

Hal—But I never expected you to behind my back and plan and supervise work of a renegade group of anarchi who——

Dick—Now Hal, old man, we are on migh tender ground—We'd better be caref You've one opinion—I've another. You one ambition—I've another. But abo everything else I've a deep-seated inera cable affection for you, and outside of t great sense of duty that I believe I o to the great mass of people—I love your sis better than life itself. Can't we go our w and fight this issue out impersonally with sacrificing everything that is dear to u isn't our affection strong enough for th Aren't we big enough to handle the j that way——

Hal—Well, Dick, you know I'm going make an awful try to do just that thi If anything came between you and Ma why you know my home would never happy and when it comes to my affect for you, it's one of those things which o only exist between two men once in th lives, and those who've never felt it o never understand how wonderful it is—

Dick—I know

Hal—But, Dick, if you're going to get the other side of the fence you must prepared to stand the gaff——

Dick—So must you, Hal.

Hal—Well by God I can—It means th I'm following in the footsteps of everyth good that's ever been done by any of t Winthrops. I'm standing pat for my peo and my country—and every institution th they believe in. And that's where I can't where you get off—How can you figure th it's worth it, Dick? Following this di rabble, cutting yourself off from every co nection of family, tradition, justice——

Mary (*who has heard part of the discussion*)—Boys boys boys you mustn't
rrel—that's the one thing I couldn't
id. Dick, can nothing in the world per-
le you to drop this work? Can't I or my
?

Dick (*slowly*)—I'm afraid not, Mary—
always known that some day this mo-
t would come, and I've prayed for the
ngth to meet it. Oh, Mary, my love, and
, my friend, I've got to say good-by—
ar the call and I must go. We cannot
be on the same side of this great ques-
and I must go where my conscience
s me—there's no other road open to
r of us——

Hal—No—no—I won't have it that way
isn't your conscience that's leading you
your delusions. Mary, he can't say
-by to you, nor to me. I won't lose him
I won't have you lose him, nor I
't have him lose us—he belongs to our
ple, he's a part of the very soil we've
ned to love and revere—and Dick—
(*looks his friend squarely in the face*)
s is my challenge. Back you come to
re you belong among your people and
r kind if it takes all the fighting quality
ossess to bring you to your senses.
have to break you first and disillusion
afterwards you can be prepared for
that program——

Dick—Oh Hal, my chum, my friend, my
rade, don't think I misunderstand—I
w just what you mean and the spirit
t is behind it all——

Mary—All I can do is wait. My happi-
s -all of it—lies between you two men—
brother and my lover. Treat it kindly
ou can. Hurt it as little as possible, and
ember that neither of you can ever
ly kill it while I live, because the sum and
stance of all I am and all I have sways
er pitifully between you both as you
tle for the thing that you think is bigger
n love —

Hal—But, Dick, some day you'll come back
your own and to her. And, Dick, when
flock has deserted you or the wolves
ven you away, and you come back to the
pastures, forlorn, hungry, disillusioned,
ember Mary and I will let down a fence
and give you a little corner in the cool
de of the old meadow —

In spite of his love for Dick—or because of and because he stands for the established—as Dick stands for the proletariat, Hal makes good his threat to "break" the young radical. He "buys" the Governor, and sows seeds of distrust in the Committee of Seventy. Dick's mood is very bitter when he discovers that it is Hal who has tricked him and his party into ruin.

Dick—You bought the Governor out—it
st have cost you millions—you betrayed
—you betrayed the State—you betrayed
rself and Mary and everything that is
r to you——

Hal—No, you're the one who's been sold
—I warned you again and again that
y'd desert you, like rats—double cross
—every man Jack of 'em they can't
p it——

Dick—What difference does it make what
y'd do to me—but oh, my God, Hal, what
've you done to yourself? You've sold
r honor for a mess of pottage—
t you're not going to get away with it!
u've sounded the death-knell of your
ss—you've brought together in solid union
mighty millions whose hearts and souls
in this cause—you've shown us that your
y weapons are dishonestly and deceit and
s and bayonets—and the tide of human
ignation and of human purpose will en-
f you and your money. We'll sweep you
of existence like a pestilence——

Bemis (*one of the Committee of Seventy who has been listening sneeringly*) You think
t you're going to pull that stuff on me,
tnam? You two are together—Putnam
d Winthrop—you've framed this whole
l on us! Aren't you Winthrop's friend?
dn't you keep us in the dark——

Dick—That's a lie——

Bemis—It's the truth and I'll choke it
wn your throat—you stole into our party
betray our cause—you and him is alike—
re ain't no difference in the class—you're
same all over the world——

Hal (*to Dick*)—I told you they'd turn on
u and tear you to pieces—Now you've
t your answer, Dick—they're the under-
w that will pull you down—

True to Hal's prophecy, the wolves do turn and rend Dick. He is expelled from the Committee of Seventy as a traitor to the People's cause. Broken, discouraged, he goes away—no one knows where. And Mary, steadfast in her love, grieves herself into illness.

Mrs. Mather to Hal (*six months later*)
How is Mary?

Hal (*despairingly*)—No better. The nurse tells me that for hours she lies perfectly still—perfectly silent—and every moment of that silence seems to me to be an age of reproach——

Mrs. Mather—You simply can't blame yourself, Hal—you only did what you thought was right—what we all know was right.

Hal—I know, but I drove Dick away. I wanted to bring them together, but I drove him away—I drove him away——

But Day, the young reporter whom Hal has sent to find Dick, eventually brings him back.

Day—I found him in Chicago—living in a little hole of a room out in the stockyard districts—sick—and down and out—knowing no one and no one knowing him—with hardly any money. Oh, Mr. Winthrop, he's terribly broken—there's nothing of the old spirit left in him. I watched him a long time before I made myself known. He wandered around like a man in a trance—I saw him go to some of the noonday meetings that radicals were holding, and he sat huddled up in a corner listening to all the stock-arguments he loved so much before this thing happened——

Hal (*deeply moved*)—Poor Dick—Poor Laddie——

Day—I watched his face and there seemed to be no response—he was just existing—didn't know what was going on around him—shivering because he'd no overcoat After awhile I stopped him on the street—at first he pretended not to recognize me—then I talked and pleaded and argued—it was a hard job—but finally he came——

Hal—What did you say, Day——

Day—I told him the truth about your sister, and that it was up to him to come home if he wanted to save her life—and that did the work——

And when Dick and Mary meet again the love that has lasted through hardships and misunderstanding at last is justified.

Mary—Dick—Dick—(*Weak and ill, she takes an unsteady step toward him. He hesitates and then with an inarticulate cry of joy, takes her in his arms.*)

Dick—Mary, Mary, I'm only human—I'm only human—God never put this love in my heart for me to tear it out and crush it—He never meant that I should change happiness into sorrow and sunlight into shadows. Oh, what am I doing—is the ideal being torn from me because I've heard the howling of the wolves? Am I leaving the ninety and nine on the hillsides—without a shepherd and without a friend? Am I lost in the darkness, or is this the light? Mary, I love you, with all my heart and soul—I can't give you up—I can't give you up——

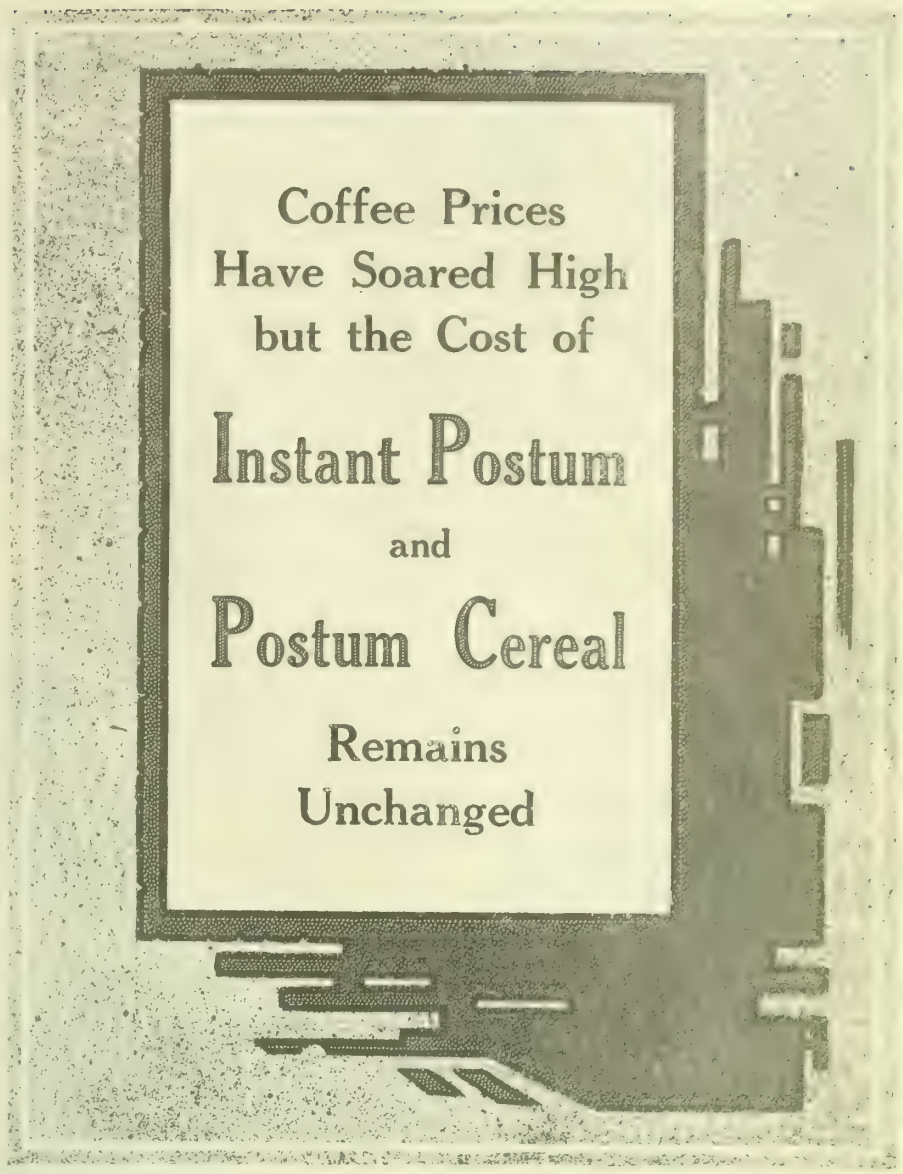
Mary—Oh, my darling, I've waited for you so long, but I knew you'd come—and then—when I'd feel your dear arms about me again I knew I should be with you forever and ever—whatever path you'll follow, Dick, I'll follow—whatever work in the world you'll do—I'll do—your mission is my mission—that is my woman's love and nothing can stand in its way.

Dick—Mary, my darling—we'll go on together—we'll find a way. Oh, my sweetheart, my comrade, we'll build together in love and find the promised land for our ninety and nine——

Hal—Do you think I'm any less of a shepherd of your sheep than you are or that you love them any more? Oh, no, no, my boy. The cause which you call your own is as much mine as yours—and is as close to me as it is to you. But what you want to do in a day I know that time must do in its slow march of evolution. You can't choke virtue down the other fellow's throat, but you can live decently—do your best—that's our job. Time alone can do the trick and no man can hurry time——

Dick (*half whimsically but still with conviction*)—But you can waste it——

Hal—Then you and I and those who believe in us will struggle for time's economy to make real the promised land and reach it by some common highway that knows no blood nor terror nor destruction. Love must find the way.





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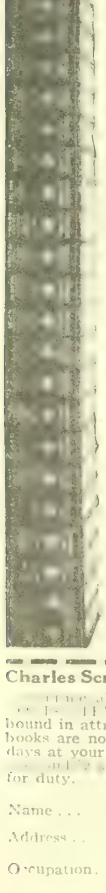
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Resurrection Rock

(Continued from page 32

thinking. They scarched thoroughly, however, before they returned to the salon. No one, living or dead, was in the house; nowhere had they come upon sign of violence or indication of cause for Barney Loutrelle's disappearance.

"Where's he gone, Asa?" Ethel appealed, finally.

"How do I know?" the Indian returned, irritably, and Ethel appreciated that his nerves were on edge. His dark eyes peered about restlessly; and she knew that, whatever Asa had thought when she brought him to the house, now superstitions controlled him. He was remaining close to her and thinking again, undoubtedly, about Bagley who so recently had left because he had had "Enough" and of the stories repeated about Resurrection Rock; and her thoughts went from what she had witnessed at St. Florentin last night to that strange letter from London which told Barney Loutrelle that Phillip Carew would speak to him; to the second letter which told him of the existence of Resurrection Rock and that he must come here and that he could find Bagley—Bagley whom no one had ever seen about here before—but whose coming was known in London in December; and that told also about her coming—when she did not know she was to come.

She heard scratching at the door, and remembering the dogs, she recalled the brown mat in Lad's hair and how Kincheloe that morning had twice attempted to take the dogs from her.

"Let them in, Asa," she directed.

When the door was opened and the dogs ran in, she thought that they rushed into the salon because she was there; but Lad only brushed against her on his way to the further end of the great room where he thrust his head down and smelled of the floor, whimpering and scrambling about in a circle. Lass blundered about near him so excitedly that Ethel followed to see what was there, only to find a space of bare, varnished floor. But her interest stirred Lad to leap upon her and dash to the door on the south which communicated with the outside steps down the Rock to the summer landing.

When she looked through the glass of this door, Ethel observed for the first time that those steps showed the depressions of deep footsteps, blunted and half filled with the lighter drift which had been blowing about since early morning. The door was locked and bolted but, upon being unfastened, readily opened.

The dogs jumped into the snow and floundered down the steps to the ice where they shook themselves and rolled over, barking. They ran out of sight about the base of the Rock; they reappeared, barking and so plainly trying to lead that Ethel went down to them.



"Why did the dogs want us to come here?" she demanded.

She found half-filled furrows in the snow which must have been made by the dogs some hours earlier; further about the Rock the ice was smooth and showed no footmarks. She was fearfully expecting that Lad was leading her to something of the sort of horror which she had believed to be in the house when she came upon chunks of ice standing beside a hole, about a yard in diameter, which had been chopped through to the water.

Young ice had frozen over, not yet half an inch thick. She knelt and leaned forward with her hands on the edge of the hole, peering down through the new, glassy crystal into the dark, deep water underneath. She felt footsteps on the floor of ice and looking about, she saw that Asa after some delay had descended from the Rock. He came beside her and gazed into the hole.

"Water hole," he said quietly. "Bagley chop it here yesterday to fill buckets. Bagley did not chop it, I think, so big."

"Who chopped that hole bigger, do you suppose, Asa?" she asked at last.

Redbird refused to commit himself.

"What kept you up there?" she asked him.

He said he would show her; and together they ascended the steps in the Rock. He had blocked the door so it had not latched and locked them out; so now, shutting out the dogs, he led her to the part of the floor where the dogs had been sniffing.

"Somebody washed right here, you see. Somebody did it last night, I think; somebody scrubbed. But no place else."

He fell to one knee, placing his face close to the floor and shutting one eye to glance with the other along the sunlit boards and illustrate his method of discovery of the fact; and Ethel knelt and saw that the sunlight glinted on soft dust except in a space, roughly oval and about six feet long, where no dust appeared but where the bright, hard surface of varnish was scratched and dulled by recent scrubbing and scraping. She pulled off her gloves and with bare finger-tips felt the difference in the varnish there and elsewhere.

"Somebody burned cloth in fireplace," Asa informed, going to the hearth and producing a handful of ashes which exhibited the woven texture of cloth; he produced also a charred bit of shaped wood which had been the back of a scrubbing-brush. Asa offered it to her and she put out her hand to take it and then she could not touch it. Blood had stained it before it had been burnt; Kincheloe had put it in the fire to burn away—blood.

Asa had let go of it, thinking that she was taking it and it dropped to the floor between them. It was to make sure that such trifles as this were completely burnt, she thought that Kincheloe wished to come to the Rock early this morning. That is, that her grandfather had sent Kincheloe to the Rock; for she knew that Kincheloe would not have come here this morning of his own accord.

NO doubt at all now of what Asa believed but when he stood waiting upon her, she could not tell him how she had watched her grandfather wandering about his house at midnight and how she had seen Kincheloe come in. But she had to tell Asa something so she told him about the mat in Lad's hair.

Asa went out and examined the dog.

"Nothing there now," he reported when he returned. "Hair there all cut off."

Vehemently she denied that last doubt to herself. It could not have been her grandfather who had done that cutting which meant knowledge of and aid in concealing murder; for it had become plain to her that someone had been killed; and it was no less plain to Asa. He had entertained the agency of spirits only when it seemed that Barney Loutrelle had been made away with and no trace left. Now Asa knew that spirits would not have needed to scrub a floor with a brush which had to be burned; spirits would not have been required to enlarge a water hole in the lake ice.

"Somebody was killed here, Asa?"

"What else to think?"

"But who—Asa, who?"

"Who was here last night?" Asa returned, logically.

She flinched. He meant, of course, her friend of yesterday, Barney Loutrelle. Hopelessly she had been struggling to down the conviction as she had been trying to down the dread that her grandfather could be concerned in crime.

"But who would have done it?" she demanded of Asa.

"Where did Mern Kincheloe come from last night?" Redbird said.

HE had made the accusation direct and, looking at him, Ethel knew that Asa had formed his opinion, not alone from evidences which he had discovered this morning, but from previous held thoughts in regard to her grandfather.

It made her flinch again; yet with the wince traveled a thrill of respect for this poor man who had accused to the granddaughter the rich man who most absolutely controlled his fate and that of his little family in the shack in the woods; and she thought of Asa now as holding to his charge, under questions as resolutely as would Father Laurent, who visited the little chapels in the woods, or good Father Benitot of St. Ignace.

She said nothing more about her grandfather or about Kincheloe; she merely arranged with Asa that he was to stay here in the house, or at least upon Resurrection Rock, until she returned or sent some one to relieve him. She was going to St. Florent and Asa was to see that no one entered to disturb anything in the house or to alter the hole in the ice; he was to keep watch against Kincheloe particularly.

Asa did not like staying there alone; but he agreed to do it, keeping the dogs with him. He came outdoors when she left and, when she looked back (Concluded on page 7

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The Box with Broken Seals

Continued from page 41

right," he said. "Well, those papers never were in that trunk. I brought them over myself on the *City of Boston.* I brought them over under the nose of a secret-service man, although the steamer and all of us on board were searched from head to foot in the Mersey before we were permitted to land."

"And where are they now?" Michael Dilwyn asked.

Sir Dennis drew a long envelope from his pocket and laid it upon the table before him. Almost as he did so, another little sensation brought them all to their feet. They hurried to the window. From about a mile seaward a blue ball, followed by another, had shot up into the sky. Sir Dennis watched for a moment steadily. Then he pointed to a bonfire which had been lighted on the beach.

"That," he pointed out, "is my signal, and there is the answer. The documents you have all read about are in that envelope."

There was a queer, protracted silence, a silence of doubt and difficulty.

"It will be a German submarine, that," Michael Dilwyn declared. "She has come to pick up your papers, maybe?"

"That's true," was the quiet answer. "I was to light the fire on the beach the moment I arrived. The blue balls were to be my answer."

The O'Clory, a big, silent man, leaned over and laid his hand on his host's shoulder.

"What are you going to do about it?" he demanded.

"For the moment I do not know," Sir Dennis confessed. "Advise me, all of you. I undertook this enterprise partly because of its danger, partly for a great sum of money which I should have handed over to our cause, partly because if I succeeded it would hurt England. Now I have come back and I find you all moved by a different spirit."

"There isn't a man in this island," Michael Dilwyn said slowly, "who has hated England as I have. She has been our oppressor for generations, and in return we have given her the best of our sons, their life-blood, their genius, their souls. And yet, with it all there is a bond. Our children have married theirs, and when we've looked together over the side we've seen the same things. We've made use of Germans, Dennis, but I tell you frankly I hate them. There are two things every Irishman loves—justice and courage—and England went into this war in the great manner. She has done big things and, I tell you, in a sneaking sort of way we're proud. I am honest with you, Dennis. You can guess, from what I've said, what I'd do with that packet."

Sir Dennis turned to The O'Clory.

"And you?" he asked.

"My boy," was the reply, "sure Michael's right. I've hated England, I've shouldered a rifle against her, I've talked treason up and down the country, and I've known the inside of a prison. I've sat at her authority. I've said in plain words what I think of her—fat, commerce-ridden, smug, selfish. I've watched her bleed and been glad of it, but at the bottom of my heart I'd have liked to have seen her outstretched hand. Dennis lad, that's coming. We've got to remember that [illegible] too, are a proud, obstinate, pig-headed race. We've got to meet that hand halfway, and when the moment comes I'd like to be the first to raise the boys round here and give the Germans hell!"

Another blue ball shot up into the sky. Sir Dennis took the packet of papers from the table and stood by the great open stone hearth. Michael Dilwyn moved to his side, a gaunt, impressive figure.

"You're doing the right thing, Dennis," he declared. "What fighting we've done, and any that we may still have to do with England, we'll do it on the surface. I was down at Queenstown when they brought in some of the bodies from the *Lusitania.* To hell with such tricks! There's no true Irishman yet has ever joined hands with those who war against women and babies."

Dennis drew a log of burning wood out on to the hearth, and laid the packet deliberately upon it. He stood there watching the smoke curl upward as the envelope shriveled and the flames crept from one end to the other.

"That seems a queer thing to do," he observed, with a dry little laugh. "I've carried my life in my hands for those papers, and there's a hundred thousand pounds waiting for them not a mile away."

"'Blood-money, boy," The O'Clory reminded him, "and anyway there's a touch of the evil thing about strangers' gold. . . . Eh, but who's this?"

A large motor car had suddenly flashed by the window. With the instinct of past dangers the little gathering of men drew close together. There was the sound of an impatient voice in the hall. The door was opened hurriedly and Crawshay stepped in.

"It is a gentleman in a great hurry, Your Honor," Timothy explained.

Crawshay, dour and threatening, came a little further into the room. Behind him in the hall was a vision of his armed escort. Sir Dennis looked up from the hearth with a poker in his hand.

"My friend," he observed, "it seems to be your unfortunate destiny to be always five minutes too late in life."

Crawshay's outstretched hand pointed denouncingly through the window toward the bay.

"If I am too late this time," he declared, "then an act of treason has been committ[illegible] You know what it means, I suppose, to co[illegible]municate with the enemy?"

Dennis shook his head.

"As yet," he said, "we have held no co[illegible]munication with our visitors. If you [illegible] my word, come down on your knees with [illegible] and examine these ashes."

Crawshay, with a little exclamati[illegible] crossed the floor and crouched down by [illegible]



"It seems to be your unfortunate destiny, my friend, to

other's side. A word or two in the top[illegible] document stared at him. The seal o[illegible] envelope had melted, and a little thread [illegible] had made a strange pattern [illegible] the stones.

"Is this the end, then?" he demanded [illegible] bewilderment.

"It is the end," was the solemn r[illegible] "Perhaps if you take the ashes away [illegible] you, you will be able to consider that ho[illegible] are divided."

"You [illegible]" Crawsh[illegible] muttered, still wondering.

"Every gentleman in this room," De[illegible] replied, "is witness of the fact that I [illegible] stroyed unopened the packet which I brou[illegible] from America, barely five minutes ago."

Crawshay stood upright once more. H[illegible] was convinced but puzzled.

"Will you tell me what induced yo[illegible] do this?" he asked.

"We will tell you presently. As for t[illegible] submarine outside, well, as you see, he is st[illegible] sending up blue lights."

wshay gathered the ashes together and them into an envelope.

our friend will be trying some of our whisky, Dennis," Michael Dilwyn in-

"We are hoping to make the brand popular in England before long."

by one, the next morning, in all manr of vehicles, the guests left the Castle. nnis bade them farewell, parting with f them in the leaky hall of his ancestors, ith others out in the stone-flagged ard. Crawshay alone lingered, with vious air of having something further to his host. The two men strolled together seaward to where the great lay thick upon the stormy beach.



ys five minutes too late!"

These," Sir Dennis pointed out, "are posed to be the marbles with which the t giant Cathley used to play. Tradition little vague upon the subject, but accordo some of the legends he was actually an stor, and according to others a kind of on saint. . . . Just look at my house, wshay! What would you do with a place that?"

hey turned and faced its crumbling front, estic in places, squalid in others, one le wing open to the rain and winds, one t turret still as solid and strong as the s themselves.

It would depend very much," Crawshay ied, "upon the extremely sordid question ow much money I had to spend. If I had igh, I should certainly restore it. It's a derful situation."

he eyes of its owner glowed as he swept outline of the storm-battered country and sed on to the rich strip of walled-in ls above.

It is my home," he said simply. "I shall live in no other place. If this matter which we discussed last night should indeed prove to have a solid foundation, if this even should be the beginning of the end of the great struggle——"

"But it is," Crawshay interrupted. "How can you doubt it if you have read the papers during the last six months?"

"I have scarcely glanced at an English newspaper for ten years," was his companion's reply. "I fled to America, hating England as a man might do some poisonous reptile, sternly determined never to set foot upon her shores again. I left without hope. It seemed to me that she was implacable. The war has changed many things."

"You are right," Crawshay admitted. "In many respects it has changed the English character. We look now a little further afield. We have lost some of our stubborn over-confidence. We have grown in many respects more spiritual. We have learnt what it means to make sacrifices, sacrifices not for gold but for a righteous cause. And as far as regards this country of yours, Sir Dennis," he continued, "I was only remarking a few days ago that the greatest opponents of Home Rule who have ever mounted political platform in England have completely changed their views. There is only one idea to-day, and that is to let Ireland settle her own affairs. Such trouble as remains lies in your own country."

"You heard what was said last night?" Sir Dennis reminded his companion. "The O'Clory believes that that is already done."

The faintest of white mists was being burnt away now by the strengthening sun. Long, green waves came rolling in from the Atlantic. Distant rocks gleamed purple in the gathering sunshine. The green of the fields grew deeper, the coloring on the moors warmer. Crawshay lit a cigaret and leaned back against a rock.

"Over in America," he observed, "I heard all sorts of stories about you. The man Hobson, with whom I was sent to Halifax, and who dragged me off to Chicago, seemed to think that if he could once get his hand on your shoulder there were other charges which you might have to answer. Brightman, that Liverpool man, had the same idea. I am mentioning this for your own sake, Sir Dennis."

The latter shook his head.

"Heaven knows how I've kept clear," he declared, "but there isn't a thing against me. I sailed close to the wind in Mexico. I'd have fought for them against America if they'd really meant business, but they didn't. I was too late for the Boer War or I'd have been in that for a certainty. I went through South America, but the little fighting I did there doesn't amount to anything. After I came back to the States I ran some close shaves, I admit, but I kept clear of the law. Then I got in with some Germans at Washington. They knew who I was, and they knew very well how I felt about England. I did a few things for them—nothing risky. They were keeping me for something big. That came along, as you know. They offered me the job of bringing these things to England, and I took it on."

"For an amateur," Crawshay confessed, "you certainly did wonderfully. I am not a professional detective myself, but you fairly beat us on the sea, and you practically beat us on land as well."

"There's nothing succeeds like simplicity," Dennis declared. "I gambled upon it that no one would think of searching the curtains of the music-hall box in which Gant and I spent apparently a jovial evening. No one did—until it was too late. Then I felt perfectly certain that both you and Brightman would believe I was trying to get hold of Richard Beverley. The poor fellow thought so himself for some time."

"There is just one question," Crawshay said, after a moment's pause, "which I'd like to ask. It's about Norah Sharey."

Sir Dennis glanced at his companion with a faint smile. He suddenly realized the purport of his lingering.

"Well, what about her?"

"She seems to have followed you very quickly from New York."

"Must you put it like that? Her father and brother were connected with the German Secret Service in New York, and on the declaration of war they had to hide. She could scarcely stay there alone."

"She might have gone with her father to Chicago," Crawshay observed.

"You must remember that she, too, is Irish," Sir Dennis pointed out. "I am not at all sure that she wasn't a little homesick. By the way, are you interested in her?"

"Since you ask me," Crawshay replied, "I am."

Sir Dennis threw away his cigaret.

"I suppose," he said quietly, "if I tell you that I am delighted to hear it, for your own sake as well as hers——"

"That's all I have been hanging about to hear," Crawshay interrupted, turning toward the castle. "I suppose we shall meet again in London?"

"I think not. They talk about sending me to the Dublin Convention here. Until they want me, I don't think I shall move."

Crawshay looked around him. The prospect in its way was beautiful, but save for a few bending figures in the distant fields there was no sign of any human being.

"You won't be able to stand this for long," he remarked. "You've lived too turbulent a life to vegetate here."

Sir Dennis laughed, softly, but with a new ring of real happiness.

"It's clear that you are not an Irishman!" he declared. "I've been away for over ten years. I can just breathe this air, wander about on the beach here, walk on that moorland, watch the sea, poke about among my old ruins, send for the priest and talk to him, get my tenants together and hear what they have to say—I can do these things, Crawshay, and breathe the atmosphere of it all down into my lungs and be content. It's just Ireland—that's all. . . . You hurry back to your own bloated, over-rich, smoke-disfigured, town-ruined country, and spend your money on restaurants and theaters if you want to. You're welcome."

Sir Dennis's words sounded convincing enough, but his companion only smiled as he brought his car out of a dilapidated coach-

(Continued on page 80)

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Wild Joe and I Fight the Police

(*Continued from page 33*)

worked in a shop, trying to earn enough money for an education. The place had no ventilation. The long hours, the hard, steady grind and the stifling air were enough to wreck the strongest of us. See what it did to me. I can never get well. None of us were full grown; some of the girls were little children. The law ought to have protected us if it can do what some people think it can. But did it? Has the law ever done anything for us—for you, for me, for tens of thousands all around us? The law! Bah! It is all on the side of the bosses, of the rich. Better for us if there was no law, no government. Then the poor would have some chance against the rich, who would be without its protection and help in grinding us down to the condition of slavery."

I wonder if any girl of my age who was working in a sweat shop for thirteen hours a day under a speed-up system would not have been influenced by Dave Lerner's harangues? I soon began to look upon Lewis, our shop boss, as a tyrant, a soulless, cruel slave-driver. The influence of my new found radical friends stirred me to rebellion. I was sure there was no law to which we could appeal with any hope of justice. We must take the situation into our own hands. And one evening when the day's work had been even harder than usual, and I had come home exhausted, I resolved that the time had come to strike for our rights.

I CALLED on Nathan Postach, who had been regarded as a hero by the girls in the shop since the day he had refused to lift a heavy bundle, which the boss had told him to put on a shelf. He had given the excuse that he was afraid he would strain his voice, for during each New Year he sang in one of the big synagogues, which paid him fifty dollars.

I proposed a strike to Nathan, and he agreed to talk to the girls downstairs during the lunch hour if I would in the meantime talk to the boss. This I did. I asked Lewis to abolish the slip system at once.

"If you don't," I said, looking him squarely in the face with the courage of desperation, "we will all strike. If you force us to strike we will picket your shop and won't let any other workers take our jobs."

"You can strike all you want to," he shouted. "I'll introduce any system I please."

I ran down to the waiting girls, who had already been convinced by Nathan's arguments, and told them of what the boss had said.

"Then we'll strike!" they cried, and we began to picket the place. We were on picket duty all the rest of the day, and returned or the same purpose early the following morning.

Lewis had in the meantime advertised for girls, but not one of those who came in answer to his offer was willing to pass our lines when we announced that a strike was going on. In fact, some of the newcomers undertook to help us with the picketing.

By noon the boss had surrendered. He agreed to take us back to work and to give up the hated slip system.

We all came back to the shop at [illegible] o'clock. I had been at my table about [illegible] hour when I was called to the office. Nath[illegible] was there with his pay envelope in his ha[illegible] I was given my pay, too, and was told t[illegible] the new arrangement was for the others [illegible] not for Nathan and me.

So I followed Nathan to the street, and [illegible] walked away together. We had lost [illegible] jobs, but we had won our fight. We had [illegible]tered conditions for the workers that we [illegible] behind, and we were happy.

I HEARD the wind howling in the court [illegible] as I crept out of bed one morning [illegible] week later. Though the windows had b[illegible] tightly closed all night, as was the rule [illegible] winter, it was bitter cold. Snow [illegible] swishing against the frost-coated panes. [illegible] front of the cookstove my brother Sam [illegible] was poking the dead ashes.

"We got to get another pail of c[illegible] somehow," he said gloomily. "There's o[illegible] two shovelfuls in the box."

For more than a week I had been job hu[illegible] ing, but in my own trade there seemed to [illegible] no chance for me. Small chance indeed [illegible] there for any of us as we went almost ho[illegible] lessly from door to door, but I was a marl[illegible] girl in those forlorn crowds, and whereve[illegible] went I was turned away with a sullen fro[illegible] or an angry word. The bosses knew me a[illegible] radical, as a trouble-maker, as a leader [illegible] strikes. A dreadful fear took hold of [illegible] and shook my nerves. I could see noth[illegible] but starvation ahead, and I knew what [illegible] meant to starve. My clothes were [illegible] thin for such weather, and my shoes were [illegible] of holes. The snow was whirling up in gr[illegible] spirals and now and then beating against [illegible] face, half-blinding me. The wind, whistl[illegible] around the corners, cut like a knife.

Little piles of household goods were beg[illegible] ning to make their appearance on the si[illegible] walks, and I knew that for days the munici[illegible] courts had been full of landlords who h[illegible] come to have tenants evicted.

Aimlessly, and not caring which direction [illegible] took, I bent my head against the wind a[illegible] hurried on through the snow. A ha[illegible] reached out and clutched at my arm, and [illegible] saw an evicted woman beside me, three lit[illegible] girls clinging desperately to her skirt, w[illegible] bare, frost-bitten hands.



I saw Joe fall heavily. The sight maddened me.



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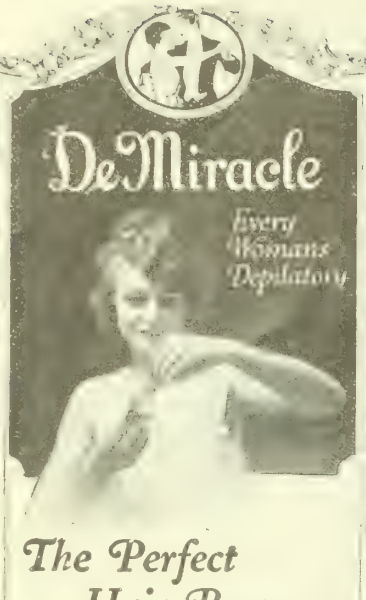
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"What can I do?" she cried. "We are homeless. We are penniless. We have no place to go!"

I STOOD staring at her helplessly. There was a look in her eyes that would have melted a heart of stone. What could she do? What could I say to her? Who could have been so merciless as to drive her and those little children from their home into the storm?

All the fierce passions, the bitterness and hatred that years of suffering had bred, broke loose in me, and of a sudden I "saw red." Wild impulses surged in me bidding me to revolt, to stir others to revolt, to destroy and kill if necessary, to defy all the cruel laws that had crushed us, the laws that had never helped us, never protected us, the laws that had been always on the side of our oppressors.

In the shabby hallway of the building from which the woman had been driven the janitor was trying vainly to patch a water-pipe which had frozen and burst.

"Who is the landlord that put this family out?" I cried to him.

"I don't know the owner," he answered. "He lives in Europe. I work for an agent."

"Who is the agent?"

He gave me the address, and I hurried off to find the man who was responsible for the eviction.

The agent's office was in a big building in lower Broadway, where at last covered with snow and breathless from the long, fast walk, I burst in upon him. He was a plump, elderly man with a round, good-natured face and he looked as if he was at peace with all the world.

"Do you know that a woman and her three little children have been dispossessed from one of your houses," I shouted at him, "and that they are freezing in the street?"

For a few seconds he sat staring into my face without saying a word. Apparently he was trying to determine what sort of a pest he had to deal with.

"Such things do happen," he said at last.

"Yes; and they are happening now in hundreds of tenements such as yours. Look out of your window and see what a day it is. You are warm and comfortable here; perhaps you don't realize what it means to those evicted families to be homeless in such a storm."

"Oh, yes; I realize it," he said with a gesture of annoyance. "But I am sorry to say I can do nothing. I represent an estate that owns a great many buildings in which there are thousands of tenants. If I should allow families to remain in their homes when they are unable to pay their rent the estate would soon be bankrupt. This woman who interests you is, of course, a very pitiful case, and I am sorry for her, but business is business."

What was the use of talking to such a man? Back to my ghetto I went. As I turned into Rivington Street the way was blocked by a long line of men standing outside a tall old shop building waiting for a chance to earn fifty cents a day from the Mayor's Committee for the Unemployed by rolling bandages and sorting cast-off clothing, which had been sent for the relief of the destitute. Many of these men had already come into possession of some of the cast-off clothes, and there were all sorts of fantastic costumes in the line. Here was a man wearing a high silk hat, striped trousers and a sweater. Another was in rags except for an immaculate pair of white kid gloves.

SO the rich people were trying to help at last. Surely it was time. But what a farce it was! Here was a problem involving two hundred thousand unemployed people, and these wealthy philanthropists were trying to solve it through a system that could reach out to only a few hundred persons a day at most!

"The rich!" I sneered, as I stood watching the shivering line. "The rich! Why don't they come themselves to our streets and see what is going on? What do they know of all the misery among us? They send a few dollars and their cast-off clothes, and their consciences are satisfied." How long, I asked myself, would the ghetto bear its burden of woe so meekly? Surely such unendurable conditions could not last much longer with the sufferers so harmless and uncomplaining, awed by the shadow of the law? I knew that all around me were tens of thousands who if they had but a leader would assert with all the might of their numbers their right, the right of every human being, rich or poor, strong or weak, to the necessities of life.

"The time has come!" I cried to myself. "The time has come!" And I took my stand on the curb and began to speak aloud, raising my voice high. I spoke of the wrongs I had seen committed and of the cruelty of the laws. I called on all victims of oppression to assert their rights.



Not one in one hundred of the deserving unemployed received any help.

A LITTLE group of people gathered round me, and quickly from streets and alleyways and tenements streams of eager men and women poured in to join them. Soon there were thousands of them, standing in silence, blocking the whole street. The great mass of human beings hanging so intently on my words inspired me. The hour had come to wake these sullen, brooding crowds, to stir them from their apathy. The thrill of a sudden sense of power ran through me. Here were my own people. Scores of them I had known from childhood. I knew what they had suffered, for I had suffered with them.

"How many of you don't know what hunger means?" I shouted at them. "What have you got to show for all the hard work you have done since you were children? You have been slaves, toiling for just enough to keep you alive, always at the mercy of your taskmasters. When you fall sick or old age comes they turn you adrift. What do they care if you starve or if your children starve? What do they care if our streets are full of dispossessed families, driven from their homes by the law? Do you know that in this city there are thousands and thousands of people who have more money than they know what to do with and who have never had to work a day to get it? You are the producers, and they are the people who live by your toil. If you can't get a job and haven't enough money to buy food, go up to those lobster palaces you hear so much about, walk in, order a meal and tell them to send the bill to the mayor."

"You're right, Marie," came many voices. "We'd rather do that than starve."

There came a stirring in the tightly massed crowd. Men were pushing their way to the outer edges. In a few seconds fully two hundred of them had worked their way free of the rest, and, forming in a body, were marching away for up-town.

"We're going to get a square meal, Marie," they called back.

The crowd was waiting to hear more. I recalled the line of men I had seen in Rivington Street.

"Don't think the rich people have forgotten you," I cried. "They are showing this very moment how charitable they can be. They have not come here themselves but they are sending us their cast-off clothes. If any of you need a pair of shoes, or a coat or a pair of gloves follow me."

Followed by several hundred men and women, I led the way to Rivington Street. The line of men had grown longer when we arrived there, and my reinforcements fairly blocked the street. At almost the same moment a young man who had recently become a firm friend of mine, a settlement worker whom I called "my pal," appeared from a side street at the head of two or three hundred vagrants, whom he had picked up in the Bowery and City Hall Park. I thought it foolish to be wasting time on people of that sort when there were so many more deserving people in need, and I ran over to him and told him so.

"THAT'S right," spoke up a bright-eyed, slender young fellow who had been helping to gather the vagrants together. "Show me where they are, and I'll help you get them."

"This is Arthur Caron," said my pal by way of introduction. "Take him along if you want to."

I had heard the name before. Indeed, a good many had heard it in the ghetto during the past few months. He was a pronounced anarchist who preached the most extreme views. He believed in violence and assassination. He and two other "reds" were killed by a bomb of their own making not long afterward—but I am getting ahead of my story.

He and I walked away together, and he began to tell me about himself. He was a Canadian Irishman, who had been in New York less than a year. He had expected to find employment here as a civil engineer, for that was his profession, but had not been successful, and had had to turn to any job he could find to keep himself alive. He was out of work now and penniless, he said, but he didn't care much about his own trouble; he wanted to help the thousands who were in an even worse plight if he could. I took a liking to him at once, and found it hard to believe he could hold the bloodthirsty ideas that were beginning to make him notorious.

I went on to Rutgers Square, that great rallying point of the lower East Side. The little park was full of idle people, as it always is in times of widespread unemployment.

"Come with me," I cried as I joined them. "Come with me if you want to get fifty clothes or if you want to earn fifty cents a day."

Many of them knew me and came to me at once. Almost all the rest of the crowd followed. I led them down to Rivington Street, but I was not prepared for the tremendous mass of people that awaited us there. One person would have found it hard to wedge his way through it, and my followers numbered five hundred at least. But into this mass the Rutgers Square folks piled, pushing and struggling.

Women caught in the crush began to scream for help. Men swore and fought. The snow was churned into slush. The hu

wd swayed to and fro in great waves. e police stood by helpless, sympathizing h the wretched throng and unwilling to ort to vigorous methods to clear the eet.

The situation was hopeless. The well-aning social-service workers held up their nds helplessly. They locked the doors inst the crowd, and abandoned the work. would have been impossible to help one-th of all the people who were pouring in on them.

For the remainder of the afternoon crowds ng about the doors, held there by the hope t they would be thrown open again. When kness fell they began to scatter, trailing in long, uneven lines through the biting ht wind that swept the ghetto streets. at throngs drifted to Rutgers Square. ien I saw them gathering in that spot in the ving snow because they had no place to go shelter I gave up my idea of going home. ain I rallied them. I had disappointed m once, but they were ready to follow me in blindly.

"Come on!" I cried. "I'll find you a ce to spend the night. We'll break our y in somewhere if we have to."

A feeble cheer rose into the wind, and the wd, in rags and tatters, surged round me he dark.

I thought of the big, empty rooms in the iversity Settlement House. There was m there for hundreds if the superintendent uld only open the doors to us. To that ce we marched, and on the way recruits ned us at every block.

We banged on the door of the big building, l after a moment it was opened by the perintendent, who greeted us with a be-dered, anxious stare.

"I am very sorry," he said, "but I don't how I can let you in. I would get into uble. I have no authority to turn this ce into a lodging-house for everybody who nes."

UT already the crowd at my back was beginning to surge forward. Suddenly reat mass of people swept into the door-y, pushing us both aside, and swarmed ough the warm rooms. The superinten-nt was helpless. They were in complete session of the place. Every room was ked tight with them, and still more were ggling to get in from the street. After a e we managed to get the door shut, and, there was not sleeping space for all those o were huddled together inside, some were suaded to leave. Old newspapers were ead on the hard, bare floors, where at st five hundred persons, lying down close ether as tightly as they could be packed in, nd warmth and shelter for the night.

That part of the problem had now been ved for these five hundred; but they ded more than shelter. Most of them had l nothing to eat all day. Many were fering cruelly from starvation. I thought a Socialist newspaper, which had been king propaganda for its party out of the employment situation, and I called on its nager.

"Give me some money for coffee and rolls the men I have taken to the Settlement use," I demanded.

"I can't," he answered.

"But you are filling your paper with news our troubles," I said. "You are trying to w that you are supporting this work of ping the unemployed. I'll make it known ny speeches that you have refused to give ent to help them."

"Well, I'll give you five dollars."

"I'll accept your five dollars, and will tell audiences that you, the head of a Socialist an that has just put up a building worth ny thousands of dollars, have given me dollars to feed five hundred starving men. ke it ten dollars."

He gave me the ten.

Then to storekeepers and other East Side siness men I went, bulldozing and threat-ng, and before long had raised enough ney to buy rolls and coffee for all my hun-five hundred.

UT the effort to check the ever-spreading destitution and suffering among the ements in that dreadful year, 1914, was ch like trying to sweep back the waves of sea. The Mayor's Committee and the philanthropists up-town meant well, but y did not accomplish much more than king life a little easier for the chronic adliners. Not one in one hundred of the erving unemployed—the people who were ing to work and who always had worked he limit of their strength when they had opportunity—received any help.

Until the mild spring weather came five hundred homeless wanderers of the streets slept on the Settlement House floors every night and had a free supper of coffee and rolls. The supper money was often raised by myself and my radical friends. People sneered at us and called us dangerous anarchists—probably some classes of people regarded us as dangerous with good reason—but we did have the feeding of those Settlement House crowds to our credit, and, God knows, we were often hungry ourselves while collecting the money.

Every evening I continued my curbstone speech-making. I was trying to stir the unemployed to the point where they would force the public to provide them with free meals and free sleeping quarters until they could get work.

One night the glow of a street lamp disclosed to me in my audience the eager, shrewd, old bearded face of Mr. Ginsberg, the shoemaker. In a flash my thoughts went back to my childhood and to the day in his cellar shop when I told him of my problems and asked him to advise me.

"There's an old shoemaker," I called out, pointing at him, "who told me when I wasn't more than half grown that it was you ghetto folks' heads that needed mending more than your shoes. 'If I had my life to live again I would teach them to think.' Those were his very words; and they've been running through my mind ever since. That's what I'm trying to do now, to teach you to think."

People began to crane their necks, trying to get a look at the old man. Then came cries of "Hurrah for the shoemaker! His head don't need mending. Give us a speech, shoemaker."

He was pushed up to where I stood. Very old and feeble he had grown, but the eyes beneath the shaggy brows were as bright and clear as ever. Indeed, they seemed to be burning at that moment with intense emotion, as if he had realized at last the dreams of a lifetime. For he heard the crowd break into a roar of greeting and of demands that he be heard.

HE looked bewildered, as if not quite sure whether he was awake or dreaming; but after a moment his face cleared, and the glow of inspiration came into his eyes. He began to speak. His voice, low and indistinct at first, rose until it rang out over the square. The crowd fell silent. There was the thrill of real eloquence in his words. All the thoughts he had brooded over alone in his cellar for so many years seemed to be crowding one another for expression. He spoke and looked like a prophet of old. I doubt if Rutgers Square, for many a long year the forum of the East Side, had ever heard a speech so full of sober thought and wisdom.

It was all very well for me to be doing my best to help the unemployed, but I could not forget that I, too, was out of work and that I must give time to my own needs if I was to keep a roof over myself and my mother. During the daytime I continued to make the rounds of the shops, though I had almost given up hope of finding anything.

While going about among these places I was greeted one morning by Zalmon Eckstoff's wife.

"There's a good chance of your catching on where I am over in Sol Borkin's dress factory in Grand Street," she said. "But don't let old Borkin know you're Marie Ganz, or he'll blow right up in the air. Give him another name."

That was how I came to go to work for Sol Borkin under the name of Rosa Stein. What a piece of good fortune! A job when more than half the shops on the East Side were closed! An eight-dollar-a-week job, too, and in a shop that wasn't half bad as such places went.

As spring came on the great hordes of unemployed grew even greater. Some of the large Sixth Avenue department stores closed and threw thousands of East Side men and girls out of work. Then, at about the time his store went out of business, Henry Siegel's bank failed, and all the savings of his employees were swept away. Scarcely was there a week when some private bank in the tenement districts did not close its doors. So, day by day, the ghetto's burden of woe grew and grew.

All the lower East Side, the home of a million people, began to seethe with the spirit of unrest. In the faces of the crowds I saw only the sullen discontent that sooner or later breaks out into open rebellion. The first serious disturbance came on the evening of March 18th, when the Socialists held a



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meeting in Cooper Union. The anarchists and the Industrial Workers of the World believed the Socialist leaders were trying to make political capital from the general misery, and hated them accordingly.

O'CARROLL'S following numbered three hundred when we marched away for Cooper Union. The police had got wind of his coming, and, though we did not know it at the time, had stationed forty detectives throughout the audience in readiness for trouble. We filed down into the old gloomy basement auditorium and took up all the space that was left. There was scarcely standing-room.

The expected soon happened. O'Carroll, who had been standing beside me, shouldered his way down the aisle, leaped to the center of the stage, threw off his coat and began to make a speech. Julius Gerber, one of the Socialist leaders, laid hold of him and tried to drag him away. Joe swung his fist, and it landed heavily on the Socialist's jaw. Immediately all the men on the platform rushed at the intruder.

Instantly Joe's three hundred bodyguards sprang into action. They formed a flying wedge, forced their way to the platform, clambered up to it and attacked their leader's assailants. Then the uniformed policemen and the detectives took a part. The whole hall was in an uproar. The noise was terrific. Everywhere the tightly packed mass of people was surging to and fro. The police were using their clubs, striking in all directions. Fists were flying. Wild oaths were shouted. Men were knocked down and trampled. The few women who were present, crushed and buffeted about, were screaming at the top of their voices.

When things were at their worst the lights went out. We were in total darkness. The women became hysterical. The place was so black that I could see absolutely nothing, but I heard the shouts and the screams and the noise of the fighting, and sometimes Joe's voice raised in fury against the police. I expected at any moment to be struck by a club or a fist, for no one could tell whom he was hitting and blows were being dealt recklessly.

There came a brilliant flash and an explosion. For a bare instant the place was as bright as day, and I caught a glimpse of a cloud of smoke. I thought some one had exploded a bomb. A few seconds later the lights blazed again, and it was discovered that a newspaper photographer had taken a flashlight picture. Then again the lights went out, but only for a moment this time. The janitor of the building was flashing them on and off with the idea of emptying the hall.

BEFORE long the police succeeded in driving us all out, except Joe, whom they had placed under arrest.

That experience had no effect in keeping me away from places where there were likely to be disturbances. My fighting blood was up.

Once a prosperous woman from up-town said to me in the Settlement House, "My dear girl, why do you, an intelligent, decent young woman, associate with such a dangerous lot? Why don't you choose a better sort for your companions?"

"Why shouldn't I associate with them?" I answered hotly. "They are my own people. Haven't I suffered just as they have? Haven't I known what poverty and starvation mean? I am no traitor. Their cause is mine. I'm the girl that circumstances have made me. How do you suppose I could be anything else?"

And it was the same with those poor, wretched friends of mine, who were risking broken heads and prison terms to fight for their principles.

A few days after the Cooper Union riot Alexander Berkman, Caron and others determined to take part in a meeting that had been called by the Central Federated Labor Union, which was to protest in Union Square against the treatment of the Michigan copper-mine strikers. Berkman and Caron asked me to come there and speak, and I accepted. Joe O'Carroll was preparing his I. W. W. men for the occasion and advising them to seize the opportunity to protest against the imprisonment of Frank Tannenbaum, who had been arrested for inciting a riot in the Roman Catholic Church of St. Alphonsus in West Broadway.

When we arrived at the square, early in the afternoon, we found four hundred policemen, many of them mounted men, on guard. Soon at least seven thousand persons were massed in the northern end of the park.

On my way to the speakers' stand I met my pal, the settlement worker. He held my hand for a moment as he wished me luck.

"I think there's trouble coming, Marie," he said. "Remember, I want to help you whenever I can."

"I know it," I answered. "Whenever I'm in need of help you're the one I'll come to."

Then I left him, and joined Berkman, Lincoln Steffens, Caron and O'Carroll. After a few moments Berkman raised his arms for silence. The crowd let him speak. At the conclusion of his remarks two of our men held aloft two great black flags. On one were the words, "Tannenbaum Shall Be Free!" On the other, in huge white letters, was the single word, "HUNGER."

As the banners tossed in the wind the immense crowd broke into a wild demonstration; then slowly began to surge westward in the direction of Fifth Avenue, evidently intent on trouble. Joe had left us, and was pushing forward at the head of his men. A police inspector raised his hand as a signal. The crowd noticed his movement, and jeered and yelled at him. For a moment the flags continued to wave above the moving throng; then they were suddenly jerked from the hands of the color-bearers, whom the police placed under arrest.

"Get back!" I cried. "Get back! You can't fight the police! They're too strong for you to-day."

The crowd obeyed, and trouble was averted for the time. Almost at the same moment Joe O'Carroll appeared, shoulder to shoulder with Adolph Wolff, who called himself the "poet of the East Side" and who had written a book of verses entitled "Songs, Sighs and Curses."

"Come on, men!" Joe cried. "We'll move to Rutgers Square and hold a meeting that won't be interfered with. Marie Ganz will speak to you there. Come on, Marie!"

WE made a détour of the lines of the police, who were intent for the moment only on preventing a rescue of the prisoners. Close beside me was my pal, determined to protect me in case of trouble.

As we were soon to discover, there were scattered among us as we surged onward at least a score of policemen disguised as workmen. When we came swarming into Fourth Avenue, some distance below the Square, these men tried to disorganize our mob by separating it into groups. The object of their maneuver was so apparent that we realized at once their true character, and some of our men immediately attacked them. In the course of the fight Joe and Caron were arrested. Joe fought desperately to free himself, and was clubbed unmercifully. I saw him fall heavily to the pavement, where he lay so still that I thought he had been killed. The sight maddened me.

"Kill the cops!" I cried.

Three shrieking blasts of a police whistle rose above the uproar. A moment later a squad of mounted men with drawn batons came riding toward us at a gallop from Fourteenth Street. Realizing that their comrades were in danger, the mounted policemen rode their prancing horses right over our front ranks. Threats and shrieks of defiance changed to cries of alarm and terror as the horses came crowding in upon us, the flying hoofs a fearful menace.

Frightened though I was, I stood my ground, until a hand reached out and clutched my wrist with an iron grip. It was my pal, trying to drag me away. The horses were almost upon us.

"It's all over, Marie!" he shouted. "We're beaten. Come on."

In the very nick of time he dragged me out of danger. I looked around me. Our men were panicstricken by the plunging horses and swinging clubs.

"For God's sake, come away!" cried my pal. The police were close behind us. It was hopeless to continue the struggle. We moved on with the fugitives.

At last we were driven in widely scattered groups into the side streets, and the police gave up the pursuit, going off to the station-house with their prisoners. Exhausted, our clothes torn, some of us cut and bleeding, we made our way back to the ghetto, and to our homes—those of us who were fortunate enough to have homes.

But the bitter memories of that day were to remain with us. Never before had seemed so hateful that mysterious, heartless thing, the law, the classes that it served and protected and the police who enforced it so mercilessly.

Yet some time, I was sure, our chance would come—the hour of which we dreamed.

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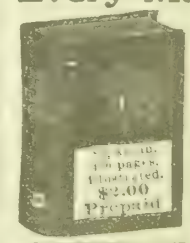
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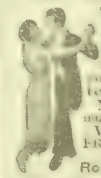
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(Continued from page 21)

ne a sustained and glorious gallop. Edith's spirits rose, and through her little and round and tuscan, there ed verses, that caused her lips to part er eyes to flash:

said then:
Dearest, since 'tis so:
Since now at length my fate I know:
Since nothing all my love avails;
Since all my life seemed meant for fails;
Since this was written and needs must be—
My whole heart rises up to bless
Your name in pride and thankfulness
Take back the hope you gave—I claim
Only a memory of the same,
—And this beside, if you will not blame:
Your leave for one more last ride with me.

rough Miss Edith's parted lips the sec- tanza, all in rhythm with the long. galloping of the stallion, began to and to take wing:

My last thought was at least not vain:
And my mistr ess side by side
Shall be together, breathe and ride,
So, one day more am I defied.
Who knows but the world may end to-night?

O indeed? That glorious gallop, ever lengthening and strengthening, had ne a run. And Miss Edith might as well tried to hold a tugboat with a fishline. lot's show of hypocrisy was over. He aited until the buildings of Joyous Gard ll those grooms and trainers who *might* lone things to thwart him were far be He had only little Edith MacMahon al with now. He had waited for his tunity and he had seized it. Never life had he run as he was running now. emed a supernatural thing, all fire and er. And it seemed as if the world— MacMahon at least—might not end ight, but at any instant. She was tir- st.

f a mile more, and the savage stallion ed horribly from the main trail toward ove where Martin Gail had been mind- camp, and whence, having written in cord book, he had not long since de- l.

th MacMahon did not follow that and awful swerve. She went straight ke a far-flung glove—and spread out jumping frog. She crashed face down a clump of bushes, which as the price ing her life tore and scratched her un- ully. She extricated herself in a perfect n of anger.

l catch that darned mule," she ex- d between grinding teeth, "and I'll ride ll his heart breaks."

never occurred to her that she would id him a little further on along the trail he had made in pursuit of his heart's It never occurred to her that she dden him for the last time.

little Peak boots rubbing at her heels, alked as fast as she could, temper- . Blood trickled from innumerable hes and in such quantity from her left that she snuffled as she went. Her e riding-coat was in shreds.

Martin Gail, idling along and thinking ly of this and that, there came the sound orse running. . . . At that moment the Molly stopped short and trembled from o tail. She would not budge for a word, e struck her lightly with his whip. At he drew in a tremendous breath and forth in a wild neigh of passion, long- d despair.

hy, Molly, my dear," exclaimed Martin what-a matter?"

little thought that he was speaking to r the last time.

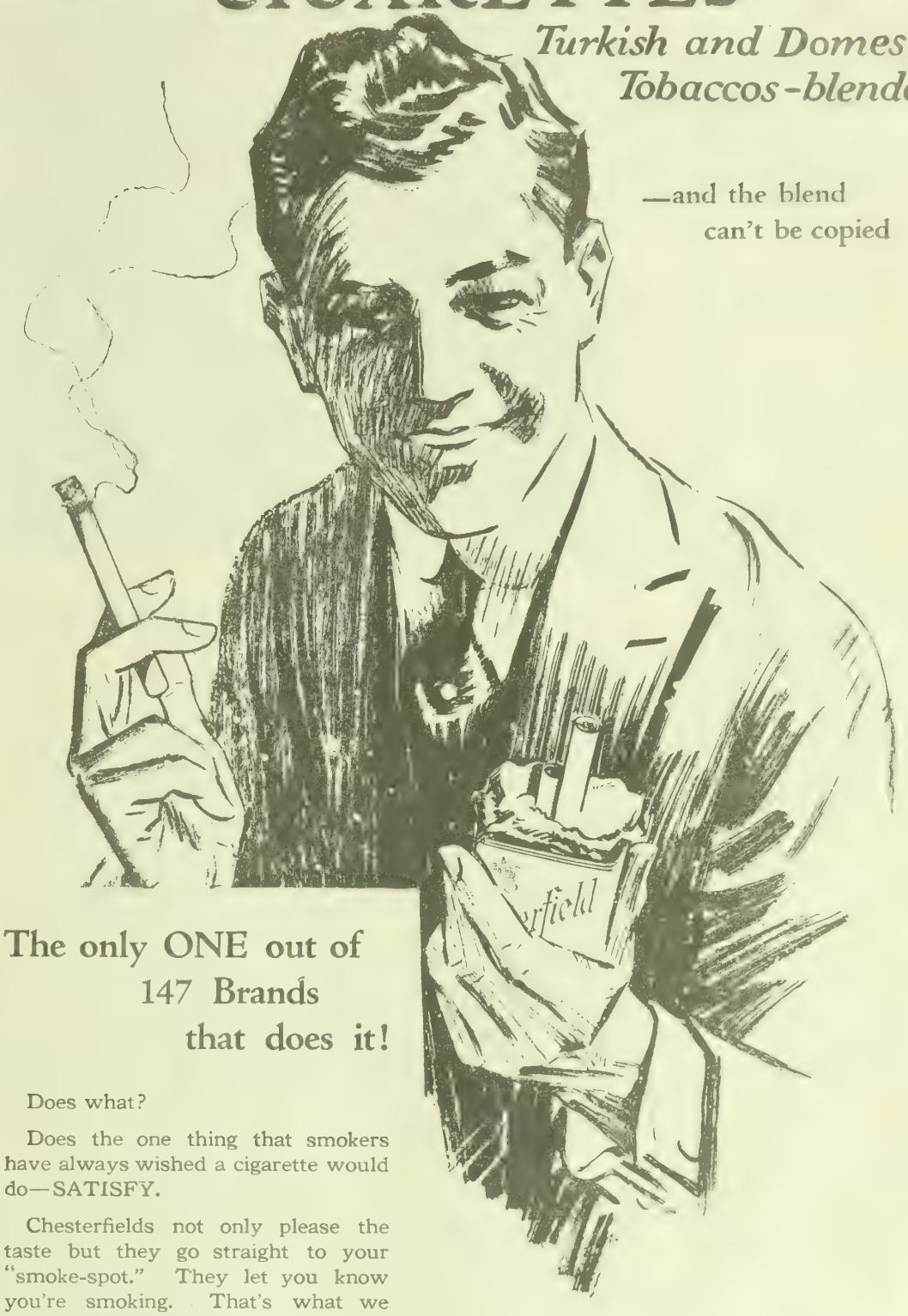
sound of the horse running had drawn ear. It had a wild and terrible rhythm. was a tumultuous ringing of steel upon and then there flashed into Martin's creature gigantic, black and foaming pty saddle with stirrups wildly thrash- nd a pair of eyes in which there was ss and murder.

a miracle of strength and coördination alance the mad stallion stopped short, re feet plowing the stony ground. n he rose upon his hind feet and plung- rward, screamed and rose again and to strike at Martin with his forefeet with his head, swift and supple as a 's, tried to seize him in his teeth.

our matings pre-ordained? This world- estion, and its bearing upon the des- of Joyous Gard, is the theme of the next lment in December.

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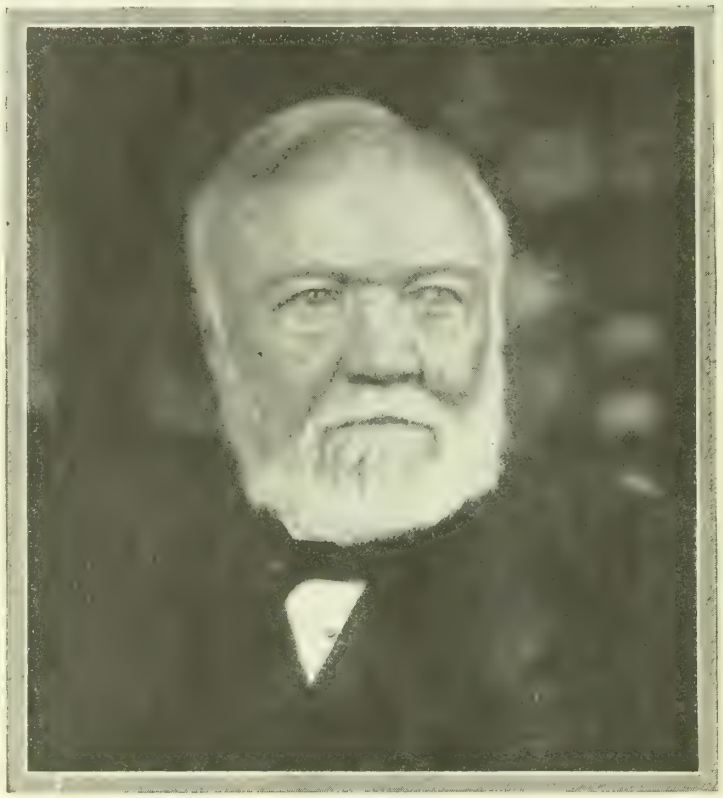
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GERARD & Co.
Investment Securities
35 WALL STREET NEW YORK

How Big Business Men Grew Rich



II. Andrew Carnegie

By B. C. Forbes

THE second largest fortune the world has ever known was based on an initial investment of $500 in Adams Express Company stock. That first $500 investment started the investor along a path which led to the accumulation of more than $500,000,000.

One able to achieve such results, results which he never failed to attribute to saving and wise investment—coupled, of course, with intelligent effort—ought to be able to give the rest of us useful pointers on how to go about investing our savings. Here are some of Andrew Carnegie's maxims:

"No matter how little it may be possible to save, save that little. A rare chance will soon present itself for investment. The little you have saved will prove the basis for an amount of credit utterly surprising to you."

"The man who grasps the morning paper to see first how his speculative ventures upon the Exchange are likely to result unfits himself for the calm consideration and proper solution of business problems, with which he has to deal later in the day, and saps the sources of the persistent and concentrated energy upon which depend the permanent success and often the very safety of his main business."

"There is one sure mark of the coming partner, the future millionaire, his revenues always exceed his expenditures."

"Capitalists trust the saving man. For every hundred dollars you can produce, as the result of hard-won savings, Midas, in search of a partner, will lend or credit a thousand; for every thousand, fifty thousand. It is not capital that your seniors require: it is the man who has proved that he has the business habits which create capital, and to create it in the best of all possible ways so far as self-discipline is concerned, is by adjusting his habits to his means."

"I would not give a fig for the young man who does not already see himself the partner or the head of an important firm. Do not rest content for a moment in your thoughts as head clerk, or foreman, or general manager in any concern, no matter how extensive. Say ever to yourself, 'My place is at the top.' Be king in your dreams."

ANDREW CARNEGIE'S enormous wealth, second only to that of John D. Rockefeller's, sprang up during his earlier years almost wholly from prudent investments. Had he not been able to take advantage of that first opportunity to buy ten shares of Adams Express stock at $50 a share, he might never have reached millionairedom.

The frugality, the self-sacrifice, the industry, the ingenuity which were necessary to enable Andrew Carnegie to raise that epochal $500 were very much greater than most of us find necessary to-day in order to accumulate a few hundred or a few thousand dollars.

The Carnegie family arrived at Barefoot Square, Slabtown, Allegheny, Pa., penniless. The father, a weaver, could not earn enough to support the family, and little Andy was put to work in a cotton mill when only twelve. The mother took in washing and sewed boots for a next-door neighbor named Phipps, whose ten-year-old son, Andy's playmate, was destined to become, through his association with Andy, a multi-millionaire. Scottish thrift was practised in the Carnegie household with such extreme rigidity that a small house was purchased. The mill-boy meanwhile had progressed from a $1.20-a-week to a $1.80-a-week job in a bobbin factory, thence to $3 a week as a telegraph messenger in Pittsburgh, and later to a $35-a-month job as clerk and telegraph operator on the Pennsylvania Railroad, under Thomas A. Scott, then the Pittsburgh superintendent.

The young telegrapher made a hit with his boss on one occasion when an accident occurred, Carnegie, on his own initiative, having, in the absence of Scott, mad wire sizzle with instructions "Thomas A. Scott." He quickly straigl out the traffic tangle, but feared the quences of having broken all regulatio precedents by his audacity. The m then adopted, and which he often pr in later life, "Break orders to save ov

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on him the position of private secretary to cott, at $50 a month.

"Could you find $500 to invest?" Mr. cott asked him one day. "Yes, sir, I think can," was the prompt reply, although Caregie hadn't the slightest notion where he ould raise so huge a sum. His own savings ad gone into the family exchequer and pracally all had gone to pay for their modest ome. There was a family conference that vening. Andy was determined to find the oney to seize what he regarded as an opporunity to become a capitalist. So was his other. The problem was solved by the nother taking a steamer next morning Ohio to mortgage the home of an ncle, "to give our boy a start," as she told im.

SHORTLY there came to young Andrew Carnegie "a mysterious golden visitor." was his first dividend check. It came as omething of a revelation to him and the mily. It was as "something for nothing." ere was money which had not been earned, hich had not been toiled for, which had cost sweat of body or brain.

Carnegie's first investment in the iron industry was $8,925 for a one-sixth interest in the Iron City Forge Company in 1864.

In the same year he organized the Keystone Bridge Company, to build iron bridges to supplant the wooden ones then universally used.

WE cannot all become Carnegies. But most of us can become investors more easily than he first became an investor. It may be remarked that he had the counsel of his superior officer in selecting investment opportunities. This is true, but the counsel of the ablest investment bankers is at the disposal of any and all of us to day who have earned even a modest sum and are looking for a proper channel for its investment.

Almost every successful man was first a careful saver and prudent investor.

How about you—especially in these days when your dollar buys only fifty cents worth of goods? Why not, at least, save your dollar till it is worth twice as much, and invest it wisely, now?

More than the Pay Envelope

(*Concluded from page 17*)

an operates in its influence upon the orkers.

Any plan, whether direct or indirect profit aring or stock ownership, which has the fect of inducing the workers to economize d save, and makes the wage earner feel at he is becoming one of the owners of the siness, is salutary from every point of view.

Fortunately, a clearer understanding is veloping of the relation of wages to prices. enlightened labor circles it is being realized at the abnormal forcing up of the remunerain of one class of wage earners tends to st just that amount of additional burden the rest of the country's wage earners. xcept in those cases in which capital has en obtaining an unduly high share of the oney earned in a business, any increase in ages (which of course means an increase cost of production), must inevitably be ssed on to the consumers,—and the major- of consumers are, of course, wage earners emselves.

Just how closely advances in wages are llowed by advances in the cost of produc- and consequently in the prices to conmers, can be grasped by any person of rmal intelligence when this vital fact is ken into account:

Of the total cost of production from the raw the finished material, 85 or 90 per cent. goes labor.

The solution of our industrial problem s in just this: we must increase production, must all do a good, fair, full day's work, ng our hands and our brains to maintain increase production and to lower its costs. e must live within our means. We must ve, so that we can become capitalists in smaller or larger degree by investing our funds either in the securities of the enterprise with which we are associated or in some other useful and constructive channel. And we must each seek to live and let live according to the Golden Rule, which, after all is said and done, can be the only lasting guide for the conduct of an individual business or a national life.

THE present unrest is a natural consequence to what the world has passed through. But prudent counsels will prevail in this country. Conditions and prospects here are infinitely better than elsewhere. Indeed, the broad outlook is most inspiring. We have in the United States between a third and a half of all the wealth of the world. We have more than a third of all the gold; the banks and other financial institutions have on deposit something like twenty-six billion dollars. The circulation per capita in this country is about $56; our production from the ground during the last year approximated twenty billion dollars. We are a creditor nation, holding the securities of foreign countries amounting to ten billion dollars.

Do those of Bolshevistic tendencies imagine that they can persuade the majority of American wage earners to exchange conditions here for such as rule in Russia? Any individual or any faction which believes for a moment that "Soviet government" or any other Bolshevistic machination stands a ghost of a chance of being adopted here misjudges and underrates the intelligence, the integrity, the stability and the common sense of the American workman.

Making Life Worth While

(*Concluded from page 17*)

re drinking water for our employees—all ter has to be analyzed at least once a year. e result of our very extensive health work y be cited: There used to be 6,000 cases malaria fever a year among the people our operations in Alabama. The mosito and drainage problem was tackled so ectively that last year there were not over malaria cases. No more wash basins are talled for workmen, as we discovered they rbored bacteria; now all washing is done the flowing stream method. We have ne farther than merely supplying nurses, by clinics and the like; we have set up actical housekeeping centres, particularly mining towns, where the women and ldren delight to come and learn how to k suitable meals, sew, make beds and eep,—everything being done on a scale thin the means of the people.

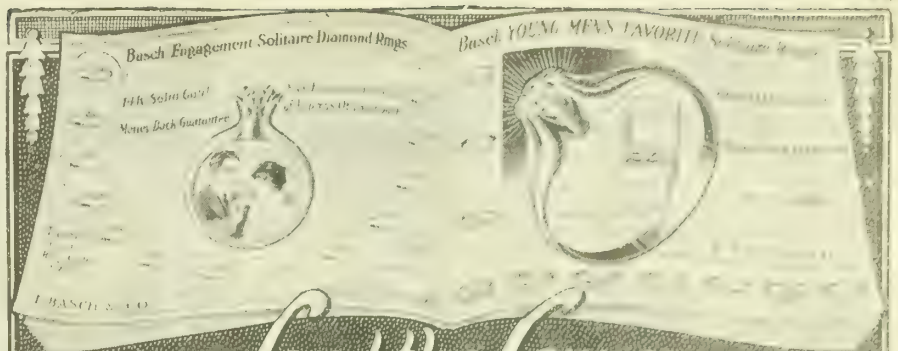
PECIAL attention is paid to educational facilities. In Alabama, for instance, del schools are built and conducted in junction with the public school authoris. About 150 playgrounds have been provided at the different plants. We furnished and ploughed 3,173 acres of gardens last year, offering prizes for the best crops. There were 17,000 plots, and they raised vegetables valued at more than three-quarters of a million dollars. We have built approximately 5,000 workmen's homes since the war. At Westfield, Alabama, we have built a model town for colored people and we are proud of the novel, attractive features introduced—but not so proud as the colored people themselves are over it.

Our expenditure on things done for our people outside the plants last year reached $3,142,000. These included gardens, playgrounds, ball fields, churches, schools and movies.

Sanitation cost $3,145,000. We have over 100,000 individual lockers for our men; also over 2,000 shower baths. Removal of dust and ventilation ran up a bill of $133,000.

Safety measures called for $1,110,000 last year.

No fewer than 3,000 old employees are now drawing pensions.



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Full size, 6 1-2 inches long. Lever self-filler. Guaranteed non-leakable. **Your name inlaid in gold FREE.** 14-k solid gold pen, medium tip. We guarantee free repairs for 2 years. Our special factory price to you, only $1.00. Simply pin a $1.00 bill to the coupon and send for this great fountain pen value TODAY.

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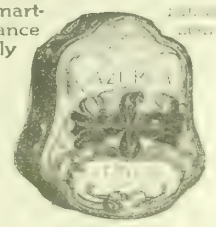
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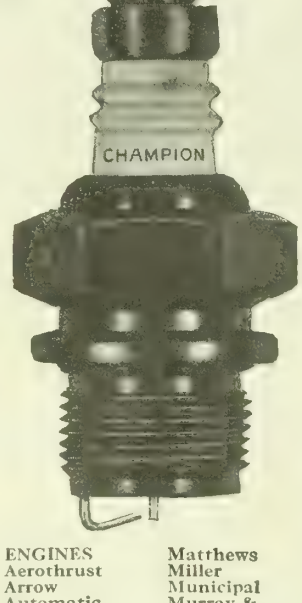
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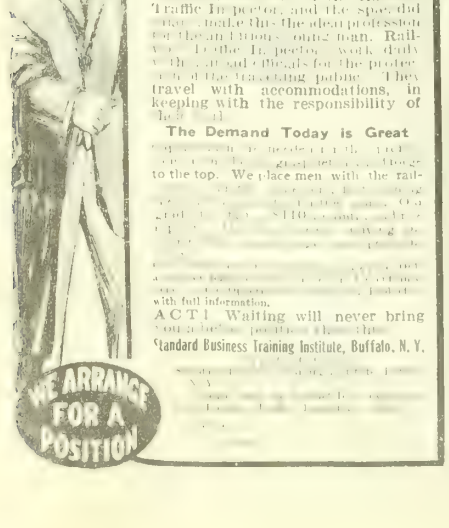
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Standard Business Training Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

WE ARRANGE FOR A POSITION

Your Mouth

with its innumerable crevices between the teeth, makes an ideal breeding place for germs. Here in these protected places they can lurk by the million, safely out of reach of any tooth brush ever made.

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THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

used morning and night in diluted form as a mouth wash kills germs and makes the mouth aseptic. It is as pleasant as it is effective—so clean and refreshing in smell and taste.



In this diluted form it makes a dependable gargle for sore throat, preventing infection and allaying inflammation and soreness. It is healing, soothing and cooling.

***Absorbine, Jr.* $1.25 a bottle at most druggists or postpaid.**

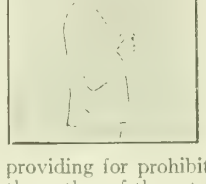
A liberal trial bottle will be sent postpaid upon receipt of 10c.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc.
470 Temple St. Springfield, Mass.

Several Senators

(Concluded from page 38)

THE MAN WHO WROTE THE PROHIBITION BILL



1432 roll calls for Aye and No votes; on all of these save three, Morris Sheppard is recorded as voting. There have been in these seven years 2076 quorum calls, and Sheppard has answered every one save seven.

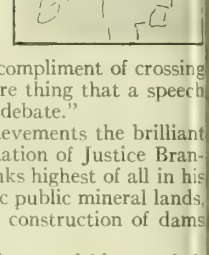
Senator Sheppard came to the Upper House after six useful terms in the House of Representatives. He is the successor of the famous Joseph W. Bailey. He was elected to the House in 1902—a mere youth—to fill the unexpired term of his deceased father. He did great service in six consecutive Congresses.

Senator Sheppard's calendar of achievement is unsurpassed. He is the author of the 18th amendment to the Federal Constitution, providing for prohibition. He is the author of the wartime prohibition measure, and he is the author of the act for prohibition in the District of Columbia and in Hawaii.

His whole record of constructive statesmanship is admirable. He is the author of numerous wholesome amendments to the Interstate Commerce Law, of numerous measures looking to agriculture and the marketing service, and of the act establishing the Aircraft Board. He passed through the Senate the bill establishing Mother's Day, and provided twenty Chaplains-at-large for the army. He fathered postage rates and aeroplane mail. He piloted through the Senate the legislation for the fourteenth decennial Census. The Texas legislature has just indorsed him for the Democratic nomination for President in 1920.

For twenty years, the junior Senator from Texas has held the office of Treasurer of the Woodmen of the World, the second largest fraternal Insurance Company in the United States. He is a graduate of the University of Texas, and of the Law Department of that University and of Yale. He earned his way through college as a night watchman in the Texas Capital. He is an independent and unflinching statesman, an enthusiastic golfer, a charming comrade and a trusted colleague—a model Senator in every sense of the word.

THE INDEFATIGABLE GENTLEMAN FROM MONTANA



rial contention of the United States as to the right of a neutral to buy vessels of commerce from a belligerent when there was no question as to the good faith of the transfer. Root tried vainly but unsuccessfully to answer the question and Walsh's stock of statesmanship soared in the Senatorial arena after his notable oratory. President Wilson himself called him up on the telephone to thank him.

Senator Walsh made another great speech in his winning fight on Constitutional grounds against the confirmation of Frank P. Glass of Alabama, appointed by the Governor of that State to succeed Senator Johnson after the 17th amendment, which provided for popular elections, had gone into effect. Lodge paid Walsh the notable compliment of crossing the aisle to say "You have saved the honor of the Senate. It is a rare thing that a speech in the Senate changes a vote and you have done that in closing the debate."

Senator Walsh's colleagues place high up among his Senatorial achievements the brilliant work he did as chairman of a sub-committee in procuring the confirmation of Justice Brandeis to his place on the Supreme Bench. But the Montana Senator ranks highest of all in his work for the vital legislation looking to the development of non-metallic public mineral lands, containing coal, oil, gas, phosphate, potash, and sodium, and for the construction of dams in the navigable streams of the public domain.

Senator Walsh's whole heart is in the fight for the League of Nations, and his speech is reckoned one of the ablest contributions to the affirmative side.

The Senator holds among his treasures what is perhaps the most cordial letter President Wilson ever wrote, thanking the Montana statesman for the consummate skill and energy with which he managed the Presidential campaign of 1916 in the deciding Central West.

The greatest personal fight in the Walsh career was that which landed him in the U. S. Senate against a powerful Republican opposition in a state regarded as "safely Republican."

There are few public records more brimming with sound policy, eloquent advocacy, and durable achievement than that of the able and indefatigable Senator from Montana. The State is rich in such a man.

NEVADA'S SOLDIER SENATOR



Senator for the period of six years ending March 4, 1923.

And this gallant Democrat out of the West, young, comely in figure, charming in manner, clear of head, resolute in courage, and sound of heart and purpose, sprang into immediate usefulness and popularity in "the highest deliberative body of the world."

Henderson of Nevada has served as First Lieutenant in Torrey's Rough Riders in the Spanish American War. He gave a good account of himself in the Nevada legislature and was for ten years the regent and Chairman of the Board of the University of Nevada. He made an admirable District Attorney of Elko County, and secured one of the first convictions in the famous cattle stealing cases, brilliantly aided by the famous Eddie Poe, Princeton's great football player, then a member of the Nevada police.

A western Senator is nothing to his great constituency unless he is useful and effective in laws relating to mining and cattle and irrigation. This fact Henderson quickly grasped and went to the front in valuable and effective service. "He won his first case" as it were in the famous Mineral Central which he piloted to success, remaining in Washington through the summer of 1918 and giving up his vacation to this work for his people. His tact removed opposition and the bill carrying a $50,000,000 appropriation passed the Senate.

Nevada's young and progressive Senator is an enthusiast in the air service and himself an experienced aeronaut, flying frequently between Washington and New York. He is concentrating high attention upon the development and application of aeronautics to practical life and service for the country.

A PIONEER FIGHTER FOR WOMAN SUFFRAGE



But it was in keeping with his rugged integrity to do so. He believed in it, and therefore he supported it even against the evidences that Louisiana had not reached the point of approving the Woman Cause.

Senator Ramsdell is a graduate of Union College at Schenectady, and in 1907 that famous institution made him its honorary Chancellor on the 25th anniversary of his graduation.

He served seven active and useful terms in the House of Representatives, beginning with the 26th Congress. He was elected to the Senate in 1912, and has just been unanimously reelected to serve until March 4th, 1925.

He has been the able and indefatigable President of the National Rivers and Harbors Congress since 1905, and has done superb constructive service in that position for the whole course of internal improvements and for the great course of inland waterways and the American Merchant Marine. To these causes and to the Cotton interests of the South he has been a tower of strength in National legislation.

Senator Ramsdell is a man of gigantic build, yet of the softest and kindliest manner. He is inflexible in integrity and conviction, but he is open minded and catholic in sympathy toward all the great interests and progressive movements of the time. And he is a loyal and stalwart Democrat.

There are few men in public life in Washington who would not vote Joseph E. Ramsdell of Louisiana a model Senator and a model American.

The Debt Collector

(*Concluded from page 40*)

ree and rich. He considered the confine-nent a small, necessary sacrifice.

In the prison where he served his sentence ne was a model for all the others, just as he ad been a model employee. He watched he slow days pass without impatience or nxiety, concerned only about his health.

AT last the day of his discharge came. They gave him back his little stock of personal ffects, and he left with but one idea in his nind, that of getting to the lawyer. As he valked along he imagined the coming scene.

He would arrive. He would be ushered into he impressive office. Would the lawyer ecognize him? He would look in the glass; ecidedly he had grown considerably older nd no doubt his face bore traces of his xperience—No, certainly the lawyer would ot recognize him. Ha! Ha! It would add o the humor of the situation!

"What can I do for you, Monsieur?"

"I have come for a deposit I made here ve years ago."

"Which deposit? . . . In what name?"

"In the name of Monsieur . . . "

Ravenot stopped suddenly, murmuring:

"How extraordinary . . . I can't remem-er the name I gave!"

He racked his brains . . . a blank! He at down on a bench, and feeling that he was rowing unnerved, reasoned with himself:

"Come, come; be calm! Monsieur . . . Ionsieur . . . It began with . . . which tter? . . . "

For an hour he sat lost in thought, strain-g his memory, groping after something that ight suggest a clue. . . . A waste of time. he name danced in front of him, round out him; he saw the letters jump, the syl-bles vanish . . . Every second he felt that e had it, that it was before his eyes, on his os. . . . No. At first this only worried m; then it became a sharp irritation that it into him with a pain that was almost ysical. Hot waves ran up and down his ck. His muscles contracted; he found it possible to sit still. His hands began to itch. He bit his dry lips. He was divided etween an impulse to weep and to fight. But e more he focused his attention, the further e name seemed to recede. He struck the ound with his foot, rose and said aloud:

"What's the good of worrying? . . . It ly makes things worse. If I leave off inking about it it will come of itself."

But an obsession cannot be shaken off in is way. In vain he turned his attention to e faces of the passers-by, stopped at the op-windows, listened to the street noises; ile he listened, unhearing, and looked, un-eing, the great question persisted:

"Monsieur? . . . Monsieur? . . ."

IGHT came. The streets were deserted. Worn out, he went to a hotel, asked for oom and flung himself fully dressed on the d. For hours he went on racking his ain. At dawn he fell asleep. It was broad daylight when he awoke. He stretched him-self luxuriously, his mind at ease; but in a flash the obsession gripped him again:

"Monsieur? . . . Monsieur? . . . "

A new sensation began to dominate his anguish of mind: fear. Fear that he might never remember the name, never. He got up, went out, walked for hours at random, loitering about the office of the lawyer. For the second time night fell. He clutched his head in his hands and groaned:

"I shall go mad!"

A terrible idea had now taken possession of his mind; he had 200,000 francs in notes, 200,000 francs, acquired by dishonesty, of course, but his, and they were out of his reach. To get them he had undergone five years in prison, and now he could not touch them! The notes were there waiting for him, and one word, a mere word he could not re-member, stood, an insuperable barrier, be-tween him and them. He beat with clenched fists on his head, feeling his reason trembling in the balance; he stumbled against lamp-posts with the sway of a drunken man, tripped over curbstones. It was no longer an obsession or a torment, it had become a frenzy of his whole being, of his brain and of his flesh. He had now become convinced that he would never remember. His imagination conjured up a sardonic laugh that rang in his ears; people in the streets seemed to point at him as he passed. His steps quickened into a run that carried him straight ahead, knocking up against the passers-by, oblivious of the traffic. He wished that someone would strike him so that he might strike back; that he might be run over, crushed out of existence. . . .

"Monsieur? . . . Monsieur? . . ."

AT his feet the Seine flowed by, a muddy green, spangled with the reflections of the bright stars. He sobbed out:

"Monsieur? . . . Oh, that name! . . . That name! . . ."

He went down the steps that led to the water, and lying face downward, worked himself toward the river to cool his face and hands. He was panting . . . the water drew him . . . drew his hot eyes . . . his ears . . . his whole body . . . He felt himself slipping, but unable to cling to the steep bank, he fell. . . . The shock of the cold water set every nerve a-tingle. He struggled . . . thrust out his arms . . . flung his head up . . . went under . . . rose to the surface again, and in a sudden mighty effort, his eyes starting from his head, yelled:

"I've got it! . . . Help! Duverger! Du . . ."

. . . The quay was deserted. The water rippled against the pillars of the bridge; the echo of the somber arch repeated the name in the silence. . . . The river rose and fell lazily; lights danced on it, white and red. . . . A wave a little stronger than the rest licked the bank near the moving rings. . . . All was still.

The Smile of a Sorcerer

(*Continued from page 44*)

"*Little Isle of Cispangou,*
Isle of iris, isle of cherry,
Tell your tiny maidens merry
Clouds are looming over you!
Clouds are looming over you!
La-ē-la!
La-ē-la!
All your ocean's but a ferry;
Ships are bringing death to you!
La-ē-lou!
La-ē-lou!

"*Little Isle of Cispangou,*
Half a thousand ships are sailing;
Captain Death commands each crew;
Lo! the ruddy moon is paling!
La-ē-la!
La-ē-la!
Clouds the dying moon are veiling,
Every cloud a shroud for you!
La-ē-lou!
La-ē-lou!"

"CISPANGOU," she explained, "is the very, very ancient name, among the ongols, for Japan."

"It's not exactly a gay song," he said. "What's it about?"

"Oh, it's a very ancient song about the Mongol invasion of Japan. I know scores and scores of such songs."

She sang some other songs. Afterward she descended from the hammock and came and sat down beside him on the veranda steps.

"I wish I could amuse you," she said wistfully.

"Why do you think I'm bored, Tressa? I'm not at all."

But she only sighed, lightly, and gathered her knees in both arms.

"I don't know how young men in the Western world are entertained," she re-marked presently.

"You don't have to entertain me," he said, smiling.

"I should be happy to, if I knew how."

"How are young men entertained in the Orient?"

"Oh, they like songs and stories. But I don't think you do."

He laughed in spite of himself.

"Do you really wish to entertain me?"

"I do," she said seriously.

Secrets that Suddenly Made Me a Star Salesman

The Simple Recipe Used by a Man Who Rose from a $25 Clerkship to a $10,000 Job as Salesman Almost Overnight

By JAMES F. SPENCER

IN a previous issue of American Magazine I told you how I got my start in selling. I related how a friend of mine popped in on me one day all dressed up like a "bloomin' bloated millionaire" and told me an amazing story of ups and downs; and how he finally turned to the selling game and made good.

I remember how Joe's first selling job lasted three weeks—his second, six weeks—his third, less than two months—and then how he learned the secrets of selling that suddenly boosted his earnings to $10,000 a year.



I told how I had been struggling along for years, making a bare living, never getting ahead very far, and how it seemed that I was up against a stone wall so far as any real increase in my earnings was concerned.

Then I explained how Joe's story inspired *me* to try my hand at selling, how I got Joe's secret of learning to sell, and how I finally jumped to earnings of $192.30 per week as against $26 a week formerly.

Right here I want to mention a few of the reasons *back* of Joe's success and of mine.

First let me say that any man who is dissatisfied with his lot—who is tired of being held down to a salary which can grow only very slowly—who wants more "elbow room" for developing his natural powers, can do no wiser thing than getting a line on the possibilities in selling. No work that I know of is better paid or more enjoyable.

Salesmanship is the kind of work that is productive. The man who gets the orders is the man who gets the money. Other lines of work are what are termed "non-productive" and if an employer hates to pay for anything, it is for non-productive work. Every time a little increase in salary is given, it simply adds that much to the expense. In selling it is different. The salesman gets orders and every time he gets an order, it means a profit to his firm.

In salesmanship a man's value is determined absolutely by himself. It does not depend on another man's whim. If the salesman is successful, he has got to be paid big money, or some other concern will grab him, and an employer is always anxious to keep a star salesman, because star salesmen are scarce.

One of the things that I learned about salesmanship was, that as soon as a man knows how to sell he can go out and sell anything. He has a profession—a trade. The secrets of selling are fundamental. The man who can sell hardware or groceries, or any of the staple lines, can go out and sell stocks and bonds, insurance, real estate, or any of the special lines, because the same principles that apply in selling groceries also apply in selling insurance or anything else.

The same motives that induce a man to buy one thing will induce another man to buy another thing. We have got to make certain appeals either to the customer's love of profit, to the customer's vanity, to the customer's desire for comfort, and to many other motives. As soon as you have learned the human motives and the kind of sales talk that impels action, you have learned the fundamental secrets of selling.

The trouble with most salesmen is that they go about it blindly. They think a knowledge of merchandise is about all they need. Yet a number of men who have been with concerns all their lives are failures at selling, simply because they do not know the basic, underlying reasons that produce the sales reaction in the customer's mind.

For example, there are certain ways to get an audience—certain ways to open a sales talk in order to get a man's undivided interest, certain ways to make a man eager to know just what your story is without seeming to force yourself upon him—certain ways to act to get a man to act at once instead of putting you off, certain ways of knowing when to stop talking, and certain definite principles of overcoming every possible objection that may arise in the process of making a sale.

Many salesmen after years of experience learn some of these principles by instinct. Some salesmen go along for years and never learn these principles. The most successful salesmen in the country, however, observe these principles whether they realize it or not. How much better it is to begin right at the start with a full knowledge of these rules and principles! That is what I did and that is why I was successful right from the start. Joe did not do it from the beginning and was a failure. As soon as he acquired a knowledge of these selling secrets he became a success.

Joe and I went to headquarters when we wanted to learn how to sell. We took the Course in Salesmanship issued by the National Salesmen's Training Association, and we have them to thank for our success. We might have floundered around for years without getting anywhere if it had not been for the sales instruction they gave us. The course is based on the experience of many of the biggest and most highly-paid salesmen in the country and is boiled down, classified, and arranged, so that it is easy to understand and easy to get the most out of. The course is given entirely by mail, so that you can study it in your spare time in your own home. The free employment division of the Association is at your disposal [illegible] as a city or traveling salesman, to your liking—they have constantly on file more applications for positions than they can possibly fill.

I suggest that you write to the National Salesmen's [illegible] same information that Joe and I got when we wrote. [illegible] that salesmen could make as much money as now. People have more money than ever before. They are buying more things than ever before, and a salesman's [illegible] *sell*. It is not necessary to write a letter. Just mail the coupon below or a post card today. This one move-ing this statement in further appreciation for what the Association did for me. Do not put this important

National Salesmen's Training Ass'n, H. 11-19
Dept. 20-S, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

[illegible] information about the N. S. T. A. Training and Em-

Name [illegible]



"One of These Is Guilty!"

"I see gold—masses of it—shining—glittering. There are two who are fighting for it—a man and a woman. One of them is a thief. There is only one other who knows the truth, and she is long since dead. If I can talk with her spirit——"

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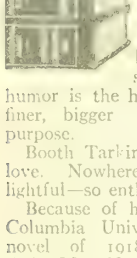
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"Then please perform some of those amazing tricks of magic which you can do so amazingly well."

Her dawning smile faded a trifle. "I don't—I haven't——" She hesitated.

"You haven't your professional paraphernalia with you," he suggested.

"Oh—as for that——"

"Don't you need it?"

"For some things—some kinds of things. . . . I *could* do—other things——"

He waited. She seemed disconcerted.

"Don't do anything you don't wish to do, Tressa," he said.

"I was only—only afraid—that if I should do some little things to amuse you, I might stir—stir up interference—encounter some sinister current—and betray myself—betray my whereabouts——"

"Well, for heaven's sake don't venture then!" he said with emphasis. "Don't do anything to stir up any other wireless—any Yezidee——"

"I am wondering," she reflected, "just what I dare venture to do to amuse you."

"Don't bother about me. I wouldn't have you try any psychic stunt down here, and run the chance of stirring up some Asiatic devil somewhere!"

She nodded absently, occupied with her own thoughts, sitting there, chin on hand, her musing eyes intensely blue.

"I think I can amuse you," she concluded, "without bringing any harm to myself."

"Don't try it, Tressa!——"

"I'll be very careful. Now, sit quite still—closer to me, please."

He edged closer; and became conscious of an indefinable freshness in the air that enveloped him, like the scent of something young and growing. But it was no magic odor,—merely the virginal scent of her hair and skin that even clung to her summer gown.

He heard her singing under her breath to herself:

"La-ē-la!
La-ē-la!"

and murmuring caressingly in an unknown tongue.

THEN, suddenly in the pale sunshine, scores of little birds came hovering around them, alighting all over them. And he saw them swarming out of the mossy festoons of the water-oaks—scores and scores of tiny birds—Parula warblers, mostly—all flitting fearlessly down to alight upon his shoulders and knees, all keeping up their sweet, dreamy little twittering sound.

"This is wonderful," he whispered.

The girl laughed, took several birds on her forefinger.

"This is nothing," she said. "If I only dared—wait a moment!——" And, to the Parula warblers: "Go home, little friends of God!"

The air was filled with the musical whisper of wings. She passed her right arm around her husband's neck.

"Look at the river," she said.

"Good God!" he blurted out. And sat dumb.

For, over the St. John's misty surface, there was the span of a bridge—a strange, marble bridge humped up high in the center.

And over it were passing thousands of people—he could make them out vaguely—see them passing in two never-ending streams—vague, tinted shapes on the marble bridge.

And now, on the farther shore of the river, he was aware of a city—a vast one, with spectral pagoda shapes against the sky——

Her arm tightened around his neck.

He saw boats on the river—like the grotesque shapes that decorate ancient lacquer.

She rested her face lightly against his cheek.



"It was that young man in white flannels," said Tressa.

In his ears was a far confusion of voices—the stir and movement of multitudes—noises on ships, boatmen's cries, the creak of oars.

Then, far and sonorous, quavering across the water from the city, the din of a temple gong.

There were bells, too—very sweet and silvery—camel bells, bells from the Buddhist temples.

He strained his eyes, and thought, amid the pagodas, that there were minarets, also.

Suddenly, clear and ringing came the distant muezzin's cry: "There is no other God but God! . . . It is noon. Mussulmans, pray!"

THE girl's arm slipped from his neck and she shuddered and pushed him from her.

There was nothing, now, on the river or beyond it but the curtain of hanging mist; no sound except the cry of a gull, sharp and querulous in the vapors overhead.

"Have—have you been amused?" she asked.

"What did you do to me!" he demanded harshly.

She smiled and drew a light breath like a sigh.

"God knows what we living do to one another,—or to ourselves," she said. "I only tried to amuse you—after taking counsel with the birds."

"What was that bridge I saw!"

"The Bridge of Ten Thousand Felicities."

"And the city?"

"Yian."

"You lived there?"

"Yes."

He moistened his dry lips and stole another glance at this very commonplace Florida river. Sky and water were blank and still, and the ghostly trees stood tall, reflected palely in the translucent tide.

"You merely made me visualize what you were thinking about," he concluded in a voice which still remained unsteady.

"Did you *hear* nothing?"

He was silent, remembering the bells and the enormous murmur of a living multitude.

"And—there were the birds, too." She added, with an uncertain smile: "I do not mean to worry you. . . . And you did ask me to amuse you."

"I don't know how you did it," he said harshly. "And the details—the thousands and thousands of people on the bridge! . . . And there was one quite near this end of the bridge, who looked back. . . . A young girl who turned and laughed at us——"

"That was Yulun."

"Who?"

"Yulun. I taught her English."

"A temple girl?"

"Yes. From Black China."

"How could you make *me* see *her*?" he demanded.

"Why do you ask such things? I do not know how to tell you how I do it."

"It's a dangerous, uncanny knowledge!" he blurted out; and suddenly checked himself, while the girl's face went white.

"I don't mean uncanny," he hastened to add. "Because it seems to me that what you did was juggling with invisible currents to which when attuned, our five senses respond, is on the same line as the wireless telegraph and telephone."

She said nothing, but her color slowly returned.

"You mustn't be so sensitive," he added. "I've no doubt that it's quite normal—quite explicable on a perfectly scientific basis. Probably it's no more mysterious than a man in an airplane over midocean conversing with people ashore on two continents."

FOR the remainder of the day and evening Tressa seemed subdued—not restless, not nervous, but so quiet that, sometimes glancing at her askance, Cleves involuntarily was reminded of some lithe young creature of the wilds, intensely alert and still, immersed in fixed and dangerous meditation.

About five in the afternoon they took the golf sticks, went down to the river, and embarked in the canoe.

The water was glassy and still. There was not a ripple ahead, save when a sleeping gull awoke and leisurely steered out of their way.

Tressa's arms and throat were bare and she wore no hat. She sat forward, wielding the bow paddle and singing to herself in a low voice.

"You feel all right, don't you?" he asked.

"Oh, I am so well, physically, now! It is really wonderful, Victor—like being a child again," she replied happily.

"You're not much more," he muttered.

She heard him: "Not very much more in years," she said. . . . "Does Scripture tell us how old Our Lord was when He descended into hell?"

"I don't know," he replied, slightly startled.

After a little while Tressa tranquilly resumed her paddling and singing:

"—[illegible]
Guard the route
Of human life,
Where at all hours
Death looks out,
Holding a knife
Rolled in a shroud.

For every man,
Humble or proud,
Mighty or bowed,
ath has a shroud;—for every man,—
en for Tchingniz Khan!
Behold their [illegible] dancer,
Baroudass,
Temple dancer
In tissue gold,
Khiounnon,
Karlik bold,
Christian, Jew,
ations swarm to the great Urdu.
Yaçaoul, with your kettledrum,
arn your Khan that his hour is come!
Shroud and knife at his spurred feet throw,
id bid him stretch his neck for the blow!—"

"You know," remarked Cleves, "that me of those songs you sing are devilish epy."

Tressa looked around at him over her oulder, saw he was smiling, smiled faintly return.

They were off Orchid Cove now. The tel and cottages loomed dimly in the silver st. Voices came distinctly across the ter. There were people on the golf course ralleling the river; laughter sounded from e clubhouse veranda.

They went ashore.

T was at the sixth hole that they passed the man ahead who was playing all alone—a urteous young fellow in white flannels, who iled and bowed them "through" in ence.

They thanked him, drove from the tee, and t the polite and reticent young man still parently hunting for a lost ball.

Like other things which depended upon xterity and precision, Tressa had taken ost naturally to golf. Her supple muscles lped.

At the ninth hole they looked back but did t see the young man in white flannels.

Hammock, set with pine and palmetto, d intervals of evil-looking swamp, flanked e course. Rank wire-grass, bayberry and ub palmetto bounded the fairgreen.

On every blossoming bush hung butter- s—Palamedes swallowtails - drugged with arkle-berry honey, their gold and black lvet wings conspicuous in the sunny mist.

"Like the ceremonial vestments of a Yezi- e executioner," murmured the girl. "The hortchas wear red when they robe to do man to death."

"I wish you could forget those things," d Cleves.

"I am trying. . . . I wonder where that ung man in white went."

Cleves searched the links. "I don't see n. Perhaps he had to go back for another ll."

"I wonder who he was," she mused.

"I don't remember seeing him before," d Cleves. . . . "Shall we start back?"

They walked slowly across the course ward the tenth hole.

Tressa teed up, drove low and straight. eves sliced, and they walked together into e scrub and toward the woods, where his ll had bounded into a bunch of palmtrees. Far in among the trees something white oved and vanished.

"Probably a white egret," he remarked, ocking about in the scrub with his midiron.

"It was that young man in white flannels," d Tressa in a low voice.

"What would he be doing in there?" he ked incredulously. "That's merely a ngle, Tressa—swamp and cypress, thorn d creeper,—and no man would go into that ss if he could. There is no bottom to those amps."

"But I saw him in there," she said in a oubled voice.

"But when I tell you that only a wild imal or a snake or a bird could move in at jungle! The bog is one vast black icksand. There's death in those depths."

"Victor."

"Yes?" He looked around at her. She was le. He came up and took her hand inquir- ly.

"I don't feel—well," she murmured. "I'm t ill, you understand——"

"What's the matter, Tressa?"

She shook her head drearily: "I don't ow. . . . I wonder whether I should have ed to amuse you this morning——"

"You don't think you've stirred up any those Yezidee beasts, do you?" he asked arply.

ND as she did not answer, he asked again whether she was afraid that what she d done that morning might have had any cult consequences. And he reminded her that she had hesitated to venture anything on that account.

His voice, in spite of him, betrayed great nervousness now, and he saw apprehension in her eyes, also.

"Why should that man in white have followed us, keeping out of sight in the woods?" he went on. "Did you notice about him anything to disturb you, Tressa?"

"Not at the time. But—it's odd—I can't put him out of my mind. Since we passed him and left him apparently hunting a lost ball, I have not been able to put him out of my mind."

"He seemed civil and wellbred. He was perfectly good-humored—all courtesy and smiles."

"I think—perhaps—it was the way he smiled at us," murmured the girl. "Everybody in the East smiles when they draw a knife. . . ."

He placed her arm through his: "Aren't you a trifle morbid?" he said pleasantly.

She stooped for her golf ball, retaining a hold on his arm. He picked up his ball, too, put away her clubs and his, and they started back together in silence, evidently with no desire to make it eighteen holes.

"It's a confounded shame," he muttered, "just as you were becoming so rested and so delightfully well, to have anything—any unpleasant flash of memory cut in to upset you——"

"I brought it on myself. I should not have risked stirring up the sinister minds that were asleep."

"Hang it all!—and I asked you to amuse me."

"It was not wise in me," she said under her breath. "It is easy to disturb unknown currents that enmesh the globe. I ought not to have shown you Yian. I ought not to have shown you Yulun. It was my fault for doing that. I was a little lonely, and I wanted to see Yulun."

They came down the river back to the canoe, threw in their golf bags, and embarked on the glassy stream.

Over the calm flood, stained deep with crimson, the canoe glided in the sanguine evening light. But Tressa sang no more and her head was bent sideways as though listening—always listening—to something inaudible to Cleves—something very, very far away which she seemed to hear through the still drip of the paddles.

They were not yet in sight of their landing when she spoke to him, partly turning:

"I think one of your men has arrived."

"Where?" he asked, astonished.

"At the house."

"Why do you think so?"

"I think so."

THEY paddled a little faster. In a few minutes their dock came into view.

"It's funny," he said, "that you should think one of our men had arrived from the North. I don't see anybody on the dock."

"It's Mr. Recklow," she said in a low voice. "He is seated on our veranda."

As it was impossible to see the house, let alone the veranda, Cleves made no reply. He beached the canoe; Tressa stepped out; he followed, carrying the golf bags.

A mousy light lingered in the shrubbery; bats were flying against a salmon-tinted sky as they took the path homeward.

With an impulse quite involuntary, Cleves encircled his young wife's shoulders with his left arm.

"Girl-comrade," he said lightly, "I'd kill any man who even looked as though he'd harm you."

He smiled, but she had not missed the ugly undertone in his words.

They walked slowly, his arm around her shoulders. Suddenly he felt her start. They halted.

"What was it?" he whispered.

"I thought there was something white in the woods."

"Where, dear?" he asked coolly.

"Over there beyond the lawn."

What she called the "lawn" was only a vast sheet of pink and white phlox, now all misty with the whirring wings of sphinx-moths and Noctuidae.

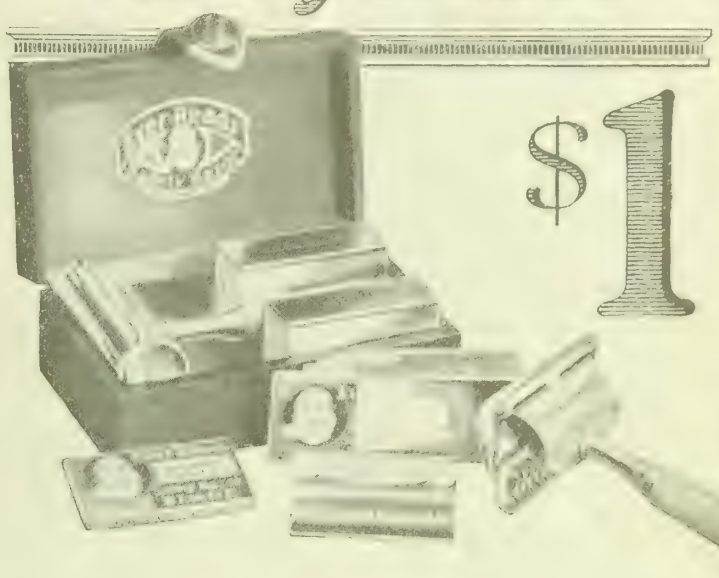
The oak grove beyond was dusky. Cleves could see nothing among the trees.

After a moment they went forward. His arm had fallen away from her shoulders.

There were no lights except in the kitchen when they came in sight of the house. At first nobody was visible on the screened veranda under the orange trees. But when he opened the swing door for her a shadowy figure arose from a chair

It was John Recklow. He came forward,

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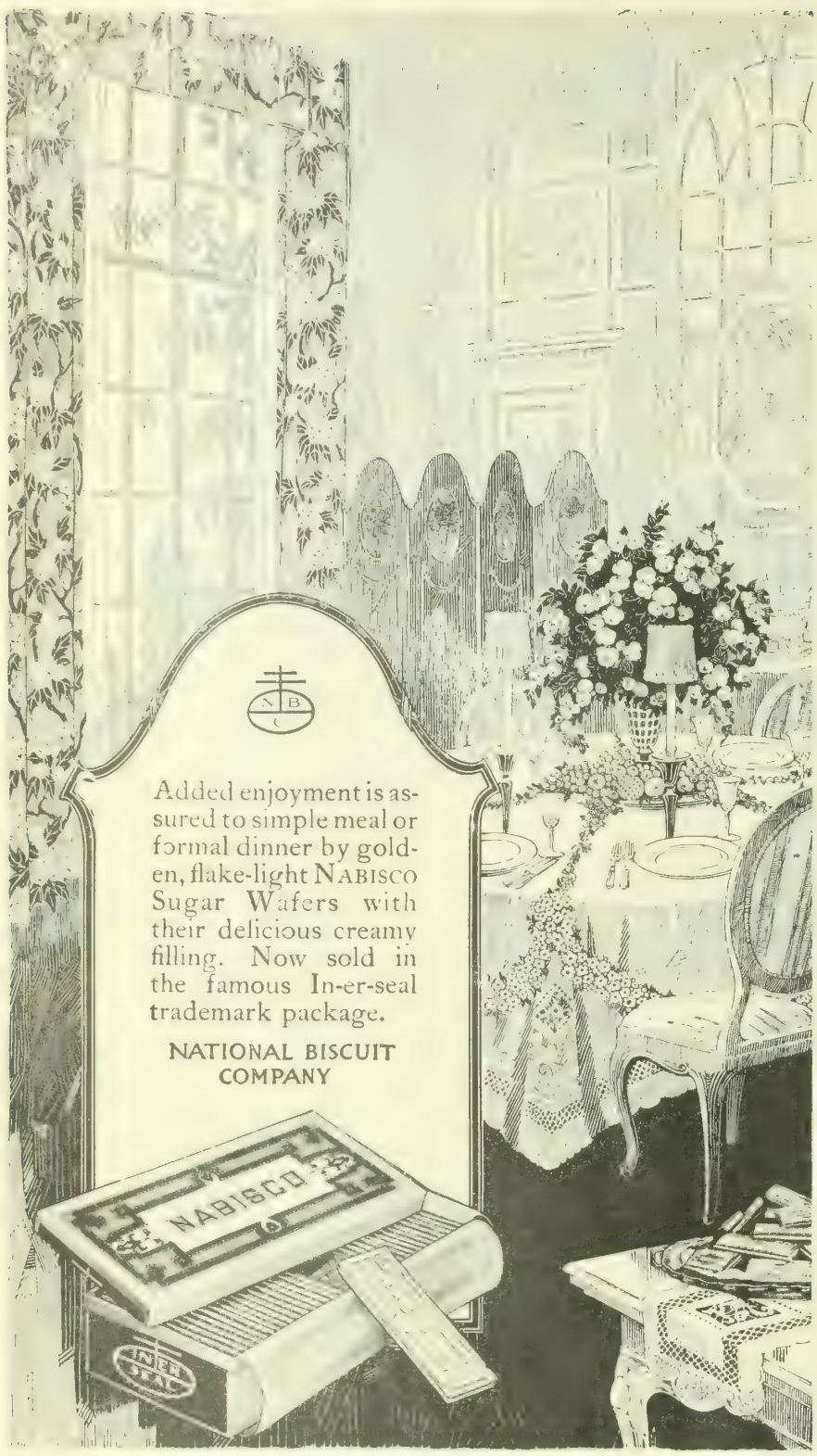
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bent his strong white head, and kissed Tressa's hand.

"Is all well with you, Mrs. Cleves?"

"Yes. I am glad you came."

Cleves clasped the elder man's firm hand.

"I'm glad too, Recklow. You'll stop with us, of course."

"Do you really want me?"

"Of course," said Cleves.

"All right. I've a coon and a surrey behind your house."

So Cleves went around in the dusk and sent the outfit back to the hotel, and he himself carried in Recklow's suitcase.

Then Tressa went away to give instructions, and the two men were left together on the dusky veranda.

"Well?" said Recklow quietly.

Cleves went to him and rested both hands on his shoulders:

"I'm playing absolutely square. She's a perfectly fine girl and she'll have her chance some day, God willing."

"Her chance?" repeated Recklow.

"To marry whatever man she will some day care for."

"I see," said Recklow drily.

THERE was a silence, then:

"She's simply a splendid specimen of womanhood," said Cleves earnestly. "And intensely interesting to me. Why, Recklow, I haven't known a dull momen —though I fear she has known many——"

"Why?"

"Why? Well, being married to a—a sort of temporary figurehead—shut up here all day alone with a man of no particular interest to her——"

"Don't you interest her?"

"Well, how could I? She didn't choose me because she liked me particularly."

"Didn't she?" asked Recklow, still more drily. "Well, that does make it a trifle dull for you both."

"Not for me," said the younger man naïvely. "She is one of the most interesting women I ever met. And good heavens!—what psychic knowledge that child possesses! She did a thing today—merely to amuse me——" He checked himself and looked at Recklow out of sombre eyes.

"What did she do?" inquired the older man.

"I think I'll let her tell you—if she wishes. . . . And that reminds me. Why did you come down here, Recklow?"

"I want to show you something, Cleves. May we step into the house?"

They went into a little lamplit living-room. Recklow handed a newspaper clipping to Cleves: the latter read it, standing:

"HAD DEADLIEST GAS READY FOR GERMANS

"'Lewisite' Might Have Killed Millions

"WASHINGTON, MARCH 24.—Guarded night and day and far out of human reach on a pedestal at the Interior Department Exposition here is a tiny vial. It contains a specimen of the deadliest poison ever known, 'Lewisite,' the product of an American scientist.

"Germany escaped this poison by signing the armistice before all the resources of the United States were turned upon her.

"Ten airplanes carrying 'Lewisite' would have wiped out, it is said, every vestige of life — animal and vegetable — in Berlin. A single day's output would snuff out the millions of lives on Manhattan Island. A drop poured in the palm of the hand would penetrate to the blood, reach the heart and kill the victim in agony.

"What was coming to Germany may be imagined by the fact that when the armistice was signed 'Lewisite' was being manufactured at the rate of ten tons a day. Three thousand tons of this most terrible instrument ever conceived for killing would have been ready for business on the American front in France on March 1.

"'Lewisite' is another of the big secrets of the war just leaking out. It was developed in the Bureau of Mines by Professor W. Lee Lewis, of Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill., who took a commission as a captain in the army.

"The poison was manufactured in a specially built plant near Cleveland, called the 'Mouse Trap,' because every workman who entered the stockade went under an agreement not to leave the eleven-acre space until the war was won. The object of this, of course, was to protect the secret.

"Work on the plant was started eighteen days after the Bureau of Mines had completed its experiments.

"Experts are certain that no one will want to steal the sample. Everybody at the Exposition, which shows what Secretary Lane's department is doing, keeps as far away from it as possible."

WHEN Cleves had finished reading, he raised his eyes in silence.

"That vial was stolen a week ago," said Recklow gravely, "by a young man who killed one guard and fatally wounded the other."

"Was there any ante-mortem statement?"

"Yes. I've followed the man. I lost all trace of him at Palm Beach, but I picked it up again at Ormond. *And now I'm here*, Cleves."

"You don't mean you've traced him here!" exclaimed Cleves under his breath.

"He's here on the St. John's River, somewhere. He came up in a motor-boat, but left it east of Orchard Cove. Benton knows this country. He's covering the motor-boat. And I—came here to see how you are getting on."

"And to warn us," added Cleves quietly.

"Well—yes. He's got that stuff. It's deadlier than the newspaper suspects. And I guess—I guess, Cleves, he's one of those damned Yezidee witch-doctors—or sorcerers, as they call them;—one of that sect of Assassins sent over here to work havoc on feeble minds and do murder on the side."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because the dirty beast lugs his shroud around with him—a bed-sheet stolen from the New Willard in Washington.

"We were so close to him in Jacksonville that we got it and his luggage. But we didn't get him, the rat! God knows how he knew we were waiting for him in his room. He never came back to get his luggage.

"But he stole a bedsheet from his hotel in St. Augustine, and that is how we picked him up again. Then, at Palm Beach, we lost the beggar, but somehow or other I felt it in my bones that he was after you—you and your wife. So I sent Benton to Ormond and I went to Palatka. Benton picked up his trail. It led toward you. —toward the St. Johns. And the reptile has been here forty-eight hours, trying to nose you out, I suppose——"

Tressa came into the room. Both men looked at her.

Cleves said in a guarded voice:

"To-day, on the golf links at Orchard Cove, there was a young man in white flannels—very polite and courteous to us—but—Tressa thought she saw him slinking through the woods as though following and watching us."

"MY man, probably," said Recklow. He turned quietly to Tressa and sketched for her the substance of what he had just told Cleves.

"The man in white flannels on the golf links," said Cleves, "was well built and rather handsome, and not more than twenty-five. I thought he was a Jew."

"I thought so too," said Tressa, calmly, "until I saw him in the woods. And then—and then—suddenly it came to me that his smile was the smile of a treacherous Shaman sorcerer.

". . . And the idea haunts me—the memory of those smooth-face, smiling men in white — men who smile only when they slay—when they slay body and soul under the iris skies of Yian!—O God, merciful, long suffering," she whispered, staring into the East, "deliver our souls from Satan who was stoned, and our bodies from the snare of the Yezidee!"

Gray death and "the man in white" lurking "In the Cypress Swamp," the n Tressa Norne story—in Hearst's for cember.

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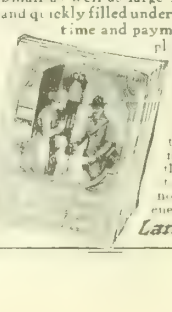


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How Every Woman Can Have a Winning Personality

Let Me Introduce Myself

DEAR READER: *I wish to tell you* how to have a charming, winning personality because all my life I have seen that without it any woman labors under great handicaps. Without *personality*, it is almost impossible to make desirable friends, or get on in business; and yet, often must a woman give up the man on whom her heart is set because she has not the power to attract or to hold him.

During my career here and abroad, I have met a great many people whom I have been able to study under circumstances which have brought out their weak or strong points, like a tiny spot on the lens of a moving picture machine will magnify into a very large blot on the screen. And I have seen so many people, lacking in personality, try to make a success of their plans and fail completely, in a way that has been quite pathetic. I am sure that you also are familiar with one or more such cases.

Success of a Winsome Manner

I saw numerous failures that were so distressing that my thoughts could not help dwelling upon those shattered and vain ambitions. I have seen women of education, and culture and natural beauty actually fail where other women minus such advantages, but possessing certain secrets of lovableness, a certain winsomeness, a certain knack of looking right and saying the right word would get ahead delightfully. Nor were they naturally forward women. Nor were they the kind that men call clever. Some of them, if you studied their features closely, were decidedly not handsome; *yet they seemed so*. They didn't do this by covering their faces with cosmetics; they knew the *true* means. And often the winning women were in the thirties, forties or even fifties. Yet they "appealed." You know what I mean. They drew others to them by a subtle power which seemed to emanate from them. Others liked to talk to them and to do things for them. In their presence you felt perfectly at ease—as though you had been good, good friends for very long.



Juliette Fara

French Feminine Charms

The French women among my friends seemed to me more generally endowed with this ability to fascinate, than did my friends among other nationalities. In the years that I lived in Paris, I was amazed to find that most of the women I met were enchanting.

"Is it a part of the French character?" I asked my friends.

"Were you born that way?" I would often ask some charming woman.

And they smilingly told me that "personality" as we know it here in America, is *an art*, that is *studied and acquired* by French women just as they would learn to cook, or to sing by cultivating the voice. Every girl and woman possesses latent personality. *This includes you, dear reader.* There are numerous real secrets for developing *your* personality. In France, where the women have always outnumbered the men, and where opportunity for our sex is restricted, those who wish to win husbands or shine in society, or succeed in their careers, have no choice but to develop their charms in competition with others.

How Men's Affections Are Held

Lately, the newspapers have been telling us that thousands and thousands of our fine young army men have taken French wives. It was no surprise to me, for I know *how alluring are the French girls.* Nor could I help conceding the truth in the assertion of a competent Franco-American journalist that "American girls are too provincial, formal, cold and unresponsive while the French girls radiate warmth of sympathy, devotion and all those exquisite elements of the heart that men adore in women."



You may have all those attractive qualities that men adore in women

And I who am successful and probably known to you by reputation through my activities on the Faubourg St. Honore can tell you in all candor, as one woman confiding in another, that these French secrets of personality have been a very important factor in the successes of mine. But it is not my tendency to boast of myself, the *Juliette Fara* whom I want you to feel that you already know as your sincere friend, but I speak *of* YOU and *for* YOU.

French Secrets of Fascination

My continued residence in France enabled me to observe the ways and methods of the women closely. I studied and analyzed the secrets of their *fascinating powers.*

When I returned to the dear old U. S. A., I set myself at work putting together the facts, methods, secrets and formulæ that I had learned while in France.

Of one thing I am absolutely convinced—every woman who wishes it may have a winning personality.

Overcoming Deterrent Timidity

I know I can take any girl of a timid or over-modest disposition, one who lacks self-confidence, or is too self-conscious for her own good, and show her how to become *discreetly and charmingly daring*, perfectly natural and comfortable in the presence of others. I can show you *how to bring out charms which you do not even dream you possess.*

Uncouth Boldness—or Tactful Audacity

If you are an assertive woman, the kind that suffers from too great forwardness, I can show you in a way that you will find delightful, how to be *gentle and unassuming*, to tear away the false fabric of your repelling and ungracious personality and replace it with another that wins and attracts. By this method, you will succeed, oh so well, while by uncouthness or misapplied audacity you meet with setbacks.

I can take the frail girl or woman, the listless one who usually feels that the good things in life are not for her and show her how to become vigorous and strong, tingling with enthusiasm and good cheer and how to see the whole wide world full of splendid things just for her.

I can take the girl or woman who is ignorant or careless of her appearance, or the girl who dresses unbecomingly and instill in her a sense of true importance of appearance in personality; I can enlighten her in the ways of women of the world, in making the most of their apparel. All this without any extravagance; and I can show her how to acquire it with originality and taste. You realize, of course, that dressing to show yourself to advantage, is *a real art* and without that knowledge you will always be under a disadvantage.

Become an Attractive Woman

For Married Women

There are some very important secrets which married French women know that enables them to hold the love, admiration and fidelity of their men. How the selfish spirit in a man is to be overcome so ingeniously that he *does not know what you are accomplishing* until some day he awakens to the fact that his character and his manner have undergone a delightful change—that he is not only making you happy, but he is finding far greater pleasure in life than when he was inconsiderate. There are secrets in my compilation that are likely to change a turbulent course of married life for one that is entrancingly ideal. And this power lies within you, my dear Madam.

Acquire Your Life's Victory Now!

What we call personality is made up of a number of little things. It is not something vague and indefinable. Personality, charm, good looks, winsomeness and success can be cultivated. If you know the secrets, if you learn the rules and put them into practice, you can be charming, you can have an *appealing personality.* Don't think it is impossible. Don't think you must be born that way. Don't even think it ought to be hard to acquire it; because the secrets of charm that I have collated and transcribed for you are more interesting than the most fascinating book you have ever read.

Once you have learned my lessons, they become a kind of second nature to you. When you notice the improvement in your appearance, how you get on easier with people, how your home problems seem to solve themselves, how in numberless little ways (and big ones, too) life gets to hold so many more prizes for you, you will decide to put more and more of the methods in practice in order to obtain still more of life's rewards.

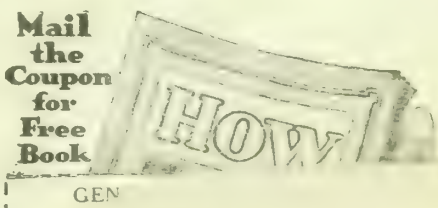
No New Fad—The Success of Ages

I am well enough known by the public not to be taken as advancing some new fangled fad. All my life I have understood the value of plain common sense and practical methods. And what I have put into my course on the cultivation of personality is just as practical as anything can be.

I could go on to tell you more and more about this truly remarkable course, but the space here does not permit. However, I have put some important secrets for you into an *inspiring little book called "How"* that I want you to read. The Gentlewoman Institute will send it to you entirely free, postpaid, just for the asking.

My advice to you is to send for the free book *"HOW"* if you want to gain the finest of friends and to possess happiness with contentment that will come to you as the result of a *lovely and winning personality.*

Juliette Fara



Important **To obtain Madame Fara's little book "How," free, you may fill out the coupon and send in; or you may write by letter or postcard requesting it. Address as below:**

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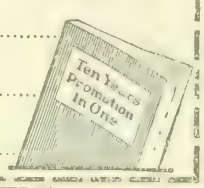
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The Claw of Africa

(Concluded from page 27)

led such an ordinary, cheerful, happy life up to now. She loved her husband with all her heart, but she was beginning to be a little afraid of him, though she would not let herself realize it. She had no one to advise her and she did not know what to do for the best. She had caught herself shuddering once when his eyes came slowly round to her after one of his fits of abstraction. She had seen them coming and felt as if she would scream.

"YOU always look tired," she ventured one day, when she had been on the farm nearly a year. "Are you all right? Don't you work too hard?"

"It's the only thing to save me," he answered sharply, almost roughly. Then he instantly repented. "It's all right, dear," putting his hand on her shoulder; "don't bother your pretty head about me. I'm as strong as a horse."

Yes, he was strong enough, muscularly, she knew that. But why that haunted look in his eyes? She did not dare to ask. She had found out long ago that he hated to be questioned about himself.

"To save you?" she repeated now. "What do you mean?" She could not help asking, even if it made him angry. But he showed no displeasure.

"To tire myself out, so that I may sleep of nights," he answered, as he turned away.

After that she noticed how often he lay awake, though he lay so still, that anyone less sensitive than she had become might have thought he was asleep. She had a queer fancy that he was not only awake—but *listening*. Listening for *what?* she asked herself, with a shudder.

SHE had grown to hate the veldt as much as Michael loved it. She had a wild, unreasoning fear of it. She attributed the change in Michael to its influence: it had taken possession of him, body and soul. He was never tired of looking at it; it drew him like a magnet. Sometimes he would ride away and be out for hours. Once, when she had questioned him as to where he had been, he had said he didn't know; he had just gone on. She had wondered if it were possible that he went to see anybody, but had scouted the idea almost immediately. She did not think she had a human rival; it was this old, old land that had fastened its chains upon him.

She was no longer impressed by its stillness; she no longer thought of it as lifeless and empty. On the contrary, it seemed to her over-full of hidden life and forces; you had only to keep quiet to hear the whispering that went on. She would sit out on the stoep and wonder where the shadows came from in that shadowless land; monstrous shadows that crept over the veldt and disappeared. But she caught herself up when she found where her thoughts were leading her. She must not give way to such fancies; it was not healthful. In a place like this, where one lived so close to Nature, the imagination ran riot too easily. One could imagine anything.

At last she could bear the queer, silent secretive life no longer. She spoke out.

"Don't you think a holiday would do us both good, Michael? I've been here over a year. If you can't afford the trip home, we might go to Cape Town." She was speaking more for his sake than her own.

He looked at her a minute without answering.

"How would it be if you went home alone?" he asked slowly. "I'm all right, but you're not looking well, you want a change."

The tears started to her eyes. Her nerves were not as strong as they used to be.

"Oh, Michael, have you grown tired of [illegible]dy? Don't you want me any more?"

[illegible]stlessly.

[illegible] I want you," he said, "but I'm [illegible] what would be best for you. [illegible]oesn't suit you, Africa doesn't [illegible]. You're losing all your pretty [illegible] think I haven't looked after [illegible] Perhaps I ought never to [illegible]u to come out."

[illegible] go away," she said passion[illegible]—at once. Let's go while we [illegible] drains us of everything. It's [illegible] feel it—I've known it from [illegible]oesn't want us and if we stop [illegible] pay."

[illegible] her in astonishment.

[illegible]lp it," she went on wildly, "I must speak out at last. It's too much for me, always there, always whispering and insinuating, suggesting things that I never thought of before—that I didn't know existed. It's working against us, can't you feel it? It resents our being here."

"You are run down, or you wouldn't talk like that," he said coldly. "You're growing morbid; you've been alone too much."

"And you?" she cried hysterically. "What about you? Have you not been alone too much? This isn't a place for white men and women. We ought not to be here."

HE did not answer. She dropped her head despairingly on her flung-out arms. The next moment she felt his hand on her shoulder.

"I'm sorry, I'm more than sorry," he said. "It's all my fault; you've been goodness itself. I thought—I hoped that when you came it would be different, but I see now that I had no right to risk it. If I had understood I would have spared you. All I can do is to send you home. That is the best I can do for you now."

She looked up at his worn face and smouldering eyes.

"But, Michael, what is it? Can't you explain? What has changed you so?"

"It is not good for man to live alone," he said slowly. "There is safety in numbers, safety in the commonplace things of an every-day world. Here—" he broke off abruptly. "You may live too long away from your kind. Even you have been here long enough. . . . Go home, dear."

She caught hold of his arm.

"No—not to leave you behind. Come with me, Michael."

"If I started with you, I should slip away before you reached the coast. If I promised, I should break my promise. You could not trust me, I could not trust myself. I belong here now, Africa has got its claw in my heart. I should find my way back from the other end of the world."

There was a note of finality—almost of solemnity in his voice, and Ann realized the hopelessness of saying any more.

She slept heavily that night, though she tossed in dreams. The veldt was never as quiet at night as by day. All the things that hid by day came out under the sheltering darkness and took possession of the land. This was *their* time. Ann heard them in her dreams, whispering, menacing.

She woke up with a start to find it was morning. The air blew in, fresh and sweet. It was like a new world. Day had scarcely dawned and the beautiful coolness of the African night still prevailed. It was an entrancing world. Ann looked out and found that it was good. She might hate it again before the end of the day, but now she loved it. She felt that she could have wandered away, just as she was, without a thought or a care. The farm seemed a blot on the vast emptiness, as if it ought to be swept away. It looked mean and trivial.

MICHAEL did not come in to breakfast, but that was nothing extraordinary. He might have had it early or taken something with him, if he had work at a distance. She went about her household duties with a light heart. But as the morning wore on and she saw and heard nothing of him, she began to feel a little uneasy. She was dusting the living-room when she came upon a book turned upside down on a chair. She took it up to replace it on the shelf, when she noticed a thick black cross against a paragraph where it had been left open. She wondered. It was not like Michael to treat books badly. She stopped, with the duster in her hand, and read the marked page.

"The charm of solitude grows on a man, chaining him, moulding him, after the fashion of a drug, until he is unfit for the company of healthy beings. He knows this, and at first struggles against it, then succumbs to it, and finally revels in it."

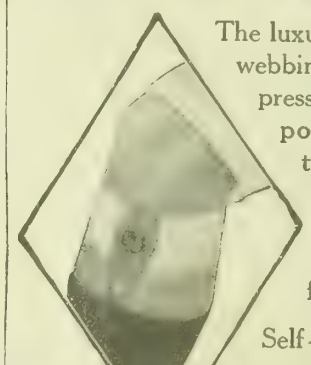
THE book dropped from her hand to the floor. She understood in a flash. Michael had gone. He would never come back as long as she was there—perhaps not at all.

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Resurrection Rock

(Concluded from page 58)

everal minutes later, she saw him standing efore the house; she waved to him and he ised an arm in reply. Then she thought bout him no more.

SHE regained the shore and put on her skis. The woods were empty and silent. Approaching St. Florentin, everything seemed s usual on a winter morning.

She had kept a lookout for Kincheloe while roceeding through the woods, and, coming n sight of the road to Quesnel, she glanced own it to see if he might be making off. he thought that probably he had escaped rom the neighborhood by this time and she as considering ways of having him overaken when the front door of her grandather's house opened and Kincheloe appeared pon the porch. The sight startled her, articularly as he seemed undisturbed and s he stood, without cap or coat, watching er approach. He returned into the house n a moment, leaving the door slightly open o that she went in at once and met her randfather coming down the hall from his ffice.

"Well," he hailed her. "Well; you're ack from your little sunrise expedition, incheloe tells me. Well; well, tell me all bout it."

"Grandfather!" she cried, breathless from er excitement and from hurrying. "He was ust here. I saw him!" She looked about, ut Kincheloe was out of sight now. "He ustn't go away; he——"

"What's the trouble with you?" her randfather demanded, seizing her arm. Step in here and explain what's come over ou."

"Who?" he demanded, his grip tightening in an unconscious muscular spasm. He ook her into the front room and closed the oor.

"Kincheloe!"

"Well; well," he demanded. "What's he one that I don't know? Tell me all about ," he invited.

He let go of her arm and stood back, studying her and taking position between her and ie door; and he scrutinized her, not as thel his granddaughter, but as a girl who ore a danger to him yet indefinite; so she aw him, not as her grandfather, but as a uge, old man with strong hands and relentss jaw and with squinting, warmthless eyes ho wanted to make her talk.

"You know about it; all; all!" she cried loud. "Oh, grandfather!" And she rank back before him under her share of ie horror and guilt of what had been done.

THIS gave him a twinge; he was not prepared for her taking it that way. Whatver he had planned for meeting her since ie hour in the night when she had followed im to the attic and he had driven her ownstairs, he now was caught for a ioment at a loss. But he quickly restored imself.

"You just say I don't know what he's done -Miss Platt's husband—and now I know bout it—all—all!" he mocked the despair f her cry. "Suppose you speak to me calmr and plain, if you can. What's all exciting ou so much and what did you go out to the ock for before sunrise?"

She could not answer him for the suffocaon in her breast.

"Well, what did you see?" her grandther demanded of her.

"That he was not there, grandfather!"

"Who?" he demanded, loudly.

"Barney Loutrelle."

"Oh! Oh! He wasn't? Well, why wasn't e? What'd happened to him? Is that hat's stirred you up so? What'd happened o him?"

"He'd been made away with!"

"Hey? Killed, you mean?"

"Yes; killed; killed."

"Hey? You saw him dead?"

"No; but——"

"But what?" he advanced upon her, leaning over her when she did not respond. What did you see?"

And she knew that he needed answer to hat; for, though he knew what had been one, he could not know—except from Kincheloe's own report—how well or badly Kincheloe had done and what evidence of the eed Kincheloe might have left.

So she stepped away when her grandather advanced and, defying him, she refused reply; and so, for a moment, she saw fear fear such as that which she had surprised upon him in the night—alter his eyes; then his fear was gone as her refusal to answer him persisted and he became convinced that she had seen little after all.

"Have you enough shame left to realize what you have just been saying to me?" he assailed her, raising his hand clenched but for his huge forefinger with which he threatened her. "Kincheloe has killed your fine friend of the train, Barney Loutrelle, you said. I had him do it! Eh? Eh? Say to me, do you mean that? Miss Platt's husban l and I—have made away with Barney Loutrelle?"

"Grandfather!"

"Stop your grandfathering me! Answer plain what you mean. If you don't mean that, say what you do!"

HE shook his finger so close to her face that he struck her forehead and nose. She put up a hand and caught his wrist and tried to thrust his hand aside; but his arm was tense and she could not. "Do you mean that?" he demanded, striking her face again with his finger.

"Yes!"

"Eh? So Kincheloe—and I had him do it—killed your Barney Loutrelle, you believe?"

"Yes."

He jerked his wrist out of her grasp and stepped back looking down at her and laughing. Somehow she had immensely gratified him; she could not imagine by what perversion the fact could be but by accusing Kincheloe—and him—of making away with Barney Loutrelle, she had done just what her grandfather had desired.

He continued to laugh at her and he laughed as she had never heard him, or anyone else, laugh before. There was no amusement in his laugh; relief was there mingled with something else; but only the relief was recognizable.

"I must have Miss Platt hear you," he said when he was through laughing. "And your grandmother." He stepped to the door and, opening it, called first for Miss Platt and then for his wife. Miss Platt appeared quickly, coming in with the impersonal, observing interest with which she replied to a summons to take dictation. It seemed to Ethel, when she heard her grandmother descending the stairs, that her grandfather's wife was obeying him reluctantly; but she was obeying, as she always obeyed. When she entered the room, her eyes by habit sought his and found their instruction. She looked at her granddaughter and Ethel felt that she wanted to warn her of something but could not.

"Now we will all hear your opinions," her grandfather said; and, before the others, he made her accuse Kincheloe and himself again. Then he went once more to the door.

"Lieutenant Loutrelle!" he called. "Mr. Barney Loutrelle, will you step in here!"

Ethel heard him making the summons as to someone who was alive; she heard a reply—a voice which might be Barney Loutrelle's and a step in the hallway.

He was not dead! She opened her eyes to see him in the doorway; he entered and came toward her, speaking to her. Everything wavered about him; but he did not waver in her sight. She cried out—or whispered—something in reply to the words he was saying. She knew neither what she said or how she said it.

Her grandfather was grabbing at her, saying something; and Miss Platt was addressing her; but Ethel heeded neither of them. She recognized that they were demanding, in their different ways, that she apologize and demean herself and ask forgiveness of them and of Kincheloe, and of God, for her reckless accusations. But she could not think about them; besides, nothing about them had changed. Barney Loutrelle was alive; yet yet everything else was the same. They had done what they had done; but not to her friend.

"I thought you were dead!" she was explaining to him. "You see, I thought they had killed you."

If her grandfather has his way, Ethel will pay a big price for her loyalty to Loutrelle—in the December Hearst's.




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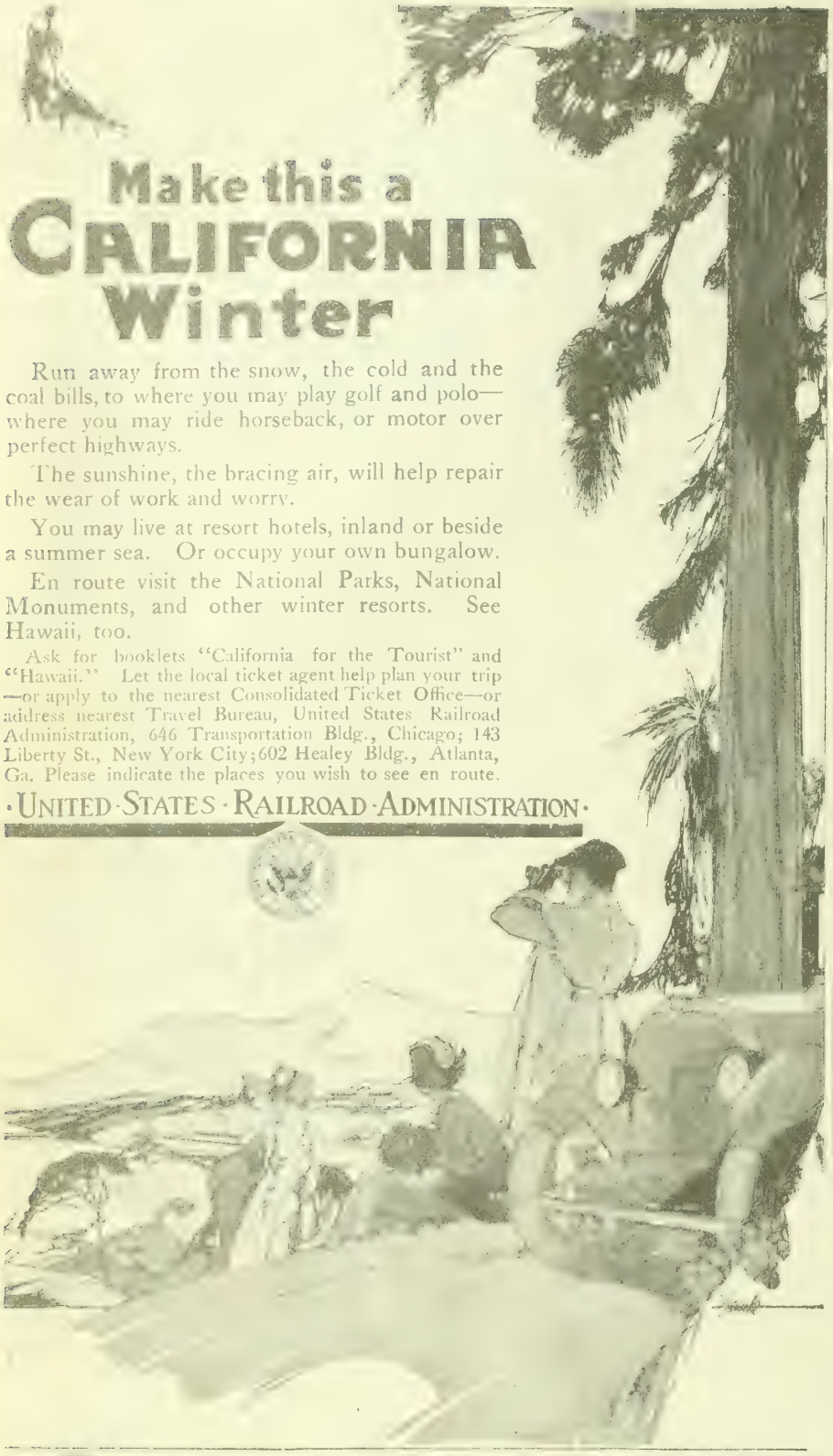

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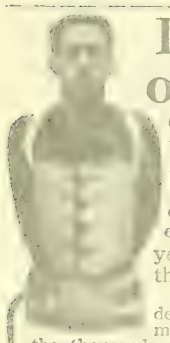
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The Pink Frock

(*Continued from page 23*)

"We're old friends as you say, George. I think we understand one another pretty well. We must have sung in the choir together over thirty years. It's fifteen since my poor wife died. I'm a lonely man compared to you, with your family round you."

"Perhaps so. Man was not meant to live alone. I wonder you never took a second wife, John. You're a fine healthy man still."

The two looked at one another meaningly, the male instinct lurking in their eyes.

"What should you say if I'd come here courting?" he went on. "There's no use mincing one's words. How would you like me for a son-in-law George?"

"You?"

"I don't see why not. I'm barely fifty. A girl's safer with a man of mature years than with these boys. You know what I mean, George. She'd never want for anything, as you're aware. I've prospered in the things of this world. I'm willing to make settlements."

Dolf's father mused, still smiling his peculiar smile. Fancy John, of all people! Still, she was a pretty girl and John would be lucky to get her. Sound, too, from the girl's point of view.

At last he stretched out a friendly hand.

"Of course I must talk it over with her mother; it's a matter for counsel, and prayer for guidance. But I've no personal objection, John. You are my oldest friend and she'll be a lucky girl."

With a sign of satisfaction old Wainwright gave a hearty grip. He had made his bargain. Few men could brighten their later life with such a pretty toy, just when the average man's wife was absolutely unattractive.

Outside he chuckled. A lot Mrs. Farmer had to do with it! He knew George pretty well!

AS Wainwright let himself into his house, George Farmer was saying to Dolf's mother: "John Wainwright wants to marry Dolf. I gave him my permission. The girl's settled for life now. It's a very suitable marriage."

For once Dolf's mother rose above her usual apathy. She was a drudge cowed by neglect and bullying, but even as a worked-out slug of a horse will leap into some sort of pace if only the whip is pitiless enough. She turned on her husband as contemptuously as a young, pretty woman might do.

"How dare you suggest giving a young girl to that old man—and you that's religious too!" she demanded savagely. Just for a moment her own departed youth came and stood before her mental vision, side by side with a picture of Dolf in the kitchen with her blue eyes and her blue frock. But George Farmer stood no nonsense.

"I'm your husband and her father and I know best," he said coldly. "I don't want any foolishness. Remember I married you when you were in trouble over another man. Dolf's just as flighty as you were; like mother like daughter. She'll be quieter married to a steady man. Better be safe than sorry."

There are some weapons a woman cannot face in the hands of such as care to use them. In silence Mrs. Farmer covered her shamed face with her ordinary mask of apathy.

DOLF stepped delicately along the river path perfectly aware of the pursuit. The knowledge gave her the subtle allurement of the dedicated prey; it was allied to the swagger of a crack regiment out on a forlorn hope, the exulting renunciation of an enthusiastic martyr. She swayed a little as she walked; she seemed fragrant with some ineffable perfume. Back from the river bank stood a wooden seat hidden behind a clump of willows. Here Dolf came to rest and here Tom Wainwright found her.

He had become a victim to as much emotion as falls to not over-imaginative young men. His eyes were a little bright, his cheeks a little flushed, he had small difficulties with his voice and his hands shook slightly. He came up, raised his cap and sat down beside Dolf.

"What have I done? What are you running away for?" he asked rather complainingly, and Dolf answered:

"I'm not running away. Why should I? I came out for a walk because my head aches. If you aren't going to be kind to me please go away. I put up with enough from father."

His arms longed to enfold her. The summer twilight deepened; there was no sound but the lap of water and the occasional cry of a sleepy moorhen. The slenderness of Dolf's ankles, the curve of her neck, the sheen of her hair overcame him. Her face, turned away, barely showed her little straight nose and appealing, provocative mouth.

Suddenly she felt herself clasped in his arms. Her whole body seemed to soften and become blended with his. The soft wide straw hat slipped to the ground as he turned her resisting head toward him and kissed her passionately with great, masterful, overwhelming kisses on her lips and throat. For a moment it was sheer shock and pain; then a great happiness stole over Dolf. She ceased to resist; she nestled gently against his shoulder and gave herself up to the dreamy delight of being kissed. Her mind wandered far away into a sort of fairy story; this then was the beautiful world that lay laughing in the sun, the playground of splendid lovers, and kisses were the magic keys. Who kissed you mattered little; she did not love Tom and she knew he did not love her even if he thought he did. It was not so much who kissed you as the emotion of being kissed, the strength and mastery of it all, which made you feel such a little girl.

"I love you," he sighed at last. "You're the prettiest girl in Avonbridge. Any man'd feel proud to walk about with you. Be my sweetheart, Dolf—*do!* I want you. I don't want any other girl. Father'll hate it, but I don't care. Will you?"

"All right," gasped Dolf, "p'r'aps—if you're very good. Now you mustn't kiss me any more. Look at my hair."

She drew away, and he tasted the adorable joy of watching her put it up with swift, accustomed fingers. As they stood up to go homeward she held her mouth just for a second, offering it, waiting. It was the golden climax of an almost perfect idyll.

IT is the law that happiness must be bought with unhappiness, generally on the extended-payment system. Dolf reached home faintly pink, intoxicated with new joy. In the drab living-room she encountered her parents. Her mother sewed in silence; her father read his trade paper, aloof and forbidding. He irradiated that tyranny of the husband and male parent which chills and wet-blankets so many homes. He was the everlasting potential grumbler and complainer. He looked up at Dolf as she entered, a long appraising look, like a dealer summing up the points of a horse.

"Come here," he said. "I've got some news for you now you've finished gadding about the streets."

Dolf went and stood before him. She had a cold certainty that the news could not be good. The joy faded drearily out of her blood, and her face wore the expressionless mask of the child before its parent.

"John Wainwright has been here," he went on. "He's asked my permission to marry you. I don't call you a good wife for an upright, God-fearing man, Dolf. You're too flighty and sinful. On the other hand, his example and guidance would be the best thing for you. Your mother was much the same at your age, but marriage has formed her character. I gave John my consent. No doubt he'll speak to you himself. You're a lucky girl. Try and make him a good wife."

Something incredibly fierce rose up in Dolf's heart, the reckless courage of the wild thing at bay. For the first time in her life she looked her father fearlessly in the face

"You must be mad father!" she cried [illegible] "Mr. [illegible] Wainwright! Why he's *old*—as old as you are. You can't possibly mean what you say. He was an old man when I was a little girl."

"Nonsense," retorted George Farmer harshly. "You don't know what you're talking about."

"Mother," exclaimed Dolf turning to the silent figure, "you're a woman, and you were a girl like me once. Do you approve of this? Would you like me to marry John Wainwright?"

Marriage had formed Mrs. Farmer's character. She looked up with her expression-

s face and said without any obvious otion:

"Your father knows best, Dolf. He's omised Mr. Wainwright. You must be a od girl and obey your father."

In one hour Nature can crowd the normal velopment of years. Yesterday Dolf ght have acquiesced. To-day she had ted the unknown sweets of kisses—ng kisses. She turned to her father, a rning spot of passion on either cheek.

"I'll never marry him. I'll kill myself t," she said in low, bitter tones. "You'll ver make me do it, father. You can't."

Over George Farmer's consciousness stole hitherto unknown foreboding of defeat. twardly he merely scowled. A year or o earlier, he reflected, he would have aten her for this.

"Go to your room," he said coldly. "I'll e you a fortnight to get used to the idea ore John Wainwright speaks to you, and t's more than you deserve. The Scriptures you to honor your father and your ther, but you've nothing more than ebellion to offer us." He felt rather pleased implicating Dolf's mother. "Go away, 'l pray for an obedient heart."

Dolf crept up to her little room. For a g time she crouched by her window gazing o the warm, silent night, looking up at the ying, remote stars. Then she undressed, d for a moment studied her young pretti- s searchingly in her looking-glass. A sud- n thought of John Wainwright crossed mind. With a shiver she crept into d, blew out the candle, and pulled the thes over her head.

VERY day a wide sea of silent bitterness rolled between Dolf and her father. had arrived at a pitch when necessity ows no law and anywhere is a port in a rm. She lived keyed up for a crisis due a fortnight, so that when Bank Holiday ne, a week after the vicarious wooing of n Wainwright, Dolf, casting about for he emotional safety-valve, determined to row the pink frock.

Very early in the morning she stole down d smuggled it from the shop. She folded lovingly and hid it in her room. At mid- y she locked the door and put it on with ighted, trembling fingers. She was reck- s of consequences; after all, what could do to her? Nothing worse than give her old John Wainwright, and she had said nly death was preferable to that.

Dolf slipped downstairs like a fallen angel, ouded in her raincoat. On the river bank . Hanway obligingly took care of the t for her in his refreshment tent. Dolf ok out the folds of her frock and the gs of her soul, and wandered into the shine.

t is much better to be first in a little rian village than second in Rome. Dolf w herself the prettiest girl available, ssed in the prettiest frock. Young gentle- n far above her social standing gave her guishing glances; perfectly reckless, being ictim and an outlaw, she let the Vicar's hew, a sub-lieutenant in the Navy, give tea and hold her hand. He was very utiful, but impermanent, so that when, sunset, Tom Wainwright arrived scowling his best suit after prodigious athletic ts at the sports, to lay his victories in the t before her, she dismissed her sub- tenant gently, and stood with hands sped behind her back looking up into n's face like a very good little girl indeed.

"But he only took me to tea, and you ren't here, and I couldn't have you even f I wanted to," she murmured, the soft uth very provocative, the blue eyes y like.

"I'll take it out in kisses," announced Tom nly. He looked round with haggard eyes the necessary shelter. Everywhere ful crowds covered the landscape.

"You can't kiss me here," objected Dolf, 's frightfully crowded. Let's go away. ere's the cart shed in your father's field. body'll see us there and we can stay a g time because it's near home. I needn't in till nine."

OHN WAINWRIGHT, sitting with his back to the window, they escaped indeed, the keen eye of George Farmer, dropping or a drink and a smoke, perceived the o figures slink along the cart road, go ough the field gate, and glide along the dge to the shed at the far corner of the d.

"Jo'as," he said, "there go your son and girl. This will never do. I told you she ed up at the idea of marrying you, and poke to her pretty straight. You must do your part with the lad you know. It doesn't give me a chance otherwise. Put your foot down, John."

Wainwright's face darkened.

"I've put it down once. The next time it'll kick him out," he snarled. "I've given him every chance, the ungrateful whelp. I'll——"

"Steady, John. No need to lose your temper. You've got a key to the shed, I suppose. They've shut the door because I can see it from here. I've good eyesight, John. We can slip down and lock them in. Then in an hour we'll return and let them out. He'll have made her look a fool and she won't forgive that. Besides, it'll be a very compromising affair, a girl alone with a young man. We'll pretend we never knew they were inside. I think this is going to help on your courtship a good deal, John."

Within the shed Tom had flung a cart cushion on a couple of boxes, sat down, and taken Dolf into his arms.

They did not hear John Wainwright creep up and turn the key silently in the lock. Dolf, suffering her sweetheart's crude and violent love-making, spun a web of dreams in her quick brain. Already the first honey of kisses had passed. She was comparing her sub-lieutenant with Tom. The sub-lieutenant had certainly eclipsed Tom, and made her want to be a neater, sweeter maiden in a cleaner, greener land. Her quick perception already realized there was something finer, more spiritual than mere village amours. Ten strokes from the church clock woke her to reality.

"Oh, Tom, we must go. It's awfully late. And look at my frock!"

The tragedy of her borrowed glory, crumpled and creased beyond all hope, sank deep into her young mind. There would be a bitter reckoning for this playday! A muttered curse from Tom fell on her ears. He fumbled in vain with the door.

"Someone's locked it. We can't get out. What on earth are we to do?" he exclaimed fretfully. "A nice thing to be found here together in the morning. This is your doing, Miss Dolf!"

"But I never locked it, you wanted to come here, Tom!"

OUTSIDE old Wainwright and George Farmer, sitting smoking on a roller, heard the subdued creak of the door, and glanced at one another. Five minutes later Wainwright got up, walked slowly to the shed and unlocked the door with great deliberation. He started back in affected horror at the sight of Tom and Dolf, clearly silhouetted in the moonlight.

"What's this? What are you doing here? Who's that girl with you? Not George Farmer's daughter? God bless my soul! So it's come to this, Tom, and with the daughter of my oldest friend. What have you to say for yourself?"

He turned on George Farmer a shocked, pious face.

"George, will you speak to your girl? She's here with Tom, late at night, locked in my shed. Things look very black indeed."

George Farmer drew close to Dolf. Anger came easily to him; he would always rather blame than praise. But the pink frock flung down the scale against her. She was hurting his pocket as well as his pride.

"You Jezebel!" he snarled. "What are you doing here at night with a young man? What are you doing in that dress? Must you add thieving to your other sins? You're no daughter of mine. Here's an upright man; he's asked you in marriage, and this is how you repay him, by luring his son to destruction. What am I to say to him? How can I hide my shame in you?"

John Wainwright raised his hand.

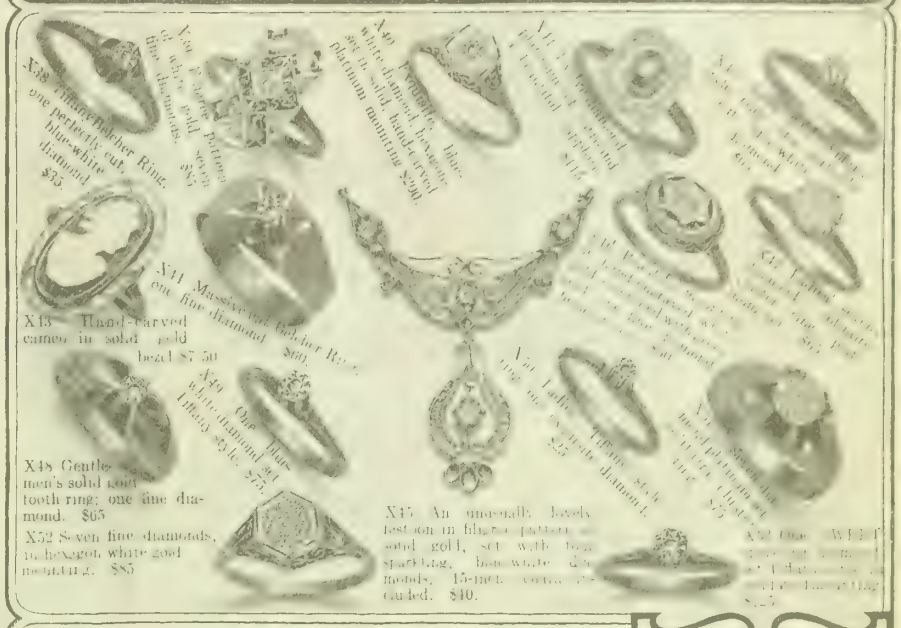
"No, George, the fault is my son's. He's older than your girl. He knows my wishes, for I've made them plain. He desires to defy me. You'd better go," he went on, turning to Tom who stood shamefaced and sulky. "I'll speak to you in the morning when I've slept on this. Leave us."

Sullenly the young man slunk away. He felt unutterably foolish, and that is purgatory to a young man.

"Your father's told you my hopes concerning you, Miss Dolf," went on old Wainwright more gently. "I don't say this makes any difference; I believe it was just silliness. All I ask is that you'll not refuse this marriage I've set my heart on. I'll undertake that your father will forgive you, too. I've a great love for you that you'll realize easier later on."

Dolf saw him as he was, with desire in his eyes and covetousness in his heart, an old man longing for a young plaything,

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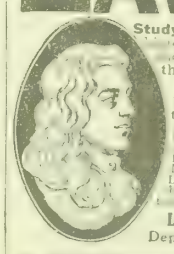
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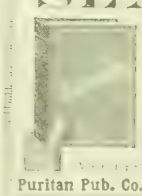


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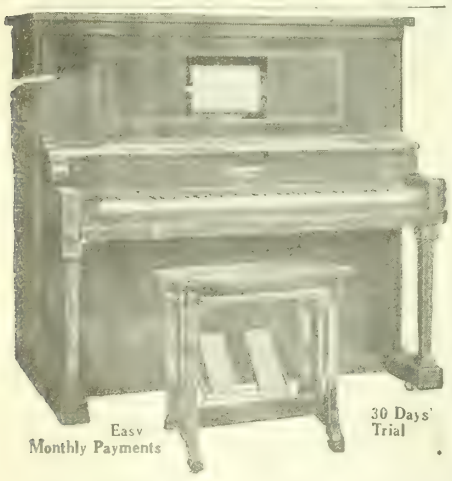
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a despoiler of her youth. She stood straight and defiant in the moonlight and her voice rang with scorn.

"You want me, but you'll never have me. I'd rather do anything—anything, you understand. Father can't make me; no one can. I belong to myself and no one else. I won't marry you, I hate you. I'll never speak to you again."

She paused, panting with emotion and a wild frenzy of independence. Then, in a reaction of terror, she fled home without looking back, and locked herself in her little room.

FURTIVELY, in sheer animal terror, she undressed, and wrapped herself in a coat. She dared not go to bed. Sooner or later, she would give before the storm, consent to be married to old John Wainwright.

"No!" gasped Dolf. "No! No! No!"

Quietly, sweating with fright, she stole from her room down the stairs, into the kitchen. Holding her breath to still a leaping heart, she unlocked the back door, and crept out along the lane, stealing from shadow to shadow until she found herself at the back of Wainwright's house beneath Tom's window. Then she flung pebble after pebble until the raised sash showed his astonished face.

"Come down," breathed Dolf. "You must come down. I shall die if you don't. If you love me a little bit come down and hear what I've got to say. Oh, Tom. You must. I'm so alone, so helpless. Everybody's against me and I'm frightened. *Do* come."

He felt a man's utter nausea at a woman's gambling on her complete helplessness when she knows he can do nothing. With a shrug of disgust he turned away, dragged on a raincoat, and tiptoed down into the moonlight.

"You little fool," he said in bitter fury. "Go home. Haven't you done harm enough? Father'll kick me out in the morning. Do you s'pose you're worth being chucked into the gutter for? Why aren't you in bed?"

The coat fell away from Dolf and he saw her a pathetic figure in her nightgown with tears slowly welling out from her blue eyes and rolling down her cheeks.

"I can't!" she gasped. "I can't go home. It's father—he's horrible, ghastly. He'd give me to your father." She shuddered. "Come away with me, Tom. We can get married later, somehow. I don't want to go alone."

"You're a wicked girl," he said solemnly. "I really believe you *are* wicked. You're not dressed either, not decent. Go back home and try to do better. I'm ashamed of you!"

DOLF saw him, and in him Man as a species, with an awful clarity of vision. She marked his unkempt hair, his face already noticeably unshaved, his untidy unslippered feet, all the crude unattractiveness of man in a raw, sleep-ridden state. Then and there her last illusions, the ultimate remnant of a love-tinted fairyland, fled. Bitterly she turned away.

In the shelter of her room she dressed slowly, methodically in her best coat and skirt. To the pink frock she pinned the briefest of farewell notes: "I've gone. I shall never come back. Don't try and make me. Dolf." Then, taking her entire savings, barely five pounds, she started to walk listlessly to the next village, four miles away. There was an early train to London at five in the morning.

She tramped on automatically, her heart one dull, sick ache. But as the distance lengthened between her and home, life came into her step, her chin lifted insensibly. Youth is so easily intoxicated with the wine of adventure.

On the station a porter whistled cheerfully. He opened the carriage door for her and waved as the train left. He always waved to pretty girls.

Dolf leaned out of the carriage window and sighed. A hush brooded over the earth; in the east a pink flush stained the fleecy clouds. She filled her lungs with the sweet morning air, and was no longer afraid of the terror by night. Instead she smiled, and in sudden promise of victory the risen sun flung a golden pathway across the blue desert of the sky.

Does beauty like Dolf's mould a girl's future? Watch for "Daughters of Chance"—in the next issue of Hearst's.

"La Bodega"

(*Concluded from page 49*)

had been circulated the rumor that on that afternoon, toward nightfall, the great revolution would take place, and they had hastened to the mass meeting, exasperated by the ordeals and the persecution of the strike, carrying in their sashes old pistols, sickles, knives or the terrible pruning-shears, which with a single thrust could lop off a head.

They brought something more; the faith that accompanies all crowds in the early moments of rebellion—that credulity which enthuses them with the most absurd news, each one exaggerating on his own account so as to deceive himself, believing that in this manner he forces reality with the impulse of his nonsensical fancies.

The eyes of one man—Juanon—shone with steely resolution—the fatalism of those who resign themselves to being leaders of men.

"Comrades," he shouted imperiously. "On to Jerez, those of you who have any 'guts'! We're going to empty the jail of all our brothers . . ."

A HUM of mistrust, of intense disillusionment, arose from the swarm. Most of them passed suddenly from noisy enthusiasm to suspicion and fear. Their southern imaginations, ever predisposed to belief in the unexpected and the marvelous, had led them to have confidence in the appearance of Salvatierra and other renowned revolutionists, all mounted upon fiery chargers, like proud, invincible chieftains, followed by an army that had sprung miraculously from the earth.

And instead of this, here they were talking of having them enter alone into that city which stood silhouetted against the horizon, athwart the dying splendor of the sunset, and seemed to blink at them satanically through the reddish eyes of its lights, as it luring them on to an ambush. They were no fools. Life was hard with its excess of toil and its constant hunger; but it was worse to die. Home, then! Home! . . .

And the groups commenced to break up, filing off in the direction opposite to the city; they were lost in the gloom, not caring to linger and hear the insults of Juanon and the more enthusiastic of the men.

The latter, fearing lest immobility lead to more desertions, gave the command to march.

"To Jerez! On to Jerez . . ."

The black mute avalanche advanced with a muffled tramping of feet that shook the pavement. They tramped along in silence, their heads lowered. They grasped their terrible pruning-shears, their sickles, their knives. . . . They set out for the theater. That's where the wealthy and the bourgeois were. But as the laborers approached the illuminated entrance they stopped, halted by a fear that did not lack a certain religious element. They had never been inside of this place. The air, warm and charged with gaseous emanations, and the buzz of countless conversations that escaped through the crevices of the doors, intimidated them as if it were the breathing of a monster concealed behind the red curtains of the vestibule.

Let them come out! Let them come out and they'd get all they were looking for! . . . But to go in? . . .

The encounter of the toilers and a passer-by took place somewhat further down the street.

"Your hands, bourgeois; show us your hands."

The bourgeois was a thin, pale young man—a boy of sixteen with a threadbare suit, but wearing a large collar and a bright tie—the poor man's luxuries. He trembled with fright as he showed his delicate, bloodless hands—the hands of a clerk who is shut up in an office cage during the hours of sunlight.

"I make only two pesetas a day, gentlemen . . . two pesetas. Don't hurt me . . . let me go home. My mother is waiting for me. Aaay! . . ."

It was a cry of pain, of terror, of despair, that aroused the whole street. A hair-raising shriek, followed by a crack as of a broken pot, and the young man fell backward to the ground.

Galsworthy's "Saint's Progress" appeared in the October issue through the courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons—a kindness we inadvertently failed to acknowledge in that issue. Our thanks are due to them and to other leading publishers who cooperate with us to make the most important Book of the Month a feature of Hearst's.

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The Eve of St. Agnes

(*Concluded from page 53*)

to him, smiled once more and walked ay. Farman thought that her eyes had wn a trifle moister, but he was not sure. opened the book where the page had n folded and read:

To Sorrow
I bade good-morrow,
nd thought to leave her far away behind;
But cheerly, cheerly
She loves me dearly;
She is so constant to me, and so kind:
I would deceive her,
And so leave her,
But ah! she is so constant and so kind!

When Farman went to the park the fol- ing day she did not appear. He never her again.

He wrote this e:

"I now am free. Will you not come o our bench gain? I cannot ell you how much miss you. I have iscovered that I ave missed you ll my life. I want o talk to you."

E found the old park employee om he had fre- ntly seen sweep- the fallen leaves n the paths. He t him to the ch, described the ng woman as t he could and e him the note a generous tip. Just ask if she ws 'Endymion,'" man said, "and n give her the e. She may come in the morning or in the rnoon. She may come to-morrow or she not come for weeks. But sometime or r she will come. I will be here every day il I hear from her."

he man doubted whether he would ember the name of "Endymion" and man wrote it out for him. The next rnoon he received a note in reply.

She was here early this morning," the man said.

"Dear Endymion," began the note. You have driven me away. I cannot ome to the bench any more. You see, am married. But I shall always miss ou."

bore no signature. Farman walked ly out of the park. He suddenly felt and inexpressibly weary. It seemed to that something big had gone out of his

R two years the doctors puzzled over Farman's case. His organs seemed sound the most minute examination failed to al any possible source of trouble. Yet vitality was slowly ebbing away; from k to week he grew thinner and feebler. tried honestly to help the doctors, but all he could explain was that the will to had weakened within him. He was her morose nor despondent. As long as could he attended perfunctorily to his k and mechanically performed his duties. entire leisure time he devoted to thinking. he entire burden of his thoughts was there existed one woman in the world understood him and who might have reciated him. He had met her and had her. Her image was ever present in his d, idealized with a beauty that kept stantly increasing. Every night he read d from Keats the passages he had read to and, every night, her insight into the of poetry struck him more and more ibly. On the twentieth of January, for e years, he read the "Eve of St. Agnes" d. He felt sure that she was doing the e. During his third reading he had of it. She wrote to him.

THE doctor had been frank with him that day. He had advised Farman to put his affairs in order.

"One never can tell what might happen," he said. Farman, sitting up in bed, had smiled, wearily.

"I couldn't possibly imagine all the things that might happen," said he, whimsically, "but there's one thing that I'm rather counting on. And that is '*finis.*'"

The reading-light beside his bed had been turned on and he was reading aloud—murmuring, rather—the lines of "The Eve of St. Agnes."

St. Agnes's Eve—ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold—

There came a gentle tap upon the door and the nurse brought him a letter.

"A messenger brought it," she explained. "If you don't think it is very important, I wouldn't read it to-night if I were you."

Farman, however, had recognized the handwriting and was already opening the envelope.

"DEAR Endymion," it began. "It has been long, has it not? I am writing because it is St. Agnes's Eve. I shall read the poem aloud to-night, and I know that you will do the same. You see, I remember where you told me you lived. I wrote to you this afternoon at that address, but the messenger returned with the letter and said you had moved. Then I telephoned and found your present address. But I am not sending the same letter. I wrote it impulsively and, upon re-reading it, I knew that I could not live up to it.

"I told you that I was married. My husband did not understand me. I knew this when I married him—you see, I can be frank now—but I was young and thought that time would bring changes. He was fond of me—too fond. He thought I would be happier if I possessed costly jewels. To make me happy he took money that did not belong to him and lavished it on me. Well, in the end he was detected and they sent him to prison. My house of cards tumbled over my ears. He died in prison last week.

"It is St. Agnes's Eve, and therefore I am writing to you. You never told me what you thought of my appearance but I felt that you liked it. You would not like it to-day. I am thirty—I look, at least, forty-five. I have wrinkles and my hair is gray. I am going to pieces. But—enough of that.

"You are the only man whom I ever understood and who, I felt, could understand me. It was not love. Or—was it? I can write quite impersonally, you see, because I am getting old and I am going away and it is all over. But I did understand and I did see into your heart and I did find there just what I had in my own heart—an ideal—of human intercourse and of beauty. Impractical, absolutely, but we both of us had it. I lived up to mine—I had to, did I not? —until he was buried. You were unhappy because you did not know just how to live up to yours. Don't I understand?

"I am going away—far away. This is good-by. You have many years before you and I hope you find happiness. But I also hope that you never lose your ideal. Good-by, Endymion, good-by!"

When, an hour later, the nurse returned to the room, Farman lay white and motionless upon the pillows with the letter clutched in his lifeless grasp. But upon his face there was a smile—a smile of ineffable contentment

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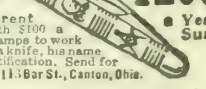
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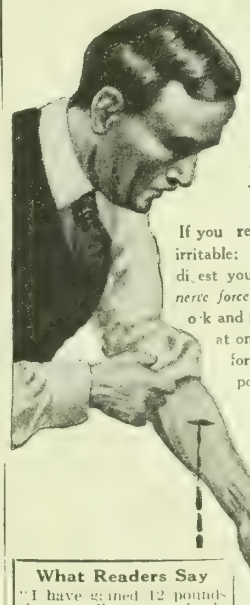
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Wanted to introduce transparent handled knives. Position worth $100 a month. Wanted also soldiers in camps to work spare time. Every soldier wants a knife, his name under handle. Sure mark of identification. Send for special offer. **Novelty Cutlery Co., 113 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.**

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"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming of nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzy all the time."

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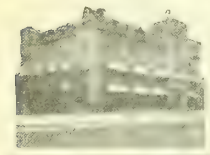
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You can't dodge the fact that you can't succeed without training—or that you are not paying dearly for what you DON'T KNOW. Success—big pay—good positions—only go to trained workers. **You must train.**

DONT

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.....Electrical Engineer
.....Architect
.....Draftsman
.....Business Manager
.....Bookkeeper
.....Mechanical Engineer

Name .....
Address .....

Salesmen Who Can't Sell Me Anything

(*Concluded from page 18*)

peck of spuds, and some canned salmon, and a lot of junk like that. But I didn't go again. Now and then I ordered a few things by phone, but that was all. Then Dave hunted me up, and asked me, with tears in his eyes, why I didn't shed the sunshine of my presence in his store. I told him I'd rather not explain. I didn't want to hurt his feelings. But he insisted.

"Well, Dave," I reluctantly explained, "I can't stand it to have people put their hands on me. It's a constitutional weakness, foolish, I admit, but it's part of my nature. It seems you can't explain the merits of your goods without pawing a man all over. All the time I was in your store you had your hands on my shoulders, or your arm around my neck, or you were pulling at my coat lapels; and your hands smelled of coal oil, and codfish and decayed vegetables and other things you had been dispensing, and you ruined a happy day for me."

"I didn't know I had the habit of pawing people," said Dave; "I'm glad you told me. Come in again, and you won't be offended that way."

I went again, and while I was trying to beat down the prices on a few things, Dave was undergoing a struggle that amounted to physical agony. His hands were always reaching out to pat my shoulders or stroke my hangdowns, and then he'd remember, and put them behind him with a groan. His contortions and grimaces were frightful. Finally he couldn't stand the strain any longer and he grabbed my coat collar with both hands and hung on until the chief clerk pried him loose with a poker. I don't patronize Dave now, and he knows why. We respect and admire each other, but can't do business together.

The book on salesmanship hasn't a word on this matter; yet there are millions of Prospects who hate to be pawed, and millions of salesmen who can't sell anything unless they have their hands on you.

I used to buy things of Mr. Tolliver and then quit, and he can't understand it. He showed me every courtesy; when I entered the store he would shoo all the clerks and hirelings away, and wait on me himself. The trouble with Mr. Tolliver is that he wants to sell too much. I'd go to his store perhaps to buy a pair of roller skates for my grandfather, or a pair of suspenders for myself; and if Mr. Tolliver had been wise, and a farsighted salesman, he'd have let me escape when I bought what I went after. But he'd lead me around the store and show me one triumph of merchandise after another; here a patent clothes-wringer, which could also be used as a letter-press; here a meat-cutter and there a corn-sheller, and so on. Later in the day his delivery wagon would come to our house and unload about a ton of things we had no use for, and my wife would have an attack of fantods, saying I wasn't fit to be at large without a guardian.

This thing of trying to sell too much is a common weakness of our merchant princes and a very unprofitable one. What shall it profit a Napoleon of commerce to sell me a wagonload of stuff to-day, if thereby he scares me away from his store? Better to sell goods to Prospects as they need them and ask for them, and enjoy their patronage the year round.

MERCHANTS often queer themselves with me by being too attentive, too solicitous. There are times when I like to go into a trade palace and just rubber around, seeing what there is to see, hoping to find something worth buying. But this glorious privilege is seldom permitted. The minute I blow into the store the proprietor or one of his henchmen is at my elbow, notebook in hand, asking what he can do for me. If I say I don't know, he proceeds to show me. He may have been in the business fifty years, and has never learned the fundamental truth that there are moments when it's good to be alone. He hasn't the first glimmering of an insight into human nature, or, rather, Prospect nature. He defeats himself every day. He leads me around his store and shows me things I am not interested in. He takes down a can of string beans, and says, "This is an excellent bean." He shows me a can of early June peas, and explains that it is a very fine pea. I have been wondering many years why the plural always becomes singular in the mouths of storekeepers. This carelessness with language always exasperates me, and a merchant who describes a can of beans as an excellent bean never sees me in his joint again.

I mention this to show the sheer hopelessness of a book on salesmanship. How can anybody provide for all the quirks and twists of Prospect nature?

The merchant who escorts me around his store in this way may sell me a package of carpet tacks or a dozen clothes-pins, but if he'd let me alone the chances are I'd buy a truck load of goods. I quit spending money in Bondy's bookstore because I was never permitted five minutes to myself. In a bookstore, of all places, Prospects should be allowed the pursuit of happiness without interference. One of the great joys of life, to one who is properly constituted, is to rummage around in a bookstore, none daring to make him afraid.

BONDY had a fine store and the shelves were loaded with countless volumes. But I never had any comfort or pleasure there. As soon as I entered, the old man or one of the clerks would be on hand with a winning smile and a determination to be fascinating. The last time I visited the place I was in a mood to buy something of a thoughtful and instructive character—Dr. Johnson's or De Quincey's essays, or something of that sort. You know how it is, if you are a book fan. One day you have a hunger for "The House on the Marsh," by Florence Warden, and the next you would like to read once more the "Commentaries" by Julius H. Caesar.

That day, when I went over the bookshelves to find some standard essays, an eighteen-year-old clerk stuck to me closer than a brother. He was just out of high school, and wore his hair roached, and chewed wintergreen gum, and he didn't know enough about books to keep him away from the verge of imbecility. But he was bound to earn his $12 a week, and he took down one book after another and explained their merits.

"Here's a corking yarn by Harold Bell Wright, uplifting stuff, you know; everybody's reading it nowadays. Flossie Underwood told me last night she never cried so much in her life as she did over this. And Flossie knows what's what in literatoor. She was sub-editor of the High School 'Echo' for six months."

What is a grave and reverend man of mature years going to do under such conditions? If he leaves the store without wrecking it, he betrays a mild and amiable disposition.

THE ideal salesman probably doesn't live. He would be such a superior being that all the rest of us would seem to be four-flushers by comparison. He would need to be an impossible compound of the Admirable Crichton, Talleyrand, Chesterfield, Huxley, George Washington, Beau Brummel and Mrs. Scott Siddons. Salesmanship as a perfect art involves so much of the complex as to be superhuman. And so the man who would write a book of instructions for salesmen, covering every possible point, must be a greater man than Shakespeare.

Some day I may attempt a modest book on the subject; not a comprehensive one, for I don't claim to be greater than Shakespeare; there are times when I fear I am not in his class. But a simple book, embodying a few rudimentary truths, might be a great help to young men who go forth to sell things.

And the burden of the book, if I ever write it, will be this: Avoid coarse work.

Avoid familiarity. The fact that you live next door to a Prospect, or meet him on the street every time you go to the postoffice, is no reason why you should call him Old Sport, or knock his hat off in a playful way.

Never say unpleasant things about your competitor or his goods. Knocking the opposition never advances a salesman by so much as an inch.

Avoid red neckties and side-whiskers, and keep your breath carefully manicured, and don't interrupt busy men.

Never try to sell anything you wouldn't want to buy.



Why Have Freckles

—when they are so easily removed? Try the following treatment:

Apply a small portion of Stillman's Freckle Cream when retiring. Do not rub in, but apply lightly. Wash off in the morning with a good soap. Continue using the cream until the freckles entirely disappear.

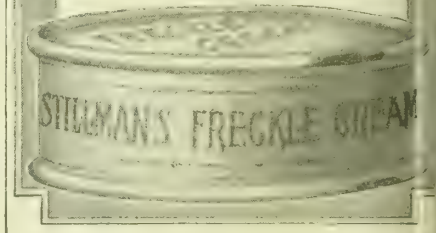
Start tonight—after two or three applications you will see results.

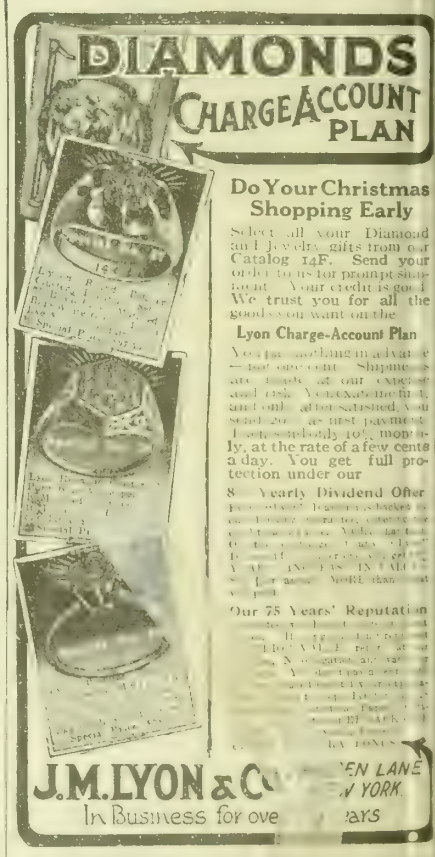
After years of research specialists have created this delightful, harmless cream which leaves the skin without a blemish. If your druggist hasn't it, write us direct. 50c per jar.

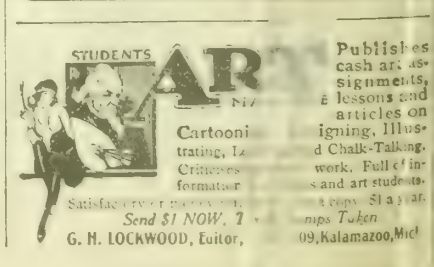
Stillman's Face Powder 50c
Stillman's Rouge - - - 25c
Stillman's Tooth Paste - 25c

At Drug Stores everywhere. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Write for booklet—"Wouldst Thou Be Fair?" for helpful beauty hints.

STILLMAN CREAM COMPANY
Dept. 38 Aurora, Illinois







A Whiff of Heliotrope

(*Continued from page 16*)

ong so far without a stain—she's had a
ance. I give it to her. And she's grown
o beautiful and clean. Do you think I'll
ay here and see it all fouled? Not me. If
ou don't pardon me out now, I'll jump this
lace. I never tried it before—it weren't my
ay, but by God —"

"But if only the Warden and I and you
nd your former wife know, Hasdock," the
overnor argued, "who will foul that young
fe?"

"Who?" Number 480 whispered hoarsely
that it sounded like a serpent about to
ring.

"Yes, who?"

HASDOCK straightened up. "Alice is engaged to be married," he said. "I
ot a pal on the other side to look her up.
e didn't know who she is. No, sir. Not
en him. He found she was engaged to be
arried. Crazy? I was wild. Ask the
arden, wasn't I wild. And then I wrote
find out about the man. And it was all
ght.

"Yes, who will speak after all this time?"
A film of hate made the eyes of Number
80 dull. The ennui of long hate appeared
fill his limbs.

"She—Cleo—Joe—that black-hearted - —"

"Hasdock!"

"Yes, Mr. Pyne. Only I was going to tell
e Governor. She never cared about the
aby. When I let the baby go it was the
art out of me, see? But it only meant free
enings for Joe—eatin' and drinkin' around.
nd she lays quiet like a lizard for twenty
ars, and then because she's flat broke, the
rty blackmailer——"

Mercer understood. "The woman wants
claim the daughter now, eh?"

"Yes, sir. She wrote me. She's got one
tter—just one of the letters the woman in
is wrote me after I left the baby girl.
's a link, see? A proof, eh? And she thinks
n safe here. She thinks I'm in for life.
e thinks my hands is tied and I can't cut
r fat throat. So she's going to blow,
overnor. She's going to be the loving
other now. She's going to get hers. She
t the news somehow. And she smells
in. She's coming out of her hole like a
t. She's going to drop a job running an
evator and stop being broke and living
a cabbage-hall boarding-house. She's
ing to put her dirty hands into the life of
y daughter, Governor!"

Mercer turned toward Pyne. The Warden
dded. "That's right," said he, with a
rd look upon his square face. "I've seen
e letters."

"But, my heavens, Pyne!" exclaimed the
overnor. "If we let this man go now—on
s record and all of that—if I use my arbi-
ary power and pardon this man—why,
y dear sir, whatever may be that woman's
rfidy, we're signing away the safety of
r life and limb."

"I don't think so, Mercer," said the
arden.

"Why not?"

Hasdock leaned forward, waiting.

"Because he says he won't touch her.
e wants his freedom to save his daughter,
t he says he won't touch his wife."

"But what assurance have we," the Gover-
r asked Pyne, with his hand spread open
if to show that he held no assurance.
He hates. The case is desperate. What
surance?"

Pyne answered, "His word."

"You'd take that on its face, Pyne?"

"Yes."

The Warden held out his hand for the paper
e Governor offered him and wrote his
uare-lettered signature beneath the recom-
endation for a pardon.

Hasdock looked at him with the expression
a starving dog that has been offered food.
The Governor said, "Hasdock!" sharply.

"Yes, sir."

"As between men."

"Yes, sir."

The Governor added his signature to the
rdon, and then handed it to the prisoner,
o took it, read it, trembled, wet his lips
th the red tip of his tongue contrasting
th the pallor of his countenance, and
ssed it back.

"Much obliged," he said hoarsely, and
naled by a nod from Pyne he walked out.

"His—er—associates used to call him
eliotrope'," said Pyne reflectively.

"Heliotrope?" exclaimed the Governor. "Why Heliotrope?"

"I never wanted to ask him," replied the Warden.

THE woman who once bore the name of Cleo Brody and later those of Hasdock, Johnson and Stotz, and was known still better as Joe, did not live in a boarding-house. She had gone back to her old adventures in "piking from the dope sheets" while the racing season was on. Good fortune had varied the monotony of loss by giving her enough winnings to engage a miserable apartment on the ground floor of a tenement around the corner from Third Avenue. It had privacy and a kitchen privilege which allowed her to stay in a nightgown until afternoon on Sunday just as she had liked to do every day in her youth and her period of snakish and ensnaring beauty, now gone for good.

On Sunday morning she was sitting in the rocker by the window. She had on a pink toweling wrapper and her thin hair, now artificially black, was twisted into a snarl and held balanced over her low forehead with one hairpin. She was in a happy mood. Life, as her expression had it, was coming her way. A card-reader had told her so. She had won on another race. Her prey—her daughter—had come to New York, which saved any anxiety about going abroad. She could shake down the young husband if the daughter herself would not do the right thing. After all, the risks of having children, and mother love, deserved reward and recognition. It should be hers.

Her revery was interrupted by the bell of the apartment.

"Special delivery, lady," said a boy.

It rather puzzled her, however, to find that the sheet of note paper within was absolutely blank; there was not so much as a dot of ink upon its surface. She turned it over and then back several times. She could scarcely believe that it could be as blank as it appeared.

Joe shrugged her shoulders, pinned her hair back, and went back to the rocker. There was a half-consumed Saturday night box of candy on the sill, and picking up one of the creams, she bit through the chocolate covering into a maple interior. As she took her hand away from her mouth, however, she stopped chewing and appeared surprised. In this pause she licked her lips and closed her eyes as if sampling the flavor of the sweet. At last she raised her thumb and forefinger and smelled of them carefully.

Those who have heard a rabbit squeal when a charge of shot has bowled it over on the autumn leaves will know the sound that came at last from Joe's throat—the throat that once was the pride of George Hasdock and now was not only fat, but had the surface of buckskin gloves shrunken in a washing. Joe sprang up from her Sunday comfort and content to run to the corner which served as a wastebasket.

The lady hesitated as if afraid to put the blank sheet of paper to her nose and when she did so she uttered another squeal.

The blank sheet was rank with the odor of heliotrope!

ONLY those who know how exquisite may be the whim of a young king of the dark life would know that which Joe knew. For Joe knew that her Georgie had once had the most beautifully shaped and polished nails in Chicago and that he never shaved without heliotrope toilet water or carried a handkerchief not redolent with the essence of that delicious garden bloom.

"Him!" she ejaculated, clutching at the loose flesh of her upper arms. "S'message from him. He can't be out. My God, he can't be out!"

It was a bluff, however! He had done it through some discharged prisoner who might drop a scented letter but would go no farther. Joe sang over her dominoes and counted it a good omen that she won at muggins. By Wednesday she had almost restored the happy content with which she contemplated her future.

On Friday she awoke because of a rustling at the apartment door. From the alcove, where her bed was pulled away from the fresh air so that she could have the heavy sleep in which she found delight, she could see a little white thing wagging like a kitten's tail beneath the door. She sprang out of

What They Love Best



At Breakfast

These dainty grains with cream and sugar or mixed with any fruit. Flimsy, nut-like morsels.



At Playtime

Corn Puffs crisped and buttered to eat like salted peanuts. They are fine confections.



At Night

Puffed Wheat in milk. A whole-wheat dish so flaky and flavory that children revel in it.

Is Some Bubble Grain

You mothers know that.

The most welcome cereal dish—the most delightful—is a Puffed Grain served in some way.

Millions of children—every day and all day long—are reveling in these dainties.

Puffed by Steam

Here are whole grains of Wheat and Rice puffed to bubbles, 8 times normal size.

In a hundred million food cells the tiny bit of moisture is turned to steam.

Then the grains are shot from guns. The steam explodes, and the millions of explosions make these airy, flimsy tidbits.

Every Atom Feeds

This is Prof. Anderson's process. The purpose is to break every food cell, for easy, complete digestion.

Puffed Grains do not tax the stomach. Every element of the whole grain feeds.

So these are ideal foods for all hours—for bedtime and between meals in particular.

Like Nut Meats

The taste is like toasted nut meats. The texture—thin and fragile—makes them seem like fairy foods.

Girls use Puffed Rice in candy making and as garnish on ice cream.

They eat Corn Puffs like bonbons after school.

But the greatest dish is airy Puffed Wheat floated in bowls of milk. It makes the milk dish a delight.

And whole wheat with milk, as you know, combines all foods in one.

Puffed Wheat

—

Puffed Rice

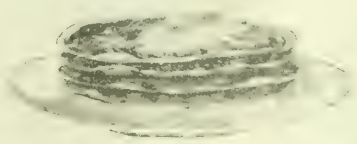
—

Corn Puffs

And Now a Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

* * *

Like Pancakes Made With Nuts



Now we make a Puffed Rice Pancake Flour—an ideal mixture based on Puffed Rice ground. You have never tasted pancakes so fluffy and so nut-like. The flour is self-raising, so you simply add milk or water. Get a package now.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

"Say it with Flowers"



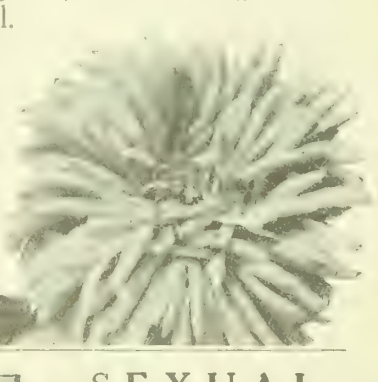
Flowers for Thanksgiving

LET flowers express your thankfulness for those friendships you hold dear. Send Thanksgiving Day greetings of flowers. Chrysanthemums were never so gorgeous, such glowing tokens of prosperity and peace as this year. In fact, all flowers seem to anticipate this season's wonderful message.

Make your home bright with flowers and growing plants. The selection your florist has to offer is now particularly beautiful.

Your local florist, within a few hours, can deliver fresh flowers in any city or town in the United States and Canada through the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Service.

[illegible] florist displaying the sign "Say it with Flowers" and a member of the Society of American Florists, and has advantages that he can pass along to you when you buy [illegible]



Master Letters in Business



A MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH of BUSINESS FROM ONE LETTER. You'll find the facts in this book. You'll find also many actual examples of letters that made good and letters that failed, together with A PRACTICAL PLAN by means of which YOU can improve YOUR business letters. Write NOW for a copy. **FREE**

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"OLD MAMMY" CREOLE PRALINES

"A pound and a half for a dollar and a half"

[illegible] anywhere $1.75

[illegible] St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans



bed, and over the dirty hardwood floor, and when she saw that the thing which had been switched to and fro was a newspaper clipping, she flung open the door and poked her disheveled head into the hall.

It was empty. She looked up the stairs. Nothing. She listened. No sound. She went to the front door and looked into the vestibule. She had begun to gurgle involuntarily in her throat. Nobody in the vestibule. She opened the front door and looked into the street. Plenty of persons on the avenue, but no one nearer. The newspaper clipping could not have switched back and forth like a kitten's tail of its own motion. And besides, Joe was wheezing and her heart was knocking like a carbonized gasoline engine within her for another reason. The hall, to her nose, stank, it was filled with a ghastly suffocating flood of heliotrope.

The worst was true! The clipping—the innocent clipping from a Western paper told it. He had been pardoned! He was out. He had been there—there in the hall. She knew. These were the ways of her Georgie!

THE terror would not down. She would not go out during the day that followed unless she saw that the street outside was filled with people, with passers-by or neighbors on the doorsteps seeking coolness from the late summer heat. Laura the milliner began to believe that Joe had returned to the use of drugs.

When night came Joe would not answer any summons at her door. Once in after dark she would light no lamp, nor even strike a match so that no shadow of her could by chance fall upon the drawn window-curtain at the rear. She moved her bureau so that it covered the window on the street front. She locked and bolted doors and windows both and moved chairs in a semi-circle in front of the alcove so that feet coming from nowhere in the dark would stumble and awake her from the snatches of sleep into which complete exhaustion had driven her. The air in the room became foul because there was no ventilation, but Joe gave it no refreshment. She would sit for hours behind the curtain at the window peeping out at the faces of those who passed by in the street. She saw no one she knew.

Sometimes for hours she would sit in the dark, trembling. The terror was like a thin coat of cold syrup: it stuck to the surface of her skin. She would think of going to the police, and then she would remember what it would cost her; there would have to be an identification and the State of Illinois still held a bail-warrant against her on an old indictment for shoplifting. She must fight it out alone.

Always and ever her nose was dilating its heavy nostrils—once the beautiful, sensitive nostrils of Beauty Joe: she was merciless to her sense of smell. It was whipped into a search for heliotrope.

AFTER ten days, when she had calmed a little, she came back from one of her fearsome excursions. She tried to put her key into the lock of her apartment; there was an obstruction. It fell suddenly tinkling onto the floor in the dark corridor. When she opened the door the flood of light from the gas-jets showed all the undisturbed objects with which her eyes were so familiar. A trail of smoke, however, was ascending from a huge clam shell—a souvenir of Coney Island—on the table. She had been gone two hours and a cigaret butt was lifting its evil-omened smoke in the empty room. She could not smell it; the air was too much laden with a well-recognized odor which now bulged her nostrils and sent her dizzy with fear as it had once soothed her and sent her dizzy with joy of life in days long ago when he came back to her.

No place except under the bed where he could hide. She fell on her face—a fat, sprawling, terrorized, painted creature, yellow with fear. He was not there.

She crawled along the floor to the hall and picked up the object she had heard tinkling down. It was a skeleton key. . . . He had been and gone! He had left his word. It was like him to wait—her Georgie!

Joe did not hesitate for a moment now—she pulled the imitation-leather satchel from under the golden-oak bureau and piled it full of her smaller more valuable things and the best of her clothing. She was used to making a fast getaway and she did not even close the door upon her abandoned possessions. After all, life is the sweetest possession.

It was raining outside and she was thankful for the steaming drizzle, the veil of which covered the tracks of those who flee. At the Grand Central Station she got into a sick, worn-out taxicab and after fumbling in her patent-leather handbag found a card with the name of a cheap hotel. She gave it to the man and said, "Drive there." And then she spent the night in a long sleep.

TO stay in the hotel was impossibly expensive for a lady who was flat; Joe the next noon, got on a Subway and went into the wilderness of Uptown. There are a few old houses nestled in cheaper apartment deserts there, and most of them are for roomers. Joe liked the unfamiliarity of the district—out and away from all the paths—the last place where his murder-seer would see her from his pretty blue eyes. She took a room on the top floor of one of these rooming houses.

Joe grinned and sang and took pleasure in putting an area of color into each of her cheeks in front of a lame cheval glass. She unpacked her toweling wrapper and looked forward to a Sunday in bed with the newspaper and a box of Saturday special candy. The rain had ceased, the storm was gone, the sunlight was inviting. She was safe. When she was going out, she would go to the shops . . . the department stores—in peace at last.

At four she returned and went up to her room. Five minutes later she had come running down the stairs and was pounding with her fat knuckles on the landlady's front parlor door. She was yellow again—a pasty yellow and she was wheezing.

"Anythin' wrong," asked the cadaverous keeper of the house.

"No, dearie," said Joe, holding onto her heart. "I came down to thank you, dearie—that's all."

"Thank me for what?" said the landlady suspiciously.

"Thank you for the flowers, Mrs. Corse."

"What flowers?"

"In my room."

"I didn't put no flowers in your room."

"Not the bunch of ——"

"What?"

"Heliotrope."

Mrs. Corse shook her head; she was positive because she had been awakened from her nap. She said:

"Not me. Maybe some friend."

Joe was staring blankly; her black eyes, once lustrous and now dull, saw nothing. Her Georgie had waited for the taxicab to come back to its hawker's stand in front of the station. He had got the hotel name from the driver. He had come. He had left his message—the flowers, the pretty sweet flowers!

A MOMENT arrives when a hunted animal is a cowered animal; the moment arrives when a vicious spirit, such as that which Joe's breast had harbored since the day when that breast was unsmirched and white as snow and lined with fine blue veins, can be driven no more and turns with claws and fangs all bared. When Joe came down the stairs she looked at the doors as she passed them and in the room just behind hers she saw the negro maid.

"Listen," said she, "is anybody else rooming on my floor?"

"No'm."

"Who's on this floor?"

"Only just this gemmen."

"Has he been here long?"

"Yes, m'am, I believes so. I ain't worked yere long. But Mrs. Corse she done told me he been away on business or somepin, m'am."

Joe smiled. She went on her errand—her fateful errand. Her lips were pressed close together that afternoon.

To her it was a terrible thing that a week went by without a sign. The smell of it turned her cold with fear, and now it was the absence that chilled her and crept like stealthy death into the marrow of her bones. Life had paused. But she knew her Georgie. He would come.

IT was Saturday night again. Joe had lost count. She had to look at the newspaper spread over the tray sent in from the restaurant. Saturday! The vigil had been too long. A sense of security crept over her, an intuition that Fate had written an irrevocable decree. He should not kill her. It was written. There it was on the floor! "I shall not kill you." A terrible desire to sleep! . . .

She came back to consciousness probably about one o'clock. The oil in the kerosene reading lamp with its green glass shade splotched with red-enamel tulips, had burned out. The room was thick with impenetrable blackness; it was like a pit of soft, smothering soot. It did not smell

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soot. It was alive, stinging to the nose, reeking, awash, loaded to the full with the perfume of the heliotrope.

Joe had not lived six or seven lives for nothing. She did not leap or cry out even though she suspected what was behind that impregnable wall of blackness. She scarcely moved, though she believed that out of that wall there might dart the spit of a revolver flame or the nasty sliding tongue of a knife. Only two things crept. One was her insides; the other her fingers. The latter crept slowly and silently under her pillow.

She was no longer thin but she had not forgotten the reptile motions nor the reptile silence needed for the problematical dark. She squirmed her bulk out of the sheets and pawed the air as she leaned out over the bed until the cushions of her palms had felt the hardwood floor. The floor! The safety place of a game like this!

The door was victory! She rolled and slid and squirmed her bulk through the opening and her cheek touched the rough hard-twilled surface of the worn old carpet.

Somewhere a breeze had suddenly found an entrance the door she had passed shut softly. It had shut and the heliotrope and her Georgie—they were inside!

The hall was just as dark as the room; someone had put out the light on the landing. Joe knew that before she raised her clamor, before she screamed to all the world that a burglar was in her room, she must be sure that she had the presence of others and their protection. He would drop her if he caught her screaming there. She knew him. He would shoot or thrust and then run for the roof. The roof! He had always told her of the good old rule of making for the roof.

She stood up and in her bare feet began a cautious descent of the stairs.

And then suddenly—out of the nothingness of black in front of her, there came a hand and touched her own, softly, lightly, the sensation of flesh touching flesh—a mere flick, a caressing flick upon the back of her fat hand. Frozen, staring into the soot, she passed her hand to her nose. There was a faint odor of the heliotrope.

He had given her a message. He had been waiting or her there at the bottom of the stairs, and now before she could move, suddenly the flare of a match knocked a jagged hole out of the black curtain. Its red and yellow leap tore out this hole and into it for a moment came the face of him. The upper half of it was grave, and perhaps sublime, the high forehead calm and white above the clear-blue eyes, but the lower part of the face wore the grimness that Joe knew so well.

She raised the little pearl-handled revolver she had bought over a week before and fired into the last glow where the hole in the blackness was knitting together again. She fired not once which was enough but like a woman three times.

There was a thud and utter silence. Her eyes reacting still saw the red stripes of the shots across the field of jet.

"I'm done for," said Hasdock from the floor. "Take a match and light something."

JOE went blubbering to the gas jet and her match flung a smarting yellow light over everything. Hasdock was where she had dropped him, just inside the room, the upper half of his body against a chair seat, but listed over to one side like a bag of meal.

He was still grinning if we can believe her version.

"Well, you fell for it. I knew you'd do this," he gurgled. "I had no arms—not even a knife. This is my room. I hired it the day after you got yours, little one. It's my room. You did it with your own gun you bought a week ago. I knew you'd buy one in the end. And I got the only paper you had against my Alice long ago out of your downtown nest, old girl; you'll have a swell chance proving you're her mother now!"

He coughed. He was still grinning.

"A swell chance!" he said. "You'll go up for this and out of the way. You'll have a fine chance with a jury! I'm sorry it had to be done, Joe. But it was up to you."

He listed a few inches more.

She stood over him mouthing and mumbling into a sleeve of the flannelette nightgown. Someone had shouted out a window for the police. There was a banging on the front door and a rush of cold air and feet clattering and thumping up the stairs.

"The bulls!" she whispered and threw the gun into the hall.

Hasdock fell over. He was through.

He had done his best. He had kept his promise according to his lights. He had given his daughter all he had to give.

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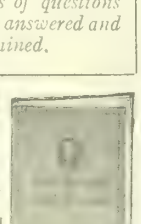
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Now that Religion is Dead?

(*Continued from page 29*)

modern mediumship. It is clear, however, that such a power must have been very rare, since it would otherwise have been used to revive the bodies of their own martyrs, which does not seem to have been attempted. For Christ the power is clearly claimed, and there are little touches in the description of how it was exercised by Him which are extremely convincing to a psychic student. In the account of how He raised Lazarus from the grave after he had been four days dead—far the most wonderful of all Christ's miracles—it is recorded that as He went down to the graveside He was "groaning." Why was He groaning? No Biblical student seems to have given a satisfactory reason. But anyone who has heard a medium groaning before any great manifestation of power will read into this passage just that touch of practical knowledge which will convince him of its truth. The miracle, I may add, is none the less wonderful or beyond our mere human powers because it was wrought by an extension of natural law, differing only in degree from that which we can ourselves test and even do.

Although our modern manifestations have never attained the power mentioned in the Biblical records they present some features which are not related in the New Testament. Clairaudience, that is the hearing of a spirit voice, is common to both, but the direct voice, that is the hearing of a voice which all can discern with their material ears is a well-authenticated phenomenon now which is rarely mentioned of old. So too spirit-photography, where the camera records what the human eye cannot see, is necessarily a new estimony. Nothing is evidence to those who do not examine evidence, but I can attest most solemnly that I personally know of several cases where the image upon the plate after death has not only been unmistakable, but also has differed entirely from any preëxisting photograph.

AS to the method by which the Early Christians communicated with the spirits, or with the "saints" as they called their dead brethren, we have, so far as I know, no record, though the words of John, "Brothers, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God," show very clearly that spirit communion was a familiar idea, and also that they were plagued, as we are, by the intrusion of unwelcome spiritual elements in their intercourse. Some have conjectured that the "angel of the church," who is alluded to in terms which suggest that he was a human being, was really a medium sanctified to the use of that particular congregation. As we have early indications of bishops, deacons and other officials it is difficult to say what else the "angel" could have been. This, however, must remain a pure speculation.

Another speculation which is perhaps rather more fruitful is, upon what principle did Christ select His twelve chief followers? Out of all the multitudes He chose twelve men. Why these particular ones? It was not for their intelligence or learning, for Peter and John, who were among the most prominent, are expressly described as "unlearned and ignorant men." It was not for their virtue, for one of them proved to be a great villain. It was not for their belief, for there were great numbers of believers. And yet it is clear that they were chosen on some principle of selection since they were called in ones and in twos. In at least two cases they were pairs of brothers, as though some family gift or peculiarity might underlie the choice.

Is it not at least possible that this gift was psychic power, and that Christ as the greatest exponent who has ever appeared upon earth of that power desired to surround Himself with others who possessed it in a lesser degree? This He would do for two reasons. The first is that a psychic circle is a great source of strength to one who is himself psychic, as is shown continually in our own experience, where with a sympathetic and helpful surrounding an atmosphere is created where all the powers are drawn out. How sensitive Christ was to such an atmosphere is shown by the remark of the Evangelist that when He visited His own native town where the townspeople could not take Him seriously He was unable to do any wonders. The second reason may have been that He desired them to act as His deputies



either during His lifetime or after His death, and that for this reason some natural psychic powers were necessary.

THE close connection which appears to exist between the Apostles and the miracles has been worked out in an interesting fashion by Dr. Abraham Wallace in his little pamphlet "Jesus of Nazareth."* Certainly no miracle or wonder working, save that of exorcism, is recorded in any of the Evangelists until after the time when Christ began to assemble His circle. Of this circle the three who would appear to have been most psychic were Peter and the two fellow fishermen, sons of Zebedee, John and James. These were the three who were summoned when an ideal atmosphere was needed. It will be remembered that when the daughter of Jairus was raised from the dead it was in the presence, and possibly with the coöperation, of these three assistants. Again, in the case of the Transfiguration, it is impossible to read the account of that wonderful manifestation without being reminded at every turn of one's own spiritual experiences. Here again the points are admirably made in "Jesus of Nazareth" and it would be well if that little book with its scholarly tone, its breadth of treatment and its psychic knowledge was in the hands of every Biblical student. Dr. Wallace points out that the place, the summit of a hill, was the ideal one for such a manifestation in its pure air and freedom from interruption, that the drowsy state of the apostles is paralleled by the members of any circle who are contributing psychic power; that the transfiguring of the face and the shining raiment are known phenomena; above all, that the erection of three altars is meaningless, but that the alternate reading, the erection of three booths or cabinets, one for the medium and one for each materialized form, would absolutely fulfil the most perfect conditions for getting results. This explanation of Wallace's is a remarkable example of a modern brain with modern knowledge throwing a clear searchlight across all the centuries and illuminating an incident which has always been obscure.

THERE are many other small points which seem to bring the story of Christ and of the Apostles into touch with modern psychic research, and to that extent greatly support the close accuracy of some of the New Testament narrative. One which appeals to me greatly is the action of Christ when He was asked a question which called for a sudden decision, namely, the fate of the woman who had been taken in sin. What did He do? The very last thing that one would have expected or invented. He stooped down before answering and wrote with His finger in the sand. This He did a second time upon a second catch-question being addressed to Him. Can any theologian give a reason for such an action? I hazard the opinion that among the many forms of mediumship which were possessed in the highest form by Christ was the power of automatic writing, by which He summoned those great forces which were under His control to supply Him with the answer. Granting, as I freely do, that Christ was preternatural, in the sense that He was above and beyond ordinary humanity in His attributes, one may still inquire how far these powers were contained always within His human body, or how far He referred back to spiritual reserves beyond it. When He spoke merely from His human body He was certainly open to error, like the rest of us, for it is recorded how He questioned the woman of Samaria about her husband, to which she replied that she had no husband. In the case of the woman taken in sin one can only explain His action by the supposition that He opened a channel instantly for the knowledge and wisdom which was preterhuman and which at once gave a decision in favor of large-minded charity.

IT is interesting to observe the effect which these phenomena, or the report of them, produced upon the orthodox Jews of those days. The greater part obviously discredited them, otherwise they could not have failed to become followers, or at the least to have regarded such a Wonder-worker with respect and admiration. One can well imagine how they shook their bearded heads, declaring that such occurrences were outside their own experience, and possibly pointed to the local conjuror who earned a few not over-clean denarii by imitating the phenomena. There were others, however, who could not possibly deny, because they either saw or met with witnesses who had seen. These declared roundly that the whole thing was of the devil, drawing from Christ one of those pithy common-sense arguments in which He excelled. The same two classes of opponents, the scoffers and the diabolists, face us to-day. Verily the old world goes round and so do the events upon its surface.

THERE is one line of thought which may be indicated in the hope that it will find development from the minds and pens of those who have studied most deeply the possibilities of psychic power. It is at least possible, though I admit that under modern conditions it has not been clearly proved that a medium of great power can charge another with his own force, just as a magnet when rubbed upon a piece of inert steel can turn it also into a magnet. One of the best attested powers of D. D. Home was that he could take burning coals from the fire with impunity and carry them in his hand. He could then—and this comes nearer to the point at issue—place them on the head of anyone who was fearless without their being burned. Spectators have described how the silver filigree of the hair of Mr. Carter Hall used to be gathered over the glowing embers and Mrs. Hall has mentioned how she combed out the ashes next day. Now in this case Home was clearly able to convey a power to another person, just as Christ when He was levitated over the lake was able to convey the same power to Peter, so long as Peter's faith held firm. The question then arises, if Home concentrated all his force upon transferring such a power how long would that power last? The experiment was never tried, but it would have borne very directly upon the argument. For granting that the power can be transferred, then it is very clear how the Christ circle was able to send forth seventy disciples who were endowed with miraculous functions. It is clear also why new disciples had to return to Jerusalem to be "baptized of the spirit," to use their phrase, before setting forth upon their wanderings. And when in turn they desired to send forth representatives would not they lay hands upon them, make passes over them, and endeavor to magnetize them in the same way—if that word may express the process? Have we here the meaning of the laying on of hands by the bishop at ordination, a ceremony to which vast importance is still attached, but which may well be the survival of something really vital, the bestowal of the thaumaturgic power? When at last, through lapse of time or neglect of fresh cultivation, the power went out the empty formula may have been carried on, without either the blesser or the blessed understanding what it was that the hands of the bishop, and the force which streamed from them, was meant to bestow. The very words "laying on of hands" would seem to suggest something different from a mere benediction.

* * * * *

AND yet every Church produces beautiful souls, though it may be debated whether "produces" or "contains" is the truthful

*Published at sixpence by the "Light Publishing Company," 6 Queen's Square, London, W. C.

l. We have but to fall back upon our personal experience if we have lived long mixed much with our fellow-men. I e myself lived during the seven most im-sionable years of my life among Jesuits, most maligned of all ecclesiastic orders, I have found them honorable and good , in all ways estimable outside the nar-ness which limits the world to Mother rch. They were athletes, scholars, and lemen, nor can I ever remember any nples of that casuistry with which they reproached. Among the great mass the people too there are very many sands of beautiful souls who have brought up on the old-fashioned s and who never heard of Spiritual munion or any other of those matters h have been discussed in these essays yet have reached a condition of spirituality such as all of us may envy. does not know the maiden aunt, the wed mother, the mellowed elderly man, live upon the hilltops of unselfishness, lding kindly thoughts and deeds around n, but with their simple faith deeply ed in anything or everything which has e to them in a hereditary fashion with the tion of some particular authority? I an aunt who was such an one, and can ner now, worn with austerity and charity, all, humble figure, creeping to church at ours from a house which was to her but a ing-room between services. Such people e often reached by instinct, and in spite logma, heights to which no system of osophy alone can ever raise us.

T making full allowance for the high products of every creed, which may be a proof of the innate goodness of civil-humanity, it is still beyond all doubt Christianity has broken down, and that breakdown has been brought home to ryone by the terrible catastrophe which befallen the world. Can the most mistic apologist contend that this is a sfactory outcome from a religion which had the unopposed run of Europe for so y centuries? Which has come out of it st, the Lutheran Prussian, the Catholic arian, or the people who have been ured by the Greek Church? If we of the st have done better is it not rather an r and higher civilization and freer polit-institutions that have held us back from the cruelties, excesses and immoralities ch have taken the world back to the Dark s? It will not do to say that they have rred in spite of Christianity and that Christianity is therefore not to blame. It is true that Christ's teaching is not to blame, for it has seldom been taught or followed. But Christianity has taken over control of the morals of Europe, and should have the compelling force which would ensure that those morals would not go to pieces upon the first strain. It is on this point that Christianity must be judged, and the judgment can only be that it has failed. It has not been an active, controlling force upon the minds of men. And why? It can only be because there is something essential which is wanting. Men do not take it seriously. Men do not believe in it. Lip service is the only service in innumerable cases, and even lip service grows fainter. Men, as distinct from women, have both in the higher and lower classes of life ceased in the greater number of cases to show a living interest in religion. The Churches lose their grip upon the people—and lose it rapidly. Small inner circles, convocations, committees, assemblies, meet and debate and pass resolutions of an ever-narrower character. But the people go their way and religion is dead, save in so far as intellectual culture and good taste can take its place. But when religion is dead, materialism becomes active, and what active materialism may produce has been seen in Germany.

IS it not time, then, for the religious bodies to discourage their own bigots and sectarians, and to seriously consider, if only for self-preservation, how they can get into line once more with that general level of human thought which is now far in front of them? I say that they can do more than get level—they can lead. But to do so they must, on the one hand, have the firm courage to cut away from their own bodies all that dead tissue which is but a disfigurement and an encumbrance. They must face difficulties of reason, and adapt themselves to the demands of the human intelligence which rejects and is right in rejecting much which they offer. Finally, they must gather fresh strength by drawing in all the new truth and all the new power which are afforded by this new wave of inspiration which has been sent into the world by God, and which the human race, deluded and bemused by the would-be clever, has received with such perverse and obstinate incredulity. When they have done all this they will find not only that they are leading the world with an obvious right to the leadership, but in addition that they have come round once more to the very teaching of that Master whom they have so long misrepresented.

Blind and Drowsy Crocodile

(*Concluded from page 24*)

hey are too ready to see the laws where e is only an agglomeration of coinci-ces as transient as clouds. It is of course essary that the reds and blacks, emerging cessively from nowhere, should find a e somewhere and form certain groups; if it is rather surprising that at the end he month their numbers are nearly equal, would be no less surprising if one of the rs were to prevail largely over the other. s perfectly true that, at first sight, the s and blacks seem to balance on the *per-ience* sheets; but it is also true that, when examine more closely, a series of five or reds, for instance, interrupted by one or blacks, not infrequently begins a fresh ; and ill-luck may well have it that, at moment, the player, in his search for ilibrium, will start punting on the black in a few *coups* behold the disappearance all the winnings slowly and laboriously sted from Chance, which is niggardly en one is winning and extremely generous o the bank—when one is losing. For that tter, he will suffer the same disappoint-nt if he bets on the variation, and will too en discover that these laws, when he puts trust in them, are writ in water, whereas y seem to be graven in bronze so soon as y betray him.

order to profit by these laws, which are perhaps fallacious and in any case un-stworthy, and to secure himself against ir treachery, he has contrived a host of enious systems which sometimes enable to win but most often retard his ruin. Whatever system he adopts, the gambler lways tossing against the bank. He has a nce and the bank has a chance; but zero es the bank odds against him; and, though o is apparently a very mild tax, since at *rouge et noir* in thirty-six chances the bank has only half a chance more than the player, it is bound to be ruinous in the end. To escape the abruptness of a decision which, if he placed all that he possessed on the red or the black, would end the game at a single stroke, the player divides his stake, so as to be able to defy a large number of chances, hoping that, thanks to a skilfully graduated progression, he will end by lighting on a favorable series in which the gains will exceed the losses. This is the underlying principle of all the systems, which are never anything but more or less ingenious, prudent and complicated martingales.

I have no intention of reviewing all these systems, which are innumerable and of unequal value: the *paroli* pure and simple, that artless, violent double stake which leads straight to disaster; the D'Alembert and all its variants.

Whether mystic or transparent, all these methods present more or less the same dangers, being all founded on the quicksands of equilibrium and temporary disturbance. If they are very cautious, the loss is trifling, but the gain is still smaller; if they are bold, the gain is great, but the loss is two or three times greater. The best of them, in order to continue the defense of a moderate stake and of what has already been sacrificed, involve the risking on the cloth, at a given moment, of all the previous winnings, which are soon followed by the sums held in reserve. This is the inevitable revenge of the bank, at which you thought that you were nibbling with impunity, but which suddenly opens wide its jaws, like a blind and drowsy crocodile, and swallows profits and capital at a single gulp.

Is there a defensible means of cheating Chance? Maeterlinck continues on this fascinating subject—in an early issue of Hearst's.

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Before the Eyes of Europe

(*Concluded from page 28*)

gotten and a girl now considers herself in a position of inferiority if she has not an American sweetheart like her friends.

They come in battalions, spend a week here, and then return to their former quarters, leaving their places to those who follow.

In this rotation the two million soldiers of the American Expeditionary Force are coming to visit the Côte d'Azur. The commander, General Pershing, had his seven days of leave like an ordinary soldier, living with democratic simplicity in the house of a friend at Monte Carlo, and going about the streets without an escort, like any other officer.

Among this military crowd which fills the Côte d'Azur there are certain soldiers, smiling, friendly, good-natured, who, instead of a trench cap, wear hats with dented crowns, and at their belts carry huge revolvers, half-way out of the holsters, like the heroes of the Plains in the movies. One sees them everywhere.

They go about in pairs, fraternizing with the gendarmes of the country. It is highly amusing to see strangers in the Côte d'Azur asking information and addresses of these American policemen, who at times even guide them about the city.

I HAVE yet to see a street of houses belonging to a man who made his money gambling. Perhaps some day I may; but it will belong to the owner of a gambling-house, to one who has broken the bank.

Those were happy times for the Casino of Monte Carlo, those days before the war! . . . Never a year went by without a profit of at least forty millions. To-day its income does not exceed five or six millions, and to support the entire principality it has to borrow money, like any bankrupt, ruined estate.

THIS police force is there for prevention rather than for any real need. During these months there has not been the slightest trouble with the American soldiers. These youngsters amuse themselves in a sane, healthy fashion, piling into huge touring-cars to visit the cities of the coast. They ride about in little automobiles which they brought from the United States. They travel in street-cars specially reserved for them. They ride motorcycles, sail on the Mediterranean in motor-boats and yachts, and walk about the gardens with pretty girls on their arms.

Those who are in Nice or Mentone display a great anxiety to see Monte Carlo and its famous Casino. The thousands and thousands that have passed before its showy vulgar façade!

Unfortunately for them there is one rigorous restriction. No foreign soldier of land or sea (and in the principality of Monaco all are foreigners, for the natives of the place number about four hundred, and are employees of the Casino), no man in uniform can enter the gambling halls.

The American officers and nurses are permitted to enter the luxurious portico of the Casino where the public strolls, and there, forming groups about the doors, they keep watch with the curiosity of students, and every time the inner doors open they try to catch a glimpse of the rows of glittering salons reflected in the mirrors, with the crowds of players, among whom there are always more women than men, about the tables.

The soldiers are permitted inside in the morning, before ten o'clock, the hour at which play begins, and guided by an employee they pass through the empty halls with the same expression they would wear on visiting a famous church or a museum.

* * * * *

THE war has given us here a chance to become well acquainted with the Americans. Up to last year, the only American known was the wealthy traveler, the American of Paris, elegant, athletic, his clothes looking as though he put on a brand-new suit every day, shaved to the skin, with spotless collar and cuffs, as fresh and shining as though he had just had a coat of varnish.

Many women had imagined that the whole American army was recruited from Fifth Avenue, and that all the soldiers were young gentlemen of irreproachable elegance. Some officers and soldiers do represent this type, but the rest are men just like any other men with the same peculiarities and imperfections. It quite astonished some of these women to see that there were fat Americans (why shouldn't there be?) and short Americans, as though the great Republic produced only giants.

I admire the American army just as it is, with the great variety of types that go to make it up. It is the youngest, healthiest, sturdiest element of the gigantic nation, which abandoned its work for a moment to fight for the liberty of the world. Under the uniform I can distinguish the workman of those American cities which are as large as some of our nations; the farmer who cultivates his land by machinery; the cowboy of the Western Plains; all those who made up and who make up the greatness of this foremost nation of the world. They have the air of jolly comrades, and make themselves understood by signs; all display the courtesy and the frankness of wellbred children.

Most of them are cleanly and neatly dressed; some, after the months at the front, have grown careless about their clothes, but they have a resolute, heroic expression like the French *poilus*. This is the America that passes before the eyes of Europe; the true America, as we admirers of the great Republic had imagined her, this first of all the republics of the earth.

I STAND on the terraces of Monte Carlo overlooking the sea. It is at midday. In a pavilion an American regimental band is playing. Hundreds of khaki-clad soldiers are strolling about the gardens listening to the music of their distant land.

Near me is a group of elegantly gowned women, French, Spanish, Italian, and South American, watching the soldiers go by, and trying to identify the various types that bespeak diverse origins. The majority of the boys are tall and fair, more sturdy and cheerful than the British, but bearing a family resemblance to them. At the same time there pass, also wearing the American uniform, dark young men, smaller in stature, who look like Spaniards or Italians; and even (why shouldn't I say it?) light-haired chaps whose heads and profiles are strikingly German.

"What a variety," remark the ladies. "One can easily see that their country has been chiefly formed by immigration."

"Quite right," I answer. "But look carefully and you'll see that every single one of them, fair or dark, aquiline or snub-nosed, looks American."

And that's a fact. In spite of the original ethnic differences they have something in common, these men whose grandfathers or whose fathers came from the most distant corners of the earth.

THE most admirable thing about the United States (and there are many things in it worthy of admiration) is its amazing power of assimilation, the peculiar way it stamps itself on every personality of whatever ancestry reared on its soil.

In spite of long centuries of existence, the antagonism between races is still a knotty problem in many nations of Europe. The Frenchman of the North does not get on with the Frenchman of the South; there are four or five different Spains; the northern Italian looks down on the southern; the Scotch and Irish grow indignant if one speaks of them as English, and so it goes, among all the nations of Europe.

In the United States, whose life extends over barely a century, an American is an American, and though his features may show the origin of his parents, there is something unmistakable about his face that makes everybody recognize it as "the face of an American."

As I was thinking this I looked out over the sea, that immense mysterious waste that bears in its bosom the forces of the beginning of creation. The rain was coming down in torrents with the noise of a cataract, but the moment it touched the surface of the water it was blotted out and disappeared. The water of the clouds instantaneously assumed the taste and the color of the sea. The rivers empty into it, and though they try for a few miles to preserve their color and the sweetness of their waters they finally lose themselves in the salty blue.

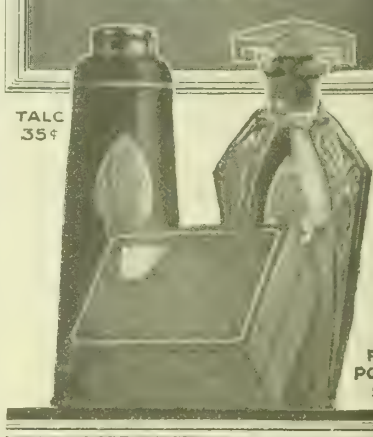
And with a fresh burst of enthusiasm, I said to the ladies:

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The Box with Broken Seals

(*Concluded from page 61*)

ouse, from amid the ruins of a score of rriages.

RICHARD BEVERLEY, after his first embrace, held his sister's hands for a oment and looked into her face.

"Why, Katharine," he exclaimed, "London's not agreeing with you! You look le."

"There is nothing whatever the matter th me," she assured him, "except that I nt some work. In a few days' time now I all have it. I have eighty nu es on the y from the hospital, with doctors and essers and a complete St. Agnes's outfit. ey sailed yesterday, and I shall go across Havre to meet them."

"Good for you!" Richard exclaimed. ay, Katharine, what about lunch?"

They went arm in arm downstairs and nched cheerfully. Toward the end of the al he asked the question which had been his lips more than once.

"Heard anything of Jocelyn Thew?"

"Not a word."

Richard sighed thoughtfully.

"What a waste!" he exclaimed. "A man e that ought to be doing great things. atharine, you ought to have seen their es when they searched me and found I s only carrying out a packet of old lovers, and it dawned upon them that he'd t away with the goods! I wonder if they er caught him."

"Shouldn't we have heard of it?" she ked.

"Not necessarily. If he'd been caught der certain circumstances, he might have en shot on sight and we should never have ard a word. Do you see who's sitting er there in a corner?"

Katharine looked across the room and ook her head.

"That's Crawshay, the fellow whom celyn Thew spoofed. He was married t week to the girl with him. Norah arey her name was. She came from New rk."

"They seem very happy," Katharine served, watching them as they left the om.

"At one time," he continued, "I used to ink that she was mad about Jocelyn Thew. t that that made any difference so far as was concerned. He never seemed to find ne or place in his life for women." . . .

They finished their luncheon and made eir way upstairs once more to Katharine's ting-room. Richard stretched himself in easy-chair and lit a cigar with an air of ge content.

There was a knock at the door a few oments later. The waiter entered, bearing card upon a tray, which he handed to atharine. She read it with a perplexed wn.

'Sir Dennis Cathley. . . . But I never ard of any one of that name," she declared ncing up. "Are you sure that he wants see me?"

'Perhaps I had better explain," a quiet ice interposed from outside. "May I me in?"

Katharine gave a little cry and Richard ang to his feet. Sir Dennis pushed past waiter. For a moment Katharine had ayed upon her feet.

'I am so sorry," he said earnestly. lease forgive me, Miss Beverley, and do down. It was an absurd thing to force way upon you like this. Only, you see," went on, as he helped her to a chair, "the cumstances which required my use of a rtially assumed name have changed. I ght to have written you and explained. turally you thought I was dead, or at the ner end of the world."

'It was perfectly ridiculous of me," she rmured. "Your coming in like that was ite a shock. I am absolutely all right now. please sit down and explain," she begged, tioning him to a chair.

The waiter had disappeared. Sir Dennis ook hands with Richard, who wheeled an y-chair forward for him. He sat down tween them and commenced his explanan.

"You see," he went on, "as a criminal I really rather a fraud. When I tell you it I am an Irishman—perhaps you may ve guessed it from my name—and a rabid e, a Sinn Feiner, and that for ten years I 've lived with a sentence probably of death hanging over me, you will perhaps understand my hatred of England and my somewhat morbid demeanor generally."

Katharine was speechless. Richard Beverley indulged in a long whistle.

"So that's the explanation!" he exclaimed. "That was why you got mixed up with that German crew, eh?"

"That," Sir Dennis admitted, "was the reason for my attempted enterprise."

"Attempted?" Richard protested. "But you brought it off, didn't you?"

"The end of the affair was really curious," Sir Dennis explained. "I suppose, in a way, I did bring it off. I caught the mail train from Euston that night, got away with the papers and took them where I always meant to—to my old home on the west coast of Ireland. There, while I was waiting to keep an appointment with a German U-boat, I found out what happens to a man who has sworn an oath that he will never again look inside an English newspaper and been obstinate enough to keep his word.

"I found that my home was the rendezvous of a lot of my old associates, only instead of meeting underneath trapdoors at the risk of their lives, they were meeting quite openly and without fear of molestation. From them I heard that the Government had granted me, together with some others, a free pardon many months ago. I heard, too, of the coming Convention and of the altered spirit in English politics. I heard of these things just in time, for the U-boat was waiting outside in the bay."

"You didn't part with the stuff?" Richard exclaimed eagerly.

Sir Dennis shook his head.

"I burnt the papers upon my own hearth," he told them. "Crawshay ran me to ground there, but his coming wasn't necessary. A great deal besides the ashes of those documents went up in smoke that night."

Richard Beverley had risen to his feet and was pacing up and down the room. He found some vent for his feelings by wringing his friend's hand.

"If this doesn't beat the band!" he exclaimed. "My head isn't strong enough to take it all in. So Crawshay found you out?"

"He arrived," Sir Dennis replied, "to find the papers burning upon the hearth. As a matter of fact, he took the ashes with him."

"He didn't arrest you, then, after all? There was no charge made?"

"None whatever. He was perfectly satisfied. He stayed until the next morning and we parted friends. A few days ago I had his wedding cards. You know whom he married?"

"Saw them together downstairs," Richard declared. "I'm off in a moment to see if I can get hold of Crawshay and shake his hand. . . . So you're Sir Dennis Cathley, eh, and you've chucked that other game altogether."

"Naturally," the other replied—"Sir Dennis Jocelyn Cathley. As a matter of fact, I am up in town to arrange for some one else to take my place at the Convention. I am not much use as a maker of laws. They've promised me a commission in the Irish Guards."

Richard gripped his friend's hand once again and turned toward the door.

"It's great!" he declared. "I must try and catch Crawshay before he goes."

He hurried out. The door was closed. Sir Dennis turned at once toward Katharine. He rose to his feet and leaned over her chair. His voice was not quite so steady.

"So much that I had thought lost forever," he said, "has come back to me. So much that I had never thought to realize in this world seems to be coming true. Is it too late for me to ask for the one greatest thing of all of the only person who could count—who ever has counted? You know so well, Katharine, that even as a soured and disappointed man I loved you, and now it is just you, and you only, who could give me—what I want in life."

She laid her fingers upon his shoulders. Her eyes shone as he drew her into his arms.

"I ought to keep you waiting such a long time," she murmured, "because I had to ask you first—for your friendship, and you weren't very kind to me. But I can't."

And now you'll want to turn to page 19 and read Gouverneur Morris's new serial, "Better Days."



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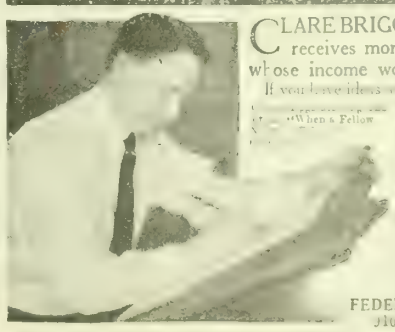


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Clock with Golden Hands

Continued from page 54

Cranahan. "Listen to sense. This crook among us has always made good everything he's said he'd do. I'll say this much for you, whoever you are—" He glanced from face to face—"you have nerve if you haven't even common decency. YOU'LL make good if you can. Well, *try it*." He squared his heavy shoulders, and his eyes, usually humorously kindly, held a gleam in them now.

He spoke to Sewall. "We won't call in the cops," he said, flatly. "What's the use? They'd want to know why. We'd have to explain that the bomb-thrower is one of us, that's the thing I can't understand, him bein' a bomb-thrower. Sure, I never thought the Arm-chair would breed a dirty, cowardly polecat that'd kill the innocent."

But if he expected his sneer to bring response from the guilty man, he had no such luck. The Arm-chair criminal was not the sort to lose his self-control so easily. Into Cranahan's manner came a trifle of swagger.

"Shall we let him frighten us to death, men?" he asked. "We were playing some cards, weren't we?"

"Shouldn't we—keep guard?' asked Herriman.

'Afraid I'll make my redouble, eh?" jeered Sewall. "Why don't you welsh and be done with it?"

Herriman returned a glare for the sneer. "Make it a thousand you scream first, Sewall, ' he challenged.

"Make it five," snapped Sewall.

"It's a bet," cried Herriman. "Sit down and play bridge—if you're not afraid."

IN the old days there had never been any quarrelsome argument in the sacred precincts of the Arm-chair. The club was for rest, for comfort, as its furnishings, its name even, signified. It was a rule, strictly enforced, that disagreements that progressed beyond the bounds of friendly arguments were not permitted. Offenders were liable to suspension.

But those old days had gone seven months ago. Now men welcomed a quarrel, whether as participant or spectator, because it afforded relief from strain. Grins ran around the room as Herriman and Sewall seated themselves.

But when one plays bridge for five cents a point, one follows the game, no matter how wealthy one may be, so it was that in a moment silence came to the room. It was broken when Sewall, having made his redouble, jeered loudly at Herriman. Then the room was quiet again.

It was a remarkable proof of the stuff which had gone into the make-up of these men, this quiet of theirs. Almost any other group of twelve men would have been nervously talkative all the time, instead of occasionally; would have been trembling continually, instead of once in a while.

But even Nebidan, Glendenning, and Cranahan, guardians of the threatened clock, merely saw to it that their chairs—they were in the same rubber, Dick Bernard making the fourth—were close to the threatened possession. Beyond that, they took no further precaution.

But, after all, what further precaution could they take, short of calling in policemen from outside? And that they would not do.

It was at the end of the third rubber at his table that Cranahan looked at his watch.

"Eleven-twenty-two," he announced. "Thirty-eight minutes left for the polecat to announce himself. This," and he roared his confidence, "is one time the pup loses."

And then he hurled his chair from him as he raced to the window. He was first there, despite his age and weight, but the rest were close behind, wedging him into the embrasure that held the window. For, outside, had come a sudden roar.

"My God, Cranahan," shrilled Herriman. "You said that letter about the bomb—you wrote it yourself, but——"

"Pretty close to a scream, Herriman," said Sewall.

But Herriman waited for answer from Cranahan.

"I did," cried Cranahan. "But—he must have read my thought, have—it *was* a bomb. Look."

They were all looking without word from him. From four corners policemen had come running. They were grouped about a smoking something on the sidewalk, directly in front of the club. A bomb! To what depths of infamy had descended their fellow-member that he would attempt destruction of property, human lives. . . . Why?

The same question occurred, apparently, to all of them at once. The window to which they had run was in the front room. Cranahan, by sheer force of muscle, was first back in the dining-room, and his sudden stop blocked the entrance of the others into the despoiled room.

Despoiled was the word! For the most precious possession of the Arm-chair Club was gone! From its place on the mantel the East Indian clock had vanished!

BULL-LIKE was the bellow that came from Cranahan's throat. "The clock!" he roared. The chandeliers shook with the vehemence of his rage.

For a moment no one else spoke. Bernard was first to recover his wits.

"Only one stairway," he cried. "Couldn't have gone down. Police there anyway. Upstairs——"

"The roof," cried Doane. He and Fitzpatrick, inseparable socially as well as in business, rushed for the door that led, a short half-story, to the roof.

They were not big men, but they got in each other's way. Behind them the other ten men piled up. The door opened outward. It was two minutes before Cranahan could clear the door and himself lead the way up the dozen stairs.

It was a moonless night; starless also. Moreover, there had been rain during the day and the threat of it still endured in the shape and substance of fog. Cranahan, pushing open the slanting window, emerged upon the roof to stare blindly around.

The Arm-chair Club had its own garden in the rear, a reminder of the olden days when Manhattan was a huge and fertile farm Also, space was between its side and the buildings adjoining. To the rear ran Cranahan, his steps sounding strangely hollow on the flat roof. Then, Dick Bernard beside him, he went completely around the edge of the roof. And there was—of course, as Dick put it bitterly—no trace of the marauder who had stolen the club clock.

Together, in the middle of the roof, and in the center of the group of excited members, they stood. There was hardly any talk. Blankness was the feeling of all—except, possibly, that the thief was among them.

FOR the clock *couldn't* have been taken downstairs. The thief would have had to carry it through the front room. Of course, alarmed by the bomb—which now they knew to have been a decoy to lure them from the dining-room—they had all been staring out the window. But still it was absurd to suppose that anyone could have carried the clock through the room without having been noticed. Moreover, the police were on guard outside.

No, the thief had taken it to the roof. But from there—where? He could not have dropped the clock to the ground. He'd have gone there himself if that had been the case, and as the walls were sheer and smooth that meant death. The thief was not the sort to commit suicide. And certainly neither thief nor clock was on the roof.

But if not to the ground, then where? Dick's eyes lifted. Against the wall of the building next door, the building that housed, he knew, firms engaged in various phases of the marketing of silks, something hung.

He looked higher. There against the wall, a few yards below the level of the fourth floor windows, was outlined the figure of a man. Something bulky swung from him. Dick now knew what that swaying thing was that had first caught his eye—a rope ladder.

His voice lifted in triumph. "There he——"

Someone tripped him violently, hurling him to the ground. He could not tell who it was. It might have been burly Cranahan, and it might have been little Sewall. Caught off-guard, off balance, it had been easy to throw him.

But it didn't matter. Catch the criminal and the man who employed him, that wicked member of the Arm-chair, would be likewise caught. For accomplices, hirelings of

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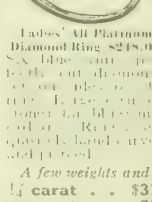
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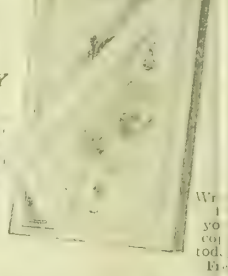
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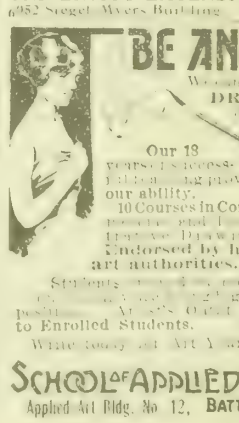
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inality, will confess to save themselves. gained his feet. By now the others what had caused his outcry, though, tless, only one among them knew had caused his tumble. But they all now. Their cries almost shattered the through which, and the darkness, was dimly visible the escaping thief.

to his side-pocket Dick's hand crept. automatic pistol was there. He had carrying it for months. It slid easily his palm. But—that "man" who was boriously and daringly climbing the rope er, might be a woman. Nancy Darrell, elusive Nancy who had committed so y of the crimes against the Arm-chair, d not balk at this one. Her daring knew mitations. And he could not fire at her.

it had been a man.. It *was* a man. rom the window just above the climbing a flashlight suddenly gleamed. It d for a moment upon the face of the . He could see that face clearly, knew it was not the face of Nancy Darrell. she had deceived him in the past, posed sailor, an aviator, a fireworks mechanic. on those occasions her man's apparel her cropped hair had deceived him be- e he had not been looking for her. But he was searching for her lineaments.

id, swinging from the rope ladder, one d holding the club clock, was a *man*. ugh he might be thirty feet above and feet out, though it was foggy and dark, lashlight that had played so clearly upon had shown him to be a man. Bernard d never forget the face again.

is hand swung up. To kill to protect erty. . . . It was almost murderous. only "almost." This man had undoubt- been concerned in the previous crimes. ad been driving into mental breakdown, st, men who had done him no injury, were, ten of them, men whom Ber- respected and liked. His *friends!* their peace of mind, their security, ing as against the life which this criminal had forfeited by his depravity?

His finger tightened on the trigger. Then he hesitated. Life was sacred . . .

Then decision was taken from him. For a clenched fist crashed against Dick's fore-arm and his pistol dropped to the roof, bouncing and sliding to the edge, falling to the ground beneath. He turned. The other eleven men were close about him. It might have been Fitzpatrick, it might have been Doane. It might have been any other of the members who had knocked that weapon from his grip. How could he tell in the gloom?

And then, even as they cried their wrath to the foggy skies, the thief disappeared through the window. With him went the club clock.

THERE was a rush downstairs, to the police outside. But—Dick had known it at once—the thief had escaped. For it was ten minutes before an extremely drowsy watchman—he confessed that Mr. Carter, the newest tenant of the building had offered him a drink from a pocket flask a little while ago; the drink had doubtless been drugged—answered the hammerings of the police upon the door.

And in those ten minutes the thieves had escaped with the clock.

Nor did the morrow, or later to-morrows help much. "Mr. Carter," who had paid a year's rent in advance, had been well content to exchange forty-five hundred dollars for an opportunity to steal the club clock. His references were investigated, but of course that investigation brought out only what was evident in the beginning—the references were fraudulent. No trace of him could be found.

BUT, of all the members of the club, Dick Bernard was the least downcast. For Nancy Darrell had not, apparently, been concerned in this latest crime. Could she have—reformed? He wondered.

Have they caught the thief? "The Ink Spot on the Wall" may save the Bannerman rubies in Hearst's in December.

This Light Must Live

Continued from page 37)

and timorous pride. When a knock ded on his door he rose to answer it ractedly.

D' yuh use models, at all—models such ge?" a husky and none-too-hopeful voice inquiring of him out of the gloom.

orrow found himself staring at a great of a man, with rain dripping from his ed coat-edges. There was something niscent about that titanic and mel- oly figure, a mist of memory shot ugh with pain. Then Storrow under- d.

was Michael Mullaly, the one-time en- er of the Alwyn Arms, the drunkard who beaten his wife at the bottom of a fire- p[illegible] opened the door of an adventure ng to dark and unlooked-for conse- ces.

Come in," said Storrow, stepping back as sodden figure lumbered past him. And was neither gladdened nor saddened to old that once-defiant Hercules so sorry suppliant a figure. Calamity and the that cheers had plainly marked him as own. Silently the two men confronted other in the clearer light of the studio. ly recognition crept into the blinking ic eyes.

Why, yuh're the lad"—began Mullaly. n discretion brought him up short, with ncomfortable hitch of the giant hips.

Yes, I'm the man," said Storrow, under- dingly, with a glance down at the other's and leaking shoes.

he dilapidated Goliath studied his old- enemy. He stood a little bewildered he discovery that no enmity lurked in the er's glance.

That was a grand fight," he finally red, with guile. "A grand fight!"

Did it strike you that way?" asked row, his thoughts a mile away.

Yuh had me beat, me lad, yuh had me !" He shook his bull head heavily. t yuh'll niver find wimmen-folk fightin'

Yuh will not!" he protested, by way of nuation, as he looked about for a chair, into it unbidden, and placed his wet hat he floor beside him.

torrow remained silent. It had been a ish fight, he remembered, a tragically ish fight. He noticed Mullaly's wander- eye come to a stop at the decanter on the buhl table. That decanter, during the ensuing silence, seemed to loom larger and larger in his visitor's consciousness, until it alone remained, mountainously remindful, with the light striking amber and gold and provocatively mellow through its core.

So Storrow, still without speaking, carried the rye and a glass and a plate of biscuits to the side of the wet and bedraggled Hercules. And Mullaly, no longer blinking, filled the glass and took it neat. The blue lip smacked appreciatively. Then the faded blue eye gazed dolorously down at the emptied glass. So lugubrious was that contemplation of patent emptiness, in fact, that Storrow nodded. The man was wet and chilled, and in need of warmth. And without further ceremony Mullaly repeated the operation of promptly filling and just as promptly emptying the glass again.

"And that gerrl?" asked Mullaly, after another silence, as he crossed his ponderous moist legs. "Had yuh iver seen her b'fore that day?"

Storrow acknowledged that he had not.

"And I've been thinkin' yuh hadn't this many a time," retorted Mullaly.

"Why do you say that?" demanded the other, nettled by the note of vague triumph in his visitor's voice.

"She was a bad lot, that gerrl."

Storrow, with a tightening about his heart which was reflected in the sudden hardening of his voice, refilled his visitor's glass.

"I didn't know that," he observed, with argumentative impersonality, yet in the grip of that torturing vulpine craft which is the handmaiden of suspicion.

"Why, that gerrl," asserted Mullaly, leaning confidentially forward in his chair, "was——"

"Don't use that word," Storrow cut in sharply. He remembered, with a dizzy flash of despair, how he had first heard it, that hot summer afternoon, through the rusty iron rods of a fire-escape. And it seemed a very long time ago.

"'Tis the only worrud, sir," Mullaly solemnly maintained.

"But I don't believe it!" cried Storrow, white to the eyes. "I can't believe it!"

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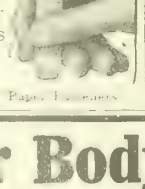
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sodden torturer. "Or that skinny ould Roosian wid a face like a tombstone and a weakness f'r young gerrls, the same ould Roosian that O'Leary wanst put out av the Alwyn Arrums—and Gawd knows, sir, that same Alwyn Arrums was niver the abidin'-place av angels!"

"That's nonsense," protested Storrow in his forlorn and bitter spirit of opposition. "*She* was never put out of the Alwyn Arms, and we're talking about her."

"No, she wasn't," he averred, from under glowering brows. "She wasn't, seein' she had a pull wid O'Leary himself, down in the office. And it was pull enough to have me put out av a job I'd hild steady f'r three years, doin' the best a man could wid——"

"Was that after—after the fight you've just had the kindness to remind me of?" demanded Storrow.

"It was," retorted Mullaly, digressing into a long and lachrymose recountal of the resultant disasters. But that recital of woe and injustice was already falling on deaf ears. Storrow's mind, electrified into a morbid activity, was going over the past step by step and day by day, reviewing incidents which at the time had seemed innocent, reinterpreting them by the light of his dubious new knowledge. But he refused to accept the incredible. He lashed himself with the accusation of stark stupidity in listening to the maunderings of a drunken and vindictive Irish janitor. And as Mullaly, played on by the united warmths from without and within, betrayed unmistakable signs of surrendering to slumber, he was none too gently roused from his alcoholic stupor and helped out through the door, still quaveringly lamenting the ould days when an honest man wasn't thrown out of a job without reason.

STORROW, alone in his studio, sat down and struggled to straighten out a disorganized world. But always between him and what promised to be tranquillity stood that mocking and leering suspicion which proved too intangible to be combated and too persistent to be ignored. As he sat confronted by uncertainties which could prove more torturing than truth itself, his unhappy and wandering eyes rested on his wife's trunk, the steel-bound theatrical trunk which stood so definite and so personal a part of her belongings. He had unquestioningly and unconsciously respected the privacy of that trunk, accepting what it held as something essentially and personally hers, the accrued possessions of the past it was her privilege to cherish and to screen if she so desired. Then he remembered the little chamois bag of jewels, the locked make-up box which held them, and the carefully tied bundle of letters which rested there beside them.

Then he looked away, finding the thought of spying inexpressibly abhorrent. But still again his glance went back to the dark mass of the trunk, sarcophagus-like in its ponderousness, and still again he felt the tug of suspicion, demanding that it be verified or for all time be rejected. Finally he surrendered to an impulse which proved too strong for him, and crossed to the trunk and opened it.

He could vaguely foresee, as he lifted out the first make-up box, in which, he remembered, the key to the lower box was hidden, that what he was about to do involved the danger of bringing him vast misery, of thrusting into his hands some damning truth which might forever strike down what was left of his happiness. Yet the demand for knowledge, he found, was stronger than his dread of it. To know, to be certain: that was the only, the vital, the essential thing.

Then, as his search through the make-up box ended and revealed the key to be missing, a surge of something oddly akin to relief swept through him. Circumstance, less fluid than his own will, was compelling him to draw back from that disheartening prospecting after misery. And he was glad to be through with it. Yet, he contended, as he fell to pacing the room, the mere fact that the key had been taken away from its customary hiding-place implied a reason for its removal.

He went back to the trunk again, searching it from end to end for the missing key. He was assailed, as he did so, by a strange mingling of odors, the faint smell of grease-paint and cosmetics, the vague perfumes from formless silk finery, of orris and patchouli and *Apres Londi*, the heavy mustiness of garments long unused. They brought to him a disturbing sense of their owner's nearness, a silently rebuking ghost of her gazing down over his shoulder. But this did not deter him. He was now determined, in fact, that nothing should deter him.

So fixed was he in this purpose that when he disinterred the second make-up box from under its paint-soiled towel in a lower tray first made sure that it was locked and then carried it across the room to his work-desk. Then he returned to the trunk, replaced the trays, and shut down the lid.

Before proceeding deeper into that campaign of espionage he crossed to the studio door and locked it. His fingers were trembling a little, he noticed, as he took up the japanned tin box, so battered and stained and bruised, and attempted to force up the lid with a knife from his kitchenette. This was impossible, he saw, but it would leave the lock broken, the irrefutable evidence of his violation of confidence. By this time, too, he had become calmer. The guile of the stalker even with his own happiness as the quarry had returned to him.

He wrapped up the box in a sheet of drawing-paper and carried it to a Twenty-third Street basement locksmith, explaining that he had lost the key and would like a duplicate. An uncomfortable sense of guilt crept over him as the locksmith took the box in his hand, inspected it, and then with an equally pointed stare inspected Storrow. It would not be an easy key to cut, the mechanic explained, but it could be done by noon the next day, if the box were left with him. That, Storrow confusedly explained, was out of the question. Then the simplest procedure, the locksmith retorted, pointing to the maker's name on the lid, was to take the box to the Broadway store where it had been bought and have a duplicate fitted.

Storrow, with the feelings of a safe-cracker burdened with over-suspicious loot, proceeded to the Broadway store in question. There the box was promptly fitted with a key which he paid for and pocketed. Then with a quickened pulse he made his way back to the studio. As he crossed Fifth Avenue at Twenty-sixth Street he heard himself accosted from a passing taxicab.

"Hello, Captain Kidd!" cried a voice close beside him. The appositeness of that salute sent a tingle through the body against which a ravaged treasure-chest was so tightly pressed. He glanced up to see Matt Crowder's hectically calcimined face laughing down at him from the door of the slow-moving cab. He recovered himself and called back at her with an assumption of light-heartedness which later impressed him as vapidly ludicrous. He was relieved when he was once more able to lock himself safely in the studio.

There, with a deliberation which was a mild surprise to him, he proceeded to examine the contents of the box. He found the soiled chamois bag with its rings and trinkets. He found a small silver watch without a crystal, a sheaf of newspaper clippings and theatrical programs, and a champagne-cork with a date written on it in lead-pencil. He found a druggist's prescription and the dinner-card of a coast-steamer overscored with unmistakably clever drawings interspersed with humorous and affectionate comments. He found two reservation-slips, with the dates obliterated, for drawing-rooms on the West Shore Railway between Weehawken and Buffalo. There came a few soiled dance-favors, the remnants of a small cluster of violets which had once apparently, been pressed between the leaves of a book, and a small gold pocket-pencil minutely indented, as though it had been repeatedly and meditatively held between firm and pointed teeth. Next came a photograph of Torrie, in costume, with the inscription, "My first part," written in ink across the bottom, a snapshot of five laughing girls clustered about the steps of a Pullman car, and still another small picture of Torrie in her youth, revealing a soft-eyed and smooth-cheeked girl in her early teens, flowerlike in her freshness.

THE last thing which Storrow lifted out was the package of letters tied together with a cherry-colored ribbon. He had responded without being quite conscious of it, to some law of dramatic climax which prompted him to defer what promised to prove the worst movement until the end. He remembered as he untied the tightly-knotted ribbon with the feeling that he was opening a door on the past, how a great dramatist had once proclaimed the future to be only the past entered by another door. Yet he was unnaturally calm as he crossed that threshold from which he felt he might turn away a strange, altered man. Then he stopped breathless altogether, for the first letter which he unfolded and inspected began with the pregnant words, "My Beloved Wild-Bird."

He read it through until he came to the signature, which was the one word, "Ala

ead them all, page by page, every impet- and passionate line, every endearing nutive, every acknowledgment of im- e and abandoned love. After that, there o more doubt. Carefully he re-read an ion to the painting of "The Rainy ning," an allusion which implied it had done before a lover's quarrel with Tor- It left no question as to Torrie herself g the model for that canvas. Yet this very came to him now with small sense nock. It was merely one voice in a ing choir of accusation. And he read on, esting his grim sheaves of knowledge, ing only once, with a convulsive twitch- of the body, when he happened on a ed-edged sheet of note-paper in Torrie's writing, a sheet apparently sent back to n a moment of reproof.

Oh, My Own, my Belovedest Own who l Mine," she had written in her sharp- d script, though in this instance much cramped and pointed than usual. "I to-day that it's glorious to be a woman! glorious, glorious to be loved, to know you are in a man's thoughts, to remem- hat you control him, even when he is from your touch, to remember too he is longing for you, no matter how far es, *you*, just *you*, nobody in all the wide l but *you!* And it's glorious to feel self in his arms, and his eyes drinking the hs of yours, when he's with you again, ry for you, eager for you, aching for you! dear, it's glorious to be a woman—to woman in love, and a woman beloved!"

ORROW sat for a full moment, without oving, after reading this for the second . Then he deliberately restored the to its place and just as deliberately on with his examination. His move- s were quiet, with the quietude of that or which comes from overtensioned es and overtaxed feeling.

e one dominant feeling that remained him as he tied up the letters and re- d them in the make-up box, and re- d that box to the trunk where it be- d, was a feeling of having been duped, cally and colossally duped. Beyond this e and far-reaching sense of betrayal, ever, he found the crystallization of mere icion into certainty to be shot through a coloring of relief. He knew now what ad to fight against.

e had reached the stage, in fact, when he l stand forlornly proud of his self- ession. He even made it a point to olish his self-control by returning to his on the proof-sheets, going through them by page, with a sullen and self-defeating mination. Often, indeed, he found his ghts wandering. But always he shep- ed them relentlessly back, finding it ssary to read a sentence several times re its true import filtered through to his l. When he had reached the last page ethodically rearranged the loose sheets, d them together, and sealed them in brown manila envelope. On this en- e he wrote the name and address of his ishers and affixed an unnecessary num- f postage-stamps. Then with the move- ts of a man who was very tired he put on at and coat and carried his package to nearby sub-station drop-wicket at the rn end of the Metropolitan Building, north of Twenty-third Street. He went ugh these movements automatically, practically no memory of having ex- ed them. When he saw that it was mid- t by the huge illuminated dial so high e him he just as automatically turned eward again.

e stopped at the corner of Twenty-fourth et as he beheld a lean and hungry-looking reaching up to the top of a garbage-can d on the curb. It made his thoughts go to the Alwyn Arms and the gaunt and ning cat he had once caught sight of, ugh the bars of a fire-escape, as it hed whining with desire up to a window- n which a pan of cardinal-red lobsters d cooling. His thoughts went back to in's "La Porte de l'Enfer" and the tures of desire writhing and coiling about great door.

hen he suddenly stood erect, still in the low, for a motor-car had stopped at the within ten paces of him. From this car aw a man step slowly down and swing the door. At the same time that he zed this man to be Donnie Eastman he the second alighting figure.

e knew it was Torrie even before he ht the sound of her contented little coo laughter as the heavily-ulstered man red her up the worn sandstone steps, one hand clasping her elbow.

On the top step they came to a full stop. No word was spoken, but each, apparently swayed by the same impulse, glanced first eastward and then westward along the empty street. Then, still without a spoken word, they stood clasped for a moment in each other's arms. And still without speaking the woman withdrew into the darkness of the house and the man in the ulster, after standing for a moment in abstracted contemplation of his car, slowly went down the steps, lighted a cigaret, and slithered off eastward into the night, with a ruby light winking back as he bobbed over the car-tracks of Fourth Avenue.

Slowly Storrow emerged from his sheltering shadow, feeling his way up the sandstone steps as a blind man might. He stood under the faded door-lintel with one shoulder against the worn and blistered frame, staring out at the brownstone arroyo of blank doors and drawn blinds and quavering with a nauseous ague which he seemed unable to control. It was not anger that shook him. It was not shame and it was not disgust. It seemed, at the moment, a black and all-suffusing hopelessness, a hopelessness which left his body cold and his heart numb. Then a reaction, apparently more physical than mental, set in, and he found himself burning with an inarticulate fury of protest, wave by mounting wave, until relief in action seemed essential. Yet he fought against that sudden hot thirst to mount to the studio and confront the woman who sooner or later would have to be confronted. Before that encounter, he warned himself, he must be under complete self-control. He was sure of himself now, and of his line of procedure. He could afford to await his time.

And the time would come, he repeated; the time would come.

HE stepped out into the midnight street with a poignant feeling of homelessness gnawing at his heart, scarcely conscious of the direction in which he was moving. The sight of a belated panhandler or two drifting eastward along Twenty-third Street arrested his attention. He watched those homing birds beating their way toward the cheap lodging-houses that lay near the East River, wondering why the human body, when ill-fed and ill-clad, ambulated thus with upthrust shoulders and forward-drooping spine. He himself, he remembered, would have to find a sleeping-place for the night. So, after walking for an hour without sense of direction or destination, he entered without repugnance a side-street caravansary with tiers of bald little rooms above its over-gilded ground-floor saloon. There, after paying for his meager quarters in advance, he went to bed.

But he slept little. When, toward morning, fitful and broken slumber overtook him, he was tortured with dreams of lascivious feline bodies swarming and climbing about a door draped with black. So disturbing were these dreams that he was glad to open his eyes and see sunlight slanting in through his narrow, uncurtained window. He got up and dressed with the slow heaviness of an athlete after a field-day marked with many defeats, sore in body but infinitely more bruised in soul. At the lunch-counter below stairs he bought a roast-beef sandwich and a cup of coffee. The sandwich of indurated beef and rye-bread proved uneatable and he was staring at it with heavy listlessness when his attention was attracted by a short and wide-shouldered Italian with a willow basket of plaster casts swung by a strap from his shoulder. Storrow continued to watch him as he gulped down his steaming but stale cup of coffee. The peddler was doing his best to persuade an indifferent-eyed Irish bartender to purchase two undraped and diminutive wood-nymphs in plaster-of-Paris. But his efforts were unavailing.

Storrow stopped the Italian as he replaced his nymphs and started toward the door.

"Who makes these for you?" he asked, looking over the basket of reposing white figures. They were very badly modeled, Storrow saw, mostly nudes and demi-nudes of Phrynes and Venuses and bacchantes and bathing-girls, that type of naively pornographic art which had so firmly established itself beside the barber's mirror and the tapster's pyramided drinking-glasses.

"I maka dem myself," the Italian responded, not without pride.

"Do you ever feel that you'd like something better?" inquired Storrow, taking up an obese plaster dryad with ankles sufficiently generous for a Hercules.

"Wha's da matter wid dat, meester man?"

"I'll show you what's the matter with it," responded the other, taking from his pocket the drawing-pencil which he had the habit of

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always carrying with him. He commandeered a segment of the plaster-peddler's wrapping-paper, placed the cast on the end of the bar, and with a series of quick and miraculous strokes reproduced the figure of the dryad, translating it as he did so into a sprightly and slender-bodied nymph with life in every line.

The Italian took up the drawing and inspected it with studious and seal-brown eyes.

"You maka dese t'ings some time?" he asked, still artist enough to recognize artistry in another.

"Yes, I've made that sort of thing," acknowledged the other.

"You wanta work, maybe?" asked the owner of the studious seal-brown eyes.

"Yes," was Storrow's answer. For it suddenly struck him as desirable, this possible chance of losing himself in the maelstrom which he could no longer hope to master, of ebbing away into impenetrable corners where he would be untrammeled and untainted and unknown.

"W'ta ees your name?"

"I'll tell you that when I come to see you. Have you got a studio?"

"Eet ees a cellaire," explained the Italian, with his Latin shrug of deprecation.

"Then I'll come and see you if you'll write your name and address on this paper."

Laboriously the man of the plaster casts wrote on the piece of wrapping-paper "Angelo Dellazio" and after it the address-number on East Eleventh Street. It was satisfyingly remote, Storrow saw, that cellar work-room so close to the crowded fringe of the East River.

"All right, Angelo," he said as he pocketed his slip, "I'll be around before long." And he laughed, almost lightheartedly, as he stepped out through the swing doors.

YET his face hardened as he confronted the open light of the street. He remembered, with a tightening of the throat, that he would now have to go home, or to what he had once called his home. He made an effort to defer all thought as to what stood ahead of him. He tried to concentrate his attention on the street scenes about him, on the springlike smell of the air which even city dust could not dissemble, on the immensity of the city itself, of which he was such a microscopic part. Then he thought of his modeling, and for a minute or two lost himself in the fabrication of a figure emblematic of that city. He thought of that figure as a sort of Sphinx, not a desert Sphinx of inanimate stone, but as something half tigress and half woman, crouched about a pile of bones. These bones, he told himself, were the bones of her victims.

Then, as he turned into Madison Square, he caught sight of the gilded Diana, poised high above her Sevillian towers, and he dismissed that thought of an urban Sphinx as a foolish one.

TWO things impressed Storrow as he let himself into the studio with his own latch-key. One was the quietness and gloom of the building, after the stark sunlight and noise of the open street. The other was his personal reaction to this new environment, prompting him to move almost stealthily. It made him think of the big moment of suspense in a melodrama, with the stage expectantly darkened and that anticipational hush which precedes a dramatic outburst.

Yet he found, as he quietly closed the door behind him, that no big moment awaited him. Torrie lay asleep on the bed, with her back to him. The curtain by an open window was blowing lazily in the breeze. A litter of lingerie cascaded over a chair-back. A faint drone of steam came from one of the radiators.

Storrow looked back at the bed. The curve of his wife's back reminded him of the back of a sleeping kitten. He searched the lines of that relaxed figure for some appeasing ugliness, for something to start into motion the sullen machinery of indignation. But he stood slightly bewildered, slightly disheartened, by the aspect of innocence which she could still wear in her slumber. About the soft line of the neck, below the heavy cloud of the tumbled hair, was a disturbing air of delicacy. What he could see of her face seemed perversely childlike, with its smooth milkiness of skin. And even the fact that she could sleep so soundly, so abandonedly, that she could lie so passive and unresisting before his eyes, seemed to blunt the edge of all the earlier determinations.

He knew he would have to wait.

HE crossed to the small bathroom in the corner of the room and looked at himself in the mirror. He stood startled at his own appearance. He saw a face that was unshaven, disheveled, strangely hard and bo with a sinister expression of age and cru about the red-rimmed eyes. He was even clean. He reminded himself of a sto emerging from a furnace-room.

Automatically he proceeded to sha Then he stripped to the waist and washed thick mat of his hair, almost forgetting h self as he splashed like a walrus in the wa that he always loved to feel on his skin. was wiping his eyes with a heavy bath-to when a voice sounded from the room witho

"Is that you, Honey?"

It was a soft voice, still careless-noted w sleepiness, a quietly inquiring and distu ingly friendly voice.

"Yes," Storrow answered. He could f his heart pound. But he warned himself be calm, for he knew he would still ha e wait. So he went on with his toweling.

He was interrupted by a little flutter laughter from the open door. But he clined to turn around.

"Why, Honey, you're like a steel-pudd You're like a ship's gunner stripped action!"

She referred, he remembered, to his sence of clothing from the waist-line up.

"Am I?" he coldly inquired. She close beside him, by this time, in her t *crêpe de Chine* night-dress. It seemed l an unclean and unpardonable intrusion. it took an effort to keep him from turning flinging her through the open door. reached over his averted shoulder for tooth-brush, with the unconsidering carel intimacy of the past. It seemed only morning or two back that she had laughin caught his bare arm between her two ha and had just as laughingly shouted:

"And the muscles of his brawny arm
Were strong as iron bands."

BUT now when her elbow accidentally ca in contact with his flesh he sudde flinched away, as from a burn. If she noti that movement she ventured no comment it. She was humming a little as she reac out and turned the tap.

"What time did you get back last nigh asked Storrow. It took a great effort make the question appear a casual one.

"About midnight," replied Torrie, ap ently preoccupied with the task in hand.

"How did you come?" was Storrow's n question. Torrie straightened up at t disturbed by the hardness of the other's vo

"Mattie and I came down in a bus," replied, with a bored intonation.

"But a bus couldn't bring you hom argued Storrow.

"No, my dear, but it brought us to M son Square, and from there I walked to lordly abode."

He was grateful for that note of mock in her voice. It was food for his hate for his rancor.

"And you walked home?" he repea with undue deliberation.

"And without acquiring the habit of s ing out all night," she coolly amended, ginning to resent his inquisitorial effort cross-questioning her.

"It would have been more honest i had," he cried out, suddenly confronting

She fell back a step or two, studying his f

"Just what does that mean?" she manded. It was more hostility than that crept into her narrowed eyes.

"It means that I know, now, just what are," cried her husband, flinging asid wet bath-towel.

"And what enlightened you?" she as her voice slightly shrill with scorn.

"*You* have," he shouted. His hands shaking and an uncontrollable twitchin possession of the muscles of his shoul The woman in the thin night-dress put d the tooth-brush and the tube of dentifric had been holding in her fingers. The stepped back a pace or two, as thoug command a better view of him.

"Are you still drunk?" she asked, sw ing him with her stare of disgust.

"No, thank God, I've at last got senses," he passionately averred. "Oh, liar! You liar!"

HE thought, for a moment, that her re toward the door had been prompte fear. But she stopped short, with shoulders drawn up.

"It makes me sick to look at you," cried, now in the full sweep of the pa which he could no longer withhold. B he repeated that cry she advanced s toward him. Her face was white, like p The pupils of her eyes were enlarged, ma them look almost black. Her move

re tauntingly slow and deliberate. But r breathing was quick.

"Keep out of here!" he cried, not so much a warning that she should remain beyond e radius of his rage but more because it was e only ground, at the moment, on which he uld confront her with opposition. Yet he iew he was no longer master of his own ovements, and he was afraid of himself. He en shrank back, as though there were still liverance in distance. Yet she followed him ep by step, with her face outthrust and e challenge of unutterable hate in her es.

"You steel-puddler!" she gasped out. You common cur! You coward! Oh, you ward!"

"Keep out o' here!" he repeated, thickly, blishly. And as she stood with her face rust against his he flung out at her the one ord he knew would hurt her most, the word at had floated so revoltingly up to his ears e first day he had ever seen her.

HAT word electrified her into sudden and feline movement. She struck at his face, blishly, frenziedly, as he made a last effort push her away from him, to get her out rough the door before the last of his reason pped away from him. But she resisted m, relapsing blindly to the plane of blind rce, clawing at his bare shoulders, scratchg with her hooked finger-nails until the ood showed on the white flesh.

That seemed to madden him. He caught r suddenly by the throat, sending her aying and staggering back. But she clung him, clawed at him, panting and sobbing th the fury of her anger. "You coward," e blubbered, as she fought against him sisting him to the utmost.

But he was too strong for her. Even as held her by the firm column of the neck me forlorn ghost of chivalry forbade him strike her. All his instincts were against iking her. It was not what white men did. t he felt the great hunger to hurt that body hers, the grim demand to inflict suffering it. Repressed impulses clamored for eration, aborted intentions and thwarted sires re-arose on the stirred pool of his ssion. No; he must not strike her. Yet must hurt her; he must hurt her, to make for the past.

He lifted her bodily and twisted her back er the lip of the enamel bathtub, in an ort to fling her from him. But she was he—lithe as a cat. As he forced her down, guely wondering if the strain would break r back, she tried to set her teeth in the m white flesh of his shoulder. That sudn pain brought a reaction that was unwilled d unconscious. He imprisoned her arms d held her upright, threshing her from side side, shaking her as a terrier shakes a rag. ien her struggles suddenly ceased.

For a moment he thought that she was conscious. But her eyes were open, he saw, d her body was still twitching. She stared at him, apparently without seeing him, ip, passive, inert, no longer ready to oppose n, appearing willing to endure his blows, as ough some black joy lurked in the pain he d been inflicting upon her.

He dropped her at that, in shame, in dist, in sudden humiliation. She balanced ng the edge of the tub for a moment, ng there, and then slid limply down into e porcelain bath, lying there full length, e up, almost as though she lay in her coffin.

He turned and staggered out through the or, making his way blindly toward one of e studio windows. There he awakened, for e first time, to the fact that he was sobbing oud. He was sobbing and gasping with utterable self-shame. He had ill-treated a man, had beaten and abused her. He had ached the lowest, the lowest depths beyond hich there was nothing, nothing in any way man. He had at last touched bottom.

Wave after wave of remorse welled through n, melting him into a newborn and undurable storm of pity. He went back to e bathroom. He stooped over the tub, here she still lay, white as the procelain side her. He slipped one hand under her oulder, and another under her softly elding hips. Then he lifted her up. He t her weight, cool and limp and pliant, ainst his body. In that way he carried her the bed and placed her on it, very carefully, ding a wordless relief in even that small rvice. Then he adjusted sheet and blanket d coverlet over the bruised body, as quid now as a sleepy child's.

He returned to the bathroom, rubbed alum his scratched shoulders, drenched his robbing head in cold water, and put on the st of his clothes. Then he caught up his t and strode from the room.

HE escaped to the street, oppressed by the whiteness of the sunlight, vaguely afraid to look men and women in the face, burning to walk off the poisons which were souring his body, dumbly longing for the lapse of time, time which alone could heal such deep and ugly lacerations of the spirit.

Hour after hour he walked unrecognized streets, hoping for the relief of weariness But it was beyond physical effort to bring the anesthesia that he craved. When he found himself back on Broadway, before one of those gaily façaded restaurants which are known to the Rialto as "lobster-palaces," he turned in through the highly ornamented doorway, remembering that many a man before this, had drowned his sorrows in drink.

So he drank, determinedly, joylessly, silently. He drank until memory was dulled, until coördination became a matter of difficulty, until a veil swung between him and the few impersonally curious figures scattered about that place of nocturnal revelry.

IT was Pannie Atwill, adventuring an hour or two later into what was a familiar haunt to her, who stopped before his table and stared down at him. He sat, sodden and inarticulate, unable to reply to her carelessnoted greeting. The smile went out of her face as she sat down beside him.

"Say, kiddo, aren't you turnin' this trick a little too often for a short-horn?" she inquired, with obvious concern. Then, after a moment or two of deep thought, she called a waiter, ordered a taxicab, and supported Storrow's one arm while the waiter supported the other as they made their way to the open.

No word or movement of protest came from Storrow as she carried him to her rooms, piloted his all but helpless body up a flight of stairs and permitted him to collapse neatly and contentedly across the bed toward which she had ushered him. Then she promptly turned him over, straightened him out, and unlaced his shoes. Before she came to a stop she had taken off most of his outer clothing. Then, after covering him up and tucking him in, she produced aromatic spirits of ammonia and mixed a glassful of bromo-seltzer, each of which he in turn declined to swallow.

"I guess dreamland's the drug you're lookin' for," she sagaciously observed, as she adjusted his comatose head to the pillow.

She sat watching him, with an oddly impersonal and half-satyric light in her eyes. Yet her movements, as she wrung out a towel and laid it across his feverish forehead, were touched with a solicitude that was almost maternal. As he continued to sleep, she took off her own shoes and loosened her clothing, making herself as comfortable as she could in the undulatory Morris-chair beside the bed. She looked at her watch, smoked a cigaret, and waited. Finally her head drooped forward, and she fell asleep.

It was almost morning when she awakened.

"Some night!" she murmured as she inspected the still-sleeping figure on her bed and fell to massaging her neck, which suspension over a chair-back had left with a crick. Then she went to the telephone and called up Storrow's wife.

"Say, Torrie, I've got that man o' yours here," she explained over the wire. "I got him here, soused to the gills!"

STORROW, roused from his lethargy by the advent of Torrie half an hour later, preferred to keep the lids closed over his still burning eyes. Even through the fumes that clouded his brain he was conscious of an immeasurable shame. He was ashamed of his helplessness, of what he remembered of the past, of his unclean and disheveled clothing, of the sour and shaking body which he was still unable to control.

"I must get him back," he heard Torrie's voice say. She spoke quietly, almost resignedly. She stood close to him, and yet her voice seemed to come from a great distance. She was stooping to pick up his coat and vest from the floor when Pannie Atwill suddenly spoke.

"What in the name o' Gawd marked your neck up that way?" she demanded.

Torrie remained silent for a moment or two.

"He did," she finally said, in a dead voice.

It was Pannie's turn to stand for a moment in silent thought. Then she said with an optimism and a conviction which carried no note of doubt: "Gee, Torrie, man-handlin' like that ought to be great for your art!"

Storrow started out to solve his domestic problem in his own way, when an unexpected event upset his plans—in Hearst's for December.



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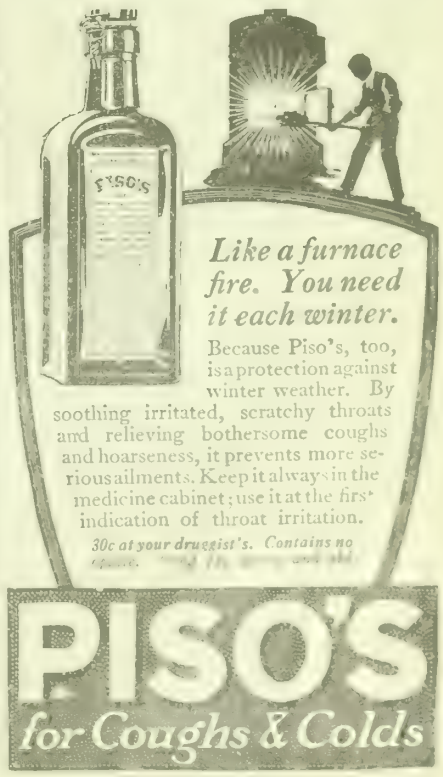
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Hearst's

A Magazine With a Mission

VOL. XXXVI. No. 6 DECEMBER, 1919

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How We Stopped the Leaks That Kept Us Poor



How Howard Lindsay and His Wif Discovered an Easy Way to Save On Third of Their Income. A Secret Tha Applies to Any Income

By HARRISON OTIS

WHO should walk into the room but Howard Lindsay! Of all men, perhaps, he was the last I had expected to find as the president of this great new company. They had told me that Mr. Lindsay, of the Consolidated, was looking for a fine country home and was interested in buying the Dollard Place in Englewood; so, as executor of the Dollard estate, I had come to discuss the terms with him.

But Lindsay! Surely some miracle had happened. For it was the very man who had come to me "dead broke" about four years back and had asked me to help him get a new job.

"You are surprised, Mr. Otis; I can see that without your telling me. Let that real estate matter rest for a moment while I tell you how the change happened. It won't take five minutes. It all seems simple as A B C, as I look back on it now.

How It All Began

"Our new life began when we discovered *how to save money*. That happened soon after I started in the new job you helped me secure. And it all came about right in my own home. Our sole source of supply was my salary of $3,000. That first year we didn't save one cent. Besides that, we woke up on New Year's day to find a big bunch of unpaid bills to be taken care of somehow or other out of future salary checks.

"When I asked myself the reason for all this I found that I did not *know* the reason, and no more did my wife, because we hadn't the faintest idea what our money had been spent for.

"Then we looked around among our friends and learned a great lesson.

"The Weeds, I knew, were getting more than $5,000 a year. They lived in a modest apartment, did not wear fine clothes, seldom went to entertainments, did little entertaining, yet we knew they barely had enough money to pay current bills.

"In the case of the Wells I found a very different story and one that set me thinking hard. Their income was $2,000 a year, yet, to my amazement, they confided to us that they had saved $600 a year ever since they were married. They didn't have any concerts in their program —except on their little Victrola—but they did go to entertainments regularly, they wore good clothes, entertained their friends at their home and were about the happiest and most contented couple of all our married friends.

"The difference between these two families was that in one case the expenditures were made without any plan—while in the other the income was regulated on a weekly budget system.

"We sat down that evening and made up a budget of *all* our expenses for the next fifty-two weeks. We discovered leaks galore. We found a hundred ways where little amounts could be saved.

"In one short month we had a 'strangle-hold' on our expenses and knew just where we were going. In one year my wife proudly produced a bank-book showing a tidy savings account of $800.

My New Grip on Business

"In the meantime an extraordinary change had come over me in business.

"I didn't fully realize this until the president called me in one day and said, 'Lindsay, you have been doing exceptionally well. I have been studying your work for the last year and you have saved the company a lot of money. We have decided to give you an interest in the business.'

"So there you are. It is wonderful, isn't it? I often wish I might tell my story to the thousands of young married couples who are having the hardest time of their lives just when they ought to be having the best time."

So now I have the opportunity and you are lucky, if only you will act on the wonderful message this story contains.

HARRISON OTIS.

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The Ferrin Investment Insurance Register is designed to keep an accurate record of your investments, insurance policies, etc. Contains 32 pages, size 5x8 inches, price separately, 50c. The Ferrin Inventory and Fire Insurance Record will enable you to make and keep a complete inventory of every room in the house; also provides for record of your fire insurance policy. It is an absolute necessity in of a fire. It may save you many thousand times the cost, whic 50c when sold separately.

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The Ferrin Money-Making System is a most practical gift to newly-married couple. Many people use them for Christmas

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But when you have seen what big returns the Ferrin System will pay you, you will surely want to keep this wonderful aid to money-making, especially as we are now making a special, short-time offer of only $3 for the complete System.

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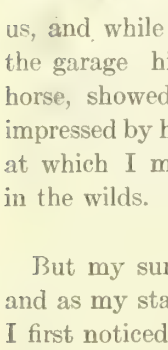
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The Most Attractive Child I Ever Met

By George Bond



I HAD stopped off on my way East to visit an old classmate of mine who lived on a ranch twenty miles from nowhere and whom I had not seen in ten years. When we arrived at his home his little boy of eight came dashing up on his pony to meet us, and while my friend drove the car round to the garage his young son, having hitched his horse, showed me to my room. I was at once impressed by his courtesy and attractive manners, at which I marveled in one brought up so far in the wilds.

But my surprise grew into wonder at dinner, and as my stay was prolonged, for, though what I first noticed was manners, it was the little fellow's unusual education that later amazed me. He displayed such an interest in the miscellaneous table talk and such remarkable knowledge of people, business, pictures, history, literature, etc., that my admiration continued to grow by leaps and bounds. After dinner he took a book and curled up in a chair to himself where most boys would have worried their mothers to tell or read them a story.

"JIM," I said to his father, when the boy had gone to bed, "I never met a child like Ted before, and the remarkable thing about him is that with all his knowledge, he is 100% real boy. Where did he get his training, anyway?"

"From a school in Baltimore," he replied with a smile of pride. "His behavior, his 3 R's, his general information, we owe all to that school."

"When did you live in Baltimore?" I asked.

"I have never been to Baltimore," he answered.

"You don't mean to say you sent a boy of his age away to boarding school?"

"Oh, no!" said he. "When Ted reached the age of four, we became desperate. Neither my wife nor I knew anything about bringing up a child and, though we felt our responsibility keenly, we did not know what to do. Ted was meanwhile developing traits and tendencies that began to alarm us. His education meant more to us than anything else in the world, but it seemed that if we stayed here without a school there could be no education. And if we left the ranch there would be no money for his education.

"Thus we were between the two horns of a dilemma. Then one day we heard accidentally that the Calvert School in Baltimore was training and teaching children from four to twelve years right in their own homes, no matter where they live, by laying a foundation of good habits and manners at the *age of four*, proceeding with the teaching of reading and writing and so carrying its pupils on until when they finally do go to school they enter a year or more ahead of other children their age."

"I didn't know that such a school existed," I frankly confessed.

"Come, let me show you his school room," he said, and taking me upstairs into the boy's playroom he pointed out one corner set aside for the purpose of a school—with its little desk and a chair and shelf of books, one or two of which I opened.

"What attractive books!" I exclaimed. "I didn't know school books were ever made so. They weren't in my day."

He showed me the daily lesson sheets of instructions so clear that any one could follow them and so enlightening that even with a random glance I learned things that brought forth the exclamation, "Well, I never knew *that* before!" Then I examined Ted's stories about his pony and life on the ranch, and his compositions, illustrated with pictures on art, history, mythology, science, together with his reports and certificate.



I COMPARED the work mentally with that of my own little girl in the East whom, at a financial sacrifice, I was sending to the best day school I knew of—and a jealous and even angry feeling swept over me that my friend's son, 1000 miles from a good school, should be so much better trained.

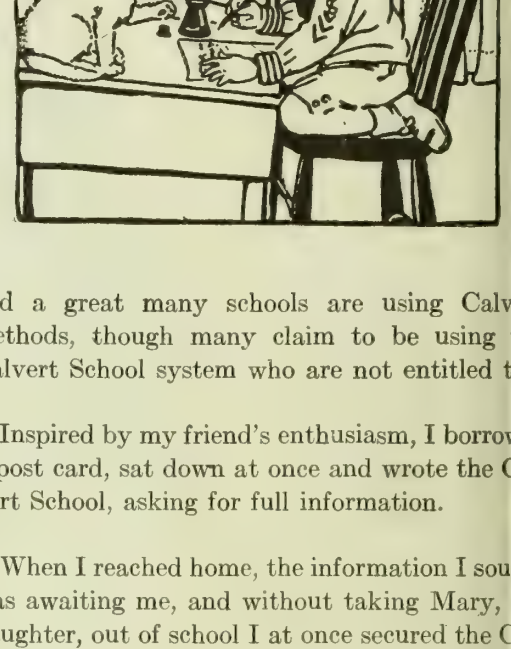
"But who does the actual teaching?" I asked.

"His nurse at first gave him his lessons, but after a while my wife became so interested that she considered it a pleasure and a privilege to do that part herself. She found it brought new interest and delight into her own life, and I venture to say it takes no more of her time than that which your wife spends in hearing your little girl's lessons, which you are paying others to teach."

"Is the Calvert School another one of those money making enterprises?" I asked.

"Oh, no," he replied. "The Calvert School was started and is maintained by a group of leading citizens of Baltimore who seek no financial benefits, but who wanted the best the educational world afforded for their own children. And they are broad-minded enough to wish to make similar advantages available to all English speaking children. The Calvert School faculty is constantly trying out new devices, books, schemes, plans and methods and they adopt and incorporate into their course any improvement that stands the test.

"You'll be surprised to know there are Calvert pupils in every State and 22 foreign countries,



and a great many schools are using Calver methods, though many claim to be using th Calvert School system who are not entitled to.

Inspired by my friend's enthusiasm, I borrowe a post card, sat down at once and wrote the Ca vert School, asking for full information.

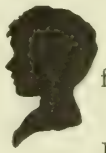
When I reached home, the information I sough was awaiting me, and without taking Mary, m daughter, out of school I at once secured the Ca vert instruction for her. It was not long befor her school teacher, not knowing what was takin place, remarked on her improvement, and no she is at the head of her class.

WHY not find out what the Calvert Scho can do for *your* child? There is a cour of daily lessons for each age of childhood from or 5 years to 12—not a book of general instructio and advice or discussion of methods of child trai ing, but *definite* lessons for each school day, setti down just what is to be done day by day and such simple language that anyone can follow t directions. The course of daily lessons is with the means of every home.

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For This We are Thankful

By Senator Henry F. Ashurst

THIS song of Thanksgiving King David, the musician, warrior and statesman, poured forth on the day the Lord delivered him from the hands of his enemies and from the hand of Saul:

"For thou wilt save the afflicted people but will bring down high looks.

"He teacheth my hands to war, so that a bow of steel is broken by mine arms.

"Thou hast enlarged my steps under me, that my feet may not slip."

LAST Thanksgiving Day the American people were fervently grateful to God's Providence which had just delivered the German army into the hands of the Allied and Associated Powers, and had thus lifted the dark clouds that hung oppressively over civilization.

The Hunnish armies, which had wrecked provinces, ravished states, shelled cathedrals, scattered treasures, plundered villages, wasted fields and forests, and murdered and mutilated non-combatants, had just surrendered to Freedom's valorous sons. The keen and glittering sword of *right* had cleft the mailed fist asunder, and the world felt itself a better, safer world. It had been demonstrated once again that no chains of tyranny, however heavy, could fetter liberty.

We, of America, gave special thanks to God in those victorious days because it was the American Expeditionary Force which had proved itself to be the diamond pivot upon whose unbreakable strength the destiny of free governments safely revolved.

BUT amid all that rejoicing and returning of thanks there were those who knew that the shock of reconstruction was yet to come—who knew that many dull and drab days must be lived out, many intricate problems solved, much heavy work done, and intense healing-pain endured before the Nation could resume its balance.

On Armistice Day, when soldiers of liberty were able once more to breathe the air free from gas and shell smoke, they wiped the blood and sweat and mud from their eyes, looked out upon a war-swept landscape, and demanded not money, not ease nor comfort, not even food, but that the civilization they had saved should construct some proper bulwark to protect itself from another assault such as the one their valor had just repulsed.

We have reason to be thankful that our statesmen are today trying to save and conserve the fruits of that victory.

WE are thankful that we now know that when Washington said: "In time of peace prepare for war," he did not refer solely to munitions and to men; he was referring *also* to the necessity of justice toward all Americans, so that, when the United States had her day of trouble, her sons would bound to the frontier to defend the land whose institutions have blessed them beyond all other men.

America is thankful that all her sons and daughters, worthy of the name, are *rapidly* learning that no government can obtain for everyone everything he wants—learning that a successful government must secure to every industrious, honest, normal person a fair chance to *earn* a respectable living—learning that the government *owes* no man a living, but simply owes him a chance to *earn* a living.

AMERICA is thankful that her thinking citizens are learning with exasperating tediousness, but learning nevertheless that the economic burdens which bear so heavily upon those who carry forward the labor of the world will not be lightened by experiments in socialism, a delusion which has so often proved an easy hiding-place for those who wish to live upon the fruits of other men's toil.

We are beginning to understand at last that success in war and in peace comes only from anxious striving and long-sustained effort.

There are evils which may not be removed by statute law or by resolution of a chamber of commerce.

Justice, happiness and success do not come from without. You can not make a man wise, honest or rich by a legislative enactment. You can not legislate discernment into a fool. No law, however beneficent, can give wisdom to the rash nor frugality to the spendthrift. It is useless to try to help the man who mortgages his home to buy an automobile. An indolent man will always be out-distanced by the man who "scorns delights and lives laborious days."

BUT free government must give every one, rich or poor, a fair and equal chance. Democracy can know nothing of classes, special privileges, or group consciousness. The language of freedom has no such terms. But even a free government can not reverse the decrees of Nature. It can not make philosophers of those who are mentally defective; it can not make champion pugilists of cripples or singers of those born without organs of speech. It can not make a statesman out of a coward. It can not make a banker out of a man who will lend money without good security. It can not make masters of industry out of incompetents or efficient leaders of those who have not gifts to lead. These matters are determined by forces which the most beneficent, most powerful government can not overrule.

For all these lessons learned, America is thankful.



ANARCHY is the misshapen child of spring of Ignorance; but, after all, what

FORCE should never be necessary to compel a recognition of popular rights. This Government of ours is not an irresponsible autocracy in which the people have no voice, but a great democracy "deriving its power from the consent of the governed." Ours is a free republic, in which the popular ballot determines changes in laws, modifications in constitutions and provides for replacement of public officials.

WITHOUT the sympathy and coöperation of the average citizen no cause can move to success in this country. Moreover, any cause which does not appeal to his sense of fairness and justice, and correspond strictly with his ideas of patriotism and true Americanism, will surely be crushed to the ground under the weight of his disapproval and active militant opposition.

EVERY informed individual knows that a dollar to-day has only a fraction of its former purchasing power, and that to live as well as they did before the war a man and his family must have many more dollars than they had then.

Every informed individual must know, therefore, if a man has only the same wage he had before the war, he can only live about half as well as he lived then; and this half-as-well may come dangerously near to being a point of absolute penury.

THE whole fair-minded American public has realized this condition and has realized, too, that if we are to maintain for our American masses the high standard of living which is our boast and which has been one of the main objects of our free government and our liberal social system, we must allow the workers a largely increased compensation for that efficient productive labor which forms the basis of all our prosperity.

The sympathy and support of the plain, law-abiding, law-respecting citizens have, in fact, been always among the most potent factors in winning for labor the better conditions and the increased wages it has of late so generally succeeded in securing.

BUT this same fair-minded public will never go so far as to sympathize with any alliance on the part of labor leaders with any disloyal or disorderly elements in our community.

Still less will this public tolerate any attempt of *any* class to obtain by force power out of proportion to its voting numbers, whether or not the intent might be to use that power arbitrarily for its own selfish interest.



njustice. Say, if you will, it is the off-
s Ignorance but the worst form of Injustice?

EVERY thinking human being admits the right of any ordinary employees to organize and quit work when the conditions under which they work are unsatisfactory, and equally their right to be taken back when these conditions are amended.

But the people, as a whole, would resent a Government by the labor-union class quite as much as they would resent a Government by the capitalistic class.

Most of all would they resent a Government by *any* class that showed itself in any way lawless or disorderly in its efforts to secure that Government.

The only way that necessary reforms can be secured in this country is through orderly action and through an appeal to the justice and patriotism and common sense of the mass of the people.

REFORMS must be made, the country must progress in the direction of democracy; the working classes, the producing classes, must receive their just proportion of the wealth created; but none of these can be accomplished through the violent methods advocated by extremists.

"The Communists of Wealth," as Cleveland called them, who assail our American system from above, and the anarchists of discontent and disorder, who assail our system from below, are a small part of our population. Both are opposed to genuine democracy and to the general welfare of the people. Both should be compelled to surrender to a thoroughly American system of republican government and made to serve the interests of the whole people.

Every intelligent citizen, every patriotic citizen, be he working man or capitalist, should ally himself with this great body of one hundred million typical American citizens--nine-tenths of the people of the United States--and proceed to accomplish necessary reforms through the peaceful and orderly methods of our American form of government.

We ourselves must never furnish the proof of the injustice and inequality, the neglect and indifference, which the evangels of anarchy so vehemently assert, and which we blandly, and oftentimes so blindly, deny.

THIS country is rich enough, and it should always be wise enough, to pay all its servants well.

And we should, for our own happiness and prosperity no less than their own, see to it always that the workers get, as a matter of justice and not of agitation, their due share of the prosperity they so largely help to create.

William Randolph Hearst

Buried Treasure

By F. Britten Austin

Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson

THE Human Mind is like the Moon, of which you seldom see more than a very small part. The Subconsciousness---the unillumined portion---is vast. It learns everything, forgets nothing; it goes on from life to life. Tapped by any of the traditional means---which we are wont to call Spiritualism---this subconsciousness may, or may not, reveal Buried Treasure.

FOR the last twenty minutes the after-dinner talk of the little group of men in the liner's smoking-room had reveled in the uncanny. One man had started it, rather diffidently, with a strange yarn. Another had capped it. Then, no longer restrained by the fear of humiliating scepticism in their audience, they gave themselves up to that mysteriously satisfying enjoyment of the inexplicably marvelous, vying with each other in stories which, as they were narrated were no doubt more or less unconsciously modified to suit the argument, but which one and all dealt with some experience that in the ultimate analysis could not be explained by the normal how and why of every-day life.

"What do you think of all this, doctor?" said one of the story-tellers, turning suddenly to a keen-eyed elderly man who had been listening in silence. "As a specialist in mental disorders you must have had a vast experience of delusions of every kind. Is there any truth in all this business of spiritualism, automatic writing, reincarnation and the rest of it? What's the scientific reason for it all? People don't tell all these stories just for fun."

The doctor shifted his pipe in his mouth and smiled, his eyes twinkling.

"You seem to find a certain amount of amusement in it," he remarked dryly. "The scientific reasons you ask for so easily are highly controversial. But many of the phenomena are undoubtedly genuine—automatic writing, for instance. It is a fact that people of a certain type find their hand can write, entirely independent of their conscious attention, coherent sentences whose meaning is utterly strange to them. They need not even deliberately make their mind a blank. They may be surprised by their hand suddenly writing on its own initiative when their consciousness is fixed upon some other occupation, such as entering up an account-book. Always they have a vivid feeling that not their own but another distinctly separate intelligence guides the pen.

THE best-analyzed reincarnation story is probably that dealt with by Professor Flournoy in his study of the famous medium Helene Smith of Geneva. This lady sincerely believed herself to be a reincarnation of Marie Antoinette—and in her trance-state she acted the part with astonishing fidelity and dramatic power. In her normal condition she certainly possessed neither so much detailed knowledge of the life of the ill-fated queen nor so much histrionic ability.

"Well, Professor Flournoy's psychological investigations proved clearly to my thinking that it was a case of her subconscious mind dramatizing, with that wonderful faculty of impersonation which characterizes it, a few hints accidentally dropped into it and combining with her subconscious memory, which forgets nothing it has ever heard or read or even casually glanced at, to produce an almost perfect representation of Marie Antoinette. Also that her automatic writing was derived from her own subconscious mind.

"I am not going to say that discarnate spirits do not communicate through this subconscious activity of which one form is automatic writing. I am not going to say that we do not become reincarnated through an endless cycle of lives. I do not know enough about it to assert such a negative—no one does. All I know about the human mind is that we know very little about it."

"BUT you yourself do not believe in the truth of spiritualism as an actual fact, doctor?" queried one of the group, a trace of aggression in his tone.

The doctor shrugged his shoulders.

"I accord *belief* to a very limited number of attested facts, my friend," he said. "That I am sitting here with you, for example. I am ready to adopt provisionally all sorts of hypotheses to explain those varied phenomena of life, the ultimate explanation of which must in any case elude me. They are hypotheses for myself—I do not announce them as dogmas for others. But—if you do not think it is too late—I will tell you a story, a rather queer experience of my own, and you can form your own hypotheses in explanation of it."

There was a chorus of approval. The doctor waited while the steward refilled the glasses at the instance of one of the group, relit his pipe, and settled himself to begin:

IT was in 1883. I was a young man. I had recently finished walking the hospitals, got my degree, and before settling down into practice at home had decided to see a little of the world. So I signed on for a few voyages as a ship's doctor. At the termination of one of them I found myself at a loose end in New York. There I became friendly with the son of a man who in his young days had been a Californian "Forty-niner," had made a pile, settled East, become a railroad speculator and made millions—William Vandermeulen.

Old Vandermeulen had a delicate daughter, Pauline, then about nineteen years of age and in the incipient stages of consumption. Under medical advice he was accustomed to take her each winter for a cruise around the West Indies in his steam yacht. That year, young Geoffrey Vandermeulen persuaded his father to ship me as medical officer. There was nothing alarming in the young girl's condition, of course, or a much older and more experienced man would have accompanied them. She was merely delicate.

We were a small party on board: the old man, his wife—a faded old lady with no personality whatever, Pauline, Geoffrey, and myself. Geoffrey was an ordinary, high-spirited young man, intelligent and a pleasant companion, but not particularly remarkable. His sister was mildly pretty but utterly devoid of attractiveness, extremely shy, and given to sitting in blank reverie over a book. Although she always had one in her hand, she read, as a matter of fact, very little. It was just an excuse for day-dreaming. Of this girl the old man, otherwise as keen as a razor and as hard as nails—commercially, I believe, he was little better than a pirate,—was inordinately fond. Outside business, she was the absorbing passion of his life. There was no whim of hers that he would not gratify. It was rather pathetic to see that old scoundrel hanging over her frail innocence, all that he had of idealism centered in her threatened life.

The cruise was pleasant but uneventful enough for some weeks. We pottered down through the Bahamas to Jamaica and then turned eastward with intent to visit the various ports of the Antilles as far south as Barbadoes.



"Who are these people she is talking about? Have you heard of them, doctor?" asked Geoffrey.



"Lucia!" She repeated the name with an intonation of puzzled half remembrance.

It was one evening while we were chugging peacefully across the Caribbean Sea that occurred the first of the remarkable incidents which made this voyage so memorable to me.

I remember the setting of it perfectly. We were all in the saloon; I suppose because the night was for some reason unpleasant. The weather was calm, at any rate. Geoffrey and I were reading. Old Vandermeulen and his wife were playing cribbage. Pauline was sitting at a writing-table fixed in a corner of the saloon, entering up the day's trivial happenings in the diary which she religiously kept. I remember glancing at her and noticing that she was chewing the nail of her left thumb—a habit of which I was vainly trying to break her—as she stared vacantly at the bulkhead, no doubt ransacking her memory for some incident to record.

Suddenly she turned round upon us with a startled cry.

"Look, Mamma!—I have scrawled all over my diary without even knowing that I did it!—Isn't that strange!"

WE all of us looked up languidly. The mother made some banal remark, but did not withdraw her attention from her cards. The father glanced affectionately toward her without ceasing to count up the score he was about to peg on the board. Geoffrey and I continued our reading.

But the girl had been puzzling over the scrawl and all at once she jumped up from her seat and came across to us.

"Look!" she said. "Isn't it funny? These words—they're all like the words on blotting-paper—they go backward and inside out! And there are figures, too! Whatever could have made me do it? And I don't remember doing it either, though of course I must have done it. There was nothing on that page a minute before, I am sure of it!"

There was something curiously uneasy in the girl's manner, a note in her voice that impressed me. I got up, took the open diary from her hand and there sure enough was a large uneven scrawl, two lines of it, diagonally across the page, and, as she said, reversed, as though it had been blotted down upon it.

Almost without thinking, I held the open page against one of the mirrors paneled in the saloon wall—and I could not repress a cry of astonishment. The scrawl was a decipherable sentence, mysterious enough, but coherent! I'll write it down for you as nearly as I remember it, so as to show you how it looked:

lucia 1324 N 8127 katalina sculle point SWbS 3 trees digge jno dawson youre turne:

There you are—the last two words were added like a postscript and were followed by a rough sketch, an irregular oval over a St. Andrew's cross.

I read out what was written, and Pauline stared at me wide-eyed.

"Whatever could have made me write that?" she exclaimed.

Geoffrey looked up, fraternally scornful.

"It's a thin joke, Pauline! You can't monkey us in that fashion! I suppose you want to pretend that the ghost of some old pirate wrote it down in your book so as to start us off on a Treasure Island hunt." Stevenson's romance was then in its first success and Geoffrey had just been reading it. "Of course, you wrote it deliberately—of course you did—what nonsense!"

She turned round upon him, her eyes filling with tears in the vehemence of her protest.

"Geoffrey, I couldn't!—I couldn't write reversed like that if I tried!"

"Oh, yes, you could," asserted Geoffrey, confidently. "It's easy enough."

"Supposing we all try," said I, curious to test its feasibility. I felt considerably puzzled.

Pauline was not at all the sort of girl one would expect to persist in such a pointless sort of practical joke as this, and persistent she was—tearful like a child unjustly accused of a crime of which it protests innocence.

HER mother and father renounced their game of cribbage and bent their heads together over the enigmatic screed without proffering an opinion. It was evident that they did not wish to hurt the daughter's feelings by open scepticism. They would

have humored her in anything, no matter how absurd.

I reiterated my suggestion and it was accepted in the spirit of a parlor-game. A line from a book was selected, we all tried—and we all failed hopelessly. None of us got more than two or three consecutive letters right. It is not so easy as it sounds. Try it for yourselves!

At that time, although spiritualism was a great craze in America, and D. D. Home, Eglinton, and other famous mediums, were arousing enormous interest and controversy in England, automatic script was an uncommon phenomenon. Table-rapping, levitation, slate-writing and materialization were the wonders in vogue—and I had then never heard of the "mirror-writing" which has since become a frequent form of automatic expression. Neither, of course, *à fortiori*, had the young girl who had just produced this mysterious specimen.

We all felt puzzled and impressed at our failure to imitate deliberately the reversed script. Old Vandermeulen picked up the diary and read the reflection of the scrawled page in the wall-mirror.

"Well, it's sure strange!" he said in his twangy drawl. "Geoff! You write this down in a straight-away hand and we'll see if we can get any sense out of it. I guess there's some meaning in it. Pauline ain't joking"

Geoffrey obeyed and read out the script again:

"lucia 1324 N 8127 W katalina sculle point SWbS 3 trees digge jno dawson youre turne."

"It's exactly like the directions to a pirate's buried treasure, father!" he added, excitedly, "Skull and crossbones and all! But of course that's ridiculous! Though I can't understand how Pauline could have written it like she did!"

"And I did not know even that I was writing!" asseverated Pauline, "let alone know what I wrote! It was just as if my hand did not belong to me—it was a sort of numbness that made me look down."

"Tear it up, dear!" implored her mother anxiously. "I am sure it comes from the devil!" Mrs. Vandermeulen belonged to a particularly strict sect and was always ready to discern the immediate agency of the Evil One.

"Devil or not!" said old Vandermeulen, "I guess if there's any buried treasure lying around here I'm going to peg out my claim on it."

HE turned to me. "Young man, was there ever any pirates about these parts?" The old ruffian was quite illiterate; had never, I believe, read a book in his life.

"Why yes," I replied, "from the end of the 16th century these seas were the chief haunt of the buccaneers and after them of the pirates who were not entirely suppressed until well in the 18th century. There must be any amount of their hidden treasure buried in these islands."

"You don't say!" he exclaimed, his avaricious old eyes lighting up. "And here have I been running this yacht up and down these parts for five years at a dead loss!" His disgust would have been comic, were it not for the ugly, ruthless lust of gold which looked suddenly out of his face. "Guess I'm going to quit this fooling around right away! I don't know and don't care if it was the devil himself wrote this specification in Pauline's book—I'm darned sure she didn't write it herself—the handwriting's different; d'you see?" It was, as a matter of fact, compared with the previous pages, quite another hand—hers was an upright, rounded schoolgirl calligraphy, this was a cursive old-fashioned script inclined well forward.

"So as we've got nothing else to start upon, we may as well see if there's anything to it." He tossed Geoffrey's transcription across to me. "What do you make of it, young man?" he asked, with the sneering condescension he accorded to my superior literary attainments.

I TOOK it, rather amused at the old scoundrel's simplicity. That there was any authentic meaning in Pauline's scrawl seemed to me wildly improbable. I was a frank materialist in those days and had Carpenter's formula of "unconscious cerebration" glibly ready to cover up anything psychologically abnormal. However, I considered the sheet of paper with attention.

"Assuming this to be a genuine message," I said, "it would appear to give the precise latitude and longitude of some point where it is desirable to dig. I take it that the figures stand for 13 degrees 24 minutes North, 81 degrees 27 minutes West. The word *'lucia'* puzzles me—unless the island of St. Lucia is meant. What *'katalina'* stands for, I do not know; it is evidently a proper name of some kind. *'Sculle point SWbS 3 trees digge'* presumably means that one should dig under three trees southwest-by-south of Skull Point—wherever that is. *'jno dawson'* is, of course, John Dawson. Assuming this to be a spirit-message from the other world," I could not help smiling ironically, "it is possibly the name of the ghost who is communicating—and who desires to indicate to some person that it is his or her turn. He does not specify for what. I may remark that the ghost is either ill-educated or he has an archaic taste in spelling."



I held the page against the mirror. The scrawl was decipherable.

"I don't like it," said Mrs. Vandermeulen, querulously timid. "Do tear it up, William! I am sure harm will come of it! It is the devil tempting you!"

"So long as he's serious, he can tempt me sure easy!" said the old ruffian in a tone of cool blasphemy which sent the color out of his wife's face. He rang the bell and the negro steward appeared. "Sam! Ask Captain Higgins to step in here for a moment!"

CAPTAIN HIGGINS, the skipper of the yacht, was a level-headed mariner of middle age, whom nothing ever ruffled. He was competence itself.

"Good-evening, Captain Higgins," said old Vandermeulen, fixing him with the keen eyes under shaggy gray brows, eyes which defied you to divine his purpose whilst they probed yours. "What's the latitude and longitude of the island of St. Lucia?"

"Fourteen North, sixty-one West," replied Captain Higgins promptly. Old Vandermeulen turned to me.

"Then it's not St. Lucia, young man," he said. He picked up Geoffrey's transcription. "Well, now, Captain Higgins, is there any place thirteen-twenty-four North, eighty-one-twenty-seven West?"

The skipper reflected a moment.

"No place of importance, certainly. I'll get the chart."

He returned with it, spread it out on the saloon table, ran his forefinger across it.

"Here you are!" he said. "A small island called Old Providence. It belongs to Colombia."

Geoffrey, who was peering over his shoulder, uttered a startled exclamation.

"And look!" he cried. "There's your Katalina!" He pointed to a small islet just north of Old Providence, a mere dot on the chart. "Santa Katalina! —My hat! that is weird!"

It certainly was. From whatever stratum of Pauline's consciousness her writing had emanated, it was an amazing thing that she should have written down the exact latitude and longitude of a tiny island off the Nicaraguan coast and named it correctly. Even I could not help feeling that it was more than a fortuitous coincidence, that it was uncanny. The others surrendered themselves straightway.

I turned to look at Pauline. She was deathly white; evidently frightened at being made the vehicle of this message from the beyond. Her mother clutched at her, as though protecting her from unseen dangers. Geoffrey's imagination had caught fire, his eyes were bright with excitement.

"My sakes, Pauline!" he cried. "I believe you now! You couldn't have written that out of your head. I've read of things like this before—I guess you're a medium and didn't know it! Father! We'll track this message down wherever it comes from, say now?"

"It comes from the devil! Tear it up—oh, tear it up!" implored Mrs. Vandermeulen. "William! Tear it up—don't follow it!"

OLD Vandermeulen turned to the skipper. His jaw had set hard, his lips were compressed, only the glitter in his eyes, peering in a momentary fixation of thought from under his bent brows, showed that he shared the excitement of his son. So he must have looked in his office when he took the decisions which had made him millions.

"Captain Higgins," he said, curtly, ignoring the supplications of his wife, "how long will it take us to reach that island?"

The skipper put his finger on the chart at a point south of Haiti.

"We're here," he said. He measured off the distance. "At our best rate of 12 knots,—about 60 hours' steaming."

The old man nodded.

"Put her about," he said. His harsh tone had an odd ring about it as though he were secretly conscious of affronting mysterious dangers, it was all the more emphatic. "Right now!"

Captain Higgins never queried owners' orders.

"Very good, sir," he replied stolidly, and walked out of the cabin.

A minute or two later we felt the yacht swing round. There is always something impressive when a ship on the open sea goes about upon her course, but I never felt it more powerfully than then. It seemed that there was a fateful significance in our deliberate action.

Geoffrey meanwhile was pouring over the sheet of paper on which he had transcribed his sister's reversed scrawl.

(Continued on page 83)

Artful Cards

By W. W. Jacobs

Illustrated by Everett Shinn

GAMBLING I don't 'old with, said the night-watchman, pursing his lips. There's gamblers and gamblers. There's people like myself as does it now and then out of good-nature to oblige, and there's people like that squint-eyed ginger-whiskered mate on the *Queen Mary*. If he 'ad spent as much time learning good manners as he 'as learning the three-card trick it would ha' been better for both of us. Especially me.

He ain't the only one. I remember teaching draughts to a man I met one evening. He was a born fool to look at, and 'e looked just the same when 'e bid me good-night with seven and six o' mine in 'is pocket. I 'eard arterwards that he could do anything with draughts except make 'em speak.

Most sailormen like a bit of a flutter. One chap I knew used to spend all 'is time ashore backing 'orses. When 'e lost, 'e lost; and when 'e won the bookie used to get lost. And the only time he did get 'is winnings 'e got fourteen days for the way 'e spent 'em.

I remember one time when old Sam Small got a perfick craze for playing cards. 'Is idea was to make some money for 'is old age, and instead of going out and enjoying 'imself with George Dick and Peter Russet, 'e sat all day in the bedroom being taught by a young professional sharper 'e met in the "Those Widders." He even learnt 'ow to do the three-card trick—arter a fashion—and came round to show me one evening. We played for ha'pennies at first, and I lost seven right off. Then we played for bobs and it seemed as if I couldn't lose. I never see anybody so puzzled as Sam was, and then 'e turned round and said he'd been doing it all wrong, and asked for 'is money back. I 'ad to be firm with 'im—for his own sake.

A MAN never knows 'is best friends. If he'd kept on playing cards with me it would ha' been better for both of us; instead o' that he preferred to let strangers win 'is money. He used to take 'em to his bedroom, and one night Ginger couldn't get to bed because three or four of 'em 'ad 'ad it for a card-table, and spilt a can of beer in it.

He could have 'ad two beds next night, cos to their surprise Sam didn't come 'ome. He was still missing when they went out to brekfuss next morning, and by the time arternoon came, Ginger began to feel uneasy about 'im.

"Mark my words," he ses to Peter Russet, "he's been and gorn and got into some trouble."

"Any fool could see that," ses Peter. "'Ow much money 'ad he got on 'im besides the eight quid you are minding for 'im?"

Ginger shook his 'ead. "It's my belief he's been made away with," 'e ses, jingling the money in his trousis-pocket. "It all comes of 'im thinking he can play cards."

"P'raps I'd better mind arf of the money, in case you get robbed," ses Peter.

Ginger didn't hear 'im. He was too busy thinking about pore Sam. By the time twelve o'clock came, and no Sam, they felt certain that something had 'appened to 'im and Ginger kept Peter awake arf the night talking to 'im about the 'appy times the three of them 'ad 'ad together.

"I suppose we must go out and try and eat something," he ses next morning, shaking his 'ead.

"I s'pose so," ses Peter, very sorrowful, "but it's wasting good money."

They went downstairs very slow, and opened the door just as Sam's friend wot taught 'im 'ow to play cards knocked on it. Sharp-faced young chap 'e was, with 'is eyes arf-closed and a fag stuck in the corner of 'is mouth.

"'Ullo Ginger," he ses, nodding.

"Wot do you want?" ses Ginger, sniffing at 'im.

"I've got a letter for you," he ses.

Ginger held out his 'and and arter speaking sharp to Peter Russet about good manners, stood reading it as though he couldn't believe 'is eyesight.

"It's from Sam," he ses, at last. "He's lost all 'is money at cards, as I knew 'e would, and 'e wants me to send 'im five quid."

"Wot 'e owes," ses the young chap.

"He can go on owing it then," ses Ginger, very firm. "If 'e wants 'is five quid let 'im come and fetch it."

"He can't," ses the young chap.

"Can't! Why not?" ses Ginger turning on 'im.

"He's lost other things besides money," ses the chap. "He played the last two hands in 'is shirt and cap, and 'e can't come 'ome in *them*. 'Ow would you like it yourself? Besides, think of the cold!"

"Shirt and cap!" ses Ginger, staring at 'im.

"He made 'imself a skirt out of a tater sack this morning," ses the young chap. "It's a tight fit; still, it's better than nothing."

"All right," ses Ginger, arter a few words on the quiet with Peter Russet, "we'll come with you and see wot can be done. Where is he?"

"Find out," ses the chap. "Why don't you give me the money same as your pal tells you to? Wot are you wasting time like this for? It's his money. He 'asn't 'ad nothing to eat since yesterday arternoon. D'you want 'im to starve?"

Ginger led Peter away again. "We'll lay low, and foller 'im 'ome," he ses in a whisper.



" 'Ow dare you come shoving your ugly mug into a lady's room and try and take away 'er character?"

"Wot about brekfuss?" ses Peter. "I want mine something cruel."

"Plenty o' time," ses Ginger. "Think o' pore Sam: nothing to eat since yesterday afternoon."

HE turned back to the young man, wot was doing a double-shuffle on the pavement and looking up at the chimbley-pots. "Why don't you tell us where 'e is?" he ses, in a sharp voice.

"Fancy," ses the chap, lighting another fag.

"You won't get no five pounds out o' me," ses Ginger. "Come along, Peter: we'll go back indoors and wait for Sam to come home. You go and tell 'im wot I said," he ses, turning to the chap.

"Right-o," ses the young feller, turning away. "So long."

They stood peeping out of the doorway until he 'ad turned the corner, and then they set off arter 'im. It was easy work in a way cos he never looked behind 'im, but 'e seemed to be fonder o' walking than wot they was, and besides, as Peter said, no doubt he had 'ad a good brekfuss afore 'e started.

"P'raps he ain't going 'ome," ses Ginger, looking puzzled. "This is the third time he 'as been in the Minories."

They followed 'im into Tower Street—it was on'y the second time they 'ad been there—and then to their thankfulness he turned into a pub. They went in too—into another box—and Ginger 'ad just ordered two pints in a whisper, and paid for 'em, when the chap finished his beer and walked out. Pore Ginger didn't even 'ave time to taste his, and the one mouthful Peter 'ad time to take went the wrong way. It was a big mouthful and for a couple o' minutes he thought it was 'is last. Then he got 'is breath back, and, arter asking the landlord whether he thought 'e was beating carpets, went out to look for Ginger. He caught 'im up arter a time and they went on walking till they felt ready to drop.

"I believe 'e knows we are follering 'im," ses Peter.

They went on for another arf hour and then to Peter's joy they saw the chap, arter standing a long time looking at the things in a cook-shop winder, go inside.

"He's going to 'ave his dinner," he ses, "and while he's 'aving it we'll go and 'ave some bread-and-cheese and beer."

"And suppose he slips out while we're away," ses Ginger.

"Well, we'll go one at a tim'," ses Peter.

"No we won't," ses Ginger. "I ain't going to lose 'im arter all this trouble, and when we *do* find out where 'e lives, I might want your help."

THEY stood outside waiting for over a hour, and then the young feller came out wiping his mouth on the back of his 'and. He stood for a moment looking up and down the street till 'is eyes fell on Ginger, wot was trying to get behind Peter, and Peter, wot was trying to get behind Ginger.

"'Ullo," he ses, coming up. "Fancy dropping acrost you agin like this. 'Ave you been 'aving a little walk to stretch your legs?"

"Yes, and we ain't finished yet," ses Ginger.

"I'll come with you if you like," ses the chap. "I ain't proud."

"When we want your company we'll ask you for it," ses Peter.

"Don't get cross," ses the young feller, pretending to shiver, "cos if you do I might get frightened and

run. Last time I was frightened by a ugly face I run three miles without stopping."

He lit a fag and stood there with 'is eyes arf closed blowing smoke through 'is nose. Peter and Ginger stood there waiting while 'e smoked two of 'em and then waited outside a tobacco-shop while 'e went in to buy another packet. He got larky arter coming out, and when 'e tried to strike a match on Ginger's trowsis people 'ad to step off the pavement cos Ginger was using it all.

He moved off with Peter as he saw a policeman coming along and then to their surprise they found that the young feller was follering *them*. It upset their ideas altogether, and all of a sudden Ginger stopped and turned on him.

"Why don't you go 'ome?" he ses.

"Wot's the good without the money?" ses the chap. "Wot's the good of going back and telling a starving old man in a 'tater-sack that his pals won't help 'im?"

"Why can't we take it to 'im?" ses Peter.

"He wouldn't like it," ses the chap. "He said so. Besides, when you got there you might try and get 'im out without paying."

"Well, we'll give you the money now, and then come with you," ses Ginger.

"Why couldn't you say so afore?" ses the other. "'Ere we've been wasting the whole morning for nothing."

THEY all went into a pub and arter Ginger and Peter had 'ad a pint or two and a crust o' bread and cheese, Ginger handed over the money and they all went out together, with the young man in the middle. Ginger's opinion of 'im went up as they walked along, and, when he led 'em into another pub a little further on and asked 'em wot they would 'ave, he got to feel quite a liking for 'im.

They 'ad a pint each, and, while Peter was resting arf way through his, the young man thought 'e saw a spider drop into it. Ginger 'elped Peter to look for it, but they couldn't find it, and arter that they wasted a lot of time looking for the young man, but they couldn't find 'im neither.

"If you'd kept your eye on 'im instead o' fishing round in my beer with your dirty finger it 'ud na' been better," ses Peter.

They walked 'ome quarreling all the way, and then they sat indoors all the evening waiting for Sam to turn up so as they could tell 'im wot they thought of 'im.

They sat there till eleven o'clock and then they went to bed wondering wot had 'appened to 'im; and when they got up next morning Ginger said he 'ad a feeling that they should never see 'im again.

"He's gorn where we've all got to go," he ses, shaking his 'ead.

"Unless we join the Salvation Army," ses Peter. "There's plenty o' time afore we get to his age."

"He's been made away with, that's my opinion," ses Ginger. "We shall never see 'im agin, any more than we shall see that monkey-faced chap that guv us the slip yesterday."

They went downstairs to go out and get some brekfuss, and the very first thing they saw was the young feller, leaning up agin the wall, smoking a fag.

"'Ullo!" he ses. "Did you find the spider?"

Ginger couldn't answer 'im for a minute. He stood there staring at him as if he was a ghost.

"Wot did you run off for?" he ses at last, growling at 'im.

"Me?" ses the other. "I didn't run off, but I thought that if pore old Sam 'ad to wait till you found that spider, he'd never get 'is money."

"Is he alive?" ses Peter.

"*Alive?*" ses the young feller. "I on'y 'ope I shall be arf as lively at 'is age as wot he is. I've got another letter for you."

HE fished it out of 'is pocket and handed it to Ginger, and then stood sucking his teeth and looking at the winder opposite while Ginger read it.

It was a longer letter than the other. One thing was Sam called 'imself a silly fool two or three times over, cos he 'ad gambled away the five pounds. He wanted Ginger to send 'im the other three, and said as 'ow he had 'ad awful bad luck and never wanted to see a card agin as long as 'e lived. He told Ginger to give the other three pounds to 'is friend Sid, wot took the five pounds, and said, if they followed 'im agin he would never forgive 'im.

"Fair old cough-drop, ain't he?" ses the young feller.

"He's fell into bad 'ands," ses Ginger, glaring at him.

"That's right," ses Sid, "and we've got to get 'im out. You find the ready, and I'll do the rest."

Ginger read the letter agin, arter Peter 'ad done with it, and then 'e told the chap to wait while he went indoors for the money. Wot 'e really went indoors for was to tell the landlady's gal, a smart little kid of eleven, as 'ad two bilious attacks a week reg'lar to stay at 'ome and help 'er mother, to foller Mr. Sid 'ome.



"'Is idea was to make some money for 'is old age, and 'e sat all day being taught by a professional sharper."

"Here's the three quid," 'e ses coming out. "Take it and go."

"And let's 'ope he won't lose that," ses Sid. "Are you coming to see me as far as the—I mean as far as you can?"

"I am not," ses Ginger.

"Ah, well, I don't blame you," ses Sid. "It's a waste of your time and mine too, ain't it? The last chap that tried to foller me 'ome seemed to think I lived in the canal. I never see a chap make 'imself so wet."

He gave Peter a playful little tap in the stummick, and, arter asking Ginger for a lock of his 'air to frighten the gals with, went off whistling. And he had 'ardly turned the corner afore the little gal was arter 'im.

BY the time Peter and Ginger was back from their brekfuss she was home agin, 'aving follered the young man to his 'ouse, and seen 'im go inside. He didn't seem to 'ave any idea that 'e was being follered; and Ginger was so pleased with 'imself and 'is cleverness that Peter 'ad to remind 'im of all sorts of things he didn't want to be reminded of.

They waited in for some time to see if Sam came 'ome, but there was no sign of 'im, and Ginger began to wonder whether he 'ad lost the three quid as well as the five.

"We'll give 'im till eight o'clock," he ses. "And if he ain't 'ome by then we'll go round and fetch 'im."

"It's my belief they won't let 'im go," ses Peter.

"Or p'raps he's lost 'is trowsis agin," ses Ginger. "We'll take his other pair with us in case. And we'll get one or two to come with us to see fair play."

They picked up a couple o' firemen they knew, that arternoon. Stiff-built chaps they was and always ready for a bit of trouble, 'aving both 'ad Irish mothers. They 'ad a few drinks to steady themselves, and then one of 'em, Bob Mills by name, got so upset because Ginger said he thought it ud be better not to burn the 'ouse down, that it took three men and the landlord to get 'im outside.

They went 'ome fust to see whether Sam 'ad turned up and then, arter waking up Bob, who 'ad gone to sleep in Peter's bed, they set off to find 'im. It was a tall, dirty house just off the 'Ighway, and Ginger began to think that if they got Sam out in one piece they'd be lucky. The front door was open and a lot o' dirty looking kids was playing on the steps.

"It's like a beehive," ses Peter. "He'll take some finding."

"I'll find 'im," ses Bob, spitting on his hands. "Come along."

HE led them up the steps and opened the fust door 'e come to as bold as brass, and popped his 'ead in.

"Where's old Sam?" he ses to a woman wot left off washing 'er baby to stare at 'im. "Wot 'ave you done with 'im?"

"*Wot?*" ses the woman.

"We want Mr. Sam Small," ses Ginger, putting his 'ead over Bob's shoulders.

"Wot 'ave you done with 'im?" ses Bob.

"Me?" ses the woman. "Wot are you talking about? 'Ow dare you come shoving your ugly mug into a lady's room and try and take away 'er character? What d'ye mean by it?"

She put the baby down on the floor very careful and took up the basin o' water. It was a small basin, but the water showed that the baby 'adn't been washed afore it wanted it, and Bob Mills was out o' that room, afore you could say 'knife.'

"He ain't there," he ses, as the door banged be'ind 'im. "It's a (*Continued on page 72*)

Roosevelt and the Rat Killer

How the President Interviewed Me

By William Atherton Du Puy

MANY newspaper reporters have been interviewed by men in high places. What is more sensible than that a governor, coming into the executive mansion, a police chief to headquarters, a cabinet officer to his post, should talk over his problems with the reporter who has worked for years on the assignment? There is nobody who knows more about the job. No man will more nonchalantly lay down the principles upon which it should be handled.

But this was different. When Roosevelt interviewed me he did not even know that I was a reporter. He thought that I was a ratcatcher. He was the President of the United States. He was coming to the modest ratcatcher to learn from him.

Furthermore, he thought that I was in the White House upon invitation when, as a matter of fact, I was there in disguise. I was an impostor spending a night under false pretenses at the old-colonial Executive Mansion at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

And still further he considered me a man with special information upon a subject in which he was interested, the subject being English ferrets. I knew nothing of ferrets and yet I, a hero worshiper, was forced to pretend a knowledge and deceive this man for whom I had a stupendous admiration—a thing which I very much disliked to do.

For these reasons I say that the late President Theodore Roosevelt's interview with me was different. In all his career I doubt if he ever had a stranger experience, yet to his dying day he never knew that it was more than commonplace.

There were circumstances that prevented my writing this story at the time I had the experience. To have done so would have got my accomplice into trouble and he was a good fellow and game. But now he is dead, and the business he ran no longer exists, there is no reason why the yarn should not be told.

THE incident took place during the early months of 1905. I think it must have been in February. Roosevelt had then been three years and a half in the White House. I, on the contrary, had been but a few weeks in Washington, coming from the roomy spaces west of the Mississippi. It was my first contact with the President, which in itself increased the thrill of the experience.

The other reporters of the newspaper on which I worked had that night gone out on their assignments and I was being held as emergency man, when in walked a gaunt individual, in appearance a semi-tradesman, semi-workman, leading an ugly bulldog on a string. He talked with the city editor and the latter turned him over to me with instructions to "give him a couple of sticks."

The man's name was Barclay and he began to tell me his story. He was going over to the White House on a rat hunt. As a matter of fact, he was the official rat man of the Government. Whenever any government building came to harbor more rodents than were for its well-being, it was Barclay's business to get rid of them. The White House was suffering a plague of rats. It was to be swept clean of them. Barclay was like a new broom. The job was to be accomplished that night.

It was an unusual job, the setting for it lent zest, a right colorful story might come out of it, and my reporter instinct began to play on this man Barclay. Could he not take me along with him? I could help him do the job. Then I might write a piece about him that would make him famous and a million dollars. Why not make me his assistant? All right, his brother. I would go along.

So Barclay and I and the bulldog and four rat terriers and three boxes of English ferrets presented ourselves at the front door of the White House. The word of Barclay was accepted that I was his brother, but I was too nervous to feel either pride or chagrin at the fact. We passed down the hall with our dogs and boxes between two bluecoated policemen, and then between two more. At the head of the stairway there were policemen and others at the foot. The house seemed full of them. Being guilty, I naturally felt nervous. I hadn't the slightest idea whether I was committing a huge offense or not, whether if caught, I would be incarcerated for life or shot, or made Chief of the Secret Service.

WE found a haven of refuge in the furnace room far underground. This was the point from which we, The Barclay Brothers, were to launch our campaign against the executive rodents.

The furnace room was very hot. My overcoat was shabby, not unlike one that might have been worn by a ratcatcher, but underneath I had what I considered a very dapper and brand-new suit. My unfitness for the part I was playing was, I felt, accentuated when the heat forced me to take off the overcoat. But the preparations for the hunt were going steadily forward and I was getting an impression of the residence of the Chief Executive of the nation from a rather unusual viewpoint.



I led the talk into every byway, thus putting off the moment when I would betray myself as an impostor.

There was a degree of interest, for instance, in the fact that while the situation was developing Kermit and Quentin burst into the basement. Quentin was then a boy of eight, very much like his father, and full of that energy that knew no restraint. Kermit was the opposite type, somewhat delicate in appearance, quiet, apparently the sort of boy who would like books. Each entered into the spirit of the hunt as became his nature. Each joined us a few moments later in a rush to a garret room where resided the French teacher of Miss Alice. There was a broken grating over a ventilating shaft and through this huge sewer rats, frightened by the ferrets, had broken into the French woman's room. When we arrived she was beating a footpath up and down the middle of her bed and using language which, I am sure, Miss Alice never heard in the classroom.

To me, also, there was novelty in the experience of riding up and down in the automatic elevators of the White House, those elevators without operators on which you call your floor by pressing a button. This was the same elevator in which, a few months later, Quentin's Shetland pony rode up to his master's room where he lay ill.

BY eleven o'clock the White House had quieted down. Barclay was watching the campaign in some other part of the house and I was in the furnace room with the one remaining box of English ferrets. Suddenly with the sound of brisk footsteps there burst in upon me a stocky figure in a business suit, with eyeglasses and an inordinate display of teeth.

"How do you do," he said to me. "Your name is Barclay, I believe. And you use English ferrets in your rat hunting. I am much interested in them. Will you not tell me about the ferrets?"

So there I was nailed to the cross, hoist by my own petard, overboard without a lifebelt. I was the one man of them all who knew most about ferrets and I had to tell this eminent naturalist what I knew. He must be enlightened forthwith. I could not plead ignorance. I was Barclay, the ferret man. Here I was all dressed up not at all looking (*Continued on page 70*)

Is Trinity Church a Squatter?

By Laura Elmendorf Skeels

AT THE CORNER of Fulton Street and Broadway, perhaps New York's busiest spot, stands the venerable chapel of St. Paul's, turning its back resolutely upon the hurrying throngs of the city's most famous thoroughfare. The edifice is old, as churches go in the United States, although of but a callow youth in comparison to the venerable shrines of foreign lands. About it extends a churchyard in which lie buried ancient worthies of Gotham. The trim typewriter girls and clerks of the neighborhood congregate there at lunch time in the summer season, and scatter their crumbs over the decaying brownstone slabs bearing such ancient names as Grosvenor, Clinton, Spencer, Hone and Brevoort. An ornate tablet to the memory of Richard Montgomery fills the wall under the Broadway portico.

It was in 1766 that the church was dedicated, the sermon by Dr. Samuel Auchmuty being from the text, "Draw not nigh hither; put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." In 1916 Bishop Greer preached the sermon for the 150th anniversary from the same text. In the light of certain facts there seems something grotesque in its selection.

THE churchyard marks the corner of what was once a farm of broad and fertile acres stretching from Broadway down to the grassy shores of the North River, where now the great docks reach forth sheltering arms into the stream to receive and hold the argosies of a world's commerce. The Woolworth Building now springs from the soil for 750 feet into the air, holding beneath its single roof more men than all New Amsterdam contained in the days when this farm was first surveyed and set aside for royal use. Where corn and potatoes, cereals and vegetables were once coaxed from the soil, sky-scrapers and teeming tenements now grow in rank luxuriance, and the rent, once fixed at 60 bushels of wheat per year, is now computed at far above six millions of dollars.

If from the dizzy observation tower of the Woolworth Building one should look down upon the rectangular strip of land reaching from Broadway to the North River, and bounded on the north by a point half way between Chambers and Warren Streets and on the south by the center line of Fulton Street, he would have under his eyes that estate known in the days of the Dutch as "The Company's Farm;" as the "Queen's Farm" in the days of Good Queen Anne, and as the "King's Farm" in the time of her masculine predecessor and successors.

The Indians, who sold all Manhattan Island to Hendrik Hudson, were not in the habit of staking off farms, or setting boundaries to pieces of property. But after their day the boundaries of this tract of land were prescribed with approximate accuracy, and its ownership vested in the people until in process of time, possession, at least, has passed into the hands of the Rector of Trinity Church. The property has made that corporation the richest Protestant church in the United States, and probably in the world.

LAND titles at best are founded upon shaky bases. The radical followers of Henry George have a story, which they delight to tell, of a trespassing Irishman whom a Duke had ordered off his ancestral acres.

"Where'd ye get the land?" asked the interloper.

"From my father," was the response.

"And where'd he get it?"

"From his father."

"And where'd he get it?" persisted the interloper.

"The first of my race got the estate by fighting for it!"

"Well, begorra, I'll fight ye for it now!"

Trinity to-day claims title to such portions of the whilom King's Farm, as she has not alienated. But the only fighting upon which she can base that title is fighting in the courts and in politics. And even in these arenas she has never won an unqualified victory. Corporate persistence opposed to the lethargy of public officials, has won for the great ecclesiastical corporation possession of this enormous tract of valuable city real estate under a title that might not stand against any impartial and deep-searching scrutiny.



New York's busiest corner, Wall Street and Broad, in 1825—when Trinity was laying the foundation for its vast wealth, derived from the much-debated "Queen Anne Grant."

Ever since 1709 has been a debate as to Trinity's rightful title to the vast property still in its name. The corporation has always been powerful enough to prevent hostile action, but never powerful enough to secure legislation sufficient to quiet the agitation.

In all fairness to the Church itself, as well as to citizens generally, should not this vastly important question be settled for all time?

It is the essence of a sound title to land that all the transfers from the earliest owner to the latest should make up a continuous and uninterrupted record. A lacking signature here, a failure to record a transfer there, puts a vexatious and costly flaw upon the title, even though the oversight or negligence occurred a half-century ago. Every individual buyer of real estate is cognizant of this fact—tens of thousands have suffered loss because they lacked the knowledge or failed to act in accordance with it.

But to-day the vast extent of valuable real estate once included within the boundaries of the King's Farm, and now held by Trinity, or by deed from Trinity, is held upon titles that have never been quieted, and it is to-day a question whether in law a suit to establish the ownership of the State in the whole tract would not be maintained in the courts.

MANHATTAN titles date back to the period of the Dutch occupancy of the Island. During that time this section of land was owned by the Dutch "Incorporated West India Company," was known indifferently as the "Old Company's Farm" or the "Burgomeister's Bowerie," and was used to raise foodstuffs for the officers and soldiers of the company. When Manhattan passed into the control of the English under the reign of Charles II a Royal Edict from that monarch commanded the governor "to inform the Dutch that they should be protected in all their rights." Nevertheless Governor Nicoll confiscated this particular tract of land, doing so in flagrant defiance of the specific command of his king. After the Dutch had briefly regained control of New Amsterdam, and were compelled for the second time to surrender to the British, Governor Andros leased the "farm" for twenty years to a private citizen, despite the agreement to respect the property rights of the Dutch.

Not until 1697 did Trinity Church appear in any way in connection with the "Burgomeister's Farm," which by that time had become "the King's Farm." In that year Governor Fletcher leased the land to the newly established church for a yearly rental of sixty bushels of wheat. The purpose was obviously to encourage the ecclesiastical infant, for upon inquiry by the Crown as to the reason for this lease Fletcher admitted that he had refused a proffer of £200, and had executed the less-favorable lease to encourage a church which was still in its infancy.

Now mark! There was no sale of the farm at this time, nor any conveyance of the fee which remained vested in the Crown.

Moreover at the expiration of the Fletcher lease, his successor, Governor Richard Bellomont, refused to renew it, declaring that it had been illegal as the farm had been set aside "for the use of the succeeding English Governors." Bellomont, indeed, was exceedingly averse to the alienation of the King's Farm, by either grant or long term lease, and in 1699 he procured the enactment of a colonial Act, afterward sanctioned by William III, which declared that any "lease or grant of the King's Farm by any Governor for longer than his own term of office, which was six years, and any lease or grant of the farm for any longer time should be cast into oblivion, and erased from the records as though no such lease or grant had ever been made."

This act was bitterly denounced by the church which even then had begun to exercise great social and political influence in the community. It was keenly alive to the value of the property. William Vesey, then Rector of Trinity, whose name has been perpetuated in one of the streets cut through the original farm, bitterly denounced Governor Bellomont for having denied the rights of the church in the premises, and turned eagerly for redress to his successor Lord Cornbury, who was appointed in 1702.

POSSESSION of a pew in the center aisle of Trinity Church was long one of the necessary appurtenances to position in New York's more aristocratic circles. It would seem that in the 18th century this social preëminence attached to the Trinity congregation, and was shrewdly employed to advance the Trinity interests. For when Lord Cornbury reached New York to succeed the antagonistic Bellomont, as governor in 1702, he "was met down the Bay by the Rector and other notable citizens who landed with him at the Battery."

The new potentate was made much of by "the aristocratic party," as early records term those who followed the Rector's lead. They greeted him with fulsome flattery saying in an address of welcome; "With hearts full of charity and exuberant with joy we congratulate Your Lordship's safe and happy arrival in this province."

No time was wasted. The party pointed out to His Lordship "the just fears we had conceived under the late administration of your predecessor" (Bellomont) and besought him not only to renew the lease of the Farm, but to secure the repeal of the act of 1699 referred to above. The latter Cornbury dared not do, but it was asserted that six days after his arrival he did renew the lease.

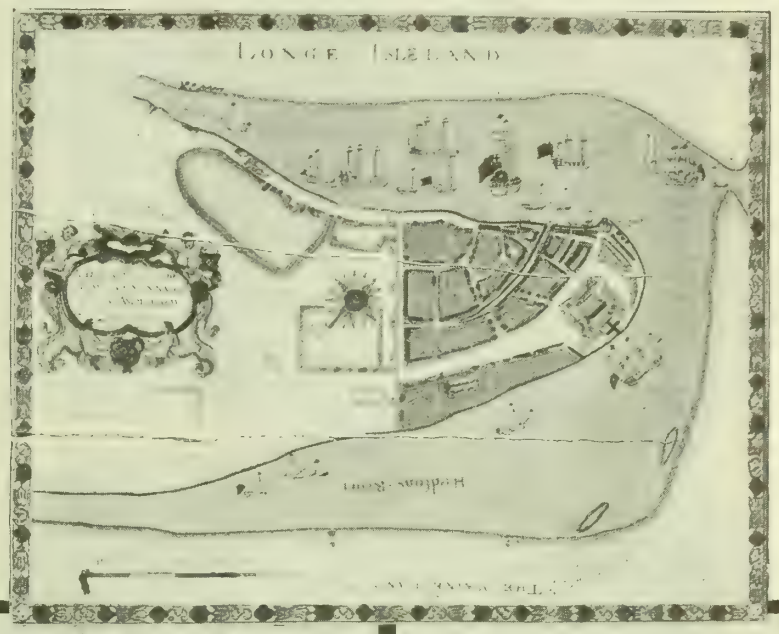
About this assertion there has always been a more or less reasonable doubt.

One hundred and forty-five years after the day of Cornbury, when Trinity's title was attacked in court, the fact of the lease was set up. But the lease itself could not be produced, no record of it was extant, and the Court declared tersely that there was no sign of a lease to the church from Cornbury.

AT the beginning of the 18th century the value of the Queen's Farm must have become very apparent, for then began a determined effort on the part of the Rector to secure it for the church. It was not smooth sailing, for, while the records of the time were silent as to the nature of the opposition, the so-called "aristocratic party" was not wholly successful in its endeavors. New York was then beginning the growth that has made it overflow its original island, and submerge the adjacent shores with a wilderness of dwellings and factories. But it was only beginning. As late as 1728 a map of the city shows Maiden Lane as practically the northern limit of urban settlement. The Queen's Farm was still a farm, but the determination manifested by the church to secure its ownership demonstrated that even then Trinity foresight in real estate matters—which in later years passed into a proverb—was well developed.

Probably the Toryism of the dominant factors in Trinity during the Revolution had much to do with the failure of the church corporation to secure, in those days of reconstruction, a favorable settlement of their claims. As the colonial offshoot of the Church of England, Trinity had been arrogant and intolerant in the days of power of "the aristocratic party," even seeking to deny to other sects the right to erect churches in the colony.

There were enough of the common people, notably the dissenting Dutch who had other churches than the Church of England, to put obstacles in the path of Trinity. That corporation however was persistent. In 1705 it was ordered that the church wardens draw up an address to be presented to his excellency Cornbury for a patent of the Queen's Farm and Garden and that the vestry present the same. Accordingly



David Jameson, recorder of the province, a vestryman, "produced" the Queen Anne Grant. The choice of an author for this much-disputed document seems unfortunate in the light of history for, though a vestryman, he is said by Governor Bellomont to have been "a Scotchman by birth (who) was condemned in Scotland for blasphemy and burning the Bible, but in mitigation of his sentence he was transported to this province and sold a servant. He is a professed Atheist and has two wives."

Governor Bellomont had suffered much opposition at the hands of Trinity vestry, and this succinct character sketch of a vestryman may reflect something of his personal resentment. But whatever his theological beliefs or marital extravagances, Vestryman Jameson in "producing" the Queen Anne Grant certainly contributed his part to the vexed issues of history.

UPON that grant Trinity Church has for nearly 220 years based, and maintained its claim to the lands included in the Queen's Farm. Yet it has never been shown that Queen Anne, whose name is attached to it in history, but not in fact, ever heard of it until long after it had been recorded, or that Lord Cornbury, who was Governor of the Province at the time, ever signed it. In 1885, Mr. Clinton Roosevelt, member of a family famous in New York's annals, replied, when asked his opinion of the Queen Anne Grant:

> "Trinity's Queen Anne grant is like a tub without a bottom. It has no boundaries but Broadway on the east, and Hudson River on the west, with no limits on the north and south, and this is so notorious that even the devils in Sheol must laugh at the Rector, Churchwardens, and Vestrymen of Trinity Church for setting up a plea of possession in fee simple under such a grant, that has neither seal nor signature."

It was "produced" by Vestryman Jameson, himself of dubious record, offered for recording by Thomas Clark, another vestryman, registered by the Secretary of the Province, a vestryman, and upheld by the Attorney-General, also a vestryman.

Despite the reliance placed upon the grant by the church in later days the wardens and vestrymen of that period evidently doubted its entire sufficiency. For fifteen years there were continued and persistent efforts made to secure approval and reaffirmation of it from the Crown or its provisional governors. (*Continued on page 86*)



Three steps in the growth of Trinity Church: Map of the "Burgomeister's Farm" as it was when Trinity rented it for sixty bushels of wheat a year; as the church looked in 1846 when first remodeled, and as it is today—probably the richest Protestant church in the world.

"Time ... is the old days to derision,
"Our loves into corpses or wives;
"And marriage and death and division
"Make barren our lives."—"DOLORES."

IN this life of ours the two great essentials are comfort and happiness. For the most part we leave the question of deciding our comfort to the hands of those who manufacture springs and stuffing, buying such proportion of these wares as our purses permit. We never entirely neglect comfort—even the poorest and even the hardiest take some precautions to equip themselves with a measure of this commodity.

But with happiness it is different. With happiness, the greatest of all needs, we concern ourselves not at all. North, south, east and west, happiness is taken for granted. We assume that it will be ours and, as a general result, it fails us—completely.

Strange, in an educated world, that there is no branch of learning which includes the study of happiness. It might reasonably be supposed to dominate the schedule of domestic sciences—but it doesn't. It is left severely alone to work out its own destiny while the young scholar devotes his brain and hand to a better command of pen or chisel and the young scholaress puzzles her brow over the intricacies of the frying-pan and the alarms of distant motherhood. So poor old happiness is left to take care of itself and find brief accommodation haphazard in the hearts of men and women.

One day a professor will arise in our midst; will wag a finger and tell the world all about it. Maybe he will have a blackboard and a piece of chalk and will write in good legible characters, that all who read may understand, the true receipt for happiness. Probably it will be very simple in its ingredients—possibly it may contain nothing but warning. Let us assume the latter and base a simple story on the text of "Take nothing for granted."

WHEN Andy Merrow met Joan Keats at a river picnic he unquestionably did not take her for granted,—neither, for that matter, did she. Their conduct indeed was very much the reverse. He put it down in fine, straightforward words that the hat she was wearing was "absolutely it."

Joan thereat assumed a pink of pleasure, rubbed her back against the willow trunk against which they were sitting and said:

"I read your last book—lovely it was!"

"Nothing like so lovely as—as other things," he replied. The phrase was lame, but the look accompanying it made up for that. John smiled.

"When I saw you punting so beautifully," she said, "I was surprised to find out who you were."

"Why?"

"It's a silly reason—but I never knew that people who did things,—authors and painters, I mean,—could be like you."

"Was it a revelation, then?"

"It was a bit."

"Life is full of such," said he.

"I suppose it is."

"I've seen one today."

Joan diverted the subject adroitly.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful to reveal them all?"

He shook his head.

"I doubt that. Interest lapses if one has peeped behind every curtain."

"I didn't mean that, but every man and every woman should know one person all through, shouldn't they?"

He lit a cigaret and said he wondered, then added:

"There's a danger in knowing too much; life loses heavily when the mystery dies out."

"I don't see why it should."

"It does, though."

"Explain."

He took a deep breath.

"You're all mystery to me, for example."

She laughed a little shyly.

"You don't want to know me better, then?"

"I *do*."

"But you said——"

"That's where the danger lies—**don't** you see it?"

She shook her head.

"Let's be mundane and say, suppose I knew where your hat came from—had the bill for it on my table—isn't there a risk I might not like it so well?"

"Where would the difference be?"

"I might accept it."

The thought was of the intricate kind a woman understands better than a man.

That would be horrid," she said.

"And yet it is a risk I would very gladly undertake."

She was still thinking of his previous remark and



Isabel dared greatly. "I wish I thought you were really happy!"

Little Things

A Study of Married Life

Illustrated by

"I'm sorry you said that. I like to believe that everything can last at its best."

"Of course it can if we make it last," he hastened to say.

"But that sounds like spinning things out."

"Nonsense! We don't spin out our sense of hearing and our sense of sight. They dull and dim, perhaps, with years—but, nevertheless, they are constant. Why, then, need appreciation be allowed to wither?"

"It shouldn't."

"For to admire and be admired should be the motto of happiness."

"To be loved," she corrected.

He nodded vigorously.

"Yours is the better word," he said. "All the time love is the better word."

"Because love *does* last."

He possessed himself of her hand and kissed the palm thereof.

"How good to hear you say so."

"I didn't mean——" she stammered.



"Look at him now! The bounder—daring to make love to that blue-eyed innocent."

that Matter

By Roland Pertwee

H.R. Ballinger

"Doesn't matter what you mean. It's the glorious conviction that's there."

"You share it?"

He threw his cigaret into the river, where it hissed and floated away.

"Of all the things in the world," he answered seriously, "that is the one I most earnestly desire to believe."

She did not speak for a while. At last:

"Men change easily."

"They think that of women."

"'Tisn't so."

"The honors are divided. I'll tell you something. Neither men nor women change in themselves. It's in their relations to each other."

She looked at him closely, then broke into a tiny laugh.

"I see. I read your last book—I thought it was horrid."

He caught at the spirit of her intention.

"What a hat!" he said.

And so amazingly intricate is the fabric of the human mind,—so delicately attuned to the reception of even an unreal hurt,—that these ridiculous young people seized upon this second of all others to kiss each other for the first time.

CHARLIE REDMOND was conscious of the fact that his dress clothes were built by the finest tailor in the West End, that his hair was cut by the same barber once a fortnight, that his manners were all that Oxford and Jermyn Street could make them, and that his features were set in a happy mixture of indignation and sympathy. Mercifully he was unconscious of the fact that he was a silly young cub and that Nature abhorred his intelligence in the same manner and possibly from the same cause that it abhors a vacuum.

He leant over the back of Joan's chair and his words trembled to her ears.

"Say the word, Mrs. Merrow," said he, "just say the word and I'll kick the bounder—kick him."

"You dear, silly boy," Joan replied—a reply which could hardly be taken to imply the word.

Charlie drew up a chair and threw himself into its depths.

"My God!" he exclaimed, "to think of you being married to a chap like that. You, the purest, most wonderful woman God ever put breath into."

"I wish, Charlie, you wouldn't put so much breath into your appreciations," she upbraided.

Charlie became "the stronger man" at once. He leaned forward tensely, after the fashion of strong men.

"You like it," he announced "Don't deny you like it—for I know you do."

It would have been quite easy for Joan to slap his face, but she didn't. Only, just audibly, she whispered:

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings——"

Charlie gave a hard laugh—he knew it was a hard laugh because he had given it before.

"Make fun of me," he said, "I don't care! But God! I wonder you've a jest left in you."

"Charlie, when you are as old as I am, you will have learnt perhaps that one can be quite effectively emphatic without the use of expletives."

"Shut up about being old," came the rejoinder, which upon examination shows rather feebly. "I'm as old as I feel—and to-night I feel a thousand. When I look at the man who for eight years has called himself your husband, I feel I could——"

"You are full of feeling, Charlie, aren't you?"

He produced a successful gesture of impatience and pointed to the far end of the long room.

"Look at him now."

"I've been looking at him for half an hour, but since you ask me——"

ANDY MERROW was leaning against the wall looking down at a girl who sat demurely on the window seat. The girl had a little round face, very blue, wide-open eyes and parted lips. Her hands, which rested in her lap, clasped and unclasped themselves continually. One felt instinctively that there was another innocent abroad.

"Oh yes-s," she nodded, "I see that—how wonderful!"

Andy had said nothing wonderful at all—and he knew it. Nevertheless her words induced an impulse of warmth in his nature.

"You're a friendly little thing, aren't you," said he.

Isobel looked pained.

"Of course to you I am only that."

Under cover of straightening the curtains he patted her shoulder.

"It is the little things that matter," he said.

Once more her hands clasped and unclasped. And she dared greatly.

"I wish I thought you were really happy."

He laughed lightly.

"Happiness," said he, "is like money; you invest it in certain concerns and sometimes the rate of interest is high and sometimes the principal is swallowed up. The odds are against the investor, alas!"

Isobel's eyes filled with instant tears.

"Oh, how sad—how dreadfully sad. If only I could do something." Her eyes raised appealingly.

"You show a definite interest," he smiled back, "and that is the height of any man's desire."

After a little pause Isobel said:

"I've found a wee club in Dover Street. Will you come and have tea with me one day?"

He nodded. "Any day."

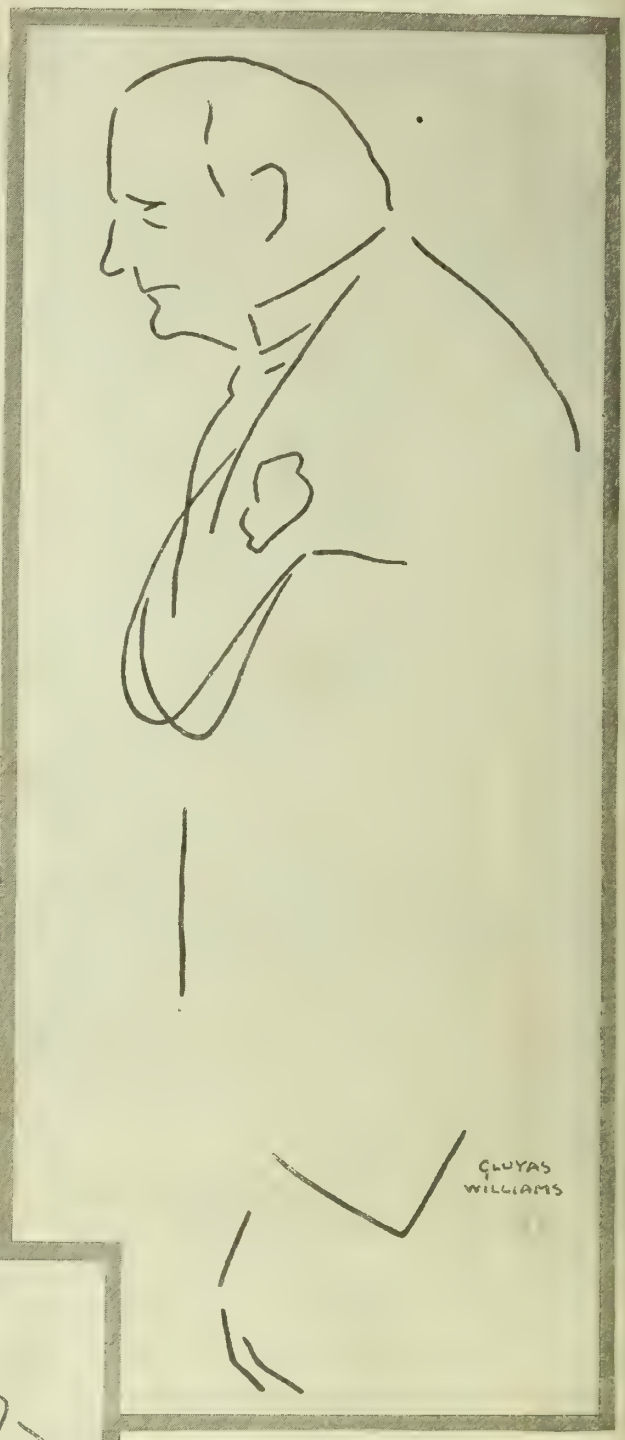
Charlie Redmond threw up his head.

"It beats all," he ejaculated. "The bounder daring to make love to her before you." He turned to Joan and whispered "I worship you, my darling, with all a good man's love. I adore you. The very ground you walk on is precious to *(Concluded on page 05)*

Speaking Likenesses of Spellbinding Personalities

Drawings by Gluyas Williams
Sketches by John Temple Graves





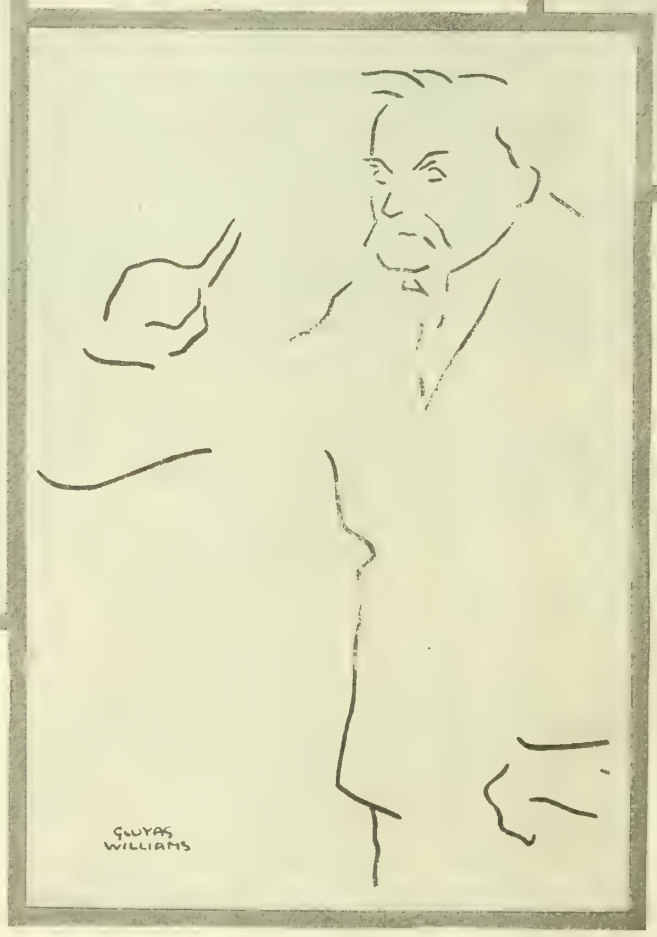


A STALWART FOE OF MONOPOLY.

THERE is no Republican in the Senate who is better liked personally and who is more effective in constructive statesmanship than Wm. S. Kenyon, of Iowa.

Senator Kenyon is a son of the soil, working his way on farms and in factories from the bottom to the top. He is a graduate of Iowa College, was prosecuting attorney of his county at twenty-three, judge at thirty, assistant attorney-general of the United States in charge of the trust prosecutions at thirty-six, and a Senator of the United States, from the Commonwealth of Iowa, at forty.

Foremost among his Senatorial triumphs *



THE HOUSE LEADER OF THE REPUBLICANS

THE Republican leader of the House majority is everything that is American—in his history, in his record, in his mental vigor, and in his catholic patriotism—which does not prevent Frank W. Mondell from being an elegant and accomplished gentleman without fear and without reproach. He has won golden opinions among his peers.

An early orphanage, a dependent boyhood, he was literally educated in the school of hard knocks. A cowboy, a stock herder, a trapper, a fur hunter, a ranchman, a railroad employee, a lumberman and a miner, he comes as near as any member of Congress to being a self-made man.

He was born on the day that Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the United States, and his youth *

*(Concluded on page 47)

THE MOST MAJESTIC FIGURE IN CONGRESS

THE old Lion of the Tribe of Democracy still roams and reigns in the House of Representatives—the most majestic and the most beloved figure in the American Congress—without regard to party or politics. For twenty-five years Champ Clark has been a shining and central personality in the House of Representatives from its 53rd Congress to the present day. He has had twelve and a half terms in the House. He was six terms the nominee of his minority party for Speaker. He was for four terms the Democratic Speaker. He was the leader of the Democratic minority for six years, and by his consummate energy, ability and popularity, guided the Democratic party in the House from a militant minority to a triumphant majority. He is now *

THE LAST OF THE PLANTER STATESMEN

THE long and illustrious regime of the old planter statesmen of the South has one brilliant type and relic left in the person of the senior Senator from Mississippi. No more picturesque figure adorns the upper House of the American Congress. Student, scholar and statesman—John Sharp Williams is all of these by the unanimous judgment of his colleagues. He is a master mind among master minds, and when he speaks the modern Senate hangs upon the words of this statesman of the old regime.

A planter in the rich alluvial delta of the Mississippi, a graduate of a dozen Southern colleges, including the Kentucky Military Institute, the University of the South at Sewanee, and the Uni- *



The man's eyes were unhappy. Their misery held Ruth's notice.

An Amateur Knight Errant

By Albert Payson Terhune

Illustrated by Baron Gayne de Meyer

A BAR of the silverest moonlight was quivering athwart the shimmering marble stairway. In the center of the argent radiance stood a woman. So ethereal did she look, there in the faintly glimmering light, that she seemed to float, rather than touch ground.

From somewhere in the night soft music was throbbing. The woman lifted her daintily poised head as if to give her soul to the rapture of the melody. Then her lips parted and she began to sing.

Her voice—velvety and full—swelled forth into the silences of the night. And it brought others to the fairyland bourn of marble and moonlight,—shadowy forms in filmy white draperies, more like living moonbeams than mere mortals. And the newcomers began in dreamy undertone to hum a refrain of the melody which the muted music was weaving.

Enraptured by the magic of the scene and by the glory of her own golden voice, the singer did not accord these gliding white newcomers so much as a glance. The soft-pitched humming was a mere background for her chant. She did not appear to note it.

But, once or twice, the thread of song wavered, as she chanced to let her gaze stray to a shadowy corner of the marble balustrade above her, just beyond the glow of the moonlight, where crouched a dark figure, grotesque and vague in the uncertain light.

There was something almost sinister in the silent motionlessness of this listening shape up there in the gloomy silences. At each involuntary glimpse of the form, the singer's voice shook, ever so slightly. And into her moon-bathed countenance would flit a shade of worry to mar the radiance of her upturned face.

The music died away in one last throbbing wail. The woman turned slowly; now facing the balustrade, her eyes full upon the lurking figure there.

The figure detached itself from the denser shadows and came out into the bar of moonshine; standing presently revealed as a tall, thin man in dark raiment.

For a second he stood thus, his somber eyes holding the woman's frightened glance. Then he spoke. One word alone did he utter. Yet that word had the black power to shatter into tinkling fragments the mystic charm of scene and hour. For what he said was:

"*Rotten*!"

His terse comment sent a palpable flutter through the group of white-clad sylphs who had hummed an undercurrent of accompaniment to the singer's melody. One of them gasped, hysterically. Another giggled. A third drew forth a tiny round box from nowhere in particular; and fell to powdering her tip-tilted nose.

THE singer alone found voice to reply to the insult from the Man in Black. Her full red lips parted and from their dewy recesses issued forth the sweetly soulful response:

"F'r Gawd-sake, what d' y' expect? If I was a Gally-Coorsy, would I be trailin, along with a Number Four Comp'ny, on a Hickopolis circuit? Two p'formances, this day. Ten, so far, this week. Three all-night jumps in five days. An' now a midnight rehearsal, for this interp'lated fool number. An' you expec' me to put pep an' go into it first crack out the box! Say, Mr. Egan, have a heart, can't you? It'll go across with a bounce at the p'formance."

"*Someone* is liable to go across with a bounce," assented Egan, grimly. "The Grand Bounce, at that. And perhaps it'll be Miss Amerita Vaurien. Known originally to her doting parents as Maggie Higgs. If——"

"That's be about all, Mr. Egan!" flared the prima donna. "An' I'll say it's a plenty, at that. I've stood enough bullyin' an' sarcasm from you, this tour. If you think I'm goin' to be bawled out in front of a bunch of chorus skirts——"

Egan glowered at her, for a moment. Then he transferred his displeasure to safer objects. Wheeling about, he faced the snickering group of girls.

"And you, too!" he fumed at them. "How can you expect Miss Vaurien to be at her best, when that hum-accompaniment of yours has as many keys to it as a hotel desk-board? No two of you were on the same key, for half a bar at a time. It sounded like a dog-pound when the raw-meat man shows up. A finished artiste like Miss Vaurien can't do herself justice with that kind of accompaniment, can she? She might as well sing against a set of noon-hour whistles. It was worst over on the contralto side. Who was on the end, there? Hey?"



He answered her smile with the curt ultimatum: "Nothing doing. Be on your way."

"I was," spoke up a very small chorus-girl, with very big eyes. 'But I——"

"Oh, Burnham, eh?" grunted Egan, glad to note that his veiled compliments had soothed the prima donna's wrath, and that he could assert his authority on the meekest-looking member of the chorus. "I might have known it! Whenever I hear any worse sound than usual I can always be certain it's either two cats yowling or else you singing. Some day you'll sing on the key, by mistake. And the shock will ——"

"I was on the key," calmly interrupted the small girl with the big eyes.

She said it in an unruffled voice and with much quiet assertion. She continued:

"I am always on the key. For that matter, so were the rest of the girls just now. And you know it. Miss Vaurien wasn't. You know that, too. But you're afraid of her. You're afraid she may leave you in the lurch. Just as Miss Haile and Miss Townsley did, before her, when you bullied them. And the management won't stand losing three leading women, in succession, by your Simon Legreeing them. So, now you're trying it on me. Because you thought I wouldn't dare answer back. Well, I *do* dare, Mr. Egan. No job is worth being afraid of. Certainly no eighteen-dollar job. I——"

"Get out of here!" roared Egan, finding his breath, at last, after the amaze caused by this glaring instance of wage-slave insurrection. "Get *out!* The treasurer——"

But Ruth Burnham cut short his fiery periods by walking off the stage. Once out of sight and on the way to the draughty and lofty chorus dressing-room, her step lost a bit of its springiness and her shoulders slumped from their defiant squareness. It was one thing to stand up for one's rights and to affect contempt for an eighteen-dollar chorus job. It was quite another to throw away that job for the sake of so-called self-respect, as Ruth had just done.

As she divested herself of her pseudo-Grecian draperies and donned her street clothes and hat, she began to take stock of the approximate cost of her declaration of independence. The stock consisted of two dollars and a quarter in a brown purse. That and the clothes she stood in and certain other non-plutocratic possessions which were neatly packed in one half of a trunk that she shared with another chorus girl. This trunk reposed at present in the hall-bedroom, which she shared with the same girl, at a boarding-house, half a mile from the theater.

OUT into the almost deserted street and toward this distant and stuffy boarding-house, Ruth Burnham now made her way. Sick at heart, tired out and fiercely resentful at life in general and Egan in particular, she stamped along, head down.



Two dollars and a quarter and the clothes she stood in represented her stock.

Because her mind was turned inward and her eyes downward, she came presently to a halt. It was a sudden halt. A jarring halt. It was occasioned by her downbent head colliding sharply with something.

The "something" was the slablike white front of a man's evening shirt.

Ruth, shaken by the contact, gasped and looked up. In front of her stood a man in evening clothes. His overcoat was open. Apparently he had been strolling along as absorbedly as had she. And the collision seemed to cause him equal surprise.

"I'm sorry!" he said, crossly.

"Oh, excuse me!" she exclaimed, with little more contrition.

As both spoke at the same time, neither heard the other. But each noted the other's unloving frown. Perhaps that is why Ruth lingered for a moment, instead of scuttling away. The man's eyes were more than merely cross. They were unhappy. Miserably unhappy. Their stark misery caught and held the girl's unconscious notice.

The frown faded from her own upturned face, giving way to an expression of real interest. Here was a man who looked as if he had all the money there was. Young, too, and good to see. Yet he seemed as resentful of life as if he had just been kicked out of an eighteen-dollar job and had but two dollars and a quarter in his pocket and a half-trunkful of clothes at a smelly boarding-house.

The phenomenon brought a half smile to Ruth's lips. She had a pretty smile. It did nice things to her whole face.

The man, glowering down at her, noted the smile, and the way it transfigured the erstwhile glum little visage. But, instead of pleasing him, the smile made him scowl the fiercer. He realized that only one type of woman smiles up at strange men, on lonely midnight streets. Yes, and now that he looked closer, he saw the girl was unquestionably of that type. For, in spite of the dainty quietude of her cheap hat and dress, she was most egregiously made up. In her haste to get away from the theater Ruth had not stopped to divest herself of her war-paint.

That so jolly and childlike a smile should belong to such a woman annoyed the man. He felt, vaguely, that a trick had been played on him. So he answered the smile with the curt ultimatum:

"Nothing doing. Be on your way, please!"

He stepped aside, to give her room to pass. But she did not step past him. Instead,—her smile vanishing into a glare and her face going angrily scarlet through her make-up—she blazed out at him:

"You beast! What do you take me for?"

"I don't care to take you at all, thanks," he made reply; starting to move away. (*Concluded on page 78*)



"RING OUT THE OLD, RING IN THE NEW; RING OUT THE FALSE, RING IN THE TRUE."

Painted for Hearst's Magazine
By W. T. Benda

How Armies Got too Big to Fight



"*Les Conscripts*," *by Dagnan Bouveret*

The Military Future in Europe - I
By Guglielmo Ferrero

Will the Nations of Europe ever disarm? That is one of the vital problems before us today. In this article, Guglielmo Ferrero, Italy's foremost historian, gives a masterly presentation of the most important aspects of the future.

BY the time that these papers are published it is probable the work of the Conference of Peace at Paris will have been carried to a successful conclusion and the territorial questions which have divided Europe will have reached a solution which if not perfect and definite, yet is such at least as to ensure to the Old World a certain equilibrium and a certain order. Important legal, economic, financial and colonial agreements will have also been reached between the great Powers, with the object of allowing the world to take up its life once more. But can we really say that all the greater questions raised by the terrible crisis through which Western civilization is passing will be thus solved? No. Two questions, each one more grave than any other, will still remain to be settled: the military and the political questions. In these two papers I shall endeavor to make clear, as briefly as is possible, of what the military question consists.

EVERYONE knows that the world war has been a war without precedent in the numbers of its combatants and victims, in the quantities and the power of the arms employed, in its costliness, in its length and in the universal havoc in the affairs of the whole world which has been born from it. For the first time in history, during the war, the whole world has been one in suffering and in confusion; because, for the first time it has been the theater of a war which can be well defined, in comparison with others, *unlimited* as to time and space. Other wars of which history tells us, may be called limited, because the belligerent states went into them with forces relatively small, but well known as to their strength, and with the fixed purpose to engage in the war not more than those forces. The world war may instead be defined as *unlimited* because, for the first time, the greater states of the world have been seen fighting with a firm resolve to exhaust all the resources of which they could dispose in the struggle, to the last man and the last penny, without any clear idea of the greatness of these resources, nor of the time which would be required to exhaust them.

But how has it come to pass that Western civilization, which seemed to be so healthy and so fruitful in its development, should have suddenly generated this new monster, which, in four years, has devoured ten millions of men, and all the riches of Europe: the war *without limits?* That which, at the beginning of 1914, no one could have foreseen, can now, at the end of 1919, be understood and explained. The *unlimited* war of the twentieth century is the result of two causes: the military institutions created in Continental Europe by the French Revolution; and the enormous economic development of the nineteenth century which has multiplied the riches of Europe a hundred fold. Let us examine, rapidly, one fact after the other.

We say and we are agreed that the French Revolution came to liberate the peoples of Europe from all the tyrannies to which they were subject. Let it be so. But it is also true that the first gifts it brought to them were knapsack and the gun. The European rulers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were tyrants, it seems, yet not one of them, not even Frederick the Great—who was certainly not very tenderly inclined toward the liberties of his people—shut up all the youths of his time in barracks and forced them into war. These rulers were all obliged to content themselves with small armies, who served not from compulsion but by contract, and who bargained for their courage, discipline, the sufferings and fatigues of war, and the ounces of blood they might have to shed. It was the French Revolution which, attacked by overwhelming force, essayed the desperate expedient of the universal obligatory conscription, and made of arms not a profession of free selection but a civic obligation of all the male citizens. Danger gave the revolutionary governments of France strength to overcome all their repugnance to an institution so oppressive as the military service existing still in Europe at the end of the eighteenth century.

It is well known that the French Revolution obtained then, by its innovation, great successes, for on its own part it was able to dispose of a numerical superiority over its adversaries. Among many defects, the system of obligatory conscription has undoubtedly the advantage of more easily getting together a greater number of soldiers than has voluntary and professional recruiting. But in their turn the victories of the Revolution obliged the monarchies of Europe to oppose numbers to numbers, and then armies to armies of conscription. Even in the monarchies, the necessity was stronger than the repugnance of the people. So during the wars of the Revolution and of the Empire, the compulsory service became the basis of the military system of all Continental Europe, and the old armies of volunteers disappeared almost everywhere. At the Congress of Vienna it came into the minds of some that even the new armies of conscription, being an invention of the Revolution, ought to be abolished together with all other revolutionary creations. But the great monarchies of Continental Europe were too thankful to procure for themselves, owing to the Revolution, an *instrumentum regni* so formidable as the right to make all male subjects soldiers, and none of them wanted to renounce it.

In this manner the great states of Continental Europe acquired the right of conscription, and the possibility of creating armies like the armies of Xerxes by enlarging the limits of the conscription itself. Nevertheless, all through the nineteenth century this possibility was limited by two causes: riches, and the preoccupation of giving the soldiers a suitable military education. The great increase in the wealth of Europe, like that of America, did not begin until after 1848; and up to 1890 was slow, although it went on from year to year. Being able to dispose of but restricted means, the European states, even the most militaristic, could call to arms but a small part of the number of their active men, and in times of war, they were obliged to mobilize but the smallest quantity of forces which were necessary to them. But the wars of the Revolution and the Empire had created also the traditions of a military art, which counted more on the quality and on the education of the soldier than on the number of men and the force of the arms employed. Therefore, up till 1870, it was held necessary to impart a long and accurate instruction to the conscripts; and then to keep them under arms for many years. Prussia alone, up to 1814, dared to reduce the time of service to three years; while France still kept it up for five and in certain cases extended it even to seven years. It was then a much-disputed question whether the Prussian method was a good one or not. Keeping soldiers under arms for so long a time made it impossible to call more than a small number each year.

ALL these things changed with the war of 1870—the war from which proceeded the present disaster of Europe and the world. The war of 1870 was still a *limited* war, for in it Germany mobilized but a million men, and France 750,000. But Germany, thanks to her three years' term of service, was able to mobilize a superior number of men and to conquer France, although the latter had been instructing her soldiers for five or seven years. The experiment seemed decisive in favor of numbers and of the shorter term of service, and so began the rivalry between the states to increase the effective force and to reduce the length of service; a rivalry in which Germany was always at the head, and gave an example to the other nations of Europe. Almost all the nations cut down the time of service, first to three years and then to two; all exemptions and dispensations were abolished little by little, so that everywhere the obligation to the service became universal, and luck alone exonerated those who were superfluous to the contingent; the number of the battalions, of the regiments, of the brigades and of the divisions grew continually, and with this growth of numbers expenses increased. But the world grew richer! At the same time industries developed; factories for arms were multiplied, and the new inventions which aimed to make up by the force of arms for the imperfect and hurried military education of the soldiers, increased. From 1900 to 1914 the armies of Europe developed themselves as far as they could on these principles: the increase of their numbers, the reduction of the term of service and the perfecting of their arms.

THE military principles of the French Revolution were thus, if not entirely reversed, yet exaggerated by an audacity without example. In this transformation the influence of Germany was preponderant, and for a reason which is easy (*Concluded on page 79*)

Better Days

By Gouverneur Morris

Illustrated by Clarence F. Underwood

"Blood will tell"—but will it? Launcelot, pure bred stallion, bolts his rider and gallops away to find gypsy mare Molly between the shafts of a peddler's cart. And Launcelot's young mistress takes dangerously more than a passing interest in the peddler, Martin Gail. Is love merely a perverse accident—or something more?



"Of course, Mr. Gail comes, too. See that he has a good mount."

HER heels blistered by the rubbing boots, her high anger almost melting into tears, Edith McMahon climbed to the top of a rock knoll and saw just below her, on the further edge of the knoll, what had once been a canvas-topped wagon.

It lay upon its side, rent and shattered. It seemed to have been struck first by a cyclone and then by an avalanche. And then it seemed to have been rifled by marauders. Here and there lay pots and pans, right side up and upside down; talking-machine records, books, clothes, shoes, a banjo in two pieces, canned goods, a ball of string, a Winchester rifle, pieces of hammer, pieces of rope, and heaven knows what besides.

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" exclaimed Miss Edith, "it's Gail's wagon!"

She forgot all about her blisters and darted to the wreck.

On the further side lay Martin himself; his eyes closed and blood trickling out of his nostrils and welling from the corner of his mouth. A wagon wheel lay upon him, and his hands clasped the spokes.

It is significant that Miss Edith felt no sense of repulsion, and that she proceeded to give the man first aid with calmness and logic. She rid him of the wagon wheel first; then she put the pillow of his wagon bed under his head; and then she hunted among his effects until she had found a five-gallon gasoline tin half full of water.

It had not occurred to her that he might be dead, or dying. His face was very bloody, but it was not pale, and his fingers which she had unfolded from their grip of the wagon wheel had felt warm. His chest rose and fell with regularity, and his pulse was strong.

Nevertheless he must have been knocked very far out indeed; for the water with which she bathed his face and wrists had not the magic to bring him to.

HAVING done what she could to make him comfortable, if what is inanimate can be made comfortable, she rose to her feet, took her chin in her hand and wondered what she had better do next.

To go for help was out of the question. Help was altogether too many miles off, for one thing, dusk was falling, for another. The first thing to think about was light.

Hunting among Gail's scattered possessions she found a lantern, a small can of kerosene and at least half a gross of matches.

"That's *that*," murmured Miss McMahon, "and the next problem is how to keep him warm. Injuries to the head ought to be kept warm and not moved. And of course *I* can keep moving!" But she found enough blankets, human and horse, for two, and though she was not able to slide one of them under Gail, she covered him warmly and noted with satisfaction that the ground upon which he lay was bone dry; she noted also with satisfaction that his nose had stopped bleeding; and that the oozing at the corner of his mouth, which she had feared might be a sign of internal injury, came from an unimportant cut.

Gail may be called lucky. There was a pretty girl tending him and the more she tended him the better she liked him.

He himself needed to make no exertion whatever. All he had to do was to remain unconscious.

Starting merely as an unconscious man, he would, if he remained unconscious long enough, develop into Miss McMahon's own particular unconscious man. Her sensibilities worked rapidly while he slept.

HE was undeniably pleasant to look at now that his face had been cleaned. He had the good fortune to breathe quietly through his nose.

His shirt, for he had been coatless, when destiny overtook him, was excellently clean and of fine material.

The watch that had been jolted from its waistband pocket, had the name of a famous Fifth Avenue maker across its open face, and upon its back was a tiny unicorn, which stood on one hind foot, and blew smoke out of his nostrils.

"H-mm," Miss McMahon had thought, "our gentleman bears arms."

For want of something better to do, she began to gather and sort the contents of the late wagon.

A photograph lying face up caught her eye.

She stood over the photograph and looked at it intently. Then she exclaimed: "May I be eternally stymied," and dropped to her knees.

It was with a kind of reverence and hero worship that she took up in her hands the picture of the greatest polo team that ever played polo.

Four famous young men looked into her eyes from the backs of four famous ponies. and the face of the young man who was second from the left end was the face of Martin Gail.

"It's the Saddlebrook team," said Miss McMahon. "and Martin Gail is the best No. 2 that ever breathed. And his real name is Carrington. I *knew* I had seen him before."

She had—at Hurlingham. She had seen him help to take the International Cup away from our British cousins. She had been 'way back in her teens at the time, but so keen on horses and everything to do with them that her father had taken her to see that immortal two out of three.

Somehow she felt weak all over. And then, still kneeling, she turned and looked at Carrington. His eyes were open. She dropped the photograph face down and hurried to his side.

"FEEL any better?" she asked quietly.

"Hallo—you."

"I found you. What happened?"

"Please 'scuse."

The young man's eyes had closed tight with pain. He reopened them with an effort.

"I don't mind saying I feel rotten, Miss McMahon. . . . Be all right in a minute."

He was for sitting up. He made a gallant effort, fainted in the middle of it, and fell back with a horrid jolt.

She abused herself unmercifully for not having foreseen this contingency and been quick enough to catch him. But cold water brought him to in short order, and he smiled and said he felt better and would she "please 'scuse" as he thought he was going to be sick.

The wave of nausea passed however; but not the smile.

"I do feel better," he said, "lots. And presently—not *now*—but *presently*—I am going to sit up and then stand up, and—did you doll me up with the pillow and blanket? What a brick you are!"

"Please don't talk. You mustn't," she said, and in the same breath incited him to speech.

"What happened to you?" she asked.

"Happened? That black horse of yours—Launcelot. He happened to me. He tried to get in the wagon with me. I think he wanted to whisper something in my ear. And I moved over to make room for him and the wagon came over on top of me, and the last thing I knew he was unharnessing Molly."

"What *do* you mean?"

"Well he—he wasn't very good at buckles—and so as he couldn't free Molly from the wagon he freed the wagon from Molly. He kicked it all to pieces. And Molly, she kicked too . . . the last I remember was that, and the two of them kicking and screaming and squalling at the top of their lungs. Then the lights went out."

"But what *possessed* them?"

HE looked into her face for some moments without speaking. A smile hovered at the corners of his mouth. Then he said:

"Love possessed them, Miss McMahon, and they have gone to Gretna Green."

Edith McMahon nodded wisely.

"Launcelot," she said, "did give me one awful toss, but it was for love's sake and so I forgive him. . . . Anything I can do to make you more comfortable?"

"I want *you* to be more comfortable. And aren't you hungry? No, I'd rather not eat if you don't mind; but I'll find something for you."

He struggled to a sitting position.

"You lie right down," she commanded, "or I—I'll go away."

This must have been a terrible thing; because Martin Gail Carrington laid himself down again so quickly that almost you might have thought he had been shot.

"You're the boss," he said, "but *will* you make yourself at home, and find something to eat before it's too dark, and consider everything yours?"

"Tell me one thing. I don't know a bit about accidents; but I'm worried to death and do you think you are badly hurt?"

"I don't," he answered her, "but I've been everlastingly knocked out. There's nothing broken. So please don't worry. You've made me *ever* so comfy, and I'm feeling stronger all the time; only when I *don't* lie down things spin. That's all."

She found some bread, chocolate and a jar of strawberry jam. She ate with a sound appetite.

Darkness having fallen she lighted the lantern, and placing the leather driving-seat near Martin Gail's head, she wrapped herself in a blanket, and prepared herself for a long vigil.

But she was little more than a child, and when her patient had slept for an hour or two her head began to nod, and her struggles to keep awake and play the conscientious night nurse became very painful.

Just when she succumbed to the attack of Morpheus is unknown. It may be that she compromised at first with her sense of duty and pretended that resting on one elbow is the same thing as sitting up. Now, if your elbow on the ground and your head in your hand is a vigilant attitude, so also is it vigilant to lie with your forearm on the ground and your head resting on it. As to whether the rest of you lies at length or is curled in a ball will in no way affect your powers of vigilance. Now, if you shift occasionally from the one position to the other, will these same powers be in any way affected?



Guided by her reflection in the glass, Edith made her hair "look like new."

IN the depths of sleep and in the iciness of the night Edith McMahon sought warmth, as all young animals will, by cuddling closer to the nearest shelter. She cuddled then close up to Martin Gail, and some bright splinter of the wish to protect shining through the blackness of her unconsciousness, slept toward dawn with one arm thrown over and about him.

Sleep had refreshed and reinvigorated Martin wonderfully. But memory of what had happened did not return with the instant of his awaking. His position in the world and his relationship to the girl who in sleep seemed to claim him for her own were hazy. Then presently, remembering this and that, he smiled a cautious and tender smile, and proceeded inch by inch to disengage himself from the protecting arm which had been thrown about him, without waking his protector. In so doing his thoughts formulated a great truth. "If she finds out what *she's* done," he thought, "she'll never forgive *me*."

He disengaged himself finally, and with an occasional tender and amused glance at the sleeper, proceeded to boil coffee and fry bacon.

Building his fire well to the leeward of Miss McMahon it was not his fault if the light breeze changed and an eddy of pale blue aroma curled toward the sleeper and in passing caressed her face. Miss McMahon's nostrils twitched, and to the slightest degree that would also be perceptible expanded. And there was borne to Martin Gail, who had an exquisite sense of hearing, an infinitely faint sound of a—sniff.

A second wave of the delectable perfume waked her, and her first emotion was that of the sentry who had been caught asleep at his post.

"Ah," she cried, "I *am* ashamed. Please—please lie down again, and let me get your breakfast."

But Martin's eyes and indeed his whole manner showed that he was himself again.

"Thanks to *you*," he said; "I slept like a top, and waked like a lark. I bet your hands and feet are cold, though. Mine were. Come by the fire."

He had spoken the truth and she spread her hands to the blaze.

"There's nothing," Martin explained, "that makes such a perfect fire as an old wagon. I've only just found it out. It *likes* to burn."

Having warmed her hands Miss McMahon lifted them to her hair.

"Is it an *awful* mess?" she asked.

Martin looked critically.

"It would be, I think," he said finally, "if it didn't have a natural wave. . . . But if that doesn't satisfy you, there's a fairly big piece of my looking-glass left and that pink box contains a brand-new brush and comb—ivoroid."

THE sun had not yet cleared the rim of the mountains, but already the light was bright. And guided by her reflection in the jagged fragment of looking-glass, and aided by the ivoroid brush and comb, she made her hair (as Martin expressed it when directly challenged for an expression) look like "new."

They had breakfast and started on the long tramp back to Joyous Gard. Miss McMahon wondered whether they would run in with a search-party before she had to confess to the blisters on her heels. She spoke of Launcelot, and Martin said:

"Oh, it seems to me a clear case of a maiden held in durance vile and rescued by a gallant knight. They've eloped, and perhaps they'll come back some day and ask for forgiveness and perhaps they won't."

Miss Edith laughed.

"Whoever," she said, "would have thought that our Launcelot would marry so far beneath him?"

"*Beneath* him!" exclaimed Martin. "Well, I like that. How do you mean *beneath* him? Wasn't my Molly honest, and wholesome and virtuous and hard working, so far as you know? What do you know of his parents? May they not also have been honest and respectable, though poor? But just because her name is Molly instead of Genevieve, you think that your pampered and flattered lord of creation has thrown himself away. If I judged by appearances I believe I'd shoot myself. Personally I think that your Launcelot has done exceedingly well by himself. I wish I could feel the same about my Molly."

He spoke plaintively and with the affectionate loyalty and anxiety of a parent. Miss McMahon burst out laughing.

They came to the top of a rise and saw far off a horseman. They shouted and waved. He heard them presently, saw them, himself waved, turned his horse, and came toward them on the run.

WHEN he had kicked and pawed Martin Gail's wagon to pieces, Launcelot's demoniac anger passed. He went and stood beside Molly, and hung his head protectingly over her neck. Then with soft whinnying he urged her, as it seemed, to go with him, far from that place.

And they went away slowly, with never a backward glance. They had to go slowly. Molly was still in harness. Her reins and traces dragged on the ground. Launcelot had got his reins over his head, and he kept stepping on them.

For a long time the lovers endured these marks of their former servitude and bondage. It seemed almost as if Launcelot had done all the ratiocinative thinking of which he was capable, and had thought himself out. But this was not so. He stopped suddenly (without a word said) and lay down and rolled. He rolled and he sucked wind and he pawed at the air. There was a sharp crack as of a rib breaking. He had burst the girth of his saddle, and but for the bit and bridle was now a free horse.

Moved by a sudden spirit of emulation, Molly too laid herself down, and with a great sigh of liberty, rolled to and fro upon her back and kicked her legs in the air.

But it was not until they came to a stunted spruce high up among the foothills that they rid themselves of the harsh steel that man had put in their mouths. Against this tree they rubbed their bridles off, and stood forth in the bright sunlight as naked as they were born.

Thereafter for a time they played and frolicked in circles; but out of this circling and prancing and rearing and cantering, Molly withdrew herself presently, to watch the greater prancings and rearings of her lord and master.

IF ever a male showed off before a female, the palm should go to Launcelot; for surely the sun never shone upon a more boastful, egotistic, self-satisfied, magnificent, fantastic, ridiculous, beautiful exhibition of what a perfectly coordinated, perfect set of joints and muscles, passionately inspired, can do.

I regret to say that Launcelot was so pleased with himself that he roared and screamed at the top of his lungs. So fascinating did he make himself that the time when Molly could have said No even to his slightest wish passed.

Had any prickings of conscience tormented her hitherto? Any memories of that kind master, dead (for all she knew) under his ruined wagon? If so, then those things had by now passed completely from her mind.

It is doubtful if she any longer even thought about herself. Her world contained but one living thing that mattered, and that thing was her world.

When Launcelot drew near, she trembled. When he drew away, she trembled still more. To her love meant meekness and submission. To Launcelot it meant both and mastery, ferocity and tenderness. He seemed a creature of fire and iron and satin and foam.

In that moment of victory and glory and mastery and high passion, no living creature but Molly, whom he had chosen, could have looked upon him without fear. But she, because she was his, feared him no more than his mane feared him, or his hoofs.

And be sure too, reader, that Nature herself, who had been for thousands of years preparing for just this moment, was present, and not only unafraid, and unashamed, but perfectly delighted with herself.

From that upland pasture there passed after a while, still deeper and higher into the mountains, slowly and feeding as they went, not two horses only, but a miraculous third.

IN order to hunt down and bring back into bondage the recusant but extremely valuable Launcelot, the whole establishment of Joyous Gard, with the exception of those unfortunates who could not ride, took to their saddles.

Whenever the trail of the runaways became lost, the pursuers, two by two, rode in great circles of varying diameter, until the trail was found again. Night put an end to the first day's hunt, and it was obvious that thereafter the hunt would have to be more systematic and thoroughgoing if it was to have results.

Miss McMahon gave her conclusions and her orders.

"We'll have to camp on that trail," she said. "I shall take you, Galways, Easterhouse and Samson. We start at daylight."

She turned from Galways, and caught a puzzled expression in Martin Gail's eyes.

"I've lost a horse, too," he said. "Don't I come?"

She turned once more to Galways. "Of course," she said. "Mr. Gail comes too. See that he has a good mount. Put him on Larkspur."

Galways grumbled because he considered Martin Gail to blame for the whole affair; but orders are orders.

Miss McMahon bent suddenly, and whispered sharply in the old servitor's ear: "If you knew who he was you'd mind your manners. If you can't be civil, *you'll* stay at home."

Old Galways said no more till he was out of earshot Here he delivered himself to Easterhouse and Samson

"First," said he, "the horse falls for a bronco, and now it's Miss Edith falls for a peddler. Calls him *Mister* Gail. *Mister!*"

Martin had been for following Galways to the stable, but was arrested by a word from Miss Edith.

"My mother," she said, "hopes that you will have dinner with us. And if she isn't feeling well enough to come down, you are not to mind. . . . And of course you'll be our guest while you are here."

MARTIN, who knew nothing of Miss Edith having seen the photograph of the Saddlebrook team was pleasantly flattered.

"You can," he thought, "fool Tom, Dick and Harry into thinking you are a peddler; but you can't fool a thoroughbred. And that's what makes me think that that little mare of mine must have meant more to her than I ever suspected. Shouldn't wonder if—well, if something picturesque came of all this."

At dinner, Mrs. McMahon having sent her regrets and excuses, he enlarged upon his theories to Miss Edith.

"If I were you," he said, "I'd not be downhearted about this business. I have the idea that out of it some great good will come to Joyous Gard and to you. Horses don't behave as Launcelot and Molly have unless they are driven to it by some power stronger than anything equine. Don't you suppose that in the very beginning of time, when the nearest approach to a horse looked and behaved like an oyster, that it was definitely arranged that on a given day in this year of disgrace the famous Launcelot du Lake should kick my wagon to pieces and all for love of the white-eared Molly?"

"I don't believe in predestination. You might as well say that when the nearest approach to a human being was a pollywog it was definitely known that——"

She did not finish what she had started to say. She had been about to refer to her meeting with Martin Gail; and felt a sudden embarrassment in continuing. But Martin, who remembered that he had waked to find her arm about him and herself cuddled close to him, smiled boldly and laughed.

"It was known," he said, "and definitely. *Any* gypsy would tell you the same."

THEN followed a week of riding and camping in the hills. Miss McMahon had a small tent for herself: the men slept in the open.

It was a week of fiery sunshine and icy nights; of interminable hills and bright fires. Miss McMahon drove her forces hard. (*Concluded on page 87*)



They came to the top of a rise and saw, far off a horseman.

Why I Don't Go to New York



By Walt Mason
Illustrated by F. Strothman

I HAVE just been down to the Santa Fe depot, saying farewell to Harold Binswanger, wishing him godspeed and many happy returns of the day. Most of the town's Napoleons of commerce and finance were there, and everybody shook Harold's hand and expressed profound confidence in his glittering future.

It is a pleasant town custom to see its young men off when they go forth to conquer the world. Harold was bound for New York, where the Big Opportunities are. We all agreed with him that talents and attainments like his demand a Larger Field than a country town whose main street is only three blocks long. The young man is already covered with honors; he won a medal in an intercollegiate debating fest, and he sprinted a hundred yards in phenomenal time, and few indeed can hit a lower note in singing "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."

Everybody said pleasant, reassuring things to him, and I climbed on a crate of chickens to make a few timely remarks, but the crate collapsed, and I spoiled three good hens and a rooster. When the train had pulled out we stood around for a while, saying that the Far Horizons are for Youth; and we assured each other over and over that Harold was destined for the high places, where one is close to the swing of the Pleiades, and the editor of the "Gazette" went to his office to write a ringing editorial about the way Emporia sends forth its young men to leaven the world and make it a better place to live in.

I HOPE that Harold will work out a shining destiny in New York, but in my secret heart there are grave doubts. I have seen New York gather in so many fine young men, and roll them into a wad, and throw them through the transom; and when they come back home they arrive after dark, dismounting from the brake-rods of a freight car; and there was no gathering of merchant princes to welcome them back. Every day the young men are going from our little Western towns; going to the big cities, full of roseate dreams; graybeards see them off, and instead of talking sense to them, encourage them in their foolishness. I have come to the conclusion that if a man can make a success in the Big City, he can make an equal success at the crossroads.

IN my youth the story of Dick Whittington seemed inspiring, but now that I am full of wisdom, flavored with prunes, I can see no sense in being lord mayor of London. That official is the last word in superfluity; he has his picture taken several times a day in circus clothes, and digs up every time anybody passes the hat; and when he takes off his plumed lid and brass-mounted raiment nobody knows him from Christopher Columbus. If Whittington had remained at home the talents that carried him forward in London would have made his life a conspicuous success, and he might eventually have been chief of police of his native burg. The chief of police of a small town enjoys all there is of earthly glory. He represents the well-known Majesty of the Law, and wears a helmet with beautiful doodads on it, and is privileged to carry a gun.

Only yesterday I saw the chief of police of Emporia leading to the pound a cow that had been pinched for having no visible means of support. He was followed by ninety-seven boys of all sizes and conditions of servitude, and they were awestruck. They looked upon the chief as one who enjoyed superhuman power. Every boy in the bunch dreamed that night of the time when he would be chief of police. But if a lord mayor had come capering down the street, dressed like a comic supplement, the boys would have guyed him off the townsite. When we come down to aluminum tacks, and similar shelf hardware, is there any greater mundane glory than to be regarded with silent admiration by a string of real American boys?

A MORTAL may choose for his dwelling some far inaccessible shore, some forest where bobcats are yelling, some wild where the cataracts roar. But if he can knit a pink sweater, or fashion a churn or a trap, and do it some ten per cent. better than any one else on the map, not long is his hermitage hidden, his solitude soon we will break; the people will seek him unbidden, and buy all the junk he can make. The light that is under a bushel may think it is hiding its glare, but wait, and the whole human push'll discover the glow and be there.

Walt Mason

YOU know the ancient bromide to the effect that if a man can make a better mousetrap than the other fellows, the world will wear a path to his door, no matter where he may hide himself; and this old saying, unlike many which are constantly quoted to point a moral, is saturated with truth. And so I hold that the constant movement of young men to the large cities, in search of the Big Opportunities, is based upon a wrong theory; for the Big Opportunities are everywhere; you can't throw a brick without hitting a few of them. It is well enough to invade the cities in a spirit of adventure, to accumulate experiences, and have something to talk about when you are old; but if a young man can make a hit in New York he can do it in Happy Hollow. And life in a small town is comparably happier than life in a big city.

On the alabaster and onyx wall of my study, suspended from a diamond-studded nail, there is a handsome portrait of Mrs. Gunness, whose murder farm near La Porte, Indiana, was the talk of the country a few years ago. Left a widow without financial resources, Mrs. Gunness was still ambitious to surround her children with the refinements of civilization, and this required money. She might have done plain and fancy sewing or taken in washing, but she needed a larger revenue, that her children might take lessons in music and painting.

When she decided to establish a homicide bureau she probably had friends who advised her to locate in some large city, where clients would be numerous. But she reasoned that if she did her work with diligence and skill, she'd be like the man with the mousetrap. And her reasoning was correct. People went to her lonely farmhouse from all parts of the country, to be put out of their misery and buried in her back yard.

Of course the people are comparatively few who would choose assassination as their Life Work. Mrs. Gunness was wedded to her art, but the majority of us would choose some more adylike vocation.

SPEAKING of myself, and I always find myself a fascinating subject, I selected poetry as being less violent than homicide. I was writing poetry for many years without arriving anywhere. I worked on large newspapers in great cities, and was never happy or contented; and if you would do good work you must be reasonably contented. I hated the crowded streets, and the everlasting procession of people I didn't know, and the noise, and the heat, and the hall bedrooms, and the vulcanized grub at the boarding houses; I hated the whole atmosphere of large towns, and had I remained in them, my tintype would not be stuck up in the Hall of Fame, just ferninst the imported rubber plant, as you see it to-day.

I wrote hundreds of rimes while working on the big papers, but not one of them was worth five cents.

After many years of futile work and wandering, I settled down in a little Kansas town. It is a town so small that if you walk for ten minutes in any direction you are in the cornfields. It is a town without a butler or a limousine, a little old easy-going place where people call each other by their first names, and where a man is counted rich if he has $25,000.

And here I began to do what I had never been able to do among the madding crowds—I began to write rimes that would sell. Now that I am waxing old I feel much like the man with the mousetrap. I have a market for all verse I can write, and I never travel abroad to sell it. Only the other day my shipping clerk sent a bale of my imperishable song to London, and I have had customers in Australia, and as far away as Bombay, India.

AND there is one question people are always asking; a question I grow weary of answering. "Why don't you go to New York?" Why should I go to New York, when New York comes to me? People ask it because of the deep-rooted superstition that if a man can do well in Pruneville, he can do better in New York. Perhaps he (*Concluded on page 67*)

Resurrection Rock

By Edwin Balmer

Illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer

WHAT could induce a finely bred girl like Ethel Carew to leave home with a man she has known but twenty-four hours? Her grandfather she believes guilty of a serious crime and she feels it her duty to get the facts. The magnetic young stranger, Barney Loutrelle, is the only man in all the world she can depend upon to help her. Ought she to defy her family and go away with him? Will she? Would you?

WHEN Loutrelle stepped out into the hallway, in response to her grandfather's call, Ethel had to touch him, so overpowering had been the terrors in those hours at Resurrection Rock when she had imagined him dead; and when she did it, wholly regardless of her grandfather and Kincheloe, and found him warm and strong, he clasped her hand and held it, his pulses throbbing with hers. For though he could not comprehend what had happened, yet he was feeling only for her and with her; he had appreciated that somehow these others—her people—had been playing with her and tricking her and that they had used him in their trick to take an advantage over her. He realized that in doing this for themselves, they cruelly had won him an advantage of another sort over her and he would not let her show this advantage to him without showing that she held similar advantage over himself.

"I came to find you as early as I dared," he told her. "I came here just to see you. They told me you would be down soon. I had no idea you had gone out."

"I went to the Rock for you. You see, I thought they had hurt you and . . . "

Her grandfather interrupted them loudly; he ordered her to go at once to her room; but she disregarded him. A few minutes ago she stood against him when she felt herself solitary in her combat with him; then she had been willing alone to defy him for herself and for her father, who was dead, and for her new friend who had come to her from her father and whom—she had believed—they had killed. But now she had regained him; his strength and thought and will joined with hers again for the encounter which they would take up together. She, at least, much more fully comprehended the nature of what confronted them; for it was plain that they—Barney and she—in some way yet unknown to either of them, involved her grandfather and Kincheloe in undertakings which stopped at nothing. It was not Barney Loutrelle who had lain, bleeding, on the floor of that grand old salon in the new house on Resurrection Rock; but someone last night had expired there and been carried out to the lake.

But Barney knew nothing of that yet; her explanation of her fears for him meant nothing except that she had been alarmed about him and had tried to aid him.

"Leave her alone!" he said. "Leave her alone!" he repeated, putting himself between her and her grandfather. "She has something to say to me; and I have much to tell her. I came to see her. You can give us this room or we will go out; won't we, Miss Carew?" he asked her.

"Yes," she said. "Yes."

"What?" her grandfather threatened. "What? You think you will go with this—this—" he stopped with a snort of contempt. But he was not feeling contempt, Ethel saw as she watched him. He had won this morning over Barney Loutrelle; for Barney had not known even that anyone had been killed at the Rock. Her grandfather had won over her; for he had found out that she had so little idea as to who it was who was dead that she thought it was Barney, and he had succeeded in making her ridiculous when she accused him. But now fear was returning to him—he feared to permit her, knowing what she knew, to go with Barney.

FOR a moment he seemed to consider laying hands on her and by physical force constraining her from going out; but now he recognized that Barney would meet him by strength greater than his own; so he threatened her instead.

"I can forgive your imbecility and madness. God helping me, I can forgive my child's child even what she has said to me this day. But disobey me again, and I shall never forgive you. Obedience in my own house and from my children dependent upon me, I shall have. So step over the threshold of that door in disobedience to me and you shall never come into my house again. Now go; go to your room and go to your knees, and later, when you are yourself, I shall send for you."

The very vibration of his rasping, powerful voice seemed to shake her; his words took impact like blows of his finger which had struck her face. Even if she were cool, she could not at one moment comprehend the consequences of the decision which then and there she had to make; she knew only that already she had made it, so she gazed only an instant longer at her grandfather before looking up at the friend at her side.

"I am ready to go with you," she said.

ETHEL moved over the threshold, which her grandfather had forbidden her, and she went to the front door. Barney Loutrelle did not accompany her but stayed behind, keeping between her and her grandfather; but he now offered no interference of any sort. Indeed, he turned away after she had definitely disobeyed him and seemed to pay no more heed to her or to Barney.

"My cap and coat," she heard Barney say to someone. "I gave them to Mr. Cullen."

"I will find them," Miss Platt said crisply and she brought them to him in the hall. Ethel still was clothed as she had been when she had gone out before, so she opened the door and stepped on to the porch; Barney followed and closed the door behind them. She understood, when she looked at him, that his delay had been not solely to guard her against force from her grandfather; Barney had wished to avoid leading, or urging her, to the decision she had made.



"Debsie, don't set yourself against father once more."

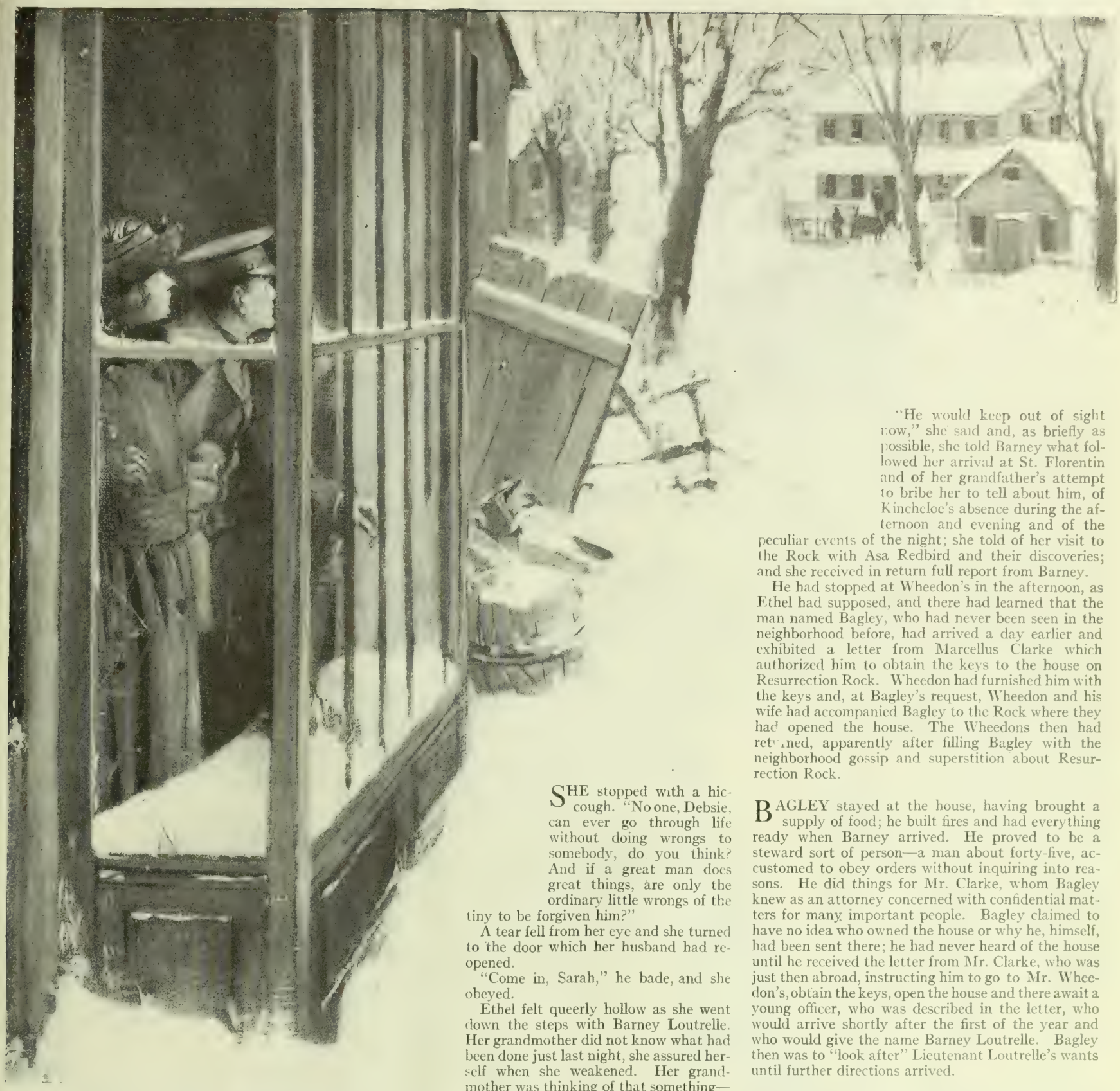
She referred to that decision now, saying:

"I'm glad. Where shall we go?"

He glanced down the road toward the buildings of the old St. Florentin village. "There are plenty of roofs."

"Yes," she said, and she jerked about excitedly as she heard some one at the door. It opened and her grandmother came out into the cold without wrap or shawl. She laid a slender, trembling hand upon Ethel and her old eyes besought her granddaughter with piteous pleadings. "Debsie," she said, calling Ethel again by her mother's name. "My little Deborah's daughter, don't set yourself against your father once more."

Ethel was familiar with the habit by which, under emotion, her grandmother might confuse in the same sentence herself and her mother. Her grandmother was begging her not to set herself against her grandfather as her mother had done. Ethel had not known that her



Ethel and Barney saw, through the old store window, the sled and team pulling up before her grandfather's house.

mother had set herself against her grandfather; she had always believed that her father had undertaken the quarrel.

"It may not be too late yet," her grandmother continued to plead. "Come back into the house with me and I will try what I can do with him."

"I don't want you to," Ethel said; then her voice broke, "Oh, grandmother!" She put her arms about the slight, straight little old lady and kissed her passionately. "Good-by, grandmother."

"There; there," the old lady said, patting her. Her own eyes were brimming but she made no further effort to beg Ethel to remain. Instead she spoke only of her husband.

"Your grandfather was a great man, Ethel," she said proudly. "It is so easy for young folks, who know things only as they are, to judge hard what was done in the old days. You think of wood as valuable; but in my day, where I was a girl in the forest below here on the other side, the great, tall trees were just obstructions; my father and his neighbors would slash them, burn them or do anything to clear the ground of them; then your grandfather and other young men came and turned the wood into gold and people said—people said——"

SHE stopped with a hiccough. "No one, Debsie, can ever go through life without doing wrongs to somebody, do you think? And if a great man does great things, are only the ordinary little wrongs of the tiny to be forgiven him?"

A tear fell from her eye and she turned to the door which her husband had reopened.

"Come in, Sarah," he bade, and she obeyed.

Ethel felt queerly hollow as she went down the steps with Barney Loutrelle. Her grandmother did not know what had been done just last night, she assured herself when she weakened. Her grandmother was thinking of that something—greater than a little wrong—which she admitted had been done long ago and which had brought about the break with Ethel's mother; now there was something more. This seemed to be a consequence of the other wrong which had arisen out of conditions long ago in the vanished forests of the tall trees; somehow it had taken in Resurrection Rock with its old French salon in the newly built house and Barney Loutrelle and his ring and the person—yet unknown—who had gone to the Rock last night and been killed.

Ethel was walking, side by side with Barney, in the wide ruts which the woodsled had made in the snow; they were both without skis for, without further discussion, they understood that they were to stop for conference in the first suitable building of the deserted village; so when the old store offered its sound roof and walls and windows they entered. The floor was covered with light drift snow and Ethel put her hand upon the gray, cracked counter; Barney caught her elbow and gave her a lift up on the counter where she sat while he stood in the snow nearer the window and looked back toward her grandfather's house. No one had followed them; no one appeared to be taking any further interest in them.

"You saw Kincheloe this morning?" Ethel asked.

"I heard some one speak to him; he was in the house but I did not see him," Barney said.

"He would keep out of sight now," she said and, as briefly as possible, she told Barney what followed her arrival at St. Florentin and of her grandfather's attempt to bribe her to tell about him, of Kincheloe's absence during the afternoon and evening and of the peculiar events of the night; she told of her visit to the Rock with Asa Redbird and their discoveries; and she received in return full report from Barney.

He had stopped at Wheedon's in the afternoon, as Ethel had supposed, and there had learned that the man named Bagley, who had never been seen in the neighborhood before, had arrived a day earlier and exhibited a letter from Marcellus Clarke which authorized him to obtain the keys to the house on Resurrection Rock. Wheedon had furnished him with the keys and, at Bagley's request, Wheedon and his wife had accompanied Bagley to the Rock where they had opened the house. The Wheedons then had returned, apparently after filling Bagley with the neighborhood gossip and superstition about Resurrection Rock.

BAGLEY stayed at the house, having brought a supply of food; he built fires and had everything ready when Barney arrived. He proved to be a steward sort of person—a man about forty-five, accustomed to obey orders without inquiring into reasons. He did things for Mr. Clarke, whom Bagley knew as an attorney concerned with confidential matters for many important people. Bagley claimed to have no idea who owned the house or why he, himself, had been sent there; he had never heard of the house until he received the letter from Mr. Clarke, who was just then abroad, instructing him to go to Mr. Wheedon's, obtain the keys, open the house and there await a young officer, who was described in the letter, who would arrive shortly after the first of the year and who would give the name Barney Loutrelle. Bagley then was to "look after" Lieutenant Loutrelle's wants until further directions arrived.

BAGLEY had shown Barney the letter; and though Bagley disclaimed further knowledge of the affair Barney had the impression either that Bagley was concealing some additional knowledge or that something had happened after Bagley's arrival at the Rock which he would not report. Barney tried to see if giving the name "Dick"—as he had been told to do in Adley's letter—would serve any purpose; but it meant nothing to Bagley who seemed to have no idea of "giving things over" to "Dick." Indeed, this experiment only increased Bagley's disturbance about the whole business. However, Bagley served a good supper and afterward Barney tried to read in the big salon; but soon he put out the lamps to better watch the lights at St. Florentin.

He went out and wandered about the Rock while Bagley was still clearing up in the dining-room and kitchen. Barney came indoors and was trying again to read when he heard a shot in the direction of the shore, and going to the door, he thought also he heard cries. He went ashore and wandered about for nearly an hour before returning to find the Rock dark and the house shut. After trying to rouse Bagley, he went ashore once more to find that Bagley already had arrived at Wheedon's and was determined to remain there.

He had had "enough," he explained to Barney as he previously had informed (*Continued on page 74*)

A Man with 7,000 Partners



Julius Rosenwald Makes Money by Giving away His Profits

By B. C. Forbes

PROFIT-sharing as we have worked it out has proved satisfactory to all and has done much to harmonize the operation of our business. I am happy not only because of its obvious success, but because it builds up an independent position, economically, for the thrifty employee.

Since our employees have already subscribed for more than ten per cent. of the stock of the company, I am hopeful that in time they will be the owners of a clear majority of the stock.

Julius Rosenwald

"THE most remarkable profit-sharing fund ever devised by any employer of labor."

That is the description officially given of it, not by the company introducing it, but by the workers who enjoy it.

In a formal resolution they further say:

> "This fund enables the workers to provide against the day when their usefulness may be impaired, enabling them to live in comfort in their declining years. To the younger persons it offers an opportunity to some day become employers on their own account; and with the splendid example set by the firm, let us hope, equally humane and just to those who may work for them."

JULIUS ROSENWALD, President of Sears, Roebuck & Co., is the man who applied this plan to his business. It is logical that he should sponsor this unique system of sharing profits with workers, because he himself is unique. President of the greatest enterprise of its kind in the world, employing some 40,000 people, serving 6,000,000 customers, filling as high as 200,000 orders a day, and doing a retail merchandising business of $250,000,000 a year, he gives most of the credit for this tremendous success to the men about him. He says:

> "The fellow at the top usually gets too much credit; often he gets credit for ideas that come from the brains of his fellow workers. It is the able, willing fellows around the man at the top who really do things. I have played a very small part in the building up of this business."

Speaking of the accumulation of riches, Mr. Rosenwald says:

> "To my mind it is a crime to pile up money after one has accumulated all that he needs for himself and his family. There is a stage at which mere acquisition becomes a vice. I would not be interested any more in the making of money but for the fun of giving it away.
>
> "Unselfish service, giving opportunity and happiness to others, is the one pleasure that never wears out. All the other pleasures of life seem to wear out, but the pleasure of helping others never does."

Mr. Rosenwald is the man who startled the country by starting off the Jewish Relief Fund of 1917 for the assistance of European and Asiatic War sufferers with a donation of $1,000,000. This was hailed by the newspapers as the largest gift of its kind in history. He had given $200,000 to the fund prior to that time. I am told by friends that his war-time charitable donations of all kinds averaged more than $20,000 a month all through the period of hostilities beginning in 1914. He celebrated his fiftieth birthday, in 1912, by distributing $700,000 to various worthy institutions and organizations. He donated funds to help to build nearly a thousand rural schools in the South for Negroes, and gave $25,000 to every community that would raise an additional $75,000 or more for the building of Colored Y. M. C. A.'s. As a result thirteen cities qualified and $2,000,000 has been put into these properties. He gave $500,000 for the new medical department of the University of Chicago, saying, "I have decided that $500,000 could not be applied in a wiser way or to a more practical cause for the benefit of humanity."

BUT when it comes to the things that this company is doing for its employees, Mr. Rosenwald insists that they are done purely on a basis of good business.

Mr. Rosenwald's philosophy of business is to have the 40,000 employees feel that they are working with and not for the firm.

THIS is how this profit-sharing plan works out in dollars and cents:

The $25-a-week worker, man or woman, who remains with the company for twenty years, paying in five per cent. of his or her wages, a total of $1,267, draws out, according to present calculations, not less than $19,044. The $20-a-week worker contributes $1,014 savings and gets in twenty years $15,235.

Already Sears-Roebuck employees own more than 10 per cent. of the company's $75,000,000 common stock, and as they are steadily, systematically adding to their holdings under the profit-sharing plan, every year, "it is not unlikely," says Mr. Rosenwald, "that in the course of years a majority of the stock will belong to the employees, either to those who have withdrawn their earnings in the fund and have retained their shares which they receive when they withdraw or to those who are still participants in the fund."

Participation is entirely voluntary. Every employee, regardless of position, may join after three years of service, by depositing in the fund annually five per cent. of his salary; but those receiving more than $3,000 a year are limited to a total deposit of $150 a year, in order to prevent the higher-salaried employees from getting too large a share of the money.

A depositor can withdraw on completing ten years' service, receiving his full share of the benefits. If a male worker withdraws before, then he gets only his own contributions back, plus five per cent. interest on them, except in case of death, when the full share is paid to the worker's family. The plan provides, to encourage marriage, that a woman who, after five years' service, leaves to be wedded, receives her full share, including the portion contributed by the company.

Depositors automatically withdraw upon leaving the service of the company. A depositor who withdraws while remaining in the company's employ can not rejoin the fund.

The fund is handled by a board of five trustees selected by the directors of the company; three trustees are officers and two employees who are not officers.

The fund has been and, "so far as practicable and advisable," will continue to be, "invested in shares of stock of Sears, Roebuck & Company, bought in the open market, to the end that the depositors may, in the largest measure possible, share in the earnings of the company."

Practically all—to be more exact, 96.7%—of the eligible employees (those who have been with the company for three years) are enrolled. They already have 21,000 shares of the common stock of the company in the fund, and, in addition, employees own 60,000 shares, a total of about 81,000 of the aggregate of 750,000 shares outstanding.*

The market value of the workers' 81,000 shares is about $17,000,000.

THE Savings and Profit-Sharing Pension Fund has a total of $3,012,123 credited to its members. Of this amount the employees contributed $656,299; the balance, $2,355,824, represents the company's contributions of five per cent. of its annual net earnings (before deduction of dividends to stockholders), plus dividends on the stock in which the fund is invested. At the present market value the 21,000 shares now held by the fund would show additional profits of about $1,000,000. This, however, has not been taken into consideration in the above figures, which show a total of $3,012,123.

Employees, not including officers of the company, own outright 53,498 shares of the stock in addition to the 21,000 shares now held by the profit-sharing fund, and 838 employees are buying on the monthly payment plan 5,731 shares, or a total of nearly 60,000 shares of the common stock.

The company has thus far paid into the fund over $3 for every dollar saved by the employees, as shown on the accompanying table:

Year	*Company's contribution*	*Company's contribution for each $1 saved by employees*
1916 (half year)	$412,215.55	$3.09
1917	905,484.04	3.02
1918	1,077,883.19	3.26

Should profits continue the same as in the first two and a half years, the results would be figured as shown by following table: (*Concluded on page 72*)

*Profit-sharing figures as per report for December 31, 1918.

Ink Spots on the Wall

Crimes of the Arm-Chair Club - IX

By Arthur Somers Roche

Illustrated by Gerald Leake

ONCE every month for eight months an insouciant thief has made good his boast to rob members of the Arm-chair Club and escape. To-night he is coming for the million-dollar Bannerman rubies. Will he get them and escape—or will they "get" him?

DOANE swore fluently. The unhung murderer who had spilled ink upon the wall! . . . How *could* anyone have spilled *ink* upon the wall of his study? Supposing, for the sake of argument—(he was in a most argumentative mood)—that someone had *dared* to use this private study as a writing-room: grant that! How on earth could he, or she, or they have spilled a gallon or so of ink upon a perfectly clean wall, three feet from the ground?

Bolshevism! Nothing less! The whole world was topsy-turvy. A man, especially a sleek, comfort-loving man like Doane, couldn't get a single thing done right nowadays, and if it were done in a manner remotely approximating correctness, there was a nigger in the wood-pile somewhere. Here he'd returned from a hasty trip to Chicago. He'd instructed a firm of decorators to fix up his study. And now, slapping him plumb in the eye, was an ink-stain on the delicately gray wall.

He threw himself angrily into a swivel chair and picked up a desk telephone. He asked for a number, and a moment later exploded into the receiver.

"This is Doane. Yes, Doane. D-o-a-n-e. Prentiss Doane, of FitzPatrick, Doane & Mitchell. . . . I rather thought you'd know me. This Myers talking? . . . Well, Myers, I want to know why, when I engaged you to decorate my study you hired a film custard-pie comedian to smear ink all over the wall? . . . Yes, ink, ink, *ink*. You heard me! . . . Servants? Certainly not! Every last one of them denies it. Claim they haven't been in the room at *all*. . . .Lying? Fire them? Good Lord, Myers, where do you live? In a hotel? Where on earth would I get others? You haven't been trying to engage any servants lately, have you? I thought not. You talk like a purblind idiot.

"Blame you? I'm not *blaming* anyone. I'm telling you. I have some people coming up this evening and I'm not going to show them into a room that looks like the back-room of a saloon at dawn on Sunday morning. . . . Yes, *ink*. . . . . Well, get him up here right away, then."

He hung up, measurably relieved. Of course, an ink-stain could be easily removed. Anyway, Myers said that it could. But how the dickens . . .

THE mustached man who had been talking with Doane hung up the receiver. He turned to the slim girl, with the short hair that made her look not at all like a Greenwich Village art student, but added, in some indefinable way, to the soft femininity of her. Her eyes twinkled.

"Well?" she asked.

The mustached man shrugged. "I don't think it's well at all, Miss Darrell."

It was the girl's turn to shrug. Her shoulders moved beneath the smart tailor-made in a gesture that was inexpressibly and delightfully impertinent.

"Why not?" she demanded.

"It seems to me," he replied, "that when the ink was spilled the rest might have been done at the same time."

"And have some servant wander in and read the message? You know that was impossible." She brushed aside his objections with a shake of her lovely head. "Tell me—did Doane suspect?"

"That I wasn't Myers? Didn't seem to."

She rose and smoothed her skirt. The hands with which she did the smoothing were brown, firm, the kind of hands that grip a paddle or a racket naturally, as from long usage. But had their strength given them a look of masculinity it would have been taken from them by their slimness, their dimples, by the meticulous care that had been taken of the nails. Like the rest of her body, they were boyish; but they were also girlish.

"Then," she said carelessly, "I think that I'll be on my way."

For a moment it seemed that the man would protest. Undoubtedly the thought was in his mind, the words were upon his lips. But instead of coming forth articulate, they came forth formless, as a sigh.

The girl laughed. "You're always borrowing trouble," she declared.

"You don't even borrow it; you steal it," he retorted. "You must remember, Miss Darrell, our friends of the Arm-chair grow more desperate each month. I hate to think what would happen if Doane suspected you. Her laugh was more mirthful now. "That would merely make it the more interesting."

He sighed again. "Have it your own way, then."



Doane reeled from the blow. His precious box dropped.

BEFORE a mirror on the wall—it was one of the thousand offices in this particular sky-scraper—Miss Darrell adjusted her hat and veil, gave a final parting pat to her jacket lapels, and, with a mocking, impudent wave of her hand, left the room.

The elevator man's dark face lighted at sight of her. He opened the door of his movable cage with a flourish. The bow that accompanied his "Good mawnin', Miss Darrell," could have been inspired only by a worshipful respect.

The elevator starter in the building's lobby touched his cap to her and beamed foolishly when she stopped to inquire about the health of his wife. He looked after her with an expresssion almost of adoration on his unlovely, grizzled face.

"Sure, she's the darlin' thing," he confided to the atmosphere. "God kape her from harm."

The darling thing had no difficulty in obtaining a seat in the Subway train to which she presently descended. It was a crisp day of early winter. The brief walk to the station had given the wind time to add something in the way of scenic effect to cheeks which needed little beyond the good health of the body to which they belonged. Her stride, quick, decisive, yet graceful as the stride of some wild thing, caused men who had not glimpsed her lovely face to turn to glimpse her lovely litheness. Two of them who followed her into the train were already prepared to teach a lesson in gentility to what bounder should fail to offer her a seat. However, they had no chance to pose as heroes. Five men arose as one.

She thanked the man whose offer she accepted in a voice that thrilled him. For some unaccountable reason he colored deeply and fidgeted all the way to the next station, where he left the train, although he was yet a mile from his destination. Nancy Darrell had that disquieting effect upon the masculine mind which, for lack of any better term, we call sex-attraction. Yet the most brazen rouè would have hesitated to speak to her. And women liked her, too.

Well uptown she alighted from the train, climbed the stairs, nodded a negative to the hoarse invitation of a taximan that left him better pleased than he would have been with a tip, and walked swiftly, yet unhurriedly, to a quiet side street. She ascended the outside stairs of a house in the middle of the block and rang the bell.

I'M from Mr. Myers," she said briskly to the man-servant who opened the door.

The servant looked at her doubtfully. "He was expecting a man," he said. "I'm not sure that——"

She broke in upon his uncertain words. "I happen to be quite sure. Kindly show me to Mr. Doane's study."

The servant hesitated only a moment. Then, before her terse directness, he yielded. And, as it was impossible to be sulky before the pleasant gaze of Nance Darrell, his lips formed a smile.

Miss Darrell was a most efficient worker. From a bag no larger than a purse she extracted a bottle of some opaque liquid. She asked the servant for a sponge and hot water. But the man had had strict orders from his employer. He did not leave the room, nor did he remove his eyes from the girl. He called from the doorway to another servant who brought the required things.

She might be the honestest person in the world: breeding was evidenced in every inch of her; but the man-servant knew that the Doane study held many valuable articles. Furthermore, he knew that it isn't the plumage that makes the bird, always. Some of the gaudiest have the queerest voices. So, a crook's heart may beat beneath the tidiest tailormade.

Very carefully, then, he watched this young woman from the firm of Myers, Incorporated, Interior Decorators, as she removed from the delicate gray of the study's wall the hideous blotch of ink. He was quite interested in the miraculous-seeming manner in which the opaque liquid, when mixed in the hot water and applied with a sponge, removed, without trace, the ugly ink-spot. What he did *not* notice, so deftly did she hide the work of her left forefinger with her whole right hand, was the tracery that this left forefinger marked upon the wall. An invisible tracery, though. Her movement looked like nothing more than the idlest "fiddling" of a restless hand.

DOANE looked about the gathering. Ordinarily, when the Arm-chair Club foregathered, Cranahan sat at the head of the table, by virtue of his presidency of the club. But Doane was host of the club to-night and so usurped the Cranahan prerogative.

"Let's have our cigars in the study," he suggested. "I can talk more freely there."

He looked suggestively, as he spoke, at the door, temporarily closed, that led to the butler's pantry.

"Fair enough," boomed the heavy voice of Cranahan. "Sure, it'll have to be something mighty important that justifies your inviting us here to-night of all the nights in the month."

Doane smiled. There was a trace of nervousness in the smile that belied the confidence of his words. "You don't give me enough credit, John. The monthly meeting of the Arm-chair is something that has never been postponed. One member at least is always there. Well, this is the ninth 'monthiversary,' so to speak, since we signed that condemned agreement. So far nothing has happened."

"But it's due, all right," said Cranahan, grimly.

"Probably," assented Doane wryly. "But if there's something due to be pulled off, well—our friend the enemy has undoubtedly made his plans upon the assumption that we'd all be at the clubhouse. And we aren't there!"

HE looked about him triumphantly. But his air of self-satisfaction died as he confronted the sneering face of Nebidan. The big head of the canning industry gave vent to a tremendous snort.

"We hid on Cranahan's yacht; we hid in the Maine woods. Did the crook among us get us, or didn't he? Answer that, Doane."

Doane twisted uneasily. "Not so loud, Nebidan. Come on; let's go into the study."

The rest assented. He showed them down a long hall and into a darkened room. As none knew where the light switch was, the room was still dark when Doane entered. He reached for the switch. His fingers touched it, but did not turn. In the darkness he felt the color leaving his face.

For, instinctively, even though the room was dark, he had looked toward that part of the wall, near the light switch, where had been the ugly blot of ink. Arriving home just in time to dress for dinner, he had not as yet had time to verify his servant's report, which had been to the effect that the stain had been removed. But now, in luminous letters, was printed something where that stain had been.

"John," he gasped.

"Hell's bells, Doane, what sort of a tight-wad are ye?" demanded Cranahan irritably. "So afraid of wasting a nickel on the electrics that ye keep a room dark, and I stub my shins and——"

He paused. He was silent a moment. "For the love of Moses!" he ejaculated.

"What?" demanded Sewall, nervously.

"Where?" shrilled Herriman.

Then there was silence. For eyes had become somewhat accustomed to the gloom and the others could see the direction toward which Cranahan and Doane were staring. And there, in not too even lettering, gleaming palely against the wall, were the words:

"Gentlemen of the Arm-chair. To-night, according to the agreement signed eight months ago, a crime is to be committed. Mr. Doane will probably give details."

"Turn on the light," roared the bull-like voice of Cranahan.

Doane's trembling fingers negotiated the slight turn of the switch. The room was brilliantly illuminated and the lettering vanished from the wall.



Doane's manservant did not notice that the work of Nancy Darrell's forefingers was more than the "fiddling" of a restless hand

"Turn it off," commanded Cranahan.

Doane obeyed. Faintly at first, then more brilliantly, the pale luminosity resolved itself again into words; into more than mere words, into a threat whose deadly significance could be comprehended only by the men present in the room.

IN a moment of jest they had wagered that they could commit crimes without detection. They had signed their names to an agreement, an agreement in which they pledged themselves to attempt the crimes that Inspector Burke, now dead, should set down opposite each name. Burke had never told them what crimes he had selected, nor who was to commit each one. Only the member of the club who had stolen the agreement—none other could have done so—knew the details. And fear of public exposure had made them submit to blackmail, to depredations carried on by this recreant member of their fold.

No matter how secure they deemed themselves, not only was a crime committed on the first day of each month, but the thief, the criminal among them, jeered at them by warning them in advance. When it seemed that by some forethought or happy accident they were removed from danger, some uncanny happening like this of to-night hurled them back into a realization of their powerlessness against the cunning and audacity of the crook among them.

"Turn 'em on again," roared Cranahan.

Again Doane obeyed. He was host and as such had occupied the head of the table at dinner. But Cranahan was now the dominant figure and Doane forgot that there was any courtesy due him as host. A successful man, partner in the firm of FitzPatrick, Doane & Mitchell, whose multifarious interests extended to the four corners of the earth, he probably was, if anything, a more commanding figure in the world of finance even than John Cranahan. But men usually dwindled when they came into close contact with the head of Oriental Exchange, Ltd. To-night held no exception to the general rule.

Like frightened school children they huddled together, each eye turned anxiously upon their leader. Yet, even as they huddled close, their shrinking figures showed their aversion one for the other. The best friends in the world they'd been, a brief eight months ago. Honored in the community—a man's membership in the Arm-chair proved him to be one of ancestry and achievement both—they had trusted each other implicitly. Until they found that, either to recoup his dwindling fortune, or because of some queer kink, hitherto unsuspected, in his mental and moral make-up, one of them had taken advantage of a thoughtless jest to rob his friend!

Now hate and suspicion, twin brothers of that elder son of misfortune, fear, shone from the eyes of each. The three were always present nowadays, but under the soothing influence of dinner, of a game of cards, or of hunting and fishing, they hid their unworthy selves. But in moments of stress they peeped forth again.

"DOANE," boomed the voice of Cranahan, "what do you know about that threat on the wall?"

"Nothing, so help me——"

"Never mind your 'so-help-me's'," interrupted Cranahan. "Any one of us would 'so-help-me' to a finish. But one of us is a dirty crook, a blayguar-rdly thief." His brogue, always faintly in evidence, was more prominent in this moment of excitement. He glared about the room. "Who put that message there?" he demanded.

"How on earth do I know?" answered Doane hotly. Then he colored. "Myers—the interior-decorator, you know—he fixed up this study while I was gone. I came back from Chicago to-day. There was an ink spot on the wall, right where that writing is. I 'phoned Myers. He sent a man up here——"

"When?" interrupted Cranahan.

For reply Doane pressed a bell. In a moment a servant appeared.

"What time did the man from Myers's shop come here, Bennett?" asked Doane.

"It wasn't a man, sir. It was a young lady."

A whistle came from the lips of the youngest member of the Arm-chair, Dick Bernard. Nancy Darrell! *He knew!* Once again she had intruded her elfin personality into the lives of the members of the Arm-chair. But his whistle ceased as suddenly as it had begun. Thief she might be, associate—leader, perhaps—of the gang of crooks who received their inside information from the traitorous member of the club; yet, no matter what she was, she was the one woman in the world for Dick Bernard. His head bent forward eagerly to catch the questions and answers.

"Did you leave her here alone?" demanded Doane of the perturbed servant.

Bennett shook his head. "I watched her every minute, sir. I'd never leave a stranger alone in the house, sir."

Cranahan waved a big hand. Although his master was in the room, able to give orders, Bennett recognized the Cranahan personality. He left the room.

"Shut the door," commanded Cranahan.

Meekly Doane obeyed. Cranahan sat heavily down upon a chair by the writing desk.

"Doane," he said, "who knew that you were going to invite us all here to-night?"

"Why—I didn't tell anyone. I sent wires to all of you to invite——"

"Of course," said Cranahan irritably. "Well, that brings us back to the same old problem. One of us

is a crook. Who . . . But why did you want us here, Doane?" He held up his big hand suddenly. "Wait a minute. Does anyone know—*anyone*, mind you—why you invited us here?"

Doane shook his head. "Not a soul. Unless of course someone had happened to discover that I'd bought the Bannerman rubies and . . . "

HE was not interrupted. Nevertheless, he paused. For sighs of comprehension came from eleven throats. One of those sighs must have been counterfeited, yet there was no one there capable of penetrating the deception.

"The Bannerman rubies," said Cranahan, after the pause had become almost painful. "So—you bought them, eh? What a fine dam-fool thing to do!"

Doane bristled. "Why?" he demanded.

Cranahan shrugged. "With the crook among us robbing us of everything we own, practically—Where do we come in on the Bannerman rubies?"

"You know what they're worth," replied Doane. His tone was defensive. "An easy million. But the estate's up against it, had to realize at once on the assets. I got them for four hundred and ninety thousand. It was a bigger deal than I cared to swing just now, but—it was a bargain. I thought—well, occasionally we members get together on a good thing and split it up. I thought I'd let the club—those of you who care to—underwrite this deal. There's an easy hundred per cent. profit, and——"

He looked inquiringly about him. Not a man present but had heard of the Bannerman rubies. Not a man present but knew that Doane was by way of being the best amateur judge of rubies in the United States. As a matter of fact, his reputation was international. If Doane said that the rubies were worth a million, they were worth a million. For he knew the jewelry market, too, amateur collector though he was. But thoughts of profit were far from them now. The threat of their unknown enemy was too close.

"Fair enough," said Cranahan. "Only—someone knew of your purchase, knew of the telegrams you sent out— What's Myers's phone number?" he asked.

"His shop is closed now," said Doane.

"His house address," Cranahan corrected himself.

Doane didn't know, but the telephone book was handy. In a moment Cranahan was talking with Myers. He hung up in a moment.

"You heard me talk, gentlemen," he said. "You could guess Myers's answers. He didn't talk with Doane today. Someone else cut in on the wire when Doane phoned him about the ink-stain. . . . That girl came up here to write the message in that luminous paint." He chuckled. "Ye got to hand it to him and her and them, may the devil fly away with them! Not merely do they steal, but they warn us in advance. . . . Good sportsmen." He looked up suddenly. "I wonder when they managed to smear the ink on the wall."

Doane groaned. "They could break in any time, I suppose. Godknowsthatnothing seems to be beyond them."

Cranahan chuckled again. "Game lads, I'll say. But—this is one time that their threats don't scare us, eh? Because—" Then his jaw dropped. "Don't tell me, Doane, that the rubies are here, in this house!"

Doane fidgeted nervously. "Unless they come in force, an army of them, we needn't be afraid, John. They're in my safe. In the library."

"Then take us to the library, ye blithering idiot," roared Cranahan. "Good lord, man, the thief might—hurry."

DOANE hurried. Behind him came John Cranahan and the others. They all hurried. So it was that they entered the library just as the figure of a man could be seen departing through an opposite door.

A scream, almost womanish, burst from the lips of Doane. For the library safe, the safe of which he had thought so highly that he had entrusted to its guardianship the Bannerman rubies, was opened. He did not need to glance into its contents to know that the precious stones were gone.

But, though his cry might have been womanish, his actions were not. He was first to pass through the farther door in pursuit of the daring thief. Also, when the man was finally cornered in the cellar of the house, it was Doane who hurled himself upon the man. He was little, but he was wiry. Also he was fighting for his possessions, and his possessions meant a great deal to Doane.

Whether or not he could have overcome the burglar unaided would always remain a matter of discussion. For Cranahan's huge bulk turned the even tide of battle almost before it had begun. Three minutes later, his hands secured behind him with napkins hastily brought from in the dining-room, the burglar faced his captors in the Doane study.

He was a man of early middle age. Pale of countenance, this pallor, which we associate with inmates of jails, was the only thing about him that would have made a stranger doubt him. And in these days, when so many of us lead sedentary lives, few would be able to look honest if honesty depended upon complexion. But his eyes were candid, his forehead frank.

His mouth held none of the surly sneer of the criminal. Nor did his well-rounded chin denote a weak character. His nose was strong, but not predacious. All told he was an average-seeming citizen, presumably equipped with average morals.

But he was a burglar! Also, he was a burglar who worked with that thief of the Arm-chair whose depredations had turned an association into a band of doubters. Fright and suspicion were gone from faces that had worn those expressions so frequently that they had become part of nature. Instead, grins of delight appeared. Sewall even slapped Herriman on the back and got away with it without protest from Herriman.

"Sit down," said Cranahan to the prisoner.

The man smiled an acknowledgment of the courtesy. "I'd rather stand, if you don't mind."

"Ye may be more comfortable seated," said Cranahan.

The prisoner smiled again. "Very well, then." And he sat down. He faced his captors calmly, apparently undisturbed at a predicament which might mean a lifetime in jail.

HE accepted the cigar which Cranahan offered, leaning forward that the big man might insert it between his teeth. He nodded his thanks toward Bernard when the latter applied a lighted match to the Havana.

Cranahan lighted a cigar himself. Self-appointed leader of the group, he bided his time. His cigar was well alight before he spoke.

"I had a clerk once," he said, finally. "A decent lad, too. At least, I always thought so. But he drank a bit, and one night he killed a man in a row. Life, the judge gave him. I remember going up to Sing Sing once to see the lad. I went through the prison at the time. I saw the cells. Man, dear, I should hate to spend an hour in one.

"And there are twenty-four hours in a day, and seven days in a week, and fifty-two weeks in a year. The Spanish War began a month after the lad began doing his bit. A long, long time ago. Automobiles were hardly invented then. Now there are flying machines. He's never seen one. There were no subways in New York, then. It seems a long, long time ago."

He puffed at his cigar. "I take it that you're about forty, sir?" His voice was courteous, friendly, almost.

The captive nodded.

Cranahan nodded toward Doane. "Our host here is not a revengeful man. Not at all. Besides, he has his jewels back."

Doane grinned nervously. He hugged the box which held the Bannerman rubies. Its lock was intact. In fact, the wax which he had put over the lock in Chicago was still there.

"Ye get my point?" Cranahan asked the captive.

The latter nodded. He looked helplessly about him and Sinsabaugh, sensing what he wished, removed the cigar from his mouth. The man spoke. (*Continued on page 70*)



Their prisoner stared at it impassively.

Nearly Dying for a Living



By Harry Houdini

HAD I been born of different parentage, I might have developed into a very dangerous criminal. And I think I would have made a good one. They might have caught me, but they have never made a handcuff from which I haven't been able to free myself or a prison door that I haven't been able to open. Or if I could have sold for as much as $25 a complete exposure of the methods I use in escaping from locked prison cells and handcuffs, I would now be a distinguished but respectable President of a Modern School of Magic, with perhaps a correspondence course attached. I offered my "story" to almost every daily newspaper in New York City; none of them would purchase it. They probably put me down as a new species of "nut." Now I am actually asked for a story by the editor of a real magazine. How times have changed!

I wanted to sell the story and have it printed in a New York newspaper so that my proposed School of Magic would be well advertised. But I couldn't even raise that $25 to pay for advertising, so I gave up the school idea and went on the road as a performer. And then I began to learn that the public of this country and every other country on earth would pay good money to see the accomplishment of seemingly impossible things.

AS a small boy I had always been interested in locks. I liked to tinker with them just as other small boys enjoyed taking clocks to pieces. I discovered that a key wasn't always a necessity in opening a lock. Very early in life I graduated from the simple lock class and went to work on complicated locks.

I have been locked in prisons all over Europe and all over America, and the longest period of time I ever stayed in any one of them was two hours. That was in a little old prison in an English town. It was an old-style lock and almost proved my undoing. As is customary in feats of this nature I completely disrobe so that there is no possibility of the concealment of anything that could be used in the opening of the lock. On this particular day it was very cold and I was soon chilled through. For two hours I worked on the lock to no avail. Then I grabbed the iron door and shook it with all my might, and it opened.

It had never been locked, and therefore I couldn't unlock it.

BUT breaking out of prison cells and freeing myself from handcuffs couldn't go on forever, and being a good showman—which I insist I am—I sought for other means of entertaining the public. I knew, as everyone knows, that the easiest way to attract a crowd is to let it be known that at a given time and a given place some one is going to attempt something that in the event of failure will mean sudden death. That's what attracts us to the man who paints the flagstaff on the tall building, or to the "human fly" who scales the walls of the same building.

If we knew that there was no possibility of either one of them falling or, if they did fall, that they wouldn't injure themselves in any way, we wouldn't pay any more attention to them than we do a nursemaid wheeling a baby carriage.

Therefore, I said to myself, why not give the public a real thrill?

Then it was that I began to permit people to manacle me and lock me in boxes and throw me overboard into rivers and lakes and seas.

And just in passing I want to tell you that I have never once undertaken this feat without being fully conscious of the fact that if any of my secret preparations fail me it must lead to violent and sudden death.

A fool, you say, and maybe I am, but it is the game that I have chosen to play and so long as the 999 chances out of the thousand are in my favor I'll probably keep right at it until my muscles refuse to do my further bidding or my nerve gives way or my wife grows more insistent that I give it up.

SOME of you who read this may have been at the Battery in New York on July 15, 1912. The date is seared on my memory, and so is the picture of the crowd that I saw just before I lowered myself, manacled and handcuffed, into a packing-box that stood at the water's edge. Into this box had been placed 200 pounds of lead so that it would quickly sink, and with the top securely nailed it was bound about with ropes, and held for a moment until I gave the word, and then thrown overboard.

Whatever happened I don't know until this day. It may have been that a passing boat disturbed the water, for as the box was sinking it seemed to be thrown about roughly. What I had to do to make my escape from the box had to be done in seconds, and even as I write of it now there comes to me a feeling of suffocation as I recall the moment of my discovery that the ropes had become entangled and I was face to face with the dreaded one chance of the thousand.

ALWAYS when under water, and of necessity holding my breath, my mind works just as freely and clearly as under normal conditions. On this day, down there under many feet of water, it became necessary for me to work faster than I had ever worked in my life before and my mental apparatus proved equal to the task. However I did it I am not quite sure now, but my time hadn't come and the thousands of persons who watched cheered loudly as I came to the surface freed of the manacles and handcuffs.

My Battery predicament, however, wasn't quite so terrifying as a situation in which I found myself in Pittsburgh several years ago. During an engagement there it had been advertised that on a certain day I should be handcuffed and chained and placed in a box and dropped into the river from a bridge.

Nature was unkind, however, and when the day came the river had been frozen over to a depth of seven inches, which, as a matter of fact, wasn't surprising, as it was almost midwinter. But ice-water never has had any terrors for me, and a hole was cut in the ice just below the bridge and everybody, including a crowd of several thousands of persons, arrived on time.

With the handcuffs and chains in place, I was put into the trunk, which in turn was bound with ropes and chains. Then the trunk was dropped into the river through the hole in the ice. The handcuffs and chains about my arms and legs and the bound trunk offered no more than the usual difficulties, but when I found myself free of them all I discovered that I had drifted with the current and when I attempted to rise my head bumped against the seven inches of ice. Fully conscious of the seriousness of the situation I looked about in the hope that a greater light might come through where the hole was and give me my directions. But there was no guiding light.

THEN I knew that I must breathe. I was under the water longer than the allotted time. And breathing meant that I should drown and go on drifting for weeks and months. But as I had never before given up, I didn't give up then. Instead, I found an "air pocket," a space in which the ice seemed to curve upward, leaving an inch or more of room between the surface of the water and the ice above. I lay flat on my back, tight up against the ice, and breathed. Then I found that the water came in little intermittent waves and that by keeping my face close against the ice I could move about and get an occasional breath. I still held in my hands the handcuffs that I had removed from my wrists, and with these pressed against the ice I began a circular movement. And suddenly I bobbed up through the hole, and men reached down and lifted me out onto the ice, wrapped me up and hurried me to my hotel.

The crowd that had come to see me and my assistants believed that I had been drowned and, although I didn't hear it, they say that a mighty cheer went up when I appeared.

These outdoor "stunts" are performed entirely for purposes of publicity. I vary them somewhat, and occasionally permit myself to be laced into a straight-jacket and pulled up feet first by a rope attached to a block suspended from the roof of some building in the business district of whatever town I happen to be in.

IN Oakland, California, just a few years ago, I was challenged to release myself from a straight-jacket provided for the purpose and accepted the challenge. The usual preparations were made and I was drawn up to a height of 150 feet and hung there, head down, while I succeeded in releasing myself from the jacket. Then I discovered that in twisting about in order to remove the jacket I had entangled the ropes, and when I gave the signal to lower away the ropes refused to work.

Ordinarily this feat is accomplished in a couple of minutes, but in this instance I was compelled to hang there, with the blood rushing to my head, for a period of eight minutes. In the meantime, from a neighboring roof, men had rushed a ladder and had lowered it and held it out so that I could reach with my hands and take hold of the lower end. Then came a window cleaner, one of those reckless fellows who risk their lives every day for three or four dollars. He came over the edge of the roof and down the ladder, held above by half-a-dozen men and below by all of my weight and strength. It took him just a moment to clear the ropes and free me from my dangerous position.

ONE would suppose that no danger whatever attached to the feat of escaping from a prison cell, but, in the language of the gentleman who was asked if the Peace Treaty would be ratified, you never can tell. I had been locked in a cell in the city prison of Providence, R. I., and had made my escape therefrom. Then it was necessary to unlock (*Concluded on page 79*)

They Send Me to Prison

The Story of Marie Ganz

Illustrated by M. Leone Bracker



On the edge of my prison cot I sat. There was nothing in my heart but bitterness and hatred.

THE MORNING after our eventful meeting in Union Square, I awoke with a splitting headache, the shrill sounds of the police whistles and the crowd's cries of alarm ringing in my ears.

Gray dawn was glimmering through the windows, and the street was beginning to roar with the work of the new day.

The picture of my wounded comrades flashed before me, and I cried out against the memory of it all. My mother awoke and looked at me with curious frightened eyes.

"Don't go back to your crowds to-day," she pleaded. "You will surely fall into the clutches of the police if you do."

"Yes, I'm going back to my crowds," I answered. "I'm half-blind with a headache, but there are two big and important meetings of the unemployed to-day, and I intend to go to speak at each of them."

The first meeting was at Mulberry Bend, in the Italian district, where several hundred unemployed men and women welcomed me enthusiastically.

I told them of my experiences of the day before and declared that, though I had failed to carry out my purpose then, the time would come when I should not fail.

At the second meeting, which was held in Union Square, the crowd was much larger, and the police, who had not been in evidence at Mulberry Bend, were everywhere.

"If they really mean to to arrest me now is their opportunity," I thought; but they made no attempt to interfere with me, though I spoke my opinion of them very freely during the course of my speech. Police stenographers were present, however, and took notes of everything I said, which led me to think that they were preparing a case against me and that my arrest would come later. It was a sympathetic audience of men and women, all of whom bore the marks of poverty and suffering, and they listened intently to every word. The only interference came from outsiders. Motormen banged their gongs and chauffeurs tooted their horns derisively, while from the edge of the crowd came scornful hoots and yells and cries of "Sweet Marie!" These disturbers, men and boys of the laboring class, seemed unable to understand that I was trying to help the cause of the thousands of miserable unemployed, among whom they themselves might be at any moment through some turn of chance.

YES, I was trying to help the cause, but what was I doing? What was I accomplishing? What was any of us accomplishing? Words, words, words! But of what use were all our harangues? They had done nothing toward bringing justice to the Western miners. From Colorado the tales of brutality came over the wires just as steadily as if we had never raised our voices, and all our meetings had not caused the smallest perceptible decrease in the number of unemployed among us or the smallest improvement in their condition. Was not Arthur Caron about to accomplish more for the cause with his dynamite than all the rest of us could ever do through mere words? The call had come to me to give more than words, and I could not waver.

Marie Ganz knew no more about a jail than you do—till she heard the judge say, "Sixty days at hard labor." That was the price she paid for her leadership in the East Side's fight against poverty and injustice. What will this spirited young Joan of Arc of the Ghetto learn in the long days in prison?

Grimly determined, I left home the following morning, and made my way toward the Standard Oil Building. I met many of my friends as I passed through the ghetto, but I had scarcely a word for them. I might be arrested for murder that morning, and I meant to keep them out of danger of being involved. As I was passing the Franklin statue two detectives appeared suddenly beside me.

"We want you, Marie," one of them said quietly. "You're under arrest."

Instantly a crowd gathered and followed us as the detectives led me through the street.

The news spread swiftly over the lower East Side and at the Oak Street police station I had scarcely had my pedigree taken by the man at the desk when a clerk for Harold Spielberger, an East Side lawyer, came in, offering to deposit money for my bail.

It was plain that my good friends in the office of "Mother Earth" were already hard at work in my behalf.

The clerk, on learning the amount of money demanded, promptly deposited five hundred dollars at the desk, and I was released.

Accompanied by the clerk, I went to the lawyer's home, for it was a Saturday and he had closed his office early. When I met Mr. Spielberger I told him that I did not want to enter any defense at all.

"I knew what I was about," I said, "and if it was against the law then let them send me to prison. I don't want my case won on technicalities, and I won't go back on my principles."

While we were speaking the door was thrown open, and my pal rushed in breathless.

"I can't think of your going to prison. There must be some way to save you. Prison for you! The thought of it drives me mad. Why, it's hell over there on Blackwell's Island. Why did you get into this trouble? Violence will never do any good. Haven't I tried to reason you out of it? I'm as much of a friend of the cause as you are, but we ought to keep within the law."

"The law!" I jeered at him. "Don't talk of the law to me any more!"

When I went to the Bleecker Street Court on the following Wednesday to face the magistrate I knew I should be found guilty. The newspapers had been denouncing me and clamoring for justice. They always appealed frantically to the law whenever the rich and mighty had been offended, though it was little they had had to say when the ghetto streets were full of evicted families, and it was little clamoring for justice they ever did in behalf of children who worked twelve hours a day in sweatshops under brutal taskmasters. I had been one of those children and I knew.

In the court-room were many of my friends, among them Berkman, the always helpful, Becky Edelson, who was still out on bail pending an appeal of her case, Joe O'Carroll, who brought me a solitary carnation, which was surely all that he could afford to buy, and Louise Berg and her brother. These Bergs had been little known outside of our own little group of anarchists, but they were destined to become notorious in connection with a frightfully disastrous explosion of dynamite in their flat in Lexington Avenue. While all these friends were greeting me who should come into the room but Arthur Caron, wild-eyed, haggard, ragged, looking as if he had neither slept nor eaten for days. His emaciated hand felt like a claw as it grasped mine.

"I couldn't keep away," he said hoarsely. "This is a time when you need all (*Continued on page 50*)

In the Cypress Swamp

The Slayer of Souls – VI

By Robert W. Chambers

Illustrated by Armand Both

When death lurks among the hibiscus, Tressa Norne strums her moon-lute. Can it be that only in her delicate hands rests power to conquer the black magic of the Yezidee?

THE night grew sweet with the scent of orange bloom, and all the perfumed darkness was vibrant with the feathery whirr of hawk-moths' wings.

Tressa had taken her moon-lute to the hammock, but her fingers rested motionless on the strings.

Cleves and Recklow, shoulder to shoulder, paced the moonlit path along the hedges of oleander and hibiscus which divided garden from jungle.

And they moved cautiously on the white-shell road, not too near the shadow line. For in the cypress swamp the bloated gray death was awake and watching under the moon; and in the scrub palmetto the diamond-dotted death moved lithely.

And somewhere within the dark evil of the jungle a man in white might be watching.

So Recklow's pistol swung lightly in his right hand and Cleves' weapon lay in his side-pocket, and they strolled leisurely around the drive and up and down the white-shell walks, passing Tressa at regular intervals, where she sat in her hammock with the moon-lute across her knees.

Once Cleves paused to place two pink hibiscus blossoms in her hair above her ears; and the girl smiled gravely at him in the light.

Again, pausing beside her hammock on one of their tours of the garden, Recklow said in a low voice: "If the beast would only show himself, Mrs. Cleves, we'd not miss him. Have you caught a glimpse of anything white in the woods?"

"Only the night mist rising from the branch and a white ibis stealing through it."

Cleves came nearer: "Do you think the Yezidee is in the woods watching us, Tressa?"

"Yes, he is there," she said calmly.

"You *know* it?"

"Yes."

RECKLOW stared at the woods. "We can't go in to hunt for him," he said. "That fellow would get us with his Lewisite gas before we could discover and destroy him."

"Suppose he waits for a west wind and squirts his gas in this direction?" whispered Cleves.

"There is no wind," said Tressa tranquilly. "He has been waiting for it, I think. The Yezidee is very patient. And he is a Shaman sorcerer."

"My God!" breathed Recklow. "What sort of hellish things has the Old World been dumping into America for the last fifty years? An ordinary anarchist is bad enough, but this new breed of devil—these Yezidees—this sect of Assassins——"

"Hush!" whispered Tressa.

All three listened to the great cat-owl howling from the jungle. But Tressa had heard another sound—the vague stir of leaves in the live-oaks. Was it a passing breeze? Was a night wind rising? She listened. But heard no brittle clatter from the palm-fronds.

"Victor," she said.

"Yes, Tressa."

"If a wind comes, we must hunt him. That will be necessary."

"Either we hunt him and get him, or he kills us here with his gas," said Recklow quietly.

"If the night wind comes," said Tressa, "we must hunt the darkness for the Yezidee." She spoke coolly.

"If he'd only show himself," muttered Recklow, staring into the darkness.

The girl picked up her lute, caught Cleves' worried eyes fixed on her, suddenly comprehended that his anxiety was on her account, and blushed brightly in the moonlight. And he saw her teeth catch at her underlip; saw her look up again at him, confused.

"If I dared leave you," he said, "I'd go into the hammock and start that reptile. This won't do—this standing pat while he comes to some deadly decision in the woods there."

"What else is there to do?" growled Recklow.

"Watch," said the girl. "Out-watch the Yezidee. If there is no night-wind he may tire of waiting. Then you must shoot fast—very, very fast and straight. But if the night-wind comes, then we must hunt him in darkness."

Recklow, pistol in hand, stood straight and sturdy in the moonlight, gazing fixedly at the forest. Cleves sat down at his wife's feet.



The bottled magic of Yarghouz Khan glowed red hot in his grasp. He screamed and strove to fling it away, but it stuck.

She touched her moon-lute tranquilly and sang in her childish voice:

"Ring, ring, Buddha bells,
Gilded gods are listening.
Swing, swing, lily bells,
In my garden glistening.
Now I hear the Shaman drum;
Now the scarlet horsemen come;
Ding-dong!
Ding-dong!
Through the chanting of the throng
Thunders now the temple gong.
Boom-boom!
Ding-dong!
"Let the gold gods listen!
In my garden; what care I
Where my lily bells hang mute!
Snowy-sweet they glisten
Where I'm singing to my lute.
In my garden; what care I
Who is dead and who shall die
Let the gold gods save or slay
Scented lilies bloom in May.
Boom, boom, temple gong!
Ding-dong!
Ding-dong!"

"WHAT are you singing?" whispered Cleves.

"'The Bells of Yian.'"

"Is it old?"

"Of the 13th century. There were few Buddhist bells in Yian then. It is Lamaism that has destroyed the Mongols and that has permitted the creed of the Assassins to spread—the devil worship of Erlik."

He looked at her, not understanding. And she, pale, slim prophetess, in the moonlight, gazed at him out of lost eyes—eyes which saw, perhaps, the bloody age of men when mankind took the devil by the throat and all Mount Alamout went up in smoking ruin; and the Eight Towers were dark as death and as silent before the blast of the silver clarions of Ghenghis Khan.

SOMETHING is stirring in the forest," whispered Tressa, her fingers on her lips.

"Damnation," muttered Recklow, "it's the wind!"

They listened. Far in the forest they heard the clatter of palm-fronds. They waited. The ominous warning grew faint, then rose again,—a long, low rattle of palm-fronds which became a steady monotone.

"We hunt," said Recklow bluntly. "Come on!"

But the girl sprang from the hammock and caught

her husband's arm and drew Recklow back from the hibiscus hedge.

"Use me," she said. "You could never find the Yezidee. Let me do the hunting; and then shoot very, very fast."

"We've got to take her," said Recklow. "We dare not leave her."

"I can't let her lead the way into those black woods, muttered Cleves.

"The wind is blowing in my face," insisted Recklow. "We'd better hurry."

Tressa laid one hand on her husband's arm.

"I can find the Yezidee, I think. You never could find him before he finds you! Victor, let me use my own *knowledge!* Let me find the way. Please let me lead! Please, Victor. Because, if you don't, I'm afraid we'll all die here in the garden where we stand."

Cleves cast a haggard glance at Recklow, then looked at his wife.

"All right," he said.

The girl opened the hedge gate. Both men followed with pistols lifted.

The moon silvered the forest. There was no mist, but a night-wind blew



"I am here to slay thee, Yarghouz! Take up thy shroud and pray!"

mournfully through palm and cypress, carrying with it the strange, disturbing pungency of the jungle—wild, unfamiliar perfumes,—the acrid aroma of swamp and rotting mold.

"What about snakes?" muttered Recklow, knee deep in wild phlox.

But there was a deadlier snake to find and destroy, somewhere in the blotched shadows of the forest.

The first sentinel trees were very near, now; and Tressa was running across a ghostly tangle, where once had been an orange grove, and where aged and dying citrus stumps rose stark amid the riot of encroaching jungle.

"She's circling to get the wind at our backs," breathed Recklow, running forward beside Cleves. "That's our only chance to kill the dirty rat—catch him with the wind at our backs!"

ONCE, traversing a dry hammock where streaks of moonlight alternated with velvet-black shadow a rattlesnake sprang his goblin alarm.

They could not locate the reptile. They shrank together and moved warily, chilled with fear.

Once, too, clear in the moonlight, the Gray Death reared up from bloated folds and stood swaying rhythmically in a horrible shadow dance before them. And Cleves threw one arm around his wife and crept past, giving death a wide berth there in the checkered moonlight.

NOW, under foot, the dry hammock lay everywhere and the night wind blew on their backs.

Then Tressa turned and halted the two men with a gesture. And went to her husband where he stood in the palm forest, and laid her hands on his shoulders looking him very wistfully in the eyes.

Under her searching gaze he seemed oddly to comprehend her appeal.

"You are going to use—to use your *knowledge,*" he said mechanically. "You are going to find the man in white."

"Yes."

"You are going to find him in a way we don't understand," he continued, dully.

"Yes. . . . You will not hold me in—in horror—will you?"

Recklow came up, making no sound on the spongy palm litter underfoot.

"Can you find this devil?" he whispered.

"I—think so."

"Does your super-instinct—finer sense—knowledge—whatever it is—give you any inkling as to his whereabouts, Mrs. Cleves?"

"I think he is here in this hammock. Only—" she turned again, with swift impulse, to her husband, "—only if you—if *you* do not hold me in—in horror—because of what I do——"

There was a silence; then:

"What are you about to do?" he asked hoarsely.

"Slay this man."

"We'll do that," said Cleves with a shudder. "Only show him to us and we'll shoot the dirty reptile to slivers——"

"Suppose we hit the jar of gas," said Recklow.

After a silence, Tressa said:

"I have got to give him back to Satan. There is no other way. I understood that from the first. He can not die by your pistols, though you shoot very fast and straight. No!"

After another silence, Recklow said:

"You had better find him before the wind changes. We hunt down wind or—we die here together."

She looked at her husband.

"Show him to us in your own way," he said, "and deal with him as he must be dealt with."

"Yes—dear."

A gleam passed across her pale face and she tried to smile at her husband.

Then, turning down the hammock to the east, she walked noiselessly forward over the fibrous litter, the men on either side of her, their pistols poised.

THEY had halted on the edge of an open glade, ringed with young pines in fullest plumage.

Tressa was standing very straight and still in a strange, supple, agonized attitude, her left forearm across her eyes, her right hand clenched, her slender body slightly twisted to the left.

The men gazed pallidly at her with tense, set faces, knowing that the girl was in terrible mental conflict against another mind—a powerful, sinister mind which was seeking to grasp her thoughts and control them.

Minute after minute sped: the girl never moved, locked in her psychic duel with this other brutal mind,—beating back its terrible thought-waves which were attacking her, fighting for mental supremacy, struggling in silence with an unseen adversary whose mental dominance meant death.

Suddenly her cry rang out sharply in the moonlight, and then, all at once, a man in white stood there in the luster of the moon—a young, graceful man dressed in white flannels and carrying on his right arm what seemed to be a long white cloak.

Instantly the girl was transformed from a living statue into a lithe, supple, lightly moving thing that passed swiftly to the west of the glade, keeping the young man in white facing the wind, which was blowing and tossing the plumy young pines.

"So it is *you*, young man, with whom I have been wrestling here under the moon of the only God!" she said in a strange little voice, all vibrant and metallic with menacing laughter.

"It is I, Keuke Mongole," replied the young man in white, tranquilly; yet his words came as though tired and out of breath, and the hand he raised to touch his small black mustache trembled as if from physical exhaustion.

"Yarghouz!" she exclaimed. "Why did I not know you there on the golf links, Assassin of the Seventh Tower? And why do you come here with your shroud over your arm and hidden under it, in your right hand, a flask full of death?"

He said, smiling:

"I come because you are to die, Heavenly-Azure Eyes. I bring you your shroud." And he moved warily westward around the open circle of young pines.

INSTANTLY the girl flung her right arm straight upward.

"Yarghouz!"

"I hear thee, Heavenly Azure."

"Another step to the west and I shatter thy flask of gas."

"With what?" he demanded; but stood discreetly motionless.

"With what I grasp in an empty palm. Thou knowest, Yarghouz."

"I have heard, he said with smiling uncertainty, "but to hear of force that can be hurled out of an empty palm is one thing, but to see it and feel it is another. I think you the Heavenly Azure."

"So thought Gutchlug. And died of a yellow snake."

The young man seemed to reflect. Then he looked up at her in his frank, smiling way.

"Will thou listen, Heavenly Eyes?"

"I hear thee, Yarghouz."

"Listen then, Keuke Mongole. Take life from us as we offer it. Life is sweet. Erlik, like a spider, waits in darkness for lost souls that flutter to his net."

"You think my soul was lost there in the temple Yarghouz?"

"Unutterably lost, little temple girl of Yian Therefore, live. Take life as a gift!"

"Whose gift?"

"Sanang's."

(*Concluded on page 88*)



"It's all right, Honey," Torrie said in a strangled voice. "It's all right," she kept repeating, as though to a child.

This Light Must Live

A Novel of New York

By Arthur Stringer

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

His Art or his wife's Happiness? If one or the other must be sacrificed, has Storrow the right to say which one? Day by day life with Torrie Throssel is stifling the spark of his genius. Yet he loves her. Shall he go or stay? The time has come for him to decide.

STORROW lay in bed, unable to sleep. He lay painfully awake, staring out through the open window at a star which hung in the sky, slightly above the black ramparts of the house-roofs towering as gloomily above him as the walls of a jail-yard. He went back over his life page by page, with that impersonal detachment which comes only to the wakeful after midnight. And as he lay there, deliberately and laboriously balancing up the over-complicated ledger of existence, it struck him as odd that the star at which he stared should hang so serene in the midst of a sky equally serene, while he himself remained so humanly fevered and troubled in spirit. Night, he remembered, had once been able to bring him peace. Sleep, until he came to that great city of unrest, had never seemed reluctant to refill the lowered reservoirs of vitality. Always, before that, he had found the hours of darkness ready to dedicate themselves to the quiet restoration of mind and body, no matter whether his pillow had been a pine-bough or a folded Hudson-Bay blanket or the thwart of a Rice Lake canoe. Always the sigh of the wind in tree-tops or the lap of water on pebbly shores had lulled him away from any distractions that crowded his day.

But now, with the nocturnal hum of the city in his ears, he found no art to relax the over-tensioned bow. The fault, he knew, lay in his own heart, sour with self-hate, heavy with defeat, tortured with the thought that he had made a failure of life. Step by step he recalled his earlier hopes and aspirations, his older and cleaner ways of life, his more eager and light-hearted outlook on the world. He reviewed his first advent to the city, his meeting with Torrie, his surrender to the impulses of the body, his quixotic marriage, his aborted attempts at revolt against an environment which he had only half-recognized as degrading, his missteps and mistakes, and his entrance at last into that culminating consciousness of betrayal which now left him as poignantly alone as though he stood the last man on the last ice-floe of a planet lost in space.

A SENSE of the strangeness of earthly things returned to him, as he lay there as rigid as the blade of a sword, in remembering the gulfs which now yawned between him and the quietly breathing body reposing with such ironic intimacy on the same bed with him. He was no longer swayed by that earlier unreasoning passion to inflict injury on it, to impose suffering on what had brought suffering to him. His feelings had merged into something more passive, a vague and perplexed indifference, a desire for silence, a hunger for even the hope of quietness and remoteness where the healing forces of life might reassert themselves.

He had sunk low, he remembered, and had surrendered much; but he had not altogether given up the hope of hope. Somewhere, in the unsleeping core of his being, there was the trampled spark which could not and should not go out. If that went, all indeed was lost. In some way and by some means, at whatever cost, he must recover his grip on life. He must go back to the beginning of things, grope through the fog, struggle on until he once more reached solid and decipherable ground. Somewhere in the world there was a great serenity which was being denied him.

Storrow felt it to be there, even as he realized that it lay beyond his reach. And his secondary sense of frustration brought with it a new and deeper misery. It left him apparently mocked at by the very God on Whom he stood unable to call for help. Yet as he lay there, in his silent conflict of soul, he prayed without knowing that he was praying. He was conscious only of his suffering, of a feeling of being prematurely old and exhausted. The only tatter of hope that remained with him lay in the memory of that unobliterated spark in which he still forlornly refused to relinquish belief. It prompted him to remember, as he lay there, waiting for the morning, that even as the ache would in time go out of the body which had been so ill-used, so the subtler ache would in time pass away from the spirit which no longer seemed his to control.

Yet before he could know that restoration, he felt, he would have to know quietness for thought and elbow-room for reverie. He must have breathing-space for both body and soul. He must get away. There was no longer any doubt about the matter. To stay between those walls, in the old rut, played on by the old influences and surroundings, was out of the question. He must go. (*Continued on page 60*)



God Builds a House

By Mary Carolyn Davies

Decoration by V. Aderente

HERE at my desk I sit and build
The house of commerce; firm and true
Must be each beam. My hands are skilled
For this proud work that I must do.
Slowly I place each shaft of steel.
The joy the builder feels I feel.

And, though the Builder's skill is good,
If there be flaws of fraud and fear,
And lies like knotholes in the wood,
How shall even He the structure rear?
May all be firm and strong and whole
Wherewith God builds this house, my soul.

God builds a house in this my mind,
Of wood and steel and nail and stone,
He works with what He there may find,
And builds the house of these alone.
And if the structure stand, He may
Safe-sheltered in its fastness stay.



What chance has a wife in a situation like this? "I won't stand it!" she rages. "Yes, Miss, certainly, Miss," replies her butler-husband suavely.

Civilian Clothes

By Thompson Buchanan

OF the new plays of this season "Civilian Clothes" seems to me to exhibit the best craftsmanship. It is clever, witty, interesting. Besides what is most important of all, it contains an Idea. And an Idea, even bungled, is worth while, and, if it is well wrought out, as it is in this case, is worth a great deal. The Idea is the absurdity of Snobbery. Nothing is more ingrained, nothing more sacred, to that large class of people who value Station in Life above Life itself, than that the accidents of place, money, clothes and manners are of vital importance. And no notion withers more quickly in the blast of a real human crisis. Such a crisis is furnished by the Great War. In a masterly way the author of "Civilian Clothes" brings out, without cheap sentimentalism, how the real worth of a man can sweep aside the pettiness of snobbery.

Frank Crane

Courtesy of OLIVER MOROSCO, PRODUCER.

BILLY—But everybody that knows us expects us to be married! Why, we can't remember the time when we weren't sweethearts. (With sudden suspicion.) You didn't fall in love or make any promise to any man you met over there did you?

Florence (guiltily.)—What an absurd idea.

Billy (convinced.)—I should think so. You aren't the kind of a girl to become interested in any man you didn't know all about.

Florence—And men all look alike, don't they—in uniform? But can you imagine me becoming interested in anyone not well born, Billy?

Billy—Hardly! The Lanham's aren't that way.



BILLY is mystified by the change that has come over his sweetheart of pre-war days, since her return from canteen work in France. He is incapable of understanding what it meant to Florence Lanham, daughter of a fine old Southern family, to see life stripped of all its delicacies—raw and real. For the first

Florence Lanham (Olive Tell) to Billy (Glen Anders)—**You've always been just—my slave. You've never made me do anything. A woman has to be made to do things, Billy.**

time she has seen the cheapness of her old standard of judgment. What she wants now is a man, not merely a gentleman.

Florence—I reckon that's it Billy—you were always too much the gentleman. You've always been just—my slave.—You've never made me do anything—a woman has to be made to do things, Billy. Don't you understand? Oh, a lot of suffragettes can preach to the end of time, but that doesn't alter Nature, and when I hear one of them declaring "No man ever made me do anything," I always feel like saying, "Yes, but don't you wish he had." And if she's a regular woman, every time she'll say, "Yes."

Billy (the amazing idea sinking in.)—Has anybody made *you* do anything, Flo?

Florence (reminicently)—Yes....It was the morning of the attack—I'd gotten up near the front and was putting out hot chocolate to the boys—the General ordered me back but I slipped around out of his sight and kept on. The shells were coming over pretty fast when some of the infantry marched past to take position. I offered a cup of chocolate to a captain. He passed it on to one of his men, then asked me how the divil I got there. I told him I walked, and he said I better walk back again. I laughed at him. Next he ordered me back. I refused to go. Then he called me a damn plucky little fool, boxed my ears as though I'd been a naughty child, and sent me to the rear crying with rage, my head ringing, and a soldier holding each elbow.

WHAT Florence does not confess is that just a few days afterwards she married the handsome officer who had boxed her ears and sent her to the rear, whom she now believes is dead. But when the stalwart, somewhat uncouth young captain turns up unexpectedly, and Florence sees him in civilian clothes against the background of her old life, it puts too great a strain upon her new-found democracy of spirit. She relapses into the snob. Her only desire is to be rid of the "impossible" man she married in France.

McGinnis (as yet unconscious of his wife's aversion to him)—You know it's funny to think of your being rich—you never told me anything about your people, and over there I thought you were just a poor nobody like myself.



Olive Tell as *Florence* is an attractive little thoroughbred.



Florence to Sam McGinnis (Thurston Hall)—**I hate myself for it but I can't help it. I'm proud of you Sam, but—we belong to different classes. I'm afraid they don't mate.**

Florence—The Lanhams have always been what you call "rich"—the best people. My father is the best lawyer in this State—

McGinnis (smiling at her pride)—Well—*my* father is the best shoemaker in Racine!

Florence (with distaste)—A shoe manufacturer?

McGinnis—Yes—makes 'em all himself by hand and nobody turns out better ones. Look! (*Pointing to his "nifty" tan shoes.*)

Florence—(in despair)—A cobbler? Florence Lanham's father-in-law, the best cobbler in Racine! (*Laughs hysterically. A flash of anger shows on McGinnis' face. Then he restrains himself.*)

Florence—You're his son—

McGinnis (with sincere pride and straightforwardness—Yes,) and I happen to be proud of my father—

Florence—I'm sorry—Sam, will you do something for me—just because I want you to?

McGinnis—Of course—

Florence—Will you—will you go back into the army again?

McGinnis (shaking his head)—I can't do it—Flo—

Florence (pleading)—But you were a brilliant officer with a great record—the Croix de Guerre, citations—the Distinguished Service Cross. Why you'd go up fast—you'd be someone I could be proud of—you'd be as good as anybody—

McGinnis (trying to change her mood)—I never saw an Irishman that wasn't better than anybody—

Florence (wheedlingly)—Won't you—for my sake? It's our chance of happiness. Sam—

McGinnis—I can't be a quitter, even for you, Flo!

Florence—Quitter!

McGinnis—Yes—the Army in Peace time! That's for the fellow who hasn't the nerve to fight with his brains and is looking for a life pension and a soft place to fall. But, me—I'm going to do something in this world—I'm going to become somebody—I'm going to take you away from all this foolishness, I'm going to take you to—

Florence—Racine?

(*Concluded on page 76*)



"Here no slovenly handling hides beneath such trick-effects in paint as those to which the incapable artists so often resort."

Is Beauty in Art Old-fashioned?

By Gardner Teall

IN THIS year of tremendous changes, the passing of Sir Edward J. Poynter, P. R. A., has not, perhaps, impressed itself on the public mind as otherwise it would have done. Poynter was a notable figure, not only in the realm of British painting, but in the whole field of art as well. His fame did not rest alone upon the fact that he was President of the Royal Academy, heir to the mantle of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Benjamin West, Sir Thomas Lawrence, and successor to Sir John Everett Millais in the presidency. Few artists have been more usefully gifted, few painters have exerted so wide and so direct a constructive influence on their national art as did this English master.

POYNTER will never become old-fashioned, at least not in the sense of being reproached with smug Victorianism. One has only to look upon *A Corner in the Market-Place*, one of the artist's finest works, to reach this conclusion. The old masters, Leonardo, Raphael, Andrea del Sarto, and all the other worthies have shown us how perennial has been the delight taken in the works of those painters who presented such enduring qualities in their canvases as nobility of conception, perfection of drawing, beauty of color, interest of composition, the quality of human appeal. Do we not find evidence of these things in Poynter's work? Beauty is eternal, and the beautiful in Poynter's work is never mere prettiness, never merely ephemerally attractive, depending on a fashion, a trick or upon theatrical presentment.

IN THE hands of a less gifted, less sincere painter *A Corner in the Market-Place* might have had but the vogue of the hour, the appreciation of the moment. But in Poynter's hands we find it endowed with qualities of excellence that perpetuate themselves. Note the beauty, not only in composition and in the figures depicted, but in conception and execution as well. Here no slovenly handling offends the eye, no mediocrity hides beneath such trick-effects in paint as those to which the ingenious but incapable artists so often resort.

Poynter's canvases are too potent in their human appeal to be classed with the chill of the academic, if we take the term as meaning everything that is artificial, lifeless and dry. Classic his paintings are, but they exhibit the classicism of fineness, a fineness free from preciosity, unmarred by affectation. Have you not observed the predilection of certain persons for coarse foods, persons who consider their taste in this respect to be righteously normal, who turn on delicacies of the table a (*Concluded on page 85*)



Booth Tarkington (in white) and his celebrated Black Poodle.

"Ramsey Milholland"

By Booth Tarkington

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BOOTH TARKINGTON was born in Indianapolis as far back as 1869 and, before he could write himself, began dictating stories to a long-suffering elder sister.

After a typical American boyhood in the Hoosier State—during the course of which James Whitcomb Riley, though twice his years was his close friend—he went to Princeton. "Tark," as his classmates called him, came out of college with the notion that, having sold one cartoon to "Life," he was going to be an illustrator. Thirty-one successive rejections convinced him that he'd better become a writer instead. The most casual attendance at classes ranked him well as a student, and most of his enthusiasm went into student activities—singing in glee clubs, painting posters, writing college plays and acting in them.

"A Gentleman from Indiana" was his first published novel. This was an instant success, and he has followed it up with a string of some eighteen very acceptable novels and novelettes.

"The Magnificent Ambersons," which appeared as the "Book of the Month" in Hearst's for January, 1919, was lately awarded the Pulitzer prize as the year's best novel of American life. But Mr. Tarkington's permanent fame is likely to rest upon his symphathetic studies of his young nephews, as set down in the irresistible "Penrod" stories, in "Clarence," "Seventeen" and his latest book, "Ramsey Milholland."

RAMSEY MILHOLLAND sat miserably in school, his conscious being consisting principally of a dull hate. Torpor was a little dispersed during a fifteen-minute interval of "Music," when he and all the other pupils in the large room of the "Five B. Grade" sang repeated fractions of what they enunciated as "The Star Span-guh-hulled Banner"; but afterward he relapsed into the low spirits and animosity natural to anybody during enforced confinement under instruction.

Half an hour later there arrived his supreme trial of this particular morning. Arithmetic then being the order of business before the house, he was sent alone to the blackboard, supposedly to make lucid the proper reply to a fatal conundrum in decimals, and under the glare and focus of the whole room he breathed heavily and itched everywhere; his brain at once became sheer hash. He consumed as much time as possible in getting the terms of the problem stated in chalk; then, affecting to be critical of his own handiwork, erased what he had done and carefully wrote it again. After that, he erased half of it, slowly retraced the figures, and stepped back as if to see whether perspective improved their appearance. Again he lifted the eraser.

"Ramsey Milholland!"

"Ma'am?"

"Put down that eraser!"

"Yes'm. I just thought——"

Sharply bidden to get forward with his task, he explained in a feeble voice that he had first to tie a shoestring and stooped to do so, but was not permitted. Miss Ridgely tried to stimulate him with hints and suggestion; found him, so far as decimals went, mere protoplasm, and, wondering how so helpless a thing could live, summoned to the board little Dora Yocum, the star of the class, whereupon Ramsey moved toward his seat.

"Stand still, Ramsey! You stay right where you are and try to learn from the way Dora does it."

The class giggled, and Ramsey stood, but learned nothing. His conspicuousness was unendurable because all his schoolmates naturally found more entertainment in watching him than in following the performance of the capable Dora. He put his hands in and out of his pockets; was bidden to hold them still, also not to shuffle his feet; and when in a false assumption of ease he would have scratched his head Miss Ridgely's severity increased, so that he was compelled to give over the attempt.

Instructed to watch every figure chalked up by the mathematical wonder, his eyes, grown sodden, were unable to remove themselves from the part in her hair at the back of her head, where two little braids began their separate careers to end in a couple of blue-and-red checked bits of ribbon, one upon each of her thin shoulder blades. He was conscious that the part in Dora's shining brown hair was odious, but he was unconscious of anything arithmetical. His sensations clogged his intellect; he suffered from unsought notoriety, and hated Dora Yocum; most of all he hated her busy little shoulder blades.

RAMSEY had not forgiven Dora four years later when he entered high school in her company, for somehow Ramsey managed to shovel his way through examinations and stayed with the class. By this time he had a long accumulation of reasons for hating her: Dora's persistent and increasing competency was not short of flamboyant, and teachers naturally got the habit of flinging their quickest pupil in the face of their slowest and dumbest. Nevertheless, Ramsey was unable to deny that she had become less awful lookin' than she used to be. "I'll say this for her, she's awful lookin', but she may not be as awful lookin' as what she was. She don't come to school with the edge of some of her underclo'es showin' below her dress any more, about every other day, and her eye-winkers have got to stickin' out some, and she may not be so abbasa*loot*ly skinny, but she'll haf to wait a mighty long while before I want to look at her without gettin' sick!"

The implication that Miss Yocum cared to have Ramsey look at her, either with or without gettin' sick, was mere rhetoric, and recognized as such by the producer of it; she had never given the slightest evidence of any desire that his gaze be bent upon her. And yet so pungent is the fascination of self-inflicted misery, he did look at her, during periods of study, often for three or four minutes at a stretch. His expression at such times indeed resembled that of one who has dined unwisely; but Dora Yocum was always too eagerly busy to notice it. He was almost never in her eye, but she was continually in his; moreover, as the banner pupil she was with hourly frequency an exhibit before the whole class.

Ramsey day-dreamed a thousand ways of putting Dora in her place, but was unable to carry out any of them, and had but a cobwebby satisfaction in imagining discomfitures of her which remained imaginary. With a yearning so poignant that it hurt, he yearned and yearned to show her what she really was. "Just once!" he said to Fred Mitchell. "That's all I ask, just once. Just gimme one chance to show that girl what she really is. I guess if I ever get the chance she'll find out what's the matter with her, for *once* in her life, anyway!"

Then, one day, he noticed that her eye-winkers were stickin' out farther and farther.

AT the junior class picnic, however, a new interest flowered into being and crowded out, for a time, his schemes for revenge. Having rescued Milla Rust, the class beauty, from drowning in a stream knee-deep, he forgot his bitterness toward Dora in the delights of first love.

THE change in Ramsey was invisible, and yet something must have been seen, for everyone appeared to take it for granted that he was to sit next to Milla at the pastoral meal. She herself understood it, evidently, for she drew in her puckered skirts and without any words made a place for him beside her as he driftingly approached her, affecting to whistle and keeping his eyes on the foliage overhead. He still looked upward, even in the act of sitting down.

"Squirrel or something," he said, feebly, as if in explanation.

"Where?" Milla asked.

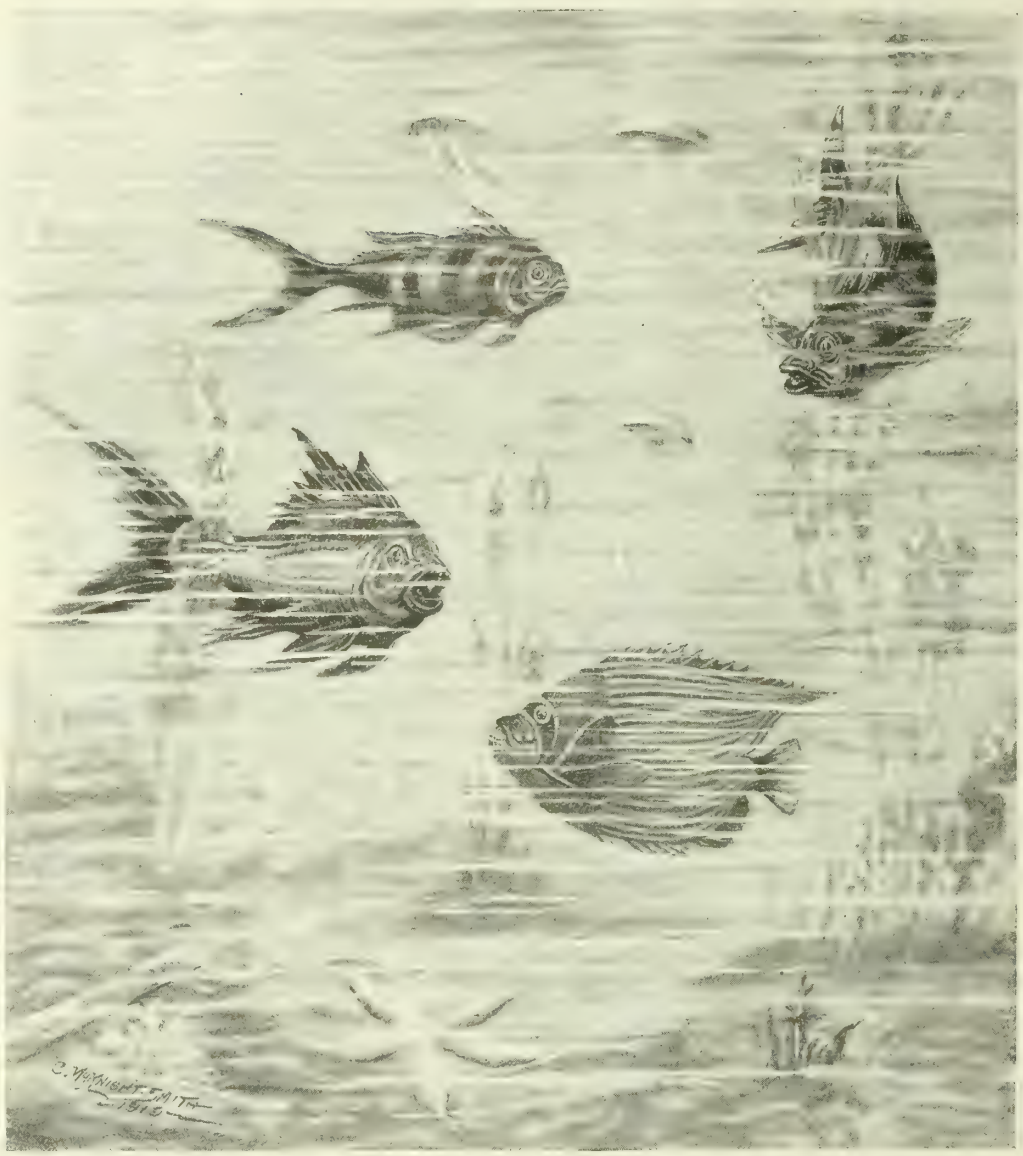
"Up there on a branch." He accepted a plate from her (she had provided herself with an extra one), but he did not look at it or at her. "I'm not just exactly sure it's a squirrel," he said. "Kind of hard to make out exactly what it is." He continued to keep his eyes aloft, because he imagined that all of the class were looking at him and Milla, and he felt unable to meet such publicity. It was to him as if the whole United States had been scandalized to attention by this act of his going to sit beside Milla; he gazed upward so long that his eyeballs became sensitive under the strain.

It had begun to seem that his eyes must remain fixed in that upward stare forever; he wanted to bring them down, but could not face the glare of the world. But finally the brightness of the sky between the leaves settled matters for him; he sneezed, wept, and for a little moment again faced his fellowmen. No one was looking at him; everybody except Milla had other things to do.

Having sneezed involuntarily, he added a spell of coughing for which there was no necessity. "I guess I must be wrong," he muttered thickly

"What about, Ramsey?"

"About it's bein' a squirrel." With infinite timidity he turned his head and encountered a gaze so soft, so hallowed, that it disconcerted him, and he dropped a "drumstick" of fried chicken, well dotted with ants, from his plate. Scarlet, (*Concluded on page 76*)



If we bulk all creatures living on land, from animals to insects, the total would be negligible in comparison to the great volume of organic matter in the ocean

What Makes Sunshine?
War Cures Insanity
Killing the Death Rate
Foods that Don't Feed
Is the Country Unhealthy?

By Henry Smith Williams, M.D., LL.D.

EVER since the great law of the conservation of energy was formulated, making it clear that the supply of energy from any given source is limited, unless compensated by a return flow of energy, men of science have puzzled their heads over the question of the capacity of the sun to keep on shining.

It was early pointed out that were the body of the sun composed of solid coal, it would burn out completely in a relatively short time, astronomically speaking. Then it was suggested that a large part of the sun's energy might be due to contraction;—in effect, the falling of the sun's substance toward its center. Every one knows that when a stone falls to the earth it liberates energy. Of course the body of the sun has a gravitational pull immensely greater than that of the earth, and the fall of matter at its surface would liberate a proportionately greater quantity of energy. The entire mass of the sun being supposed to be undergoing contraction, the observed output of solar energy is accounted for, according to the estimate of physicists.

Subsequently it was suggested that the substance of the sun might comprise great quantities of radioactive materials, this supposition being in a measure validated by the fact that the element helium, which is known to be a product of radioactivity, was first discovered in the sun, with the aid of the spectroscope. Further plausibility is given the suggestion by studies of the past decade, which have given us an insight into the structure of the atom, leading to a theory that all matter is composed of elements of positive and negative electricity, the observed differences among the different kinds of matter being due to their varying number of electrical units.

A few years ago it was found that the known radioactive substances constitute a series, or perhaps two or three series, grading into one another. Uranium, for example, the heaviest known metal, by giving out part of its substance through radiation, is gradually changed into radium, and it appears that radium through another series of exfoliations, so to speak, is ultimately changed into lead. Experiment shows that lead which has somewhat recently undergone this transformation,—the physicists speak of it as "young lead,"—has a lower atomic weight and density than old lead. Noting this fact, a speculator has suggested that the increase in atomic weight of old lead is due to the impingement on it of the electrons and helium molecules given out by substances that are still radioactive.

This leads to the conception that in time the lead may accumulate sufficient of this material to build up its atomic structure to a point at which it will again become radioactive. And what applies to lead would apply to all other substances. So, it is suggested, we may conceive of matter as undergoing endless cycles of building up through the accumulation of electrons and helium molecules and breaking down through radioactivity.

Blazing masses like our sun and the visible stars represent a stage of decadence; but in time dark stars are built up through accumulation of material sent to them from the luminous ones till they assume a condition of luminescence. Thus we have a conception of a universe undergoing endless transformations involving unthinkable aeons of time.

WAR CURES INSANITY

ONE of the most unexpected results of the great war was the decline of insanity. While it might naturally have been expected that the physical, intellectual, and emotional stress to which non-combatants were subjected would have led to large increase of insanity, the opposite appears to have been the fact.

Statistics have been made available in England, and the conclusion is reached that the decrease of insanity is actual. One expert comments to the effect that the war has acted as a mental tonic. Another expresses the view that: "It is not the great tragedies of life that sap the force of the brain and wreck the cytic organism." He points out that it is the small worries, the deadly monotony of a narrow and circumscribed existence that is dangerous to mental stability. The war served, in effect, as a mental safety valve to thousands of individuals who were wavering on the border line of insanity.

Further evidence of the validity of this view is afforded by the fact that during the war there was a notable decrease in the number of suicides. It is reported that in the ten years 1901-1910 the average number of male suicides was 157 per million. In 1913 the figure was 151 per million, while in 1915 it fell to 104 (civilians only), and in 1916 it stood at 111. The suicide rate among females is always much lower (only 47 per million in the pre-war period), and it was less notably affected; nevertheless, here also a falling off was observed, the number dropping to 38 per million in 1916.

Although these results of the war were unexpected, they are not difficult to explain with a measure of plausibility. But so much can hardly be said of another set of statistics showing that the rate of infant mortality declined remarkably in England and Wales during the war. It is said that the rate for 1916 was 91 per 1,000 births, being 19 per thousand below the rate for the preceding year, and 22 per thousand below the average of the decade 1906-1915. The statisticians reporting this decline wisely suggest that it is somewhat premature to speculate on its causes until future events show whether the decline will be maintained.

KILLING THE DEATH RATE

NO feature of the war is more novel or more startling than the one revealed by the statistics of total deaths from disease in the U. S. Army during the war.

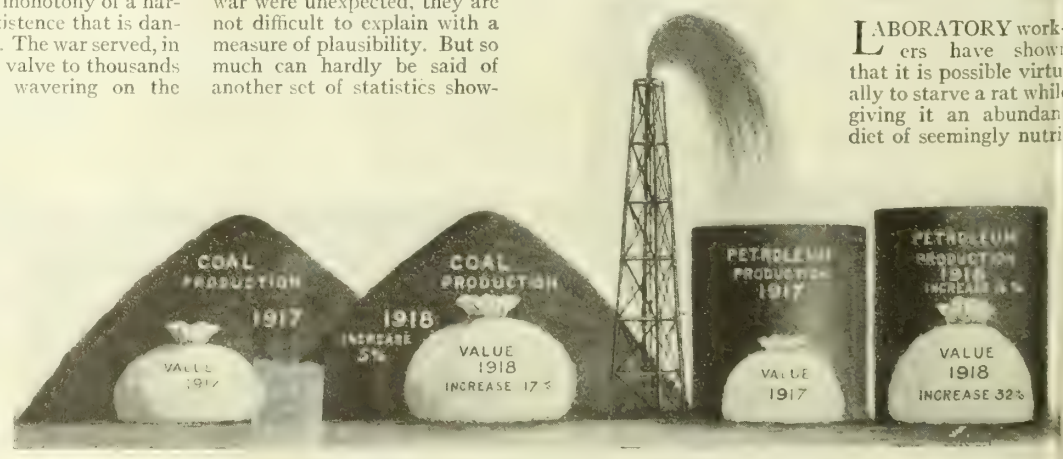
It appears that from September 1, 1917, to May 2, 1919, during which time the average strength of the army was approximately 2,121,000 men, the total deaths from typhoid fever were 213; from malaria, 13; from dysentery, 42; from smallpox, 5. A comparison has been made between this death roll and the number of deaths that would have occurred if the Civil War death rate had obtained, as follows: typhoid fever, 51,133; malaria, 13,951; dysentery, 63,898; smallpox, 9,536. This list totals 138,518 deaths that would have occurred in our army from the four maladies in question had the death rate of the Civil War continued; and against this number we have the actual record of 273 deaths.

This is a record of which modern medicine may well be proud. It tells of the triumph of hygiene on one hand and vaccine therapy on the other. At the time of the Civil War, preventive medicine was in its infancy. To-day, as the records show, it has assumed adult proportions. The typhoid fever record taken by itself stands as a monumental tribute to one of the newest preventive methods,—the vaccine immunization originated by Sir Almroth Wright. This is a product of our own time. The method had not been developed at the time of the Spanish-American War; and it will be recalled that typhoid fever played havoc with our Cuban army. Had typhoid ravaged our army in the present war in the same proportion, the death roll from typhoid would show 68,164 victims instead of the actual 213.

One may not leave the subject, however, without the regretful admission that there is one malady with which the medical science of our day has not learned to cope effectively. The total deaths in our army from pneumonia numbered 41,747, a higher ratio than obtained during the Civil War. The epidemic of influenza was largely responsible for this high death rate. But the fact that physicians were unable to stem the tide of this invasion shows that there is still abundant work for the innovator in therapeutics.

FOODS THAT DON'T FEED

LABORATORY workers have shown that it is possible virtually to starve a rat while giving it an abundant diet of seemingly nutri-



While the rising cost of labor is raising the value of our mineral wealth, the actual production is growing alarmingly smaller



How much longer will the sun shine? **The fear that it will some time "burn out" may be dispelled if, as science now points out, it is made up of radioactive materials.**

tious food having full fuel value. At one time physiologists supposed that it was a comparatively simple matter to estimate the amount of proteins and fats and starchy foods that would make a well balanced diet, computing the number of calories of energy that would be developed when this fuel was turned in the system; and that this told pretty nearly the whole story of nutrition. Then it was discovered that there are certain essential ingredients of diet that are quite independent of fuel value. Butter fat, for example, can promote the growth of a rat, while lard fails to do so.

The growth-promoting ingredients in question are known only by their results. No person has been able to analyze them. It appears that they are of two types, one soluble in fats and the other soluble in water. The name "vitamine" has been suggested for them; though by some chemists they are referred to as "fat-soluble A" and "water-soluble B." The charm of mystery attaches to them; but we know that when they are absent from the diet, animal or man cannot thrive or grow. Their presence is as necessary to the proper functioning of the living organism as oil on the running gear of a motor car. The vitamines, like the lubricating oil, supply no energy; but when they are absent the energy of the most nutritious food is used to advantage.

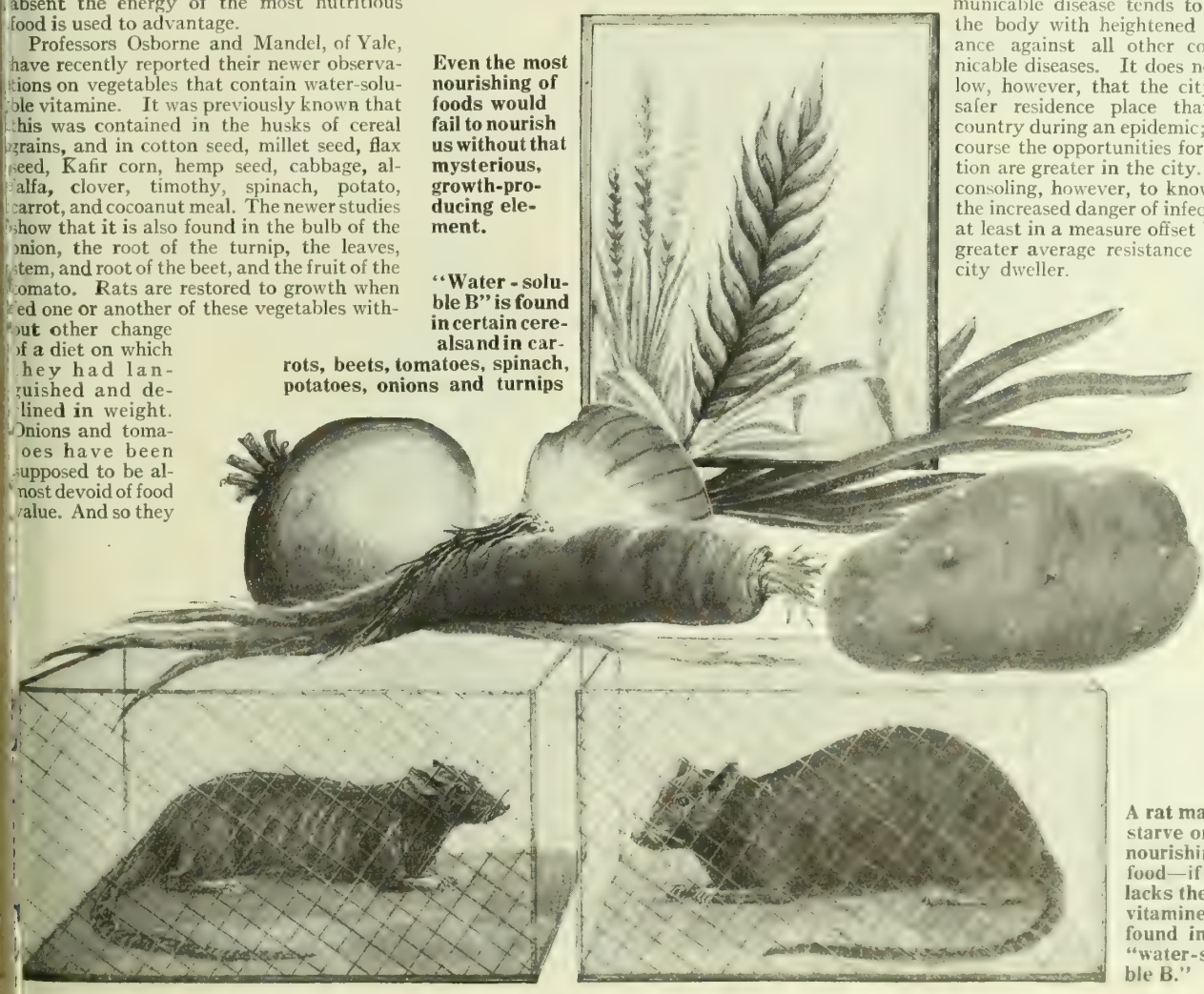
Professors Osborne and Mandel, of Yale, have recently reported their newer observations on vegetables that contain water-soluble vitamine. It was previously known that this was contained in the husks of cereal grains, and in cotton seed, millet seed, flax seed, Kafir corn, hemp seed, cabbage, alfalfa, clover, timothy, spinach, potato, carrot, and cocoanut meal. The newer studies show that it is also found in the bulb of the onion, the root of the turnip, the leaves, stem, and root of the beet, and the fruit of the tomato. Rats are restored to growth when fed one or another of these vegetables without other change of a diet on which they had languished and declined in weight. Onions and tomatoes have been supposed to be almost devoid of food value. And so they are, if given by themselves. But with a diet that supplies the requisite fuel value they may be indispensable.

Thus, various fruits and vegetables that have hitherto been supposed to be valuable for their inorganic salt and organic acids only, assume new importance. A vegetable soup, such as one gets at an Italian or French table d'hote dinner, doubtless contains an abundant supply of water-soluble vitamines, and thus is a most valuable accessory, though supplying very few calories of energy.

A clinical laboratory is a very mysterious institution to the average layman. But with all its equipment it can at present give no sign to indicate the presence of the all-essential vitamines. The only way of testing their presence is to feed the substance to an animal, usually a rat, and note results. With certain foods, or foods prepared in a certain way, the animal fails to grow, becomes sickly, is at the point of death. After a certain substance is added to the diet the animal at once begins to thrive. Ergo, the substance contains the all-essential vitamines. The application of the knowledge thus acquired to the human subject in combating malnutrition gives the most practical value to the experiments in which the laboratory worker had the cooperation of the rat.

Even the most nourishing of foods would fail to nourish us without that mysterious, growth-producing element.

"Water-soluble B" is found in certain cereals and in carrots, beets, tomatoes, spinach, potatoes, onions and turnips



A rat may starve on nourishing food—if it lacks the vitamines found in "water-soluble B."

IS THE COUNTRY UNHEALTHY?

WHEN the earlier reports from the army examining boards began to come in, it was noted with surprise that men drafted from the cities made a better physical showing, on the average, than those drafted from the country. A partial explanation was found in the suggestion that the more vigorous country-bred boys tend to go into the cities.

But now comes a report showing that the young men from the cities in the army camps showed on the average a greater resistance to infections than their country cousins. They were, for example, relatively immune to influenza, the scourge that, with its sequel, pneumonia, added so alarmingly to the death rate. The statistics appear to show that rural camps had at least 25 per cent. more cases of influenza, 10 per cent. more pneumonia, 10 per cent. more deaths, and 30 per cent. higher admission rate for all sickness than corresponding urban camps. It appears that the proverbial health-giving character of country life is more or less mythical.

The explanation regarded as most plausible is that any communicable disease tends to leave the body with heightened resistance against all other communicable diseases. It does not follow, however, that the city is a safer residence place than the country during an epidemic; for of course the opportunities for infection are greater in the city. It is consoling, however, to know that the increased danger of infection is at least in a measure offset by the greater average resistance of the city dweller.

7,000,000,000 DIATOMS A DAY

PROFESSOR PRINCE, of the Royal Society of Canada, tells us that a familiar little species of sponge weighing about one ounce must secure the bodies of about seven billion diatoms of a certain species for its daily ration and that a small copopod requires nine and three quarter billions of the same food units daily. The high cost of living apparently obtains in the watery realm no less than on land.

Other illustrations of the difficulties that are encountered by our fellow citizens of the deep include the statement that an oyster five inches long must filter eight or nine gallons of water or nearly two thousand times its own bulk in order to secure the cubic half inch of solid food that it requires daily; and that a little Japanese sardine must wander nine miles through the sea in order to get its ten- or twelve-grain ration.

Such observations as these have led Professor Prince to believe that the ocean must contain some source of food hitherto unsuspected. He believes that this consists of an inexhaustible mass of organic matter largely moribund that has settled to the bottom of the ocean, at all depths, originally derived from the teeming hordes of minute forms of life that are known to live in the surface waters. To this mass of organic matter he has given the name "demerson." The bodies of untold myriads of minute forms of life raining down into the depths day after day and century after century since the oceans were formed supply this "demerson" in such enormous quantity that it forms, so Professor Prince believes, a great universal source of food for innumerable creatures of the sea at all depths, from the shallows along the coasts to the abysmal zones of the oceans. It staggers the imagination to think of the aggregate quantities of this organic material; in comparison with it, the total bulk of all the living creatures of the land, from insect to mammals, must be practically negligible.

OUR UNDEVELOPED MINERAL WEALTH

WHEN statistics as to production in any industry are in question it is necessary nowadays to ascertain whether one is dealing with quantities or with values. The ever-rising scale of prices serves to give a false impression as to productivity if we talk only in terms of money.

For example, it appears that the value of the mineral product of the United States for the year 1918 was 5,526,000, or more than half a billion in excess of the value of the product in 1917. But the quantity produced was less than in the earlier year. The shortage in actual production was largely in building material—stone, cement, lime, gypsum. The production of metals, on the other hand, was, as a matter of course, speeded up to meet war needs.

If we were to speak only in terms of money, it appears that the output of coal increased by 17 per cent.; but the actual quantity increased by only 5 per cent. Similarly, the value of the petroleum output increased by 32 per cent.; but the quantity output was enhanced by only 4 per cent. The value of chromite, used to harden steel, increased by 275 per cent., but the actual quantity by only 88 per cent.

One of the most interesting features of the report (issued by the Department of the Interior) as to mineral production is that showing the relatively great increase of the production of native potash; the output in 1918 being 54,000 tons, an increase of 68 per cent. over the production of 1917. Considering the fundamental value of potash as a fertilizer, and the extent to which we have hitherto depended upon German potash beds for our supplies, this feature of the mineral outlook is very encouraging.

The potash story shows that it is possible to draw on native resources hitherto neglected. There are many other fields in which the same lesson might advantageously be applied. We are still importing china clay, for example, yet we have in this country abundant beds of clay said by experts to be fully equal to the imported products, if only we could take sufficient pains to prepare it for china-making by carefully removing the excess of silica. The great factories at East Liverpool, Ohio, for example, were obliged throughout the period of the war to take the hazard of shipment from England of the crude materials without which they could not operate. And the supplies for which they sent to a foreign market more than three thousand miles away under such unfavorable conditions, could have been duplicated from clay beds only a few hundred miles distant, if the owners of these clay beds had been willing to use the care in refining the material that is exercised by the British workers.

THE WANTON WASTE OF FOOD

WHAT part of the food supply of the United States is wasted? How can food production be advantageously modified? These and numerous allied questions have practical interest for all of us. It has been suggested that they should be the subject of careful scientific investigation by a National Institute of Nutrition.

It is further suggested that the field of study of such an institute would be exceedingly broad, ranging from questions of human physiology to the practicalities of agriculture. It is clear that we cannot know the food needs of the entire population unless we can accurately gauge the needs of the average individual. Questions of meat diet versus vegetable diet; of a proper supply of mineral constituents and vitamines; of the balance between fatty and starchy foods, and the like come at once to mind. These topics have been by no means neglected, but it is a plausible suggestion that existing knowledge on the subject might advantageously be correlated and new investigations undertaken to settle moot points.

The great problem of malnutrition among our school children and the inadequate dietaries of the poor would doubtless be among the problems first to claim attention.

As to the scientific study of agriculture, a vast deal has been done in recent decades by the Department of Agriculture and various allied State organizations. But the field is so broad and its content so fundamentally important that there cannot be too many workers in it. At present we are likely to produce too much of one kind of food and too little of another. If potatoes are high this year, there is a tendency for every one to rush into potato production next year; with the result that the crop is overabundant, and scarcely worth harvesting. The proposed institution could utilize the statistics gathered by the Department of Agriculture and correlate them with statistics furnished by its own Department of Physiology as to communal needs.

COUNTING BY TWELVES

THE agitation for the introduction of the metric system, as a means of simplifying computations in general, has led to a revival of the claims of the merits of a system of counting based on the number twelve instead of the number ten. It is urged by Dr. William Benjamin Smith that counting by tens has nothing whatever to recommend it except the fact that we chance to have ten fingers and toes. It is familiarly known, of course, that students of social development have long been agreed that the system of counting by tens had its origin in the fact that pre-historic man naturally counted on his fingers. According to the advocates of the twelve-system, it was highly unfortunate that man did not chance to have an additional pair of digits; for it is held that the number ten is intrinsically defective for purposes of computation, and that the number twelve has essential advantages that lie in the nature of the number itself. It is possible, for example, to deal with most fractional quantities much more simply when twelve instead of ten is the number being divided.

Thus the fractions 1/3, 1/4, 1/6, 1/8, 1/9, 1/12, etc., are simply expressed as whole numbers without remainder. For example 1/2 is .6 in the twelve-system; 1/3 is .4, 1/4 is .3, 1/6 is .2, 1/8 is .16, 1/9 is .14, 1/12 is .1, 1/14 is .09, 1/16 is .08, and 1/20 is .06.

Of course it would be necessary to introduce two new signs for the numbers 10 and 11. And equally of course it would be very confusing at first. But after we have learned the new system, Dr. Smith assures us, "the great giant arithmetic will be shorn of half its terrors." To illustrate the point he suggests that, under the twelve-system, the year being divided into 12 months of 30 days each (the five additional days being disposed of as holidays, with six of these in Leap Year), monthly and annual accounts can be transposed by moving the decimal point. For example $100. per month would equal $1000. per year. Interest at 6 per cent. annually would be .6 per cent. per month. Similarly inches and feet could be converted into each other by moving a point. It will be understood that the 100 of the new notation represents not 10 times 10 but 12 times 12, and is therefore equivalent to 144 of the old (present) notation. Similarly the 1000 of the new notation is 12 times the new 100 (144), or 1728. This is confusing at first, but simple when you clearly grasp the idea that the notation advances by 12s instead of by 10s. As another example, note that interest at 6 per cent. annually would be .6 per cent. per month. Similarly inches and feet could be converted into each other by moving a point.

For application to the money system, it would be desirable to use the present quarter as a unit. Dr. Smith observes that the dollar is too large a unit, and that this fact in some measure "explains the sinful and ruinous extravagance of American life." Our quarter is approximately equal to the British shilling, which, as every one knows, is divided into twelve pence; a division that admits of no improvement according to the advocates of the new method. The penny itself, however, should be again divided into twelve parts. Computation then becomes precisely as simple as it is under our present monetary system.

The subject deserves careful consideration. If the twelve-system really has all the advantages claimed for it, mankind should consider seriously the readjustment in question; and the time to do this is obviously the time when the English-speaking world is considering the advisability of revising its method of computation. The twelve-penny shilling, the twelve-inch foot, and the twelve-month year give us a start in the right direction.



Should we compute our money by the metric system of tens or by the twelve-system?

SIGHTING A NAVAL GUN WITH ACID

WHEN a naval gun aims at a target ten or fifteen miles distant, difficulties are to be overcome that require calculations and sighting devices of the most delicate character.

It is necessary, for example, not merely to know the exact distance of the target but to make compensations for the speed of the target, the speed of the firing ship itself, the drift of the projectile, atmospheric conditions, and variations for different types or quantities of explosives. And all of these calculations and adjustments must be made without delay.

When the adjustments have been made, nothing remains but to "draw bead" on the target, with the aid of telescopic sights. What is actually done is to manipulate the sights until the target appears to lie at the intersection of a vertical and a horizontal line viewed through the telescope. The gunner who manipulates the sighting apparatus (and with it of course the gun itself) is probably located at a lower level, taking his view through a periscope.

Until recently, the crossed wires that take the place of the old time "bead" of the rifleman were actual wires; but the newest wrinkle in sighting devices consists of etching a horizontal and vertical line on a lens of the telescope to take the place of the original wires. This is done by coating the surface of the lenses with paraffine, scratching the lines with a diamond point, and etching with hydrofluoric acid. The lines must be etched to just the right depth and with absolute uniformity. The glass is then electroplated, so that the etched lines are filled with metal and thus made visible; the superfluous metal is then removed by grinding and polishing the lens. A sighting device of this character has obvious advantages of permanency and stability over the cross-wires of the older apparatus, though no change of principle is involved.

THE DRUG HABIT

THE Department of Narcotic Drug Control in New York State is making an interesting and important experiment. It has issued an order that every person in the city of New York addicted to the use of cocaine or opium, or any of their derivatives, must be registered with the agent of the department. Each registrant is provided with a card on which his name, description, and marks of identification are recorded. This card must be presented whenever the individual wishes to secure drugs or have them administered. No physician or institution can legally prescribe for an addict except on presentation of his dosage card.

Active steps will no doubt be taken to penalize addicts, druggists, or physicians who attempt to evade the law, and in the end compliance should prove the drug habitué's easiest solution of the problem of securing the narcotic that his system craves.

In proportion as the general prohibitory law against alcohol is enforced, it is to be expected that there will be a tendency to an increase of drug addiction. Such, at least, has been the experience in States that have endeavored to enforce local prohibition. There is much uncertainty as to the prevalence of drug addiction in this country, some estimates having placed the number of addicts at the grotesque figure of one million. If other States fall in line, it will presently be possible to form an accurate estimate of the prevalence of drug addiction and to draw some conclusion as to the extent to which it is a menace to our civilization. The chief value of the plan, however, is that it appears to provide one more check on the development of the drug habit. It is not to be expected that much will be accomplished with the case-hardened habitué. What is to be hoped is that fewer persons will drift into the habit in proportion as it is made difficult to secure drugs.



If the Civil War death rate had obtained, in the recent war we would have lost 138,518 American soldiers from typhoid, dysentery, malaria and smallpox, instead of 273.

THE HUMAN-HEAT ENGINE

AT a time when many millions of people in various parts of the world, are hovering close to the border of starvation, it is peculiarly important to ascertain just what are the minimum requirements of the average individual as to both quantity and quality of food. A great deal of work in this direction has been done in recent years, and the newest developments are summarized in a recent publication by the authorities of the Carnegie Institute of Washington.

It is familiarly known that the human organism is a machine that requires fuel in increasing quantities in proportion to the amount of work done, just as an automobile requires more gasoline the farther and faster it travels. But it must be recalled that the human organism, unlike the mechanical engine, is never at rest. Even when every voluntary muscle is relaxed, breathing continues, the heart beats steadily, and the various functions of digestion and assimilation go on without cessation. The slightest muscular exertion is accompanied by an increased output of energy which is measurable. The delicate instruments utilized in the Nutrition Laboratory can measure the modification in the output of heat caused by so simple a movement as the raising of the hand from the side to the mouth. The amount of energy utilized in masticating food can be directly measured. It has been shown, for example, that the muscular work involved in chewing gum may increase heat production by approximately seventeen per cent. A man who is standing gives out more heat than one who is reclining. A new-born infant gives out sixty-five per cent. more energy when crying than when silent. After eating an individual's heat production increases by from twenty-five to forty-five per cent

Now's your time—

Now, when you want to start your holiday dinners with utmost zest and relish—

Now, when the strenuous joys of "getting ready" make you glad of quick sustaining nourishment between times—

Now, when each big event means an aftermath of cold cuts and tidbits—

Right now you want a supply of *Campbell's* nourishing soups. Their appetizing quality makes any dinner "relish" better and digest better.

They transform many a cold left-over into a satisfying repast. And there are endless tempting ways you can use them.

Write for our little book which describes some of these. It's free.

21 kinds—15c a can



"Old turkey why so swift and shy?
Come join us and be happy
And all the zest of *Campbell's* best
Will make your welcome snappy!"



Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL



He had piqued Maria's curiosity by ignoring her. Her smile had never yet penetrated Isidore's consciousness.

Strictly Russel

By Bruno Lessing

Illustrated by Everett Shinn

THE Rumanian situation is really much more simple than, at first sight, it seems to be. In order to make the entire Czecho-Slavak situation as plain as integral calculus, one must merely grasp the fact that Czecnay, Dobrudja, Temesvar and Szamuely are nothing more than attenuated Vatatis emerging from the Teleky. Omsk is more complicated and also contagious, but does not properly belong. The greatest drawback to Rumania, however, is its great distance from the Bowery, and as this narrative deals with a couple of Rumanian Cafés on Rivington Street, only a stone's throw from the Bowery, it might be as well to take Rumania for granted and stick to our *russel*.

Russel, it must be explained, is a sort of Rumanian goulash.

The only thing that is definitely known about it is that it is a stew. Beyond that it passeth understanding and covers a multitude of sins.

JANETSKY'S café was famous for its *russel* and its cashier. Gortalin's café, which stood next door to Janetsky's, was also famous for its *russel*, but had no cashier. People said that Gortalin was so suspicious that he never would trust his cash to anyone but himself. Gortalin, however, knew how to run a café, while Janetsky did not. Janetsky knew how to manage a sweatshop, and really never had any business to establish a café. But you know how it is with people; we all have weaknesses for something that we do not understand. The skilled physician wishes he had a big hardware store and the freight agent of a railroad is ambitious to become a composer.

Janetsky, however, had the courage of his ambition, and when he had saved sufficient money he bought a café next to Gortalin's, installed his daughter as cashier, hired a cook who understood how to make *russel* and waited for customers. The customers came. Some came for *russel* but the most of them, to be truthful, came on account of the cashier.

Two or three times during the year when business was very dull and a deficit began to loom up on the books, Janetsky took a job as foreman of somebody's sweatshop and threw his wages into the breach. At such times his daughter managed the café all by herself, and, to tell the truth, did quite as well as her father.

And, as the truth must be maintained, it must be recorded here that, at this time, *russel* was selling for twenty cents a portion, both in Janetsky's café and in Gortalin's.

MARIA JANETSKY was nineteen or thereabouts. She was small and slender and as dark as a gypsy. When you first beheld her you received the impression that she consisted entirely of a pair of eyes. This, of course, was an erroneous impression, because no girl could get along with nothing but a pair of eyes no matter how beautiful they were.

As a matter of solemn fact, Maria had a nose and a mouth and two ears and the silkiest, blackest hair you ever saw. The eyes, however, were so big and so dark and were fringed with such long lashes and seemed to gaze at you so earnestly that they dominated every other feature. Outwardly she seemed as sweet, as gentle and as shy as the most finical father could wish a daughter to be. Inwardly, however—the truth though the heavens fall!—Maria possessed a little temper as fierce as a combat between a Dobrudja and an Arjesh.

Maria smiled at all her father's customers impartially. She never spoke to them unless they addressed her. A garment-worker, a Yiddish printer, a peddler—any laboring man, in fact—who happened to look up from his dish of *russel*, or *mamilaga*, which is Rumanian corn mush, or *brinza*, which is Rumanian cheese, and happened to encounter Maria's eyes, received a smile which never failed to warm his heart. The select few who had penetrated the secret of Maria's hidden temper were those who, in the Rivington Street vernacular, had become "fresh." Yes, Maria smiled at every one who came into the café, with just one exception. A rule that hasn't an exception isn't much of a rule.

The exception was Isidore Kalish. The reason that Maria had never smiled at him was because Isidore had never looked at her. She knew his name—or, rather guessed at it—from the fact that he had once left a book behind with the name of Isidore Kalish written on top of the title-page. But there was an air of abstraction about him; he seemed to be so preoccupied and so unconscious of his surroundings—always reading a book even while he was eating—that Maria's smile never yet had penetrated his consciousness.

ISIDORE was studying for the rabbinate. When he came to Janetsky's café he usually sat in the same place each time, with his back toward the cashier's counter and, as soon as he had given his order, became immersed in some Hebrew volume. He seemed to have a weakness for *russel* because he ordered it every day. Perhaps, however, this was not due to the fact that he liked *russel* so much as that he could not think of anything else to order. As the place was usually crowded during the dinner hour no one paid any attention to Isidore. No, one, that is, but Maria.

We come now to Gortalin, who was Janetsky's neighbor and rival. He was middle-aged, sallow and unprepossessing. On a warm afternoon he would sit in front of his café, and chat with Janetsky, whom he professed to hold in high esteem. Maria had but little to say to him. The thunderbolt came to her out of a clear sky.

"Maria," said her father, somewhat timidly. "Mr. Gortalin next door was speaking about you this afternoon. He wants to marry you."

For a moment Maria stared at her father in amazement as if she thought he had been jesting. When, however, she saw that he was in earnest she burst into laughter.

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" she laughed. "Ha! Ha! Ha!" Just like that. Mr. Janetsky, feeling that he had discharged his duty, merely shrugged his shoulders and dismissed the matter from his mind. A few days later, however, he came to his daughter with a troubled countenance.

"Mr. Gortalin," he said, "feels very bad because you won't marry him. He thinks it would be fine to combine the two cafés. We could make a lot of money."

"I'd rather you wouldn't talk about it any more," said Maria, quietly. "I don't care to even think about marrying that man."

"He says," her father went on, "that he could easily make more money himself if he wanted to, but on your account he did not want to hurt our business."

Maria flushed and felt her temper stirring within her.

"You tell him to do anything he likes excepting to speak to me," she said. And she said it so firmly that her father could only sigh.

The next afte noon, he came hurriedly into the café, trembling with excitement.

"I hope you're satisfied now!" he cried. "We might just as well go out of business. Oh, you stubborn girl!"

"What's the matter?" asked Maria. "What has happened?" Without a word her father led her outside and pointed to Gortalin's café. There, leaning against the window, stood a huge sign, reading:

"RUSSEL—19C"

Maria was quick to grasp the full significance of the threatened competition. Without a moment's hesitation she strode into Gortalin's café and confronted the astonished proprietor.

"I wouldn't marry you," she cried, "if you were the only man in the world. You are the meanest man I ever saw. Go ahead and give your *russel* away for nothing if you like, only don't you ever dare to speak to me."

Various other thoughts came to her mind but Maria controlled herself. She returned to her seat behind the cashier's counter.

"I suppose we got to reduce the price, too," said her father. "I don't know how we can afford it."

"There's no use getting excited about it," said Maria. "Let's wait and see what happens."

WHAT happened happened quickly. At the height of the dinner hour that evening Janetsky's café was almost deserted. Those patrons who specialized in *russel* had been attracted by Gortalin's sign. The saving of one cent, to be sure, was not much. But a cent, particularly on the East Side, is, after all, a cent. Put at compound interest for two thousand years it amounts to millions of dollars. Anyway, why pay twenty cents for *russel* when you can get it for nineteen? Maria could not understand, however, why she felt such a thrill of pleasure when she beheld Isidore Kalish enter the café. She wondered if, possibly, he had resisted the lure of the saved penny for her sake. But she quickly banished this thought from her mind: Isidore, she was quite sure, had never taken the trouble to look at her.

The next morning Janetsky announced that he was going to work in a sweatshop for a few weeks.

"As long as we got to lose money," he explained to his daughter, "I better be making some on the outside so we don't have to close up right away."

That night there were even fewer customers than on the night before. Isidore remained true to twenty-cent *russel*, appeared in his accustomed seat and plunged headlong into his book. It happened that evening that he read longer than usual and —although entirely unconscious of the fact —remained until he was the only customer in the room. Behind him Maria, seated at her counter, had smoothed her hair several times, adjusted a bow once or twice, and cleared her throat at least a dozen times as if she in ended to say something. Then, coloring slightly, she took the plunge.

"It's very quiet in here tonight," she said. Isidore, startled, looked around him. There was no one else in the room, so he decided that she must have been talking to him. He turned his head half way to her—she thought his profile was very fine —and, in an embarrassed voice, replied.

"I—I hadn't noticed it. I was busy reading."

Now what Maria wanted to say in reply was:

"Oh, for heaven's sake, put down that stupid book and turn around and look at me. Don't you see I'm dying to talk to you?"

But that would have been against all the laws of the Medes and the Persians as well as the laws of Nature. So, instead, she said:

"The café next door is selling *russel* cheaper than we are and I guess that's why most of our customers have gone there."

Isidore made no reply. He merely nodded his head to indicate that he had heard her. Nor did he return at once to his book. He seemed to be plunged in deep thought. Maria decided that he was hopeless. It was a pity, too, because he was such a nice-looking young man. The following night the nice-looking young man did not return. For nearly an hour Maria worried over the matter and then, suddenly, a terrible suspicion flashed into her mind. She walked hastily out of the café and past Gortalin's window. Yes, there sat Isidore Kalish in plain view, eating *russel* with one hand while he held a book propped up before him with the other.

THE few customers that came to Janetsky's café that night received no smiles from Maria. The young lady was not in a smiling mood. As a matter of truth, had you looked into those wonderful eyes of hers just then, you would have beheld vivid lightning flashes that would have made you suspect there was a conflagration of some kind within Maria. To be perfectly candid, the young lady was furious. She did very little sleeping that night but quite a lot of thinking. Within half an hour after her father had left for his sweatshop the next morning a sign appeared outside Janetsky's café bearing the legend:

"RUSSEL—18C"

"There!" exclaimed Maria, surveying the sign. "I guess that will hold that Gortalin man for a while. We won't make a cent of profit at that price but he will lose money if he sells for less."

It worked like magic. That night Janetsky's *russel* customers returned to their first allegiance. Some were rather shamefaced as if they had been guilty of some kind of treason, but most of them were openly triumphant. The price of *russel* had come down and they were saving money. The only customer who did not return was Isidore Kalish.

Maria's vexation knew no bounds. She was absolutely sure that the Talmudic student had not seen the new sign and that, either through nearsightedness or absentmindedness, he was not aware of the slump in the *russel* market. She also felt that he was poor and that the difference of a cent or two actually meant something to him. What she did not know was the extent to which this thought had influenced her in reducing the price of her *russel*. At any rate, there came into her mind a resolution. It was quite unexpected and it was a very mild resolution when it came, but it had not been entertained two seconds before it became adamantine.

ISIDORE KALISH had almost passed Janetsky's café the next evening, with his book under his arm, and was almost at Gortalin's door when he heard a timid

"Good evening!"

He turned quickly and beheld a slender young woman standing outside Janetsky's café. He hesitated for a moment and then stepped very close to her and peered into her face. And then a most wonderful transformation seemed to come over him. His eyes opened wide and sparkled, his cheeks flushed and his whole being seemed to vibrate with some unaccustomed emotion.

"Good evening!" he exclaimed, heartily. "I—do I—is it—did I meet you before? I—that is —"

Maria bit her lip. It was perfectly clear to her now that he had not the slightest idea who she was. The thought in itself had been irritating enough, but the proof of it was exasperating.

"Why, you've been coming into my father's café for months!" she said. "I'm the cashier. I thought you knew me."

"I'm terribly near-sighted," he said. "I—I've got to study for—excuse me, but do you mean to say you've been in this café every evening?"

Maria nodded. The young man was terribly embarrassed.

"I can't understand it," he said. "I—I ought to wear glasses, you know, but I'm always losing them. I can hardly afford to buy any more."

"I suppose you're going in there," said Maria, pointing to Gortalin's door. The young man colored. Without a word he opened the door of Janetsky's café and waited for Maria to pass in. Then, following her, he found his old seat, sat there for a moment and then rose and took a seat at the table nearest her counter and facing her.

"He's improving," thought Maria.

(Concluded on page 82)



A CALL FOR
3,000 New Photoplays
Moving Picture Stars and Producers Are Searching the Country for New Suitable Scenarios

—Read How This New Well-Paid Art Is Mastered More Easily Than You May Think


Cecil B. DeMille


Mabel Normand


Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle


Olive Thomas

THE moving picture industry is facing a famine—a famine in story plots—photoplays. Higher prices than ever before—$500 to $1000 are being paid today for 5-reel dramatic scripts; $100 to $500 for clever short comedies. For the studios—around Los Angeles alone—need approximately 3000 new stories each year. Producers must have material—new plots, especially written for the screen.

And now a plan, the first to be indorsed by the leading stars and producers—has been designed to teach you how to prepare your ideas for the screen. The plan was created by Frederick Palmer, formerly of Universal the man who wrote 52 scenarios in 9 months—more than one a week—all accepted. Mr Palmer furnishes you with a handbook and cross references to scenarios that have been PRODUCED. Both drama and comedy are represented. Since we started a little over a year ago, many of our students have sold their plays, some for as high as $1000. A number of others have already taken positions at the studios.

Indorsed by Stars, Producers, Directors and Writers

Under this plan we give you one year's free Advisory Service. And our Sales Service is at your disposal to assist you in selling your plays.

Note the pictures of the screen stars in this advertisement. All of them indorse the Palmer Plan of Photoplay Writing. These indorsements and dozens of others you will find in our new booklet, "The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing."

Write for this booklet now. It will show you the great opportunity in photoplay writing. This book is filled with autograph letters from the biggest stars and producers, strongly indorsing the Palmer Plan of Photoplay Writing, urging us to do our best to develop photoplay writers.

Have you ever thought you could write a better plot than some you have seen at the theaters? If so, send for this booklet. It will show you how to get it produced. If you believe you have an idea for a scenario, this booklet will tell you how to turn it into money. For photoplay writing is not difficult, once you have learned a few basic principles. Genius is not required. A simple story with one good thought is enough. For moving pictures are made for the masses. Never was there such an opportunity to turn simple story-
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THE PALMER PHOTOPLAY CORPORATION
5311 W. Hollman Building, Los Angeles, California

Wanted-A Second-hand Cook

By Bert Leston Taylor



"When a man marries a woman does he buy her and pay for her? Has she no marital rights of her own?"—*Theater program.* **"I'll say she has," confides one who knows.**

"A WAG ON THE PAPER"

EXCELSIOR SPRINGS, Mo., was not always the large and flourishing place that it now is; in which respect it resembles London, New York, and other towns; in fact, we can hardly recall a city which began existence with a large population. What we had in mind was that back in the 'eighties Excelsior Springs consisted of a frame hotel and a spring of amber water which was reputed to cure everything from pip to pop-eye, and which, for aught we know to the contrary, may have retained its virtues to this day. A newspaper in a near-by town contained the following, written (as the correspondent who sends us the clipping says) by "a wag on the paper:"

> Messrs. Fish and Henry:
> Gents: I have seen the advertisement of your springs. You say the water cures Bright's disease, diabetes, rheumatism, gout, liver complaint, bronchitis and itch. I think that is what the matter with me is. Please send me a barrel of your water by express, C. O. D., and if I like it I will take all you've got.
>
> Yours truly,
> MARK TWAIN.
>
> P. S.—Please give me the dose for an adult.

WE COULD MAKE A PICTURE FOR THIS

[*From the Selma, California, Irrigator.*]

Mrs. Charles Wells ran into Long's popcorn stand on Wednesday, but no serious damage resulted.

IF, under a Bolshevist moon, one is permitted to have anything to say about the kind of work he shall do, we bespeak the job of caddying for the president of the Plasterers' Soviet.

THE FACETIOUS ADVERTISER

[*From the Medford, Wis., Star-News.*]

Wanted—Live man with wooden legs not afraid of dogs to sell Becker's Electric Weld Soldering Wire to farmers. R. H. Becker, Marshfield, Wis.

WANTED—

A second-hand Cook at once. Pullman Café.—*Albuquerque Journal.*

How would a cast-off cook do?

HAVING HAD A GOOD CRY, HE FELLS BETTER

[*From the Hillsboro, Ill., News.*]

Col. Roy Kessinger was in Hillsboro Friday, having just returned from crying a public sale. He is looking a little thin but is well again.

AND AS OLD AS TRUTH, MAYBE

Sir: Overheard at the hotel:
"Oh, come on, I'm just crazy to dance."
"Well, why not dance with your wife?"
"I'm not that crazy."

This is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, s. h. m. g. UNKALOO.

RUNNING DOWN A LITTLE BUSINESS

[*From the Nebraska State Journal.*]

MRS. DIETRICH H. MEYERS, who resides five miles east of Seward, was painfully injured Sunday afternoon when the automobile in which she was riding was run into by a large car driven by a Mr. Helsdoerfer, undertaker of Ulysses.

If Mr. Helsdoerfer is, indeed, the classic mortician who laid out Ulysses, he is felicitously cognomened.

NEMESIS

[*Dedicated, with hearty curses, to K. M. G.*]

I CAN dodge the pallid poet with his more than pallid poem,
Or the man who calls to have a joke explained;
I can duck subscription agents with a "Say I'm not at home,"
And am seldom by the biggest bore detained.

But the man I *can't* escape from (left-hand blessings on his bean!)
Who with gall and wormwood overflows my cup,
Is the bright presiding genius of this here now magazine,
With his cheery little monthly "follow-up:"—

"This is merely to remind you that the month is ebbing fast,
And we go to press about ten days from date.
Please shoot along your copy ere the present week is past.
Thanks awfully! The last you sent was great."

Oh, Nemesis is hard to shake when once she hits the trail;
But Nemesis has nothing on this man.
He haunts my waking hours with his typographic tale,
He pursues me from Beersheba unto Dan.

Am I starting on vacation, am I resting up from one,
Am I teeing up a golf ball on the tee,
Is a long day's labor ended or another just begun—
Comes a gladsome little line from K. M. G.:—

"In checking up your matter for the number now in hand,
I find you are a half a column shy.
Please send a few more items of your well-known snappy brand,
For, like the golden sands, the days are slipping by."

Ineluctable as fate is, and undodgeable as death,
His "follow-up" is never known to fail.
Though I flee like young Orestes, if I stop to catch my breath,
I hear him baying deeply on the trail.

Oh, the pertinacious raven just above the poet's door
Had practically nothing on *this* bird;
But may heaven bless and keep him from the dark Plutonian shore.
For I wager he'd be sending me this word:—

"Getting out the Christmas number of the Hades Magazine:
We go to press September twenty-three.
To have you in the number I confess I'm rather keen!
Shoot along a page of hot stuff. K. M. G."

WHAT has become of the old-fashioned shoe dealer who, when you complained of a squeaky shoe, used to explain that the squeak was a sign of life in the leather?

PAUL HONKAVAARA
Automobile Livery
Palmer, Mich.

CALL THE FIRING SQUAD

SIR: In the Hotel Lyons, in Decatur, Ala., I noticed that the dining-room checks were made out on billheads of the Decatur Lumber Company. Wood of floored me, but, on second thought, that's what we were rafter—board and interior trim. Poplar place, saw that at once, very plane. Everything on the square; always a jam at meals. The ceiling beams on the guests, but the plate rails at the wainscoting. The walls pine on account of being shelved—they think they've stud enough, Gothic all? Joist let its oak in. P. A. P.

"SO many people who go into a bookstore," remarked a friend, "depend on the clerks to tell them what to read. That's why best sellers get pushed and better books go unsold." "Jess so," said we, and recalled a dialogue overheard in a literature emporium. "Can you suggest a good book?" asked the old lady. "No, madam," replied the clerk, "I only work in the Bible department."

GEMS FROM OUR SCRAPBOOK

[*From the Farmington, Mo., Times.*]

THE bride is a young lady of wondrous fascination and remarkable attractiveness, for with manners as enchanting as the wand of a siren and a disposition as sweet as the odors of flowers, and spirits as joyous as the caroling of birds, and mind as brilliant as the tresses that glitteringly adorn the brow of winter, and with heart as pure as dewdrops trembling in violets, she will make the home of her husband a paradise of enchantment like the lovely home of her girlhood, where the heaven-toned harp of marriage with its harp of love striking chords of devotion and fond endearment, sent forth the sweetest strains that ever thrilled senses with the rhythmic pulsing of ecstatic rapture.

[*Quick, Charlie, the custard pie!*]

"THERE are certain curves well known to mathematicians," observes one of them, "which, while they continuously approach a straight line, never actually attain the line." In other words, the lady was bow-legged—a fact which one may note without being a mathematician.

IF your mail is as large as ours, or larger, you probably have some way of arranging it before you begin opening. Our plan is to put all the letters marked "Personal" and "Important" and "Special Delivery" at the bottom of the pile. Experience has taught us that these are the communications which will keep the longest.

HARK FROM THE MAP!

Some names are Melody itself Frexample, there's Oshkosh,
Or the Tum-a-Lum Lumber Co. of Walla Walla, Wash.

FROM GAY TO GRAVE

[*From the Falls City, Neb., News.*]

A BIG Sunday-school picnic was held last Sunday in Duesfeldt's Grave northeast of town. This is held annually and draws big crowds.



KODAK —the gift that helps to make her Christmas merry—then keeps a picture story of the Christmas merriment.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*

To Rodman Wanamaker-Hand Shaker



Foolish Letters to Sensible Men

By K.C.B.

TO RODMAN WANAMAKER.

OFFICIAL HAND SHAKER.

AT THE Port of New York.

* * *

MY DEAR ROD.

*

WHEN GEN. Pershing was here.

*

AND I was standing on the curb.

*

NEAR THE rear entrance

*

TO THE Waldorf Hotel.

*

AND YOU came along.

*

IN YOUR automobile.

*

AND THE General was with you.

*

AND WE all cheered.

*

AND THE General saluted.

*

AND YOU sat there.

*

AND NEVER did a thing.

*

AND THE automobile stopped.

*

AND YOU both alighted.

*

AND WENT into the hotel.

*

AND A moment later.

*

YOU CAME back again.

*

ALL BY yourself.

*

AND GOT in the auto.

*

AND WE all clapped.

*

AND YOU took off your hat.

*

AND HELD it up in the air.

*

AND BOWED to everybody.

*

AND WHEN this all happened.

*

I REMEMBERED right away.

*

ABOUT YEARS and years ago.

*

WHEN I was a kid.

*

AND A man who worked for us.

*

GOT TO be the town constable.

*

AND ONE day I met him.

*

AND HE had his horse and buggy.

*

AND HE was going out in the country.

*

TO ARREST a bad man.

*

AND HE took me with him

*

AND HE got the bad man.

*

AND DROVE back to the jail.

*

AND THE kids saw us coming.

*

AND THEY were all excited.



ABOUT SEEING the bad man.

*

AND CROWDED around.

*

AT THE door of the jail.

*

TILL THEY locked the man up.

*

AND WHEN that was over.

*

THEY PESTERED me with questions.

*

ABOUT WHAT the man said.

*

AND WAS there a fight.

*

AND HOW did I "get to go."

*

AND THEY all trailed after me.

*

TILL I got to our house.

*

AND WHEN I saw you.

*

COMING OUT of the Waldorf.

*

ALL BY yourself.

*

I KNOW how you felt.

*

AND I want to tell you.

*

THAT ONE time.

*

OUT IN California.

*

I WAS a guest of honor.

*

OF A little town.

*

WHERE THEY had a ce ebration.

*

AND THERE was a parade.

*

AND I rode in an auto.

*

AND ALL along the street.

*

THE PEOPLE clapped their hands.

*

AND I kept bowing.

*

AND WAVING my hat.

*

UNTIL I looked around.

*

AND IN the auto behind me.

*

WAS LUTHER Burbank.

*

AND THEY were clapping for him.

*

AND I found out later.

*

THEY HADN'T any idea.

*

WHO I was.

*

AND EVEN if they had.

IT WOULDN'T have mattered.

*

AND I haven't any idea.

*

WHY I'M writing to you.

*

AND TELLING you this.

*

EXCEPT FOR weeks.

*

WITH KING Albert here.

*

AND THE Prince of Wales.

*

AND YOU'VE been so busy.

*

AND I'VE been worried about you

*

AND JUST this morning.

*

ON THE day I write this.

*

I WAS thinking about you.

*

BECAUSE IN my mail.

*

I HAVE a letter.

*

FROM A friend in the West.

*

AND SOME time this winter.

*

HE IS coming to New York.

*

AND I wanted to tell you.

*

IF YOU don't happen to be busy.

*

WITH A king or something.

*

ON THE day he arrives.

*

IT WOULD please his wife.

*

IF HE could write back.

*

AND SAY you'd met him.

*

AND BESIDES all that.

*

HE'S A little guy.

*

OF ABOUT five feet.

*

AND IT would look.

*

AS IF no one was with you.

*

BUT ANYWAY, Rod.

*

YOU'RE ALL right.

*

AND YOU'VE got a big job.

*

AND YOU look the part.

*

AND I want to say.

*

YOU'RE THE only man.

*

I EVER knew.

*

WHO COULD spend all day.

*

GETTING IN and out.

*

OF A limousine.

*

AND NEVER once.

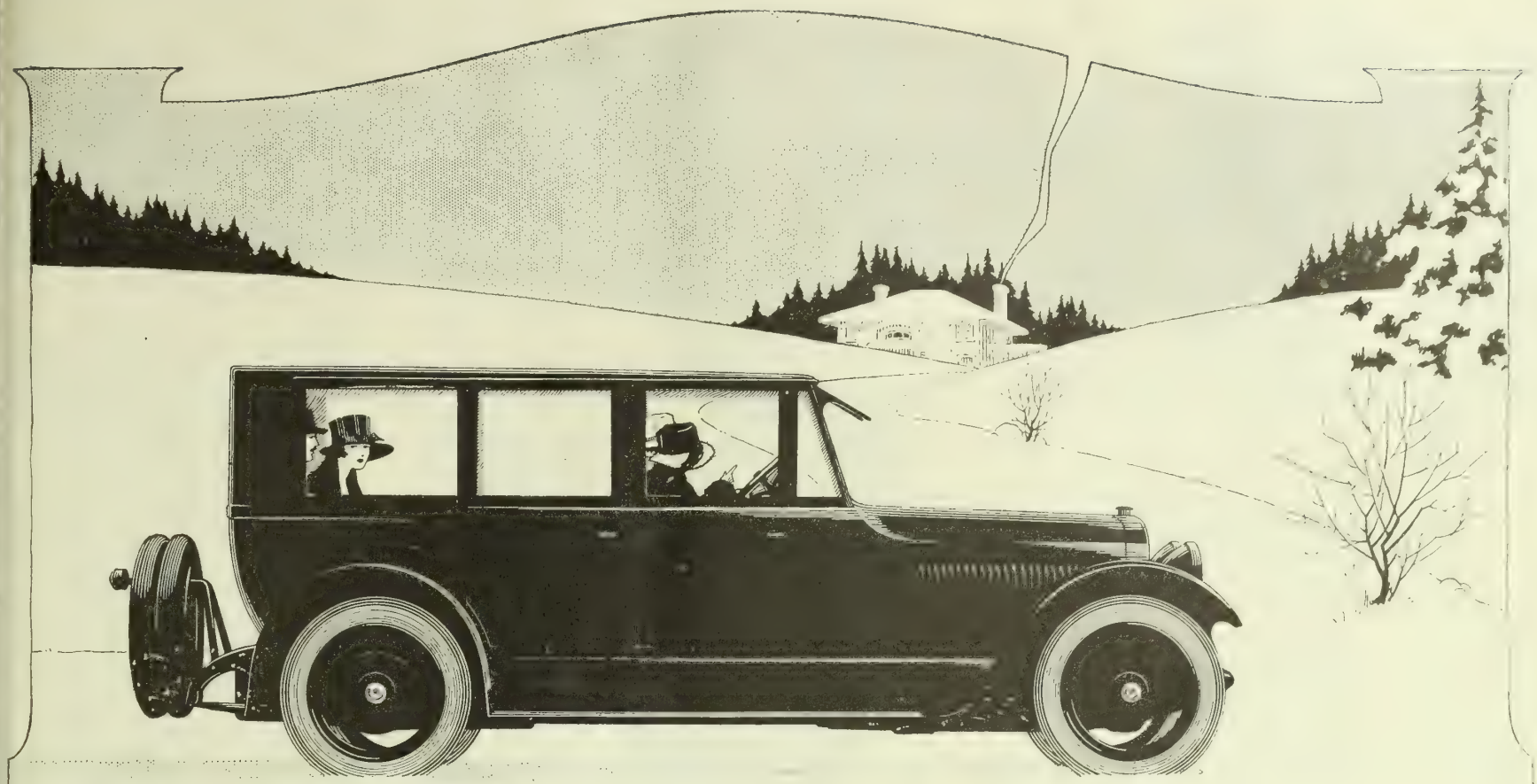
*

KNOCK HIS silk hat off.

* * *

I THANK you.





WINTON SIX

·CARYL-HOPKINS-SLOCUM·

A Fresh Richness

Sedan
Victoria
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This Light Must Live

(*Continued from page 44*)

He thought of Angelo Dellazio and his cellar studio very much as a man dying of thirst might think of a spring bubbling out of a hillside. There, he told himself, was a cave into which he might crawl with his wounds. There, he remembered, he could know the consolation of temporary nonentity, of submerging himself unremembered among the unknown. And the more he thought the matter over the more fixed he became in purpose. His spirit grew quieter. He no longer dreaded the thought of the morning.

WHEN Torrie, waking early, hurriedly slipped out of bed and began dressing, he lay with his eyes closed, preferring that she accept him as still sleeping. Yet he found it hard to control his breathing when she came to the bedside and stood over him. The knowledge that she was staring down at him brought a pang to his heart; he did not know why. He was determined, however, to betray no sign of feeling. It was not until she stooped closer, and with a movement or two that was both solicitous and tender drew the covers up about his shoulders, feeling too strong for his control welled up in his body. His eyes were still closed, but a sort of sob burst from him.

"What is it, Honey?" asked Torrie, still stooping over him, with a debilitating little flutter of anxiety in her voice.

"I guess I was dreaming," he said, almost gruffly, as he made an effort to turn on his side, determined that she should not see the tears which were wet on his face. He was ashamed of his weakness. He was determined, too, that there should be no more perilous passage of words between them, though the stooping woman stood for several moments gazing down at her husband's averted head. He distinctly caught the sound of her sigh as she turned away, at last, and busied herself at the homely little duties of the kitchenette. Those tasks, for some reason, took on a tragic aspect, even in their triviality. They seemed permeated with a coloring of pathos which he could not fathom. Even the thought that she was eating that hurried breakfast alone weighed ponderously on his heart. And it was with a definite sense of relief that he awakened to the fact that she was making ready for the street.

He neither moved nor opened his eyes until she had taken her departure. But, once sure that she was gone, he slipped hurriedly out of bed and just as hurriedly dressed. Then he gathered together the things which he felt he might need, packed them in his handbag, and slowly and deliberately inspected the studio. Then, with that valedictory look still in his eyes, he took up the packed handbag and stepped out of the room, carefully and quietly closing the door behind him.

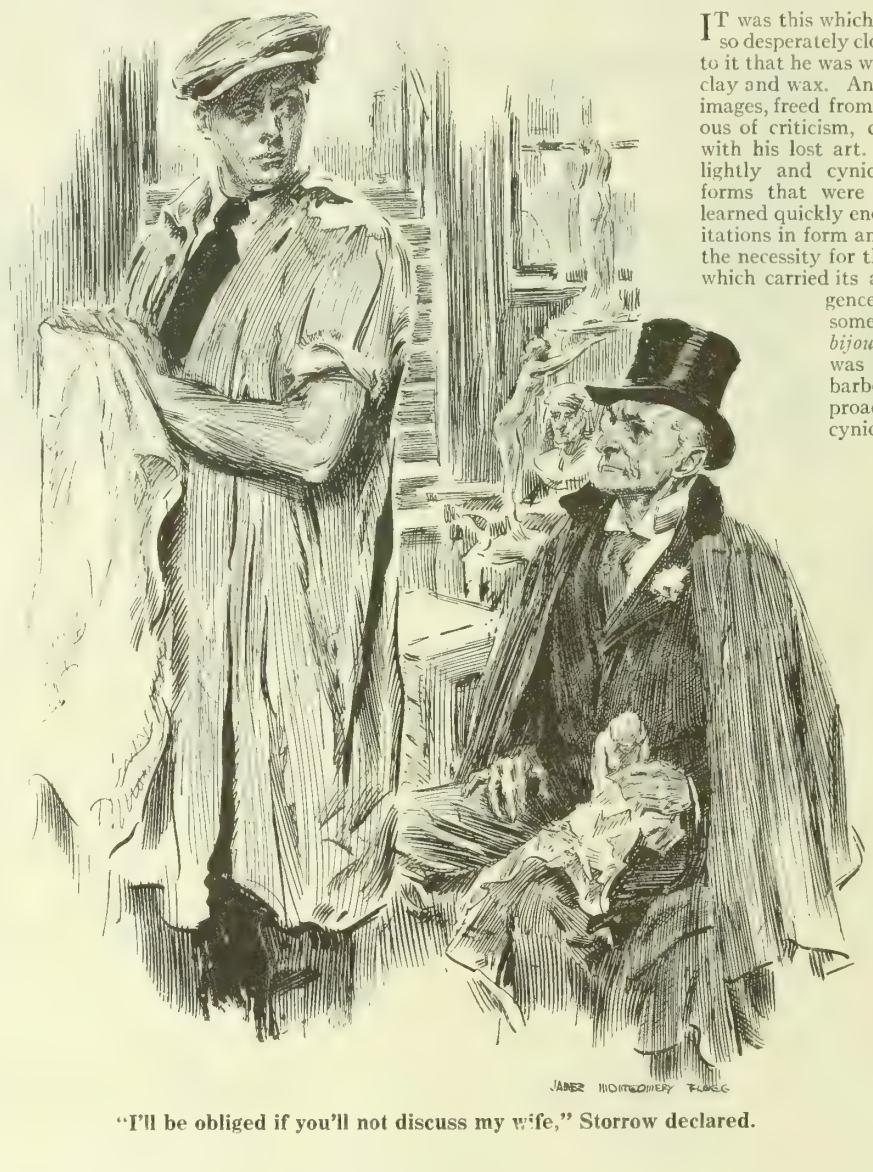
An hour later he carried his heavy bag down the narrow stairway leading to Angelo Dellazio's cellar in Shimer Place.

"Well, I've come," he calmly announced to the plaster-powdered Italian stooping over a white-pine box in which three dozen casts of Dante's head were being packed in straw.

But little more than blank incredulity showed on the face of the brown-eyed Angelo.

"I mean it," explained Storrow, putting down his bag. "And you needn't worry about my not working. I'll give you all you can handle. All I want is enough to eat and a place to sleep. That's fair, isn't it, until I show you what I can do?"

But Angelo, as he stood scratching his crisp black curls, had his doubts about it being fair enough. He studied the newcomer with much concern, and then the cast-covered cellar walls, and then the brown-tinted bust of Dante which he still held in his hand. Then he retreated to the living-quarters above-stairs and consulted with Maria, his rotund and wren-like wife, who surreptitiously inspected Storrow through a crack in the door and perceived that he was good to look upon and carried no obvious earmarks of a refugee from justice.



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"I'll be obliged if you'll not discuss my wife," Storrow declared.

SO the matter was decided, then and there. Storrow became one of that little family in Shimer Place shadowed by the mottled walls of tenements, submerging himself in that crowded corner of the East Side where even to hear his native tongue was to prove a novelty. There he proceeded to make himself phantasmally at home, entering into the work allotted to him with a preoccupied ferocity which more and more tended to perplex the mild-eyed Angelo. There, down the narrow canyon of a side-street a-flutter with multi-colored bedding and washings, a joyous and noisy side-street that seemed almost Neapolitan in its color and movement, Storrow saw spring come to the city. He beheld the hurdy-gurdies emerge and the bock beer signs appear on the gilt-corniced saloon toward the water-front and the hokey-pokey barrows come out like crocuses and swart children enraptured with the strains of a *tarantella* dancing like grasshoppers on the broken concrete. He felt the sun shine warm on the smoke-stained bricks, and noticed greens in the carts of the street-vendors, and caught a ghostly aroma of outland budding and burgeoning on the languid breeze that crept in across the East River. And down that echoing canyon, in the paling afternoons, he saw the shadows grow purple and the golden mist that hung over the city deepen to a wine-glow like the wine-glow that once hung warm over his native mountains. And if in his heart a great unhappiness lay sealed and coffined, he struggled none the less to keep the lid tight down on that casket where his lost hopes slept.

IT was this which kept him so doggedly and so desperately close to his work. Angelo saw to it that he was well supplied with modeling clay and wax. And the new-found maker of images, freed from all restraints, contemptuous of criticism, careless of results, played with his lost art. He let his fancy laugh, lightly and cynically, into the ha'penny forms that were demanded of him. He learned quickly enough from Angelo the limitations in form and line imposed upon him, the necessity for that modified pornography which carried its appeal to modified intelligence. Yet what he modeled was something more than the *bijoutery* whose natural haven was the beer-parlor and the barber-shop wall. If he approached his work with a cynical and careless hand he also brought to it the airiness born of indifference. And day by day he built up his models until there came into being that small array of figures which brought joy to the hearts of Angelo and Maria and were destined late to run like a nettle-rash across the country. His first figure, "The Bather," was an obvious imitation of Bouguereau, with the Dellazio influence too much to the front. But his second figure, "The Diver," caught at first hand from a naked urchin on the string piece of an East River wharf-end, had in it the unsuppressed spirit of youth and vitality, made doubly effective after the inspired Angelo had on the expedient of dipping the finished cast in a stain of copper brown. Then Storrow turned to animals, even saying a figure or two which gave him much personal satisfaction but eventually confirmed Angelo's prediction that they would never sell like a nude. So he went back to the nudes, turning them out with a blithe bitterness of heart born of the memory that he was prostituting a gift which had once seemed sacred to him. In the spirit, half of mockery, half of shamelessness he created that poignant little study known to the world as "The Tired Model," the crouching and lean-ribbed figure, too persistently youthful and human ever to offend by its nakedness, which was later to smile down from half a million bookshelves and platerails and whatnots. And Angelo, seeing that the work was good, prepared his molds and mixed his plaster and tinted the finished casts, persuaded that a new era had arrived.

THIS promise of trebled trade seemed in no way to interest Storrow. He worked and lived like a man in a dream. He ate meals of spaghetti and sour wine, with a braised pullet on Sundays. He sat trance-like at a table where half-a-dozen excited Sicilians argued frenziedly and endlessly as to condiments and Caruso and lemon-shipments from Palermo. He ate unknown dishes savored with garlic and smoked rat-tail stogies handed forth by unknown companions. For a holiday he occasionally went with Angelo and a comrade Neapolitan in an extremely dirty motor-launch down the Bay, where they fished for eels and Latarettes, kicking home sunburned and tired with the incoming tide. Once, too, he joined his new friends in an excursion to Coney Island, where he moved about with constraint and finally purchased from

dispenser of holiday souvenirs a small basket of woven sweet-grass. From the aromatic fibers of this basket he was able to extract a quick but keen consolation, for the heavy fragrance of sweet-grass had never failed to carry him back, at a bound, to the roads and hillsides of his native province. But all the time, during that outing, he watched Bowery and street-crowd and bathing-beaches with apprehension, secretly dreading that some friend from his own world might chance to confront him with startled and accusatory eyes.

THAT emissary from his old world, in fact, came to him much more abruptly and bewilderingly than he had counted on. He came a week later, in the form of Modrynski himself, who made his way creakingly and wheezingly down Dellazio's narrow stairway and confronted Storrow as the latter stood at the iron sink washing up after his morning's work.

"I salute you, sir," said Modrynski with his stately yet half-satiric bow. And Storrow, without speaking, stood staring at his enemy of other days. It seemed a very long time ago since they had faced each other.

"And I must further inquire," continued Modrynski as he took a parcel wrapped in tissue-paper from under his caped coat, "if this happens to be your work?"

Storrow saw the tremulous old fingers tear away the folds of tissue-paper, revealing one of Angelo's freshly tinted casts of "The Tired Model."

"It is," acknowledged Storrow.

"I thought so," said the older man, moving his head slowly from side to side, for all the world like a polar bear in a zoo-cage. "And to run down the perpetrator of that enormity, sir, has taken three whole days of my time!"

"Then why bother about it?" demanded Storrow, with imperfectly masked antagonism. He was troubled, at the moment, with none-too-happy memories of earlier comments on his art work.

"Why bother about it?" repeated Modrynski, undisturbed by the other's hostility. "Because behind all its badness, my dear young misanthrope, behind all its misplacing of muscles and false marshaling of masses, is enough of the breath of life to compel a man who had grown old in the search of beauty to aespect its creator," He turned, for the first time, and stared slowly about the crowded cnd cast-littered chamber. "But what, in the name of God, are you doing in a catarombs like this?"

"I'm living my own life," averred Storrow, meeting the older man's sunken and ochre-framed eye. Still again, and even through the fogs of hostility, he could detect the beauty of that unaging eye, full-colored and deep and limpid in the midst of the yellowed and wrinkled face.

"You mean burying your life," countered Modrynski, with yet another stare about the room. "And the interring of that which is still alive impresses me as not only a calamity, but as a crime," he added with slow deliberation, as he seated himself on one of Angelo's cases of plaster images.

"It's at least my own," retorted Storrow, plainly with no wish to prolong the interview. But Modrynski was not to be shaken off.

"Not altogether," he meditatively reminded. "There's Torrie, you know. And I feel, sir, that you have not been quite fair to her."

It was a full moment before Storrow spoke again.

"I'll be obliged if you'll not discuss my wife," he finally declared.

Again the eyes of the two men met. It was only the face of the older man that carried any touch of gentleness.

"But I'm afraid we are compelled to discuss her," contended Modrynski, the slight foreign intonation of his voice seeming to give a touch of impersonality to a statement still essentially personal. "And Torrie is a girl very dear to my heart."

"I've had considerable evidence of that," was Storrow's quick and embittered retort.

The deep-set eyes gazed unwaveringly out of the faded old face, as meditative and melancholy as an eagle's.

"I am complimented by your jealousy, my lad, even while I am compelled to acknowledge that it is unjust," Modrynski quietly replied. "In two years I shall be seventy. I am an old man. And time, you must remember, brings its immunities. You are young, and your blood is hot—and for that I envy you. But I who am old have learned to know that no problem is solved by running away from it."

"I've been conscious of no particular problem confronting me," contended the younger man.

"But there is a problem. I know that, now, as I see the unhappiness in your face. Women, of course, should be incidents, and only incidents, in the life of the true artist. But that is something we keep failing to remember. We also sometimes fail to remember that it is the woman of beauty and warmer blood, the woman of keen feeling and quick impulses, who first affects and inflames us. That woman's life must be kept full. It is the rich soil that cannot lie fallow or barren. It must be a garden of quiet rapture or a riot of weeds. And if we fail to meet her demands and keep full her life, we must not be surprised if she is driven to seek consolation from other sources.

"What are you driving at?" was Storrow's demand.

"I am driving at nothing," Modrynski responded with carefully maintained deliberateness. "I am merely attempting to point out to you that at a time like this your place is at your wife's side."

STORROW swung about, trying to dissemble the creeping chill in his blood by a show of anger.

"There seems to be a number of persons actively nursing the same conviction," was his almost passionate retort.

"Precisely," coldly admitted the older man. "And that is what has given me the courage to search you out and suggest to you the possibility of disputing their claim."

"But I have no intention of disputing their claim," cried the other.

Modrynski, still studying the younger man's face, slowly buttoned up the voluminous caped overcoat.

"All such final decisions must, of course, remain with you. But having done what I conceived to be my duty. I can now bid you good-morning, sir, and take my departure."

YET, in taking his departure, with creaking steps, and a pathetic effort at bravado in the brokenly hummed air from "Rigoletto," Mondrynski took away with him the last of Storrow's laboriously fabricated peace of mind. It was like the tearing open of a wound but half healed. It brought the thought of his wife torturingly back to him. It reminded him that his immersion in a trivial slum-cellar occupation was nothing more than an armistice, an interregnum of false tranquillity, a burrowing of the head of misery beneath the sands of self-deception. Yet he fought against remembrance, just as he fought against the recurring picture of Torrie, of Torrie as a latter-day Penelope without either the fortitude or the distaff of her old-world sister. He struggled to ambuscade himself behind a barrier of frantically engineered activities, persuading Angelo to give him an upstairs room where the light would permit him to work directly from the models, arguing that he must attempt figures in life size, must try for something bigger and better than plaster cupids and coffee-tinted busts.

So Angelo, compliant but perplexed, brought frame-work and chicken wire and wax and plaster for sketch models and a screen behind which swarthy young women not averse to posing *pour l'ensemble* might decently disrobe. And Storrow worked with a fever in his fingers almost as mad as the fever in his blood.

But the results, as a whole, were disappointing. They were foreordained to be such. For, Art, Storrow wistfully remembered, was something more than an antipyretic, something beyond a mere cooling immersion for over-fevered minds and bodies. In thinking too much about forgetting the past he forgot that over-exacting mistress who must demand all or nothing. His accumulating consciousness of defeat, too, was complicated with a keen yet indeterminate longing, an ache which, incongruous as it seemed, established itself as something much more physical than it was mental. To keep his mind on his work was out of the question. The nudity of even a professional model became repugnant to him. It brought back memories that were over-disturbing. And he slowly awakened to the fact that a change of some sort was inevitable, though he stood unable to apprehend even the nature of that change.

IN his restlessness, one night, he accompanied Angelo and Maria to a diminutive Italian theater in Varick Place. It was little more than a beer-hall with *"Entrata Libera"* inscribed above its soiled and dingy entrance, but on that night, Angelo fierily protested, a compatriot of his named Zacconi was to



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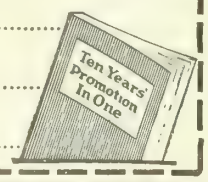
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sing, an artist of the first water, a genius with a voice of gold, who should have been holding out at the San Carlo and La Scala, but for an unfortunate love-affair complicated with a stilettoed rival and a somewhat peremptory flight to South America.

The artist of the first water, in that hot and crowded little hall where the audience thumped its approval with beer-mugs on table-tops and the air was heavy with garlic and tobacco, proved to be a fat and attitudinizing tenor whose voice of gold altogether failed to impress the morose-eyed Storrow. He was effecting an early escape, in fact, when he was arrested by a second singer who stepped out on the narrow stage, a girl in a short pink skirt and little else, a tired-eyed girl with a Greek profile and a heavily rouged and powdered face. He dropped into an empty chair as she sang Monzzoci's "E Piscatori." It appealed to him in a way which he could not fathom, and he forgot the garlic and tobacco and the sawdust on the floor. It took him back to other days, to the spring of life, to the time when he too could be as lighthearted as the young Italian fruit-vendor and his downy-cheeked sweetheart across the aisle from him. Then the girl on the stage was joined by the Zacconi of the golden voice, and together they sang a French duet, a suggestive and *risqué* song in which the rotund tenor pressed the tired-eyed girl in the short pink skirt to his bosom. And for the second time Storrow was about to make his escape in disgust when he was pushed quietly back into his chair by a thin white hand.

When he looked up he beheld Pannie Atwill demurely seating herself at the other side of his scarred and mottled little table.

"Hello, you mutt!" she coolly murmured, unedging the bluntness of that salutation by the softness of her smile.

"Hello," was Storrow's startled and altogether inadequate reply, as he followed Pannie's stare about to the door at the back of the hall.

Toward that portal she nodded a diffident and explanatory head.

"I just sent that Pittsburgh white-goods buyer I was showin' the sights to off to dig me up a dozen American Beauties or the night was ended. Which same ought 'o keep him busy sloothin' out a flower-shop for the next half-hour or so. Where're you livin' now?"

"I don't pretend to be living," was Storrow's noncommittal retort.

"Certainly not like a white man," asserted Pannie, with a suddenly sobered face.

"Just what do you mean by that?" demanded the other, touched with wonder at the memory of how destiny had interwoven his career with this painted and pert-eyed child of the chorus.

"I mean anything you want to make it mean," was her reply. "But if you're nursin' any doubts as to what I'm drivin' at I'll blink the bromide by explainin' that you don't impress me as treatin' Torrie Throssel as I'd expect a white man to treat her." She smiled, almost wearily, at his quick movement of protest. "Oh, no; you can't flag me off the landscape that light and airy way, at least not until I spill a little of the chin-goods I've been gatherin' up for you. I've been in on this bonehead play from the first, and I've collared the chance."

"Words, Pannie, won't do the slightest good in the world," Storrow announced to her, out of a sudden vast weariness of soul which seemed too profound to plumb. And Pannie, for a moment, sat regarding him with studious and contemplative eyes.

"You don't strike me as lookin' any too scrumptious," she impersonally remarked.

"Perhaps I'm not feeling that way," he countered.

"And what's the answer?" she pertly demanded.

"That's something it would be only a waste of time to discuss," he told her.

"I can't see that hidin' away from it has helped much," she coolly amended. It was not the flash of contempt from her eyes that hurt him. What wounded him deepest was her ill-concealed kindliness of intent. And at that particular time he was asking for neither pity nor help.

"Debating about it would have the same drawback," he asserted in self-defense.

She looked him up and down, appraisingly.

"Well, you can at least wise me up on one thing: Do you intend to take the full count?"

He had to acknowledge his failure to understand what she meant.

"When a game gink goes to the mat," she said by way of exegesis, "he sweats blood to get up on his feet again b'fore they count him out for good. When he lays down and takes it like a dead man they say he's taken the count. Have you?"

THAT uncouth hand, insinuating itself about the roots of his soul, was anything but a welcome intrusion to Storrow. But he stood without the power to repel it.

"Let me tell you something straight," went on his calm-eyed tormentor. "I know Torrie about as well as anybody on Gawd's green earth. She's alive an' warm-blooded and eager f'r the joy o' livin'. She never was a dead one. If the right man doesn't fill her life, there's goin' to be others to step in and turn the trick. But it's got to be filled; and just now there's a guy or two breakin' their necks to persuade her you've thrown her down for good. She doesn't want to believe 'em. She's tryin' not to believe 'em. But women are women, son, and there's a time when they get tired o' waitin' for the right man to say the right man word. And if you ain't got the answer she's waitin' for about your person, somebody else is goin' to beat you to it!"

"Somebody else, I'm afraid, has already beaten me to it," he deliberately announced. He tried to speak calmly, but it disturbed him more than he imagined to find Pannie Atwill presenting to him a *rechauffé* of the same dish which Modrynski had already held out to him.

"Do you know what's the matter with you?" Pannie was demanding, with a sudden show of scorn. "The trouble with you is that you ain't old enough to know how to handle a woman. Old Dave was right; a guy's got to pass forty before he finds out how to treat 'em right. All you young cubs think about is yourself, and your own feelin's, and your own sore thumbs. You're too wrapt up in what you want to bother much about the woman, and whether you're makin' her happy or not. You're frettin' too much about what you're gettin' out of it to stop and inquire if there's anything big or fine in the way you're treatin' the other party!"

On the narrow stage at the far end of the smoke-filled room the girl in the short pink skirt was singing the Musetta Waltz from "La Bohéme." Storrow heard it and yet failed to hear it, for he sat there beside the grave of his lost hopes, sabering himself with the self-questionings of the unhappy, demanding of himself if indeed it could be true that much of the fault lay with him, forlornly inquiring if there were not still some path which might lead him back, back to the older and happier days, back to some St. Martin's Summer of contentment with even less of rapture and more of wisdom in it. Then came an abysmal sense of loneliness sweeping over him black wave by wave, leaving him with a desolating consciousness of estrangement from the things after which he had once hungered.

"But I can't find any reason for treating the other party, as you express it, in any other way," he finally asserted, in his inadequate gesture of self-defense.

"Then what're you goin' to do about it?" demanded the girl on the other side of the table.

"About what?" parried Storrow.

"About your wife and family," said Pannie, with great deliberation.

"My wife and family?" repeated Storrow as his gaze came to rest on Pannie's rouged face. The interrogative blankness of his eyes seemed to puzzle her for a moment or two.

"You ain't tryin' to tell me," she asked as she leaned impressively forward across the table, "that you haven't been hep to what's happened?"

"'Hep to what's happened'?" he still repeated, as their glances locked.

"You knew Torrie was caught?" demanded Pannie, with narrowed and accusatory eyes.

"Caught. What do you mean by caught?" asked the other. His bland ignorance of the idiom of her world seemed to exasperate Pannie.

"Do you mean to say," she slowly intoned, "that you didn't know Torrie was going to have a baby? That in five or six months you'd be havin' something to walk the floor with?"

SLOWLY the color ebbed out of Storrow's face. He sat for a full minute without moving, with his unseeing eyes on the face of the girl who abstractedly took a powder-paper from her silver vanity-case and with it dusted her *retroussé* young nose.

"That isn't true?" he murmured, with a look that was half horror and half incredulity still in his stricken eyes.

Pannie snapped shut her vanity-case.

"Of course it's true," she said as she leaned in over the table again. "And while I've got the chance I want to plant one bee in your bonnet. If you intend to play ostrich after you've brought this on Torrie, you're yellower than any real man I ever knew. And that's about all for to-night, Capt'n Kidd, for I see my Pittsburgh gink over there with what looks like a coffin under his arm, and I guess we'll be ramblin' on to where the lights are white!"

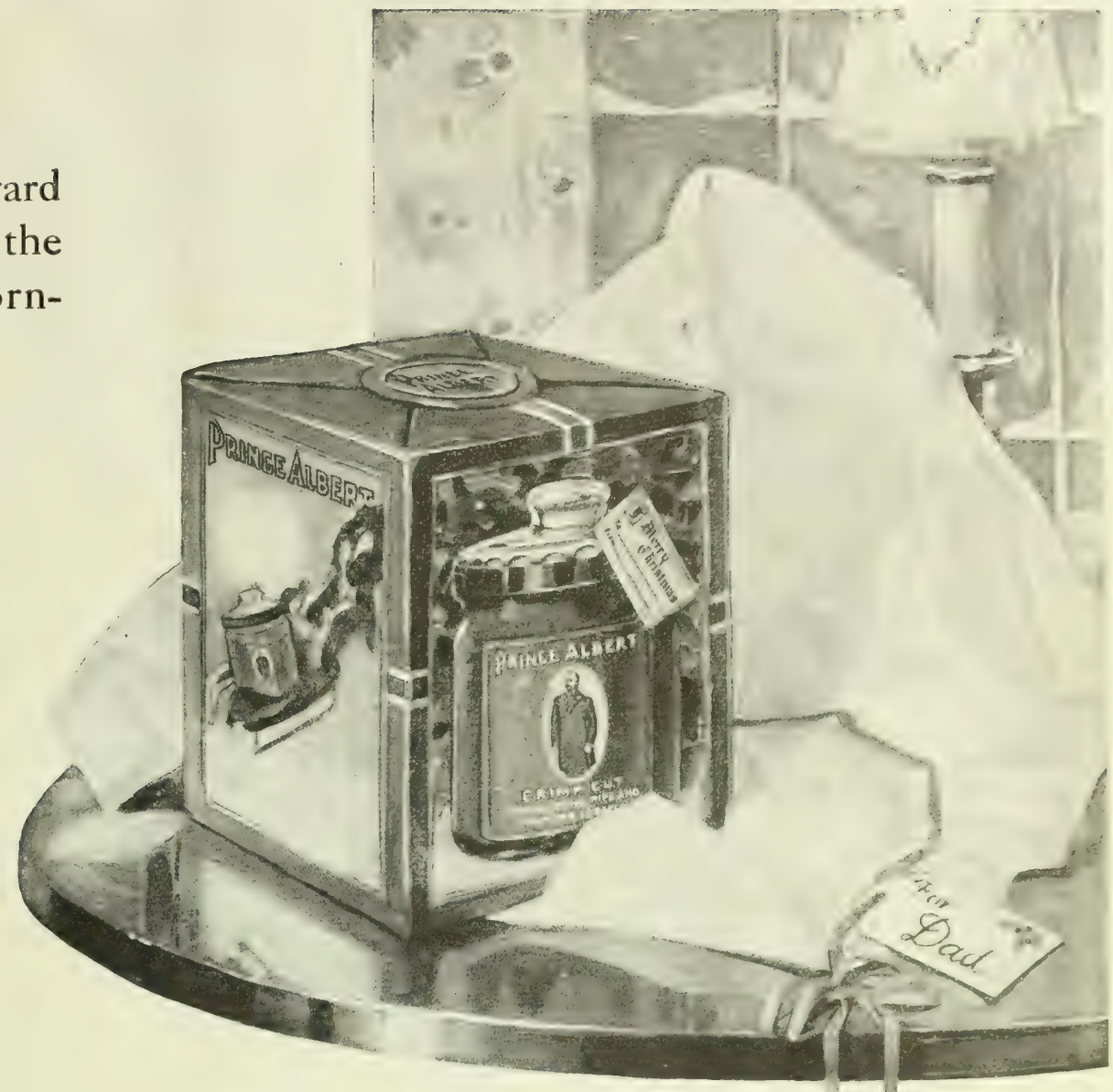
STORROW, after a night of troubled thought, knew that he would have to go back to Torrie. He was reluctant to acknowledge it, even to himself. Yet he began to realize that it would be useless to combat further those combined currents of impulse and obligation carrying him back to the older order of things. He was the prey of feelings too powerful for his own will. And he was tired of passivity, tired, too, of the tedium of suspended action.

But he stood, as yet, convinced of nothing, of nothing at least, beyond the knowledge that the present situation had become unendurable. He could not stay on with Angelo. That was out of the question. And he could not go back to the old order without beholding there vast and calamitous changes. There was, in fact, no such thing as the old order. Yet he must go back to what was left of it. It would be still another compromise imposed upon him by life. But it was a compromise for the sake of survival—and to survive was still a final and sullen instinct with him. The trampled spark, he told himself, must not go entirely out.

It was not until his taxi-cab swung from Lexington Avenue into Twenty-fourth Street that he thought primarily of Torrie and her predicament. That brought to him a less-ponderable sense of disturbance, an indeterminate feeling of guilt touched with pity,

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hunger to make amends and reconstruct what was threatening to fall into ruins. There was the need now for some newer outlook. Fate had reached out its iron hand and linked him up with the chain of life. A child was to be born to him, bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh.

STORROW stopped short. He could not even be sure of that. Deception, he remembered, could only too easily extend to those over-vulnerable frontiers. And he found himself groping with frantic misery back into the immediate past, measuring the months and weeks, reviving and reviewing the days which aligned themselves before him as the days of peril. Yet he emerged from that feverish inspection thinly fortified, persuaded that his suspicions were groundless, must be groundless. His thoughts, in fact, reverted to certain vivid-memoried scenes of Torrie lying heavy-lidded and exhausted in his arms. Once she had even rested there sobbing, apparently without rime or reason. But it was only now that he realized they had not been free agents adventuring along the paths of desire. They had been the toys of Nature warping and bending them to her implacable demands, playing on them for her own subterranean and dissembled ends. And as he climbed the gloomy old stairs that led back to his studio he found it momentarily impossible to think of Torrie as his enemy and his betrayer. He thought of her more as a straw blown in the wind, as something so fragile that it stood touched with pathos, as something to be pitied.

His heart was beating fast as he took out his passkey and opened the door. For that threshold, he felt, was the Rubicon of his life. Yet about his movements as he closed the door behind him was an aspect of deliberation, of judicial quietness, strangely at variance with the tumult in his quick-pounding heart.

The first thing he saw was Torrie. He saw her seated in the faded and familiar green-backed chair, with the milky softness of her face and throat accentuated by the darkness of her tumbled hair. She was leaning forward, relaxed, with her knees apart, in the midst of darning a pair of black-silk stockings. Down the leg of one stocking Storrow could see her drop the broken door-knob which she used for such purposes. He could see her work this knob into the toe of the stocking, and then ply her needle across the white dimple of glazed porcelain that showed through the worn silk.

SHE looked up, startled by his movement as he stepped forward into the room. Then in almost the same instant her eyes fell again to the stocking in her hand. She stared down at it, though intent on her work, but the hand that held the threaded needle remained motionless.

Storrow felt an iron band tighten about his heart, tighten until it seemed to force a cry from his throat. He flung himself down on the floor in front of her and buried his face in the skirt that hung loose between her relaxed knees. He did not know why he was doing it, but he found himself kneeling there shaken with sobs. No word passed between them. But a hand was placed first on the bony shoulders so racked with their inarticulate anguish and then lifted to the bowed head. She stroked his hair, pityingly, almost maternally. It was not until he grew quieter that she spoke.

"It's all right, Honey," she said in a strangled voice. "It's all right," she kept repeating, as though speaking to a child.

When he looked up, at last, he found her own face streaked with tears, even though no spasm of remorse had shaken her body.

"No, no; it's all wrong," he said as he lowered his head and moved it slowly from side to side. He was ashamed now of his tears, and he did his best to control them. Then he caught at her hand, and clung to it childishly, as though he were in need of sustenance.

"I've come back," he said, still without looking at her.

"I knew you would," she quietly responded.

Nothing in the life of man, Storrow was beginning to learn, was either absolute or permanent. Hope itself came to him shadowed with a great Perhaps, triumph arrived tinged with defeat, conquest inextricably tangled up with subjugation. Even happiness, at its highest pitch, was not without an undertone of regret, and love itself too often took on a coloring of pain, just as humor, uncouth and incongruous, could unexpectedly return to rob the deepest grief of its dignity.

PLIANT as Storrow tried to leave himself during the ensuing days of readjustment, there were moods and moments when he was tempted to nurse the suspicion that the whole thing was a mockery, a studiously sustained pretense. Yet against this feeling he fought both actively and stubbornly, knowing that since he had made his bed he must lie in it. He found himself thrust into a forlorn campaign of reconstruction in which he was desperately resolved not to fail.

He was helped in this resolution by his newer attitude toward Torrie. In that attitude was a quiet tenderness, a tendency to be more deliberate in his movements, an autumnal wistfulness in his regard for her, a permutation of midsummer passion into the cooler and thinner sunlight of November. This vague desire for tranquility, for that peace in which the currents of renewal flow freest, left him reluctant to talk about the immediate past and the situation which had led to his disappearance. To discuss that still seemed too much like the reopening of wounds not yet entirely healed. But it was impossible, on the other hand, to keep entirely out of the past, just as it was impossible to foretell into what paths the idlest of talk might wander.

"I suppose you know," Torrie said to him one morning, nearly a week after his return, "how well your book's been going? And the page the Sunday 'Herald' had about your adventures in the Barren Grounds?"

STORROW, in acknowledging that he had heard nothing of this, could not repress a pang of regret that his native land, that his old woodland life, that the sun-clad hills of youth seemed now such worlds and worlds away from him.

"Chester Hardy says that book is apt to bring you in more money than you imagine," Torrie continued.

The mention of Hardy's name, as he explained that he wasn't much interested in money matters, both disturbed and depressed him.

"But you'll have to be, before very long," announced Torrie as her gaze met his. She seemed surprised by the look of embarrassment in his eyes. "Krassler says he wants your book for the movies," she went on in an effort to bridge a silence touched with discomfort. "He even said the company he's interested in will give you two thousand dollars for the rights."

Storrow got up from his chair.

"Then Krassler's been here?" he demanded, more sharply than he had intended.

"Yes; he drops up now and then," was the studiously indifferent reply from his wife. Then she added, as though in afterthought: "He keeps saying that I ought to be back on the stage."

Storrow did not seem to hear her.

"And how about Modrynski?" he asked, almost harshly, as though intent on clearing the board, now that the task had been begun.

Torrie, for one brief moment, swept his face with a close and questioning glance, as though demanding of herself the real motive for these interrogations.

"I have seen him only twice," she said with a carefully maintained patience. "He says our stairs are too much for him."

"And Vibbard?"

Torrie shook her head from side to side.

"No, I haven't seen him since——" She came to a stop, apparently unwilling to recall in words a scene still too distasteful to her.

"And how about that man Eastman?" continued Storrow, intent on going to the end of his unsavory excursion. His wife's hesitation did not escape him, ready as he stood to attribute to it a significance which could only spell anguish for his own heart.

"Donnie's been here, several times," she acknowledged, the effort with which she spoke seeming to imply that she was forcing herself to be honest with an inquisitor whose right she could still question. "He's been here, just as he's been everywhere. But I don't think he'll bother me much more."

"No, I don't think he will," averred Storrow, with a passion which he was unable to control. For the past, which was equally beyond his control, was reaching out its hands to strangle what was left of his hope.

"Owen," said Torrie, arresting him in his sudden febrile pacing back and forth, "Now that you've mentioned these men, there's something I want to say to you."

"About them?" he abruptly demanded.

"Not so much about them as about ourselves and what you said the other day about us making the best of our lives. You still want to do that, don't you?"

HE stood gazing down at her, keenly conscious of the beauty which had this tragic power to wound him. He knew, as he stared at the deep and humid eyes, at the soft and yielding contours with still so much of youth about them, at the red and almost wilful lips with the fatal dower of desire in their over-vivid curves, that she was in some way beautiful to the eye, that she stood beautiful to him and must only naturally appear beautiful before others. The thought suddenly occurred to him that if she were ugly, if she were old and faded, she might remain entirely and indisputably his own. Even before his day, he supposed, men had wished such things.

"You still want to do that, don't you?" she patiently repeated.

"Yes," he murmured, conscious of the inadequacy of his reply. But a sudden new humility had taken the gift of words away from him.

"Then what's the use of harping back on the past and making yourself miserable, and me miserable too, about what's over and done with?" she asked with her wide-eyed stare of interrogation, untroubled, apparently, by the more complex reactions which were washing him back and forth along the shores of misery.

"It's because we can't get rid of that past," he protested. "It's because those men still happen to be a factor in your life, a factor that is hateful to me!"

"But those men are fond of me, Owen. They like to be with me. They take me for what I am. They don't stop to question every word and movement from me."

"If they did, they wouldn't be there," was his embittered retort.

"There was nothing so terrible about them being where they were," she replied with more spirit. "I may have been foolish, in doing what I did. But there was nothing wrong in it all—nothing really wrong. And until you're willing to believe that, I suppose, you'll have to keep on making yourself miserable."

"There was nothing wrong?" he repeated, staring into her uplifted face. He realized, as he looked down at her, the impossibility of mere argument on a question so fundamental. It would be as foolish as trying to talk theology with a child.

"You believe me when I say that, don't you?" she was asking him. And he wanted to believe her; above everything else he felt the need of that belief. But After-thought, the darker sister of Desire, stood forever at his elbow holding him back.

"Oh, what's the good of it all?" he cried out in his despair. "What's the good?"

"That's just what I've been asking you," protested Torrie, in a tone of modified triumph. "It's the future we've got to think about now!"

"The future, with everything you've done everything you've been, piled high in its lap," he none too happily amended. And she sat with knitted brow, perplexed by that accusatory cry of protest which she could not quite comprehend.

"I don't think you should blame me," she finally asserted, "for things which happened before you ever came into my life."

"But I didn't know I was coming into that sort of life," he found the cruelty to retort.

She sat staring at him, almost abstractedly.

"Yet you probably remember *how you came into it?*" she reminded him.

"Yes, I remember," he none too happily acknowledged.

"Then, if you're so afraid of my past, and if you want to keep me for yourself, as you pretend you do, why can't you take me away from all this?"

He stopped short and turned about on her. It was something he had not thought about



The color ebbed out of Storrow's face. "That isn't true!" he murmured.

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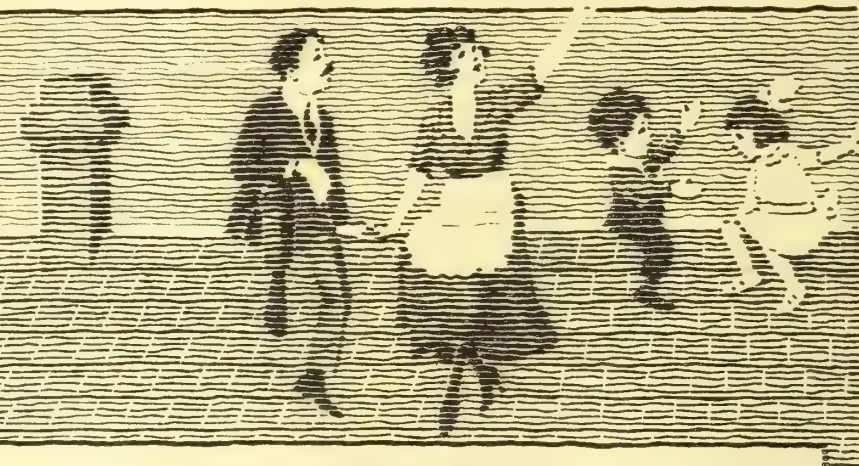
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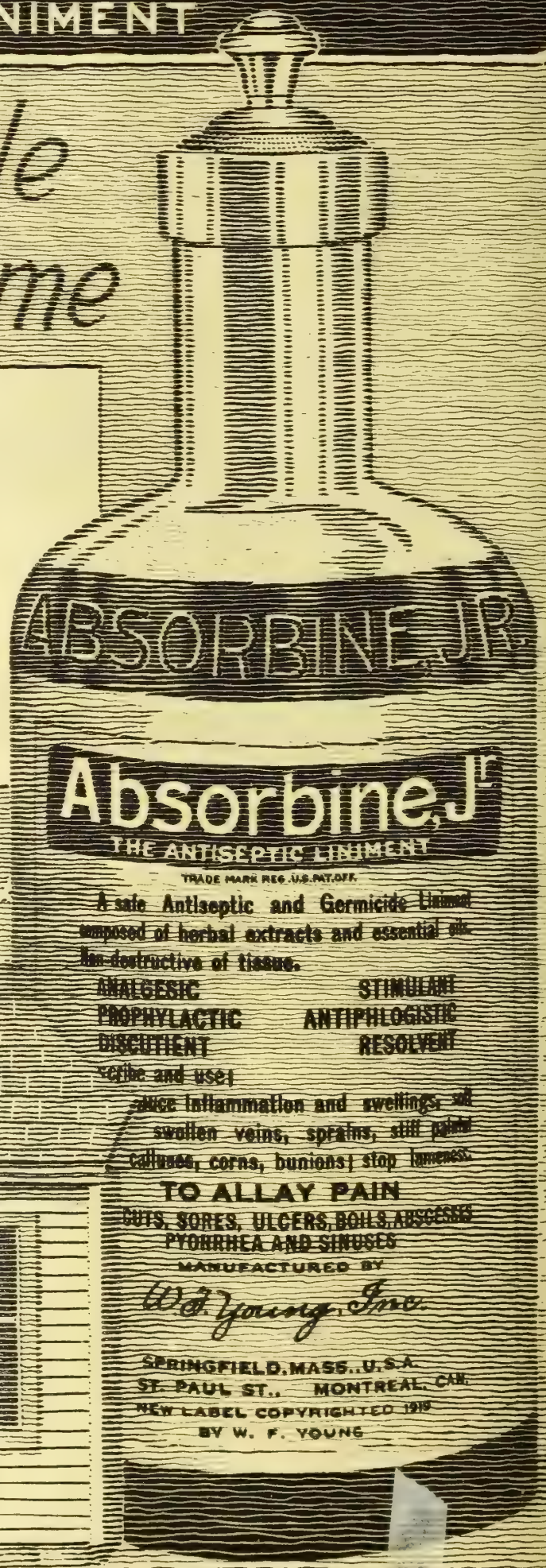
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The Little Things that Matter

(Concluded from page 23)

me. Will you come to supper one night next week?"

Joan shook her head and rose.

"If you had invited me to any other meal I might have accepted."

"No, no."

"You are a funny little boy, but I would rather not meet you at the violent extremity of the day. Good-night."

In the motor as they drive home Joan was first to speak.

"It was pleasant to see that you can still enjoy yourself."

"The power of enjoyment dies hard," he returned. "I observe that a remnant of it even clings to you."

"Oh yes, I enjoyed myself very much. It is a change to be entertained."

A silence. There is generally a silence before a man finds a suitable answer.

"When I saw you two together it occurred to me how nice you would have been to a child of your own."

There was some small trouble with Joan's breathing, but at length:

"That was a gentle thought, was it not?" said she.

"Joan,—I didn't mean that."

"Oh yes, you did. When a man is pleased to think his married life is a failure he always blames the woman who has borne him no child. It must be pleasant to find a ready-made excuse so easily."

"Do you honestly believe I have to *look* for excuses?"

"Are you asking me to give judgment against myself?"

"Yes, by God, I am."

She looked at him with half-closed eyes.

"There is something rather taking about you,—an ingenuousness, a simple faith. And it *does* appeal to me."

He was out of his depth and made no answer. The car drew up before their house and they ascended the steps together.

TEN minutes later he was surprised to hear her knock at his bedroom door. "Will you come into my room? I want to talk."

He dragged a chair toward her and sat. "I don't understand any of this," he said, "but I suppose you have a purpose."

"Yes, I have. Andy, I'm thinking of leaving you." She waited to see the effect of her words.

"You did that a year ago," he answered, his eyes straying toward the single bed behind them.

"Before I go I thought we might spend an hour in talk together. You were trained for the bar before you took up letters; how would it appeal to you to make a speech for the prosecution? I mean, to state roundly what is wrong from your point of view. I have thought about the two of us a great deal. I think I understand my defense,—but a great deal I do not understand still remains. Why do you know that I make you unhappy?"

HE lit a cigaret from a fallen ember in the grate and looked at the thin wisp of smoke before he began to speak.

"I might reply that for years every inflection of yours has held a jarring note."

But she would not deal in subtlety of that kind and shook her head.

"I want facts," she said.

"The very thing of all others I don't want," he replied. "If happiness sprang from facts then Datas would be the happiest man alive to-day because he knows so many. However, facts let it be.

"The first books I wrote after we were married you read page by page as I wrote them, and page by page you told me what you felt and what there was in each that stirred you. Oh, but you were good about that. I felt I could not write quickly enough to provide the material for your opinions,—your appreciation."

"I've always loved the things you write—I still do."

"And do you always say so?"

"One can't always *say* the thingsone feels."

"One can, but one doesn't. I know, well enough. It's the old *regime* of *laissez faire*—too much trouble to speak—let things take care of themselves—perhaps they will, perhaps they won't, but don't bother either way. It's easier to drift, easier to let the worm drill the legs of a fine old chair than to bleach them with peroxide and keep them in their first youth. I'll tell you this: a man's work is as great a part of a man as his heart and soul, and the woman who forgets this fact is going to lose."



"Andy, I'm thinking of leaving you." Joan waited the effect of her words.

He stopped abruptly.

"I've finished," he said, "without, I'm afraid, making much of the opportunity."

"Poor Andy! Poor Andy Gamaliel, who hath no Joan to sit at the feet of him. But Joan has a tale of her own, if your wrongs have an ear for anything beside their own funeral bells."

"I can listen," he said.

"And you will sympathize, too," she went on, "for my defense is your prosecution, only, of course, much subtler, much more full of finesse."

"You are a woman and women deal in fine points. The Fates placed a needle in their hands in more ways than one. What I said was a simple, straightforward confession—an assertion—not a prosecution."

"Perhaps mine will be that—you can judge."

"THE first dinner party we gave—do you remember it? A failure it was. Quite a simple menu, but full of mistakes. Late in starting,—the potatoes weren't even cooked. After our guests had gone we talked it over. Do you remember what you said?"

He shook his head.

"I do. You said the soup was delicious and you liked wild duck when it was baked to a cinder and jelly was much nicer when it flopped about on the dish,—and that I was awfully clever to have thought of so many lovely things following one after another. I was silly enough to have cried, I believe, but you said I mustn't, and if anything had gone wrong it was the cook's fault. Take this as an alternative. The dinner we gave a year after to your publisher and his wife."

"Nearly the whole day I spent making sure of everything."

"I remember it was an absolute success."

"After it was over you said that Lucy was an excellent cook. That was all."

"And so she was."

Joan shook her head sadly.

"Indictment No. 1, and you've missed it. However! There used to be a time when you took an interest in the things I wore."

"I have never ceased to think that you wear your clothes and choose them better than any other woman."

"How long is it since you've said so?"

He hesitated. "If I haven't actually *said* so you must have known."

"Leave it at that then. There's worse to come. Our great disappointment—*my* disappointment—when it seemed that no child was to be ours."

"Need we bring up that question?"

"You did—to-night in the car. You flung it at me, wrapped in a most polished sentence."

"I apologized."

"After a fashion. But the resentment was there. 'She has failed to perpetuate the line'—that is the thought which has run in your head these last few years, and so the obvious truth escaped you."

"What truth?"

"That the sympathy belonged to me—and I've never had it. Mine was the real sorrow, for mine is the real loss and not once have you taken me in your arms and whispered, 'Never mind.'"

HE was silent a longish while, then, with an effort he said:

"You have a wrong there."

"It was mean perhaps to air it."

"That's a generous thought.

"This talk was a good idea of yours. Carry on."

"No, I've said enough, I think. The rest would be only a mosaic of tiny words and actions which fell just short of expectation."

"I recognize the detail," he nodded. "It's true to most of us. Put it in a sentence."

"Like this, then: You are waiting in the hall—I have a new dress. I'm pleased. I say, 'D'you like it?' and you reply, 'The taxi has been waiting ten minutes—Yes, it's all right.'"

"That's callous enough."

"But isn't it so?"

"I suppose it is."

"The odd thing is that it is so much easier to turn the phrase the other way round: 'Sweet; hurry up old thing.'"

"Looks to me," said he, "as though we were stumbling on some great truths. All of us want to be happy, expect to be, and yet we balk it, you, I and most of the world."

"We were absolutely happy once."

"Yes,—during our courtship and after for a while."

"Then why not now?"

"The true answer to that question would smooth away a million creases, my dear. But what is the true answer?"

"Can't we find it—I feel we could tonight."

"One marries an ideal and it becomes a fact. And a common failing of humanity is to disprove a fact rather than accept it."

"I believe there is a simpler answer,—self-consciousness."

"In marriage?"

"More than any other condition. The more they know of each other, the more they seek to hide. Isn't it so?"

He nodded.

THEY were awkwardly silent for a long while. 'His eyes down-looking' noticed how the firelight played a symphony in gold upon her loosened hair. It was good to see such things, he thought. Then she spoke.

"Perhaps the honey is merely the saying aloud of the kindest things one thinks."

"It should be easier of accomplishment than taking them for granted."

Again a silence and still the light played in her hair.

"What is stopping us?" she whispered.

"Disuse, perhaps," he answered. "One asks very little out of life, really. It should not be hard to give that little."

She was not looking at him. That made things easier. He drew a deep breath.

"Your hair is a wonder of light," he said.

She turned in a flash, eyebrows together, her back straightened, on guard. He met her look unquaveringly.

"A little simple faith would help," said he.

Her hands went out to him.

"My clever, dear, dear husband!" she said.

A Gray Hair in His Whiskers

The Tellings of Henry E. Dixey—XI

AUGUSTIN DALY engaged me for the leading business in his company for the season of 1894 and 1895. I went to him with a thorough understanding that I was to play four parts and other leading ones besides. The parts I was to play were *Bottom* in "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; *Malvolio* in "Twelfth Night"; *Puff* in "The Critic"; *Benedick* in "Much Ado About Nothing"; and *Falstaff* in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." He was to feature me and the contract was for one year.

I shall never forgive myself for going to Daly. I gave up my own enterprise, playing "Adonis" and "The Seven Ages," and my share of profits from them was nearly fifty thousand dollars; but like all actors my ego was very strong and I allowed myself to be sensitive when I heard actors say, "Oh, Dixey can't act, he is a burlesque actor. He only plays light stuff. He depends upon women in his company to make his success, and music and scenery." So I said to myself, "I'll show them," and as Daly had always been after me since first I played at his theater in 1877 he and I signed a contract for three hundred dollars a week.

Daly was a very ordinary man. He was not a great stage director, and not a truthful man. His game was to keep by himself, look wise, and let his instinct direct him. That year he seemed all at sea. He was trying to make Miss Rehan the star of the company, and in that way let his company go all to pieces. Mrs. Gilbert was very good as *The Old Woman*, but somehow I always felt sorry whenever she came on the stage.

Miss Rehan never happened that year, although Daly did everything in his power to boost her. He liked me; but she did not, and I suffered. I had lots of fun with Daly. I broke every rule in his theater except licking him. He let me do as I liked in all the plays I took part in, and he would stand at the entrance and roar at my work. He even let me direct two of his plays while I was there. But Miss Rehan was the power behind the throne, and that was why I was thrown behind the power!

Besides my three hundred dollars per week, I received a benefit. I got one-third of the gross. The benefit was never advertised, but I got it all the same, and made four hundred dollars out of it.

I believe I got the highest salary ever paid by Daly and I am sure I am the only one to whom he ever gave a benefit.

I HAD known James Lewis for twenty years, but had never played with him until I joined Daly's company. He was so good to me both on and off the stage. Such a delightful character! You will never see his like again on the stage and I do not think his wonderful art will die for a great many years to come.

Daly gave me the distinction on all the bills of the theater, such as—after the other names—"and Henry E. Dixey." He also let me put in a lot of gags in my opening of *Marcus Brutus Snap* in "A Night Off." Now, Mr. Lewis had been Daly's leading comedian for years and you would think that anyone of my standing at the time coming in and getting favors done him would in some way disconcert him. But no, not so with dear Jimmy. My reception, which was a great one the first night, tickled him mightily. And when it came to our big scene where *Snap* tells old *Babbitt* the play that he had written would make a great success, oh, how he worked that every point of mine should go. Of course, this put me on my mettle and when it came his time to hold forth, maybe I didn't help him from the bottom of my heart and with all the knowledge I had of my art.

And what a great scene with Mrs. Gilbert he and I made in the second act! It was the finest act I had ever taken part in. How real it all seemed! There was Jimmy as *Babbitt* trying to conceal the fact from his wife that he had written a play, Mrs. Gilbert as his wife thinking he was going out nights, and myself imbued with the importance of a bluff manager who was working the dear old man for all he was worth. I had played before this with great artists, and have since, but no scene has made such an impression on me and no two artists can ever take their place with me.



"I was not born, I was quarried."

I MADE one fatal mistake while with him. James Gordon Bennett of the "New York Herald" brought over a Frenchman (by the name of Febvre) from the Comédie Francaise in Paris to write up his views on American actors and the American stage in general. Which he did. One morning I was eating breakfast in the club when one of the boys said, "Harry, have you seen the 'Herald' this morning? If not, read it. That great French actor gave you a great notice." I said, "Get it for me." He did, and actor-like, I ran my eye down to where my name appeared, and read a flattering comment on myself by this Frenchman, who had seen me as *Puff* in "The Critic" the night before. I was late for rehearsal, so shoving the paper in my pocket I ran over to the theater and Daly was sitting on the stage looking very glum. But his looks never fazed me. So I went up to him with my light and dashing manner and said, "Good morning, Governor, I know you are well this morning, and by the way, have you read what the Frenchman said about your blue-eyed boy actor?" He never looked up but waved me away with his hand and commenced the rehearsal. I turned around to dear Jimmy Lewis and said, "What's the matter with Aug? I told him of a good notice I received in the 'Herald' this morning, and he gave me the stony eye. Whatever can be the matter?" Jimmy laughed and replied, "Why, you chump, didn't you read what the Frenchman said of Rehan in the same notice?" I said no. He said, "Then read it." So I went up stage and read about Ada.

This article by Mr. Frédéric Febvre was reprinted in the Paris edition of the "New York Herald" of Sunday, March 3, 1895. He said:

"Chance conducted me to Daly's Theater. There I again saw Miss Ada Rehan, whom I had the pleasure of applauding in London in one of her best *roles* in 'The Taming of the Shrew.'

"Miss Ada Rehan exercises a sort of power over the public, a power which would be still greater if the artist were a little less anxious about effect and brought into her acting a little more feminine reserve, a little more circumspection. Judging from her fashion of interpreting and executing her *role*, one is tempted to believe that the artist regards everything with eyes that magnify.

"The performance closed merrily with a little farce by Sheridan, 'The Critic,' in which I had the pleasure of applauding, without any reserve a young comedian, Mr. Henry Dixey. This young man is simply charming. He is adroit, witty, eloquent, comic, without descending to buffoonery. In a word, he gave me the sensation that I was listening to an excellent French artist speaking English!"

In the same article Mr. Febvre spoke of my dear old friend, William H. Thompson, who was then playing in "The Fatal Card" at Palmer's Theater, in this manner:

"One detail which struck me and which makes me envy Mr. W. H Thompson is his marvelous faculty of being able to read a newspaper in the most complete darkness! Ah! Colorado's burning sun has not weakened the sight of Mr. Thompson. I present to him my warmest compliments."

Well, after that joke of mine about the notice, Daly did not seem to have any use for me. He thought I was making fun of him when I referred to the "Herald," and never forgave me.

But I played on until the end of my contract in 1895 and left him in disgust. In July I left for San Francisco with Maurice Barrymore.

SPEAKING of Maurice Barrymore reminds me of one night in the Narragansett Hotel in Providence, he and I, Digby Bell and a big fat senator whose name I forget, sat in the bar talking until they closed it up. Then we went out into the office and sat there talking until about four o'clock.

I said, "I guess I'll go to bed." I went over toward the elevator and rang the bell. The old senator said, "Huh, that elevator stopped at twelve o'clock. The only way you can get upstairs is to walk." The other men hollered, "Oh, my goodness! I thought it ran all night." He said, "No."

I said, "Well, I'm not going to walk."

The old senator said, "That's the only way you'll get upstairs."

I said, "I'll bet you five dollars I'll get upstairs and I won't walk."

The senator, who was always ready to grab a sure thing, put up the money. Barrymore held it.

I went over to two nodding bell-boys. I said to these Africans, jingling a handful of silver:

"Are you strong?"

"Yes, yes; we're very strong, especially when we see that stuff," said one.

So I went to a big arm-chair and sat down. I said, pointing to one, "You get on that side," and to the other, "you get on the other side. Now you carry me up to my room—308," still jingling the silver in my hand. I never saw two men get so strong in my life. They lifted me off the floor in the chair as if I were a featherweight, and up they went, I bowing in a grand manner like a potentate being carried around in a palanquin, and moved up the grand staircase in the chair with a colored man on each side.

When they went back Barrymore said, "I'll have some of that," and he, too, was carried up, and likewise Bell.

Then the fat senator said, "Well, I guess I will, too." But when he sat down they couldn't move him, the two Africans were so tired out from carrying us that they couldn't budge him. So he not only lost his five dollars but had to walk up besides.

ON one occasion, while walking with Digby Bell, I remember I pulled a hair out of a very dignified man's beard, which was as white as snow, and said, "Pardon me, sir, but you have a gray hair in your whiskers."

"You blooming idiot," he said, "they're *all* gray."

Mr. Dixey goes in for sleight-of-hand and plays the Eight of Clubs at a public performance with startling results—in an early number of Hearst's.

Don't Go to New York

(*Concluded from page 33*)

can in a purely material way; but, really, there are things more important than a rapidly increasing bank-roll. The calm, contemplative life one leads at the crossroads is more precious than rubies when once you get used to it. I might walk ten miles in New York without meeting an acquaintance, unless it were a creditor or pawnbroker. But when I walk downtown in Emporia in the morning, to see if the mechanic is done tinkering with my tin car, I know everybody, and receive a hundred pleasant greetings, and perhaps half a dozen cigars which should have been made into sauerkraut; and even the little kiddies know me and call me by name; and the drayman who is going to the dépot for some trunks invites me to get up on the seat with him and ride; and all this sort of thing seems to me more worth while than living in a jammed and sweating city, where nobody knows anybody else, and where nobody cares a hoot for anybody else.

ASIDE from the question of opportunities for advancement, the small town life has many distinct advantages which should be taken up by our sages and statesmen who are trying to put one over on the High Cost of Living. The High Cost gets in its most deadly work in the congested cities, where everything must be bought. If a city dweller would raise a few onions to keep together the souls and bodies of his children, he must do it in a flower pot on a window ledge. In a country town practically every citizen has his garden, where he raises bondless cucumbers, and string beans, which are wholesome and nutritious, when detached from the strings. If he is industrious he can stock his cellar with potatoes and kindred life savers, and can all kinds of vegetables, and then sit out on his front porch and make faces at the High Cost.

Also, he may have a cow in the family and a cow is a wellspring of pleasure, especially where there are children. When you have a real cow, the milk you consume is not a caricature, and the children grow strong and husky, and eventually win the championship at Toledo.

And the householder may even go so far as to have a dozen chickens. Hens are rather complicated and ingenious contrivances which lay eggs at stated intervals. A few active hens on the premises soon make the High Cost wonder whether it hasn't mistaken its vocation.

GETTING back to the man and mouse-trap proposition; if a man has the goods, it makes little difference where he displays them. If an Edison had been shipwrecked and cast ashore on a desolate island in his youth, he'd have made that island as interesting as Orange, New Jersey.

If a man really has a light, it can't be hid under a bushel for any long time. If he has some great gift, he can use it to advantage wherever he may be.

The Rocky Mountain country in Colorado is full of guides, and most of them know their business. They can pilot you around for days or weeks together, and show you all kinds of unadulterated scenery, and bring you back to civilization right side up with care. But there is one guide, Shep Huested, who has so distinguished himself that he is known to mountain climbers and explorers everywhere. His services usually are engaged months ahead. When he was new at the business he found that all travelers asked foolish questions; and he figured that a perfect guide should be equipped to answer any questions, however idle they might be. So he set himself diligently to work to acquire truthful answers to all possible questions. The result is that he can furnish in an instant any information you can possibly desire. And so people telegraph him from all over America, and even from foreign countries, asking if they can engage him as their guide.

I could tell you a hundred stories of people who have remained at home and won honors and riches because they had the goods.

Up in Wisconsin there was a man who was jogging along making a good living and having a bully time. He was an ardent sportsman, and was happiest when abroad with his gun, chasing some ferocious jackrabbit to its lair. One day he went duck-hunting, and in order to bag a couple of ducks, worth thirty-five cents each at the meat market, he stood in ice water up to his neck for several hours. It is gratifying, in view of what followed, to know that he got the ducks

His long immersion brought on an attack of rheumatism. It wasn't the common or garden variety; it was so atrocious it stretched him on his bed for weeks, and one day the learned physician told him he would be a cripple for life. He would have the use of his arms, but his legs would always be a liability. This stricken man had the goods. He couldn't see any reason why a fellow with a couple of arms should be despondent.

So while he lay there, spraying his person with liniment, he did a lot of thinking. What could he do to keep the wolf from the door? He discarded plan after plan. At last he remembered that he was the possessor of a wonderful recipe for sausage. It had been handed down in his family from the good old Puritan days, when there were real house wives in the land. Every fall he had been in the habit of making sausage according to this formula, and the neighbors approved it so highly they borrowed all they could, and even went so far as to offer to pay for some.

HERE was the solution. He would make sausage. And he did, as soon as he was able to do anything. He began in a small way, with a little hand-machine for grinding up the pigs, and he couldn't make it fast enough, although the neighbors were the only customers then; he got more machines and more pigs and hired an old woman or two to help, and the business grew and grew, like Jack's justly celebrated beanstalk, and in a few years that man's sausage was sold all over the country. To-day he presides over an institution that employs an army of people and countless pigs go in squealing at one end, and come out at the other packed in handsome pasteboard boxes, all seasoned to taste, and destined to make the world better and brighter.

It makes no difference where you dump a man of that sort If he hadn't thought of sausage, he'd have thought of something else; and the corner where he happened to be was a good enough corner for him.

A FEW years ago a young doctor hung out his sign in a small Kansas town, surrounded by alfalfa and cornfields. He was prepared to engage in hand-to-hand conflict with any sort of disease, but he announced that surgery was his specialty. The appendicitis fad hadn't then reached that part of Kansas, and there wasn't much doing in surgical circles.

But a few progressive people had their legs sawed off, or underwent other operations and they were so enthusiastic in their praise of the young surgeon that in a year or two he was known in towns fifteen miles away.

Today the doctor has a great modern sanitarium, and every train that enters the little burg brings people who have traveled great distances to profit from his skill. His name is quoted with respect in foreign hospitals and colleges; he is an authority on certain branches of surgery.

And patients, when they come out from the influence of anesthetics, invariably ask him, "Why don't you go to New York?" And they point out that a little lop-sided Kansas town is no place for a man with his supreme gift. But the surgeon couldn't be dragged away from that village with a traction engine. He makes all the money a sane man could have any use for; he has served several terms on the town council and has been president of the school board. What greater honors could any one ask?

THE country town of the West is generous, however. When the young man departs, all the beauty and chivalry assemble at the depot to see him off; and if there are some vague doubts of his ability to set the Eastern rivers afire, nobody is treasonable enough to give voice to them. It is taken for granted that his dreams will all come true, and when he reaches his El Dorado he will send back word that he came and saw and conquered.

And when he comes back to town, perhaps thrown from a freight car by a rude brakeman, we hasten to soothe his lacerated spirit; we buy him a new hat, and get him a job in the garage, and tell him that the East never did appreciate true worth; and in two or three weeks he has forgotten his humiliation and is a candidate for city clerk.

Genial and wise words from Walt Mason on the New Year's "resolutions"—in Hearst's for January.



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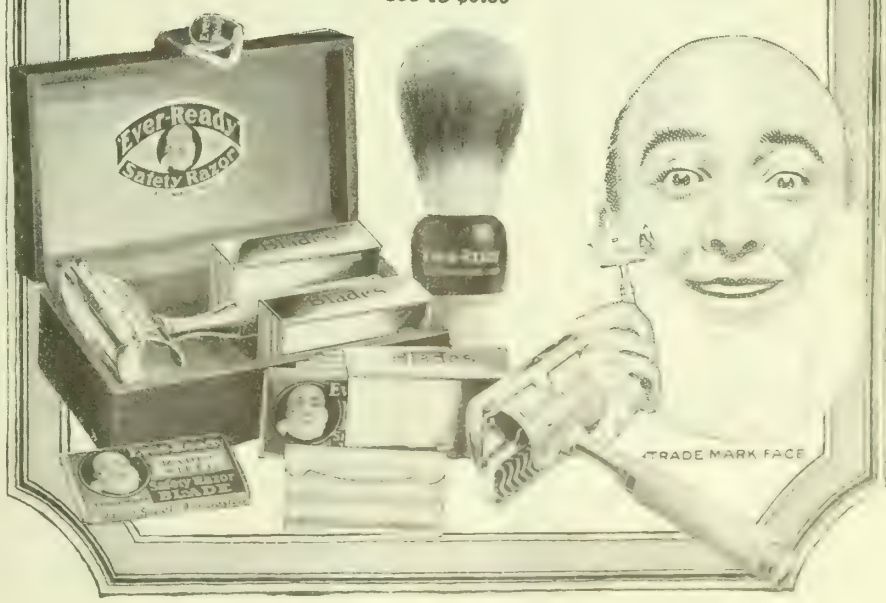
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How Big Business Men Grew Rich



III—T. Coleman Du Pont
By B. C. Forbes

WHENEVER I am looking for an executive to fill an important position, I always want to know whether he had paid his debts. I also like to know how he has invested his money. Such information helps to form an accurate estimate of a man.

"Generally speaking there is apt to be something wrong with a man who has not saved and invested money by the time he is old enough to be considered for an executive job."

"I personally began to save some of my earnings from the first day I began working in a coal mine and I always took pains to try to invest it wisely."

He succeeded tolerably well, as you will gather when told that the speaker was Coleman Du Pont, owner of the $30,000,000 Equitable Life Building, chief owner of a chain of hotels worth millions, a power in financial, industrial and traction companies, and given to making very large donations to worthy purposes.

His most recent gift was $500,000 to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology as his contribution to its $10,000,000 fund, in the gathering of which he has been made Chairman.

To my mind there are not half a dozen abler business giants in America, and I doubt whether any can match him in versatility or the diversity of his large-scale achievements.

Although no man cares less for money for its own sake than Coleman Du Pont, nevertheless, he owes his success, in a sense, to money—to money, however, that he himself made.

For without money, without capital, he could not have undertaken the enterprises he took up and carried to such brilliant success.

"MONEY is necessary to enable you to do constructive things; you cannot even do very much for your friends unless you have saved some of your earnings," Du Pont remarked to me. "Therefore, while there is nothing in the possession of money for its own sake, it is extremely important that an ambitious young man should early start to make all that he rationally can and invest it to the best possible advantage. The prudent making and investing of money not only strengthens one's character, not only teaches one self-restraint and economy, but by and by proves a powerful lever in raising a fellow up in whatever line of business he is in. In order to do things, especially big things, you must have brains, and before you can inspire confidence in others to lend you their savings, you must first show that you know how to take care of your own money and use it to profitable advantage."

You may remark, "The Du Ponts have been rich for generations. It is easy for him to talk, since he was born to wealth and never had to support himself on his own earnings."

The truth is that this member of the Du Pont family has personally made every dollar he owns.

He never had anything to do with the famous Du Pont powder works until after he had a fortune of his own in other enterprises.

Indeed, solely through his own activities, he had enough to retire on before he was thirty-seven.

At that age, as a matter of fact, he had actually retired from business to take up scientific farming on an extensive scale when the call came to him to take hold of the helm of the Du Pont powder plants.

INSTEAD of having been born with a golden spoon in his mouth and raised in the lap of luxury and ease, Coleman Du Pont is not only a self-made man, but chose no comfortable, primrose path to success and fortune.

His father, along with a brother, went West in search of fortune and finally located at Louisville, Kentucky.

Coleman very early took to whittling and carving wood and tinkering with metals and machinery, and in the development of these tendencies he naturally gravitated to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in order to become an engineer.

Reading advertisements has helped to make this a united country

Jim Hawkins props his feet on the rose festooned porch railing in an Oregon suburb and reads the same motor car advertisement that Cousin Peter is studying as he rides home from work in the New York subway.

In Arizona you can buy the same tooth paste and tobacco that are used by the folks in Maine. California fruit growers advertise their oranges and lemons to the people of the East. New Hampshire factories make ice cream freezers for Texas households.

There can be no division in a country so bound together by taste, habit and custom. You can meet up with anybody in the United States and quickly get on a conversational footing because you both read the same advertisements.

Advertising is the guide to what's good to buy. Advertisements give you the latest news from the front line of business progress.

Reading advertisements enables you to get more for your money because they tell you where, what and when to buy. And it is a well-known fact that advertised goods are more reliable and better value than the unadvertised kinds.

He made more of a mark as an athlete than as a scholar. He was stroke of the Louisville Boat Club crew, captain of the football and baseball teams, ran 100 yards in ten seconds, became a crack shot and expert swimmer, a boxer, wrestler and captain of the tug of war team.

At the same time he did not neglect his studies.

Instead of seeking a collar-and-cuff job, he went back to Kentucky and obtained an engineering job in a coal mine.

In addition, he drove mules, worked in the blacksmith's shop, shod horses, swung a pick and dug coal, did carpenter work, ran an engine and lent a hand in solving any problems that arose.

He lived the life of a miner and mixed wholeheartedly with the miners and their families.

This simple mode of living enabled him, among other things, to save part of his wages.

These steadily increased as he was advanced from one position to another until he became Superintendent.

It was characteristic of him that, immediately he became boss, he began to transform the dilapidated mining hamlet into a model town, and he did not stop until the one-store village (Central City) became a prosperous industrial town of 7,500 inhabitants, with modern homes for the working people and the most approved sanitation and general environment.

He accomplished all this before he was thirty. Also, he had saved quite a little bit and invested it carefully.

AMBITION was strong within him. The highest salary then paid in the Kentucky coal region was only $4,000 a year, so young Du Pont made up his mind that he would seek a bigger field.

The steel industry was then beginning to make giant strides, and he communicated with Tom L. Johnson (later the famous Mayor of Cleveland), who was then interested in a steel plant at Johnstown, Pa. Johnson readily took Du Pont on as General Manager.

Here the young engineer more than duplicated his achievements in the coal industry, building up the plant so rapidly and soundly that it was later taken over, as the Loraine Steel Company, by the U. S. Steel Corporation when it rounded up the principal plants in the country.

Here also he continued to add to his capital, and he invested in securities of the Johnstown Street Car Company, of which he still retains the presidency.

His dynamic energies, however, sought additional outlets, and he became interested in building car lines in Pennsylvania, New York and Alabama.

It was after making not one but several distinct successes in this field that he decided that he had made enough money to enable him to retire and take up agriculture.

He did.

He acquired a huge farm and began to develop a wonderful agricultural organization.

He bought pedigreed horses and cattle and sheep; he introduced the latest mechanical inventions for tilling the soil; he erected model farm buildings, and altogether was perfecting an establishment calculated to help other farmers to learn the most scientific methods and to inspire them, by example, to raise the level of their whole farming operations.

THEN the head of the Du Pont enterprise at Wilmington, established in the second year of last century, died.

Following custom, a family council was held to decide upon a selection as head of the business. Coleman Du Pont was unanimously chosen, notwithstanding that, as he remarked, "I then knew nothing more about powder than I had learned in my chemistry classes at college and later as a coal miner."

What he accomplished at Wilmington was destined to prove of incalculable value to America and civilization, for had it not been for the extraordinary efficiency of the Du Pont Powder Company, the Allies would have fared very badly in the early stages and all through the war.

"The first thing we did," Mr. Du Pont once told me—and it is characteristic of his broad, aggressive methods,—"was to amalgamate all of the many different companies and the scores of sub-companies controlled by the Du Ponts into one big, central corporation.

"The consolidated concerns were systematized and standardized and the best methods put into practice, departments created and the managers given responsibility and offered premiums for results.

"I knew nothing of the manufacturing of powder except the general chemistry which I had learned at college. My cousin had this knowledge and experience. I was familiar, however, with the use of it commercially and had had successful experience in organizing and systematizing several industries.

"We engaged the best men we could find. We paid six men very large salaries—and they were the cheapest labor we had—for their brains could make thousands for the Company annually."

The affairs of the Company were in such shipshape order that when the world crisis arose the Du Ponts were able to put no fewer than 30,000 men on construction work so promptly and smoothly that this country's production of powder was multiplied almost overnight.

AFTER the Powder Company was thoroughly organized and running successfully, Coleman Du Pont undertook to buy and to build on the site of the old Equitable Building—probably the most valuable piece of land of its size in the heart of the financial district of New York—the biggest office building in the world and one of the most conspicuous structures in the skyscraper district of lower Broadway.

The result speaks for itself. The building has a long waiting list of very desirable tenants and is probably the most popular office building in America.

Another illustration of how Coleman Du Pont regards the usefulness of money was afforded when he bought control of the Equitable Life, with its $600,000,000 of assets, and turned over the majority stock to the policyholders, to make mutualization possible, at a loss to him of approximately $2.000,000.

When someone asked him why he voluntarily shouldered such a loss, he off-handedly replied, "I felt that the Company should belong to its policyholders—and I guess I can stand the loss."

WHEN George Boldt died everybody was speculating as to what would become of the Waldorf-Astoria. Mr. Du Pont had already built several hotels and installed very efficient management, and he quietly added the Waldorf to his list.

He told me that the principal reason that he bought the Waldorf was that he had an ideal man to manage it, a man who had made a success of every hotel he had tackled.

Whenever one talks with Du Pont one is impressed by the importance he attaches to selecting the right stamp of men for responsible jobs.

He seeks out men who can produce results.

Having picked a man to put in charge of an enterprise, he gives him all the freedom in the world.

It is the ambition of a great many "comers" in the business world to become one of Coleman Du Pont's lieutenants.

As a qualification for a job with this business generalissimo ability to make and invest wisely is regarded as vitally important. Indeed, this test is generally, and usually to good purpose, coming to be applied by almost every corporation and financier and large employer to-day.

A man who does not succeed in earning for himself more than he spends is looked upon with more or less distrust, the deduction being drawn that if he cannot manage his own affairs successfully, he is not likely to prove able to handle the affairs of others with any better results.

In this connection, it should be added that any man who, having made money, fritters it away by reckless speculation in tenth-rate stocks doesn't thereby commend himself to a prospective employer.

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Now that there are so many high-grade, trustworthy investment bankers and firms ready to give sound advice regarding the purchase of attractive securities, there is little excuse for anyone making foolish purchases of wild-cat oil stocks or the shares of other doubtful ventures.

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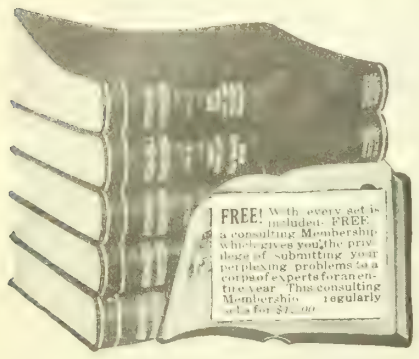
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Roosevelt and the Rat Killer

(*Concluded from page 19*)

the part, and there were the policemen in pairs standing all around the halls. I remembered the story of the rabbit that couldn't climb a tree but had to. So I began a lecture on ferrets.

Vaguely in the back of my mind there was some association between ferrets and hedgerows, probably a trace of something I had read. I began therefore by telling of the lives of ferrets in their native habitat, the hedgerows of England, of their stealthy excursions to the chicken-houses roundabout, of their raiding of the burrows of the neighborhood rabbits. Fortunately, too, I had seen Barclay feed his ferrets, so I enlarged on their ravenous appetites and the savage manner in which they tore raw flesh and devoured it. I told, then, of their stealth and their prowling instincts and their capacity for penetrating to dark corners—that was simple enough, for is not a man of these accomplishments referred to as a "ferret?" I followed the faintest of faint trails in zoology and under the stimulus of desperation turned them into shining highways into the ferret world.

"Are they prolific?" The President shot this question at me with a foreshadowing of that trait which later showed itself so strongly in his campaign against Race Suicide.

BY this time I was beginning to get nearer a state of self-confidence, so I rashly abondoned the more or less conventional lines that marked my recitation of the life story of English ferrets. I instinctively began to garnish my yarn with elements of interest. I assured the President that not only were ferrets not prolific but that they were the most austere of animals. Ferrets had been known to live out their whole lives without mating. Pairs of them had been observed for a decade, living quietly together yet producing no offspring. So the number of ferrets on the earth was comparatively limited. It was the great age to which they lived that counteracted the small birth rate. Like the elephant, they refused to breed in captivity, and so it was only by great expense that we maintained the numbers of our working force in the business of rat elimination.

All of which led up to the use of ferrets for this peculiar purpose. Here I really had a bit of information and was able for the moment to give my creative faculties a rest. I had seen Barclay releasing the ferrets in the conduits and various passage ways that carry the gas pipes and electric wires of the building and that furnish its ventilation. I had seen him station the ratkilling dogs at the openings that offered escape to the fleeing rodents. He had talked to me as he worked and had explained to me that a ferret so released was like a piccaninny in a watermelon patch, or a woman at a bargain counter. Such a situation was, so to speak, the Valhalla of the ferret.

To all this Mr. Roosevelt listened with great care. He but asked an occasional question to direct the course of my talk. He instinctively knew that secret of interviewing which even journalists often fail to learn,—that the interviewer should talk little,—that a man to be worthy of an interview must know his subject and all that is necessary is encouragement and direction.

Ferrets in the conduits, I informed Mr. Roosevelt, went on and on and on and on. They struck a swinging gallop down a passage way and pursued it to its very end. They returned by a marvelous instinct to each branch line and followed it in turn through its tortuous windings. They were instinctive explorers. They looked into every nook and cranny. Noiselessly and tirelessly they pursued their nimrodic course.

THE rat, of course, knows the ferret as its instinctive enemy. As Nature gave the ferret that turn of mind which just fitted it for rat hunting, so was the rat given an instinct that taught it that this stealthy intruder should be given undisputed possession of any property in which it chose to take up an abiding place. As there is an instinct that causes rats to leave leaky ships, so is there an instinct that tells them when there are ferrets about their stamping grounds. And when there are ferrets about the rats go away.

These bits of actual knowledge gave me something of a respite from the difficult task of nature faking a real naturalist, and I would have been more at ease had I not seen disaster looming down upon me from the distance. As I told of the work of the ferrets one question loomed large in my mind. I began to wonder how Barclay got the ferrets back when the hunt was over. He had not enlightened me on this subject. But with animals so unprolific, so long-lived, so expensive, he certainly could not afford to take any chances. His method must be as sure as it was simple. But just how did he manage to get them back?

It was the most natural question in the world. It was inevitable. I saw it coming. It must be answered. But to save me I could not think of a logical answer for that question when the President should reach it. Now, offhand, could *you* frame a logical answer to it? I was getting along pretty well. I had gone far without being tripped up. Despite all that was against me I was making good as an expounder of the science of rat hunting. But here was the rock of my destruction. I was bound for it at a frightful rate and the collision was to be head on.

How did Barclay get the ferrets back?

I led the talk into every byway that presented itself, thus putting off the moment of my finish, the moment when I would betray myself as an imposter, the moment when those White House policemen would take me in charge and turn me over to an unknown fate. I gained much time but the situation slowly drove me back into my corner. Finally the whole story was told. I was talked out. There was but one possible question left to be answered. *How were the ferrets recovered?*

AS the point of the intellectual sword neared my breast there was the sound of footsteps in the distance. No man before a firing squad ever listened more desperately for the galloping of a horse that might bring a reprieve. Finally a rough shoe struck the furnace-room door. It interrupted a question the President was asking. I asked him to repeat.

"When the hunt is over," he was saying, "how do you recover the ferrets?"

"The President was just asking," I said, turning to Barclay, my supposed brother, "how we get the ferrets back when the hunt is over."

I said it debonairly, carelessly. It was nothing in my young life. I stretched and suppressed a yawn. What cared I for a few long-lived ferrets more or less. Let brother get them back.

So he told the President. The ferrets go on and on until they are exhausted. They are good for twelve hours of activity. In that twelve hours they will penetrate to every nook and corner of the building. Every rat and mouse will be sent scurrying. There will not be one left on the premises, although they may be in increased abundance next door. Then the ferrets will return in utter exhaustion to the point where they were released, to the box with the slats across the top which constitutes their idea of a home, and will give themselves up. Barclay said so and Barclay ought to know.

Ink Spots on the Wall

(*Continued from page 39*)

"I think I do, Mr. Cranahan," he said.

"I'm sure you do," said Cranahan. He looked about him. "What do we want, gentlemen? The punishment of this man or the name of the one among us who is a thief?"

There came no articulate answer, but the roar that burst from eleven throats was capable of only one explanation. It meant that the clubmen wanted to know the name of the thief among them.

"I take it," went on Cranahan, "that there'd not be a single objection if I promised to let ye go scot-free. Provided, of course, that ye gratified our natural curiosity. What do ye say, sir?"

The burglar smiled pleasantly. "I say what you expect me to say, Mr. Cranahan: that I've nothing to say."

Cranahan's face darkened. "Life, I'd say, with the crime that we can prove and the others that we can almost prove, and the influence we'd bring to bear—I'd say that no judge would let ye off with less than life."

THE captive smiled at Sinsabaugh, nodding toward the smoking cigar on the edge of the table. Sinsabaugh picked it up and placed it once more between the man's lips. The captive nodded again, then leaned back in his chair, slumping down so that the hands bound behind him should not be pressed against the small of his back. He crossed his legs. He met Cranahan's glare with quiet amusement in his eyes.

The big man did not hesitate. He picked up the telephone. He evidently knew that the man meant what he said. Cranahan had not played poker for nothing. Men's countenances could be read by him.

He asked for a number. "Police Headquarters? . . . This is John Cranahan speaking. I'm at the residence of Prentiss Doane. We've captured a burglar. Send someone up to get him, immediately."

He hung up and turned to his prisoner. "I give ye the credit, sir, of being no weakling. Still, it'll be ten minutes before the police arrive. Ten minutes is long enough."

He turned abruptly from the prisoner. "Let's see the rubies, Doane. I'd like to know what we almost lost."

From a ring Doane selected a tiny key. His finger shook as he scraped away the wax about the lock. He was still nervous, excited. From the moment when he had glimpsed the opened door of the safe to the moment when, his resistance ceasing, the prisoner had surrendered the precious box, Doane had lived in an inferno. One does not dwell in an inferno for even a moment without bearing traces for a while.

It took him a minute to remove the wax and another twenty or thirty seconds to unlock the box. And then, delicately, gingerly, he removed the delicate tissue paper from one huge ruby that throbbed in the electric light as warmly as a human heart. It seemed alive. Gasps of pure delight burst from the lips of the Arm-chair members.

Then, as Doane was about proudly to unwrap another, the doorbell rang. Doane handed the box to Cranahan. He ran to the head of the stairs and greeted three men. They were in civilian clothes, and came, as they announced to Doane, from an uptown police station.

"Where's the crook?" was the question of the leader, a man as burly, almost, as Cranahan or Nebidan.

Doane led them down the hall to the study. The burly leader strode into the room. He took one look at the captive, who still lolled at ease in his chair, puffing his cigar with relish.

"College John, eh?" He turned to Doane. "How'd you land him? College John ain't no fat-wit."

"Saw him leaving my library," said Doane, importantly. "Cornered him down cellar."

"Well, you're the first one that ever did. Usually he don't leave no traces, much less get caught in the act." He stared at the prisoner. "Well, John, education didn't get

you nowhere, did it? You smart guys ain't so smart after all. Why, gents, believe it or not, but this crook has been to college, to universities, studied abroad, had rich bringing up, all that sort of thing. And now look at him." He turned to Doane. "You'll make the charge, eh?"

Doane nodded. The burly leader pursed his lips.

"All right. We'll notify you. Come on, College John. If you'd quit at grammar school and then learned an honest trade you'd be better off now, eh?"

THE prisoner rose. Still insouciant, careless, he permitted the detective to snap handcuffs on his wrist in place of the napkins wherewith he had been tied.

He did not resent the ugly shove from the detective that sent him spinning against Doane.

The latter had taken the box of jewels back from Cranahan.

It was a box only eight inches long by about three deep and four wide. It was not at all bulky. He could hold it in one hand easily.

Yet, as he reeled before the blow of the prisoner's body and put out one hand to steady himself, his foot unaccountably tripped over something. He pitched forward into the arms of one of the two detectives who stood by the door.

His precious box dropped with a crash to the floor.

But the other man bent over and picked it up immediately. It was out of Doane's hand only a second.

And in that second the leader of the detectives had seized the helpless prisoner and, cursing him savagely, was impelling him from the room.

"You needn't be brutal to the man," objected Cranahan.

"Brutal?" laughed the detective. "Wait till we get him at the 'house,' Mr. Cranahan. Trouble with respectable people is they're too tender-hearted. They don't understand——"

His words were cut short by a cry, a scream, hysterical, piercing, that burst from the lips of Doane.

"My box! My box!" shrieked the owner of the Bannerman jewels.

DICK BERNARD was first to catch the significance of Doane's scream. For a moment, when the prisoner had been threatened by Cranahan, and simultaneously been offered the bribe of freedom, Dick had feared that the man would speak.

Feared was the word!

For Nancy Darrell must inevitably be involved in any confession that the prisoner might make, and Nancy Darrell was the one woman in the world.

Then, when the man had smilingly refused to confess, a film had suddenly clouded Dick's eyes.

Nancy was safe—for the moment, at any rate. Dick's gratitude to the man was tremendous.

Dick had resented the brutal push more than Cranahan. So, alert, anxious to protest against mistreatment of the prisoner, he was mentally more ready to grasp the meaning of Doane's cry.

But, quickly as he leaped, the three detectives and their prisoner leaped even more quickly.

The door slammed in Bernard's face. He heard the click of the key even as he reached it.

NOT until after the four men had climbed into the waiting motor, mockingly waving their hands at the men who threatened them from the window of Doane's study, did Dick look at the box. Then, only out of idle curiosity.

It was exactly like the genuine box. Only—wax still remained over the lock.

It was this that had caused Doane's lips to part in a scream, that made him discover the quick substitution by the alleged detectives.

The criminal genius of it all! When burglary failed they had trickery ready. The Doane telephone wires had been tapped. . . . Genius! Nothing less, even though criminal.

He sighed. But not with the fear of the others. In his emotions was mingled something besides fear and anger.

He felt relief. Nancy Darrell had not been captured yet!

Where was the District Attorney? That is the question that was asked when the next crime of the Armchair Club series was committed—in Hearst's for January,

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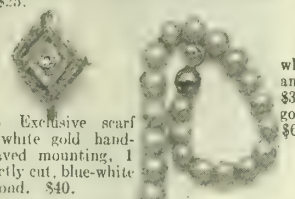

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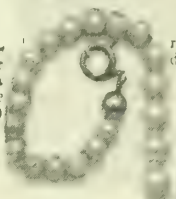

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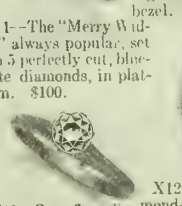

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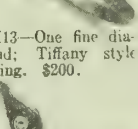



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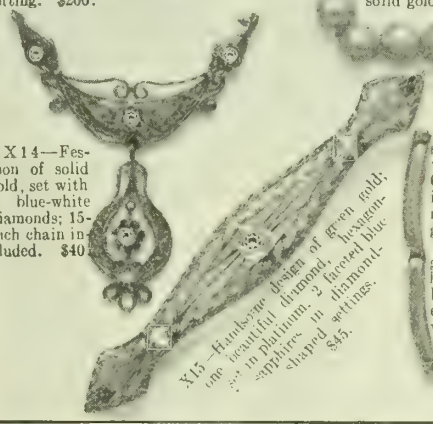

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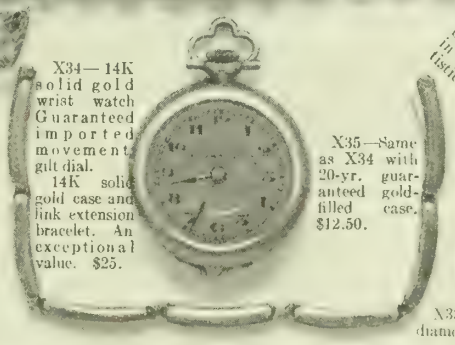

X27—Twin Belcher ring; two blue-white diamonds. $100.


X29—Flat Belcher ring, one superior diamond. $60.

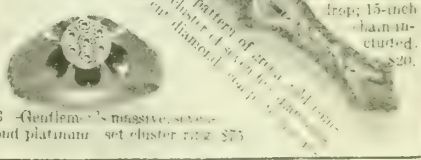

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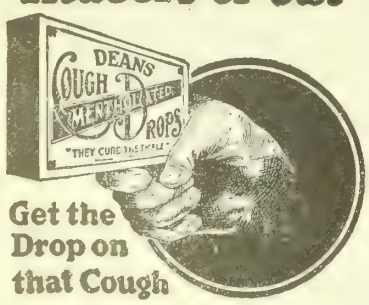
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funny thing a woman can never answer a civil question without losing 'er temper. If I 'adn't kept my eye on 'er I should have 'ad that water over me."

"They don't use their reason," ses Ginger, shaking his 'ead, and stopping at the next door to let 'im go in fust.

There was nobody in that room except a little girl of ten putting 'er little brothers to bed, and the way she carried on when Bob looked in would ha' done credit to a woman of seventy. He came out gasping for breath.

"I'll find 'im though," he ses to Ginger. "I'll find 'im if I 'ave to take all the boards up. Now wot about trying upstairs?"

There was two families in the fust room they went in, and they was both worse than each other. People came out of their rooms to listen and the way they carried on when Ginger and 'is pals paid *them* a visit won't bear repeating. By the time they 'ad got to the second floor the whole 'ouse was roused and standing behind and offering to fight 'em.

Bob and 'is pal went into the fust room on that floor alone cos Ginger and Peter 'ad to stay outside on the landing to keep the crowd back. 'Ard work it was too, one young woman trying to bore 'oles in Peter with a broom-'andle, while a dirty 'and with a wedding-ring on it kept coming out of the crowd and pinching pore Ginger black and blue.

In the middle of it there was a hullabaloo in that room that made 'em all leave off to listen. Deafening it was. People shouting and struggling and things toppling about all over the place. Then Bob and 'is mate came out carrying something that looked like a mad lion wrapped up in a blanket.

"He was in bed, asleep," ses Bob panting, as a couple o' naked legs shot out and kicked anything they could find. "Pull your end o' the blanket down, Joe."

"Wot's he done?" ses a woman, gaping at them.

"Wot 'ave you done, you mean," ses Bob, struggling. "He's been kidnapped."

"And robbed," ses Ginger, shouting with pain as 'e got another pinch.

"It's all right, Sam old man," ses Peter, pulling back the blanket to give 'im a little air. Now—Lor' lumme, this ain't Sam!"

They all started and Bob was so surprised that he let go of 'is end. It was the 'ead end, and the langwidge the old man it belonged to used was awful. Then 'e got up very slow, and, arter feeling his 'ead and using some more langwidge about a bump 'e found there, knocked Bob down.

IN two twos they was all at it; the men fighting and the women screaming. Men Ginger 'adn't seen afore seemed to turn up from nowhere to punch 'im. The four of 'em kept together as well as they could, and even when Ginger got to the bottom of the stairs 'e found the other three on top of 'im. They got outside at last, helped be'ind by the people in the 'ouse, and didn't

Artful Cards

(*Concluded from page 18*)



Then Bob came out, carrying something in a blanket

stop for breath till they was two streets away. Bob Mills found 'is fust, and pretty near got run in for it.

"I ought to take you by rights," ses the policeman. "Wot 'ave you been doing to your face? Treading on it?"

Bob was going to answer 'im but Ginger got his 'and over 'is mouth just in time.

"It's all right, sir" he ses very perlite; "he's on'y a little bit excited. Come on, Bob."

They managed to get 'im round the corner, and then 'e short 'em off and said he never wanted to see 'em again. He went off with 'is mate, and Peter and Ginger, after being refused at three pubs because of their looks, sent a feller in for a bottle o' whiskey to take 'ome with them.

They 'ad a drop or two when they got in-doors, and then they got a bit o' rag and some cold water and began to see wot they could do for their faces.

"And this is all through Sam," ses Ginger, starting to grind 'is teeth and then finding they was too loose to grind.

"It's a mystery," ses Peter, who was sitting on Sam's bed 'olding a wet rag to his eye. "I believe you was right, Ginger. Something seems to tell me we shall never see 'im agin."

Ginger said 'e didn't want to. His mouth was so sore 'e couldn't smoke, and arter another drop or two of whiskey 'e said 'e was going to bed.

HE undressed 'imself very slow, grunting and groaning all the time, and was just getting into bed when Peter 'eld up his 'and.

"Somebody coming upstairs," he ses.

"Let 'em come," ses Ginger, very grumpy.

"It—it can't be Sam!" ses Peter.

"Sounds like 'im," ses Ginger, staring. "It is 'im," he ses, as they both 'eard a noise that Sam used to make when 'e thought 'e was singing.

They stood staring at the door as it opened and Sam came into the room, looking very bright and pleased with 'imself.

"Hullo, mates!" he ses. "Why—wot the—wot 'ave you been doing to yourselves?"

He shook his 'ead, and screwed up 'is lips at 'em.

"It's a funny thing I can't go away for a day or two without you getting into trouble," he ses. "'Tain't respectable."

"Ho!'' ses Ginger, finding 'is voice. "Ho, indeed. This is all the thanks we get for trying to 'elp you, is it? I s'pose you think it's more respectable to lose your trowsis at cards and play in your shirt."

"And a 'tater-sack," ses Peter.

"Trowsis!" ses Sam, staring at 'em. ""Tater-sack? 'Ave you been drinking? Or wot?"

Ginger looked at Peter and then 'e looked very 'ard at Sam.

"Where—'ave—you—been?" he ses, very slow and distinct.

"Been staying with a chap at Stratford," ses Sam, 'elping 'imself to a drink. "My friend Sid told me as he'd 'eard the police was arter 'em for gambling, so I've been staying with a pal of 'is for a few days to let it blow over."

"And—and didn't you write to us?" ses Ginger, as soon as he could speak.

"Wot should I want to write to you for?" ses Sam, putting down 'is glass.

"Money," ses Ginger, looking 'im straight in the eye.

Sam shook his 'ead. "I 'ad enough on me," he ses, "but it was just as well I left that eight quid with you, Ginger. It might 'ave gorn if I 'adn't. Wot was it you was saying about trowsis and 'tater-sacks, Peter?"

"It's a joke of your friend Sid's," says Ginger. "Ask him to tell it to you; you seem to tell 'im everything."

HIM and Peter woke up at five o'clock next morning to go and look for fresh lodgings. Sam didn't wake up till eight, and then, arter reading a couple o' letters 'e found tucked under 'is chin, he went off without any brekfuss to look for Ginger and Peter and Sid and eight quid.

A Man with 7,000 Partners

(*Continued from page 36*)

Total Average Salary	*Estimated Membership Period*	*Savings Deposited by Employee*	*Accumulation of Savings and Profits*
$15.00	5 years	$175.50	$901.22
	10 years	370.50	2,648.55
	15 years	565.50	5,787.53
	20 years	760.50	11,426.56
$20.00	5 years	234.00	$1,201.62
	10 years	494.00	3,531.40
	15 years	754.00	7,716.71
	20 years	1 014.00	15,235.41
$25.00	5 years	$292.50	$1,502.02
	10 years	617.50	4,414.25
	15 years	942.50	9,645.89
	20 years	1,267.50	19,044.26

Men and women alike share the benefits of this plan.

Since it was placed in operation, July 1, 1916, about 500 young women employees have left the firm to be married, withdrawing from the fund an aggregate sum of $150,000.

This sum doubtless helped to establish many happy homes.

NOR is this liberal profit-sharing plan and the opportunity to pay for shares of the company on the instalment plan all that is done in a financial way for the employees. "Anniversary checks" are distributed. "During 1918," explains Mr. Rosenwald, "we distributed $319,000 in anniversary checks. Under this plan employees receiving less than $1,500 a year, after five years of service, receive on their fifth anniversary a check for five per cent. of their annual salary. On their sixth anniversary they receive a check for six per cent., and in the same ratio, up to the tenth anniversary of service, when the anniversary check amounts to ten per cent. of the annual salary, and it continues on that basis thereafter."

WHEN the present plant was opened the company made a ruling that any employee entering a saloon within eight blocks of the plant would be immediately dismissed This order resulted in keeping saloons that far away, and it had a beneficial effect not only upon the employees but upon the whole neighborhood.

The story of Mr. Rosenwald's career? Typically American.

DURING his boyhood, in Springfield, Illinois, where he was born in 1862, he began to hustle when a mere child to earn every dollar possible. His parents were not wealthy. He exercised extraordinary initiative as an earner. His first money was made by selling chromos from door to door in his native town. Regularly he pumped a church organ, for which he received 25 cents. When President Grant came to Springfield to dedicate the President Lincoln monument, Julius made $2.25 selling programs.

HOW he spent his first savings was significant. He secretly bought a tea set for his mother on the twentieth anniversary of her wedding and had it all spread out before she came downstairs in the morning!

At sixteen he entered a clothing store in New York, saved vigorously, and at twenty-one acquired, with a little financial assistance from his father, a small retail clothing business which, by tremendously hard work, he was able to make pay fairly well.

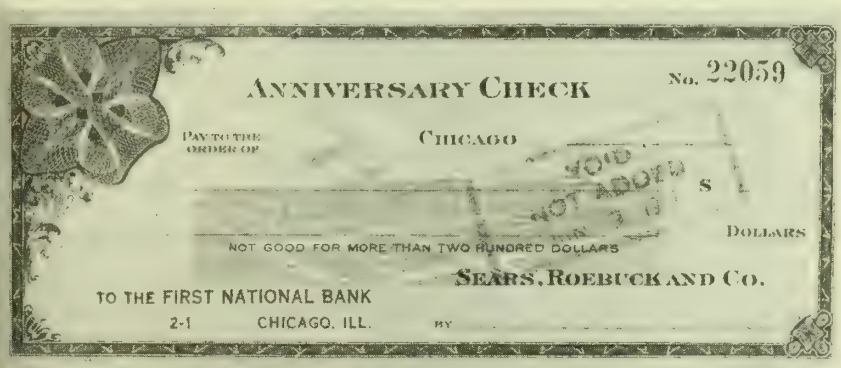
One day while in an establishment which made a specialty of summer clothing for men, one of the partners remarked, "We have at least sixty telegrams for goods and we cannot begin to fill our orders." In the middle of the night the young merchant woke and firmly decided that he would get into this line of business. Finding that there was no factory or store in Chicago catering to this particular trade, he formed a partnership and began the manufacture and wholesale distribution of summer clothing. The business proved profitable. At the end of ten years he withdrew from the firm and branched out as a manufacturer of regular clothing.

ONE of Rosenwald & Company's principal customers was R. W. Sears. This man had had a unique career. While a youthful station agent, near Minneapolis, he began selling watches to other railroad workers, and he did so well that he set up in this business exclusively, doing his selling almost entirely by mail. As business boomed he moved to Chicago, but sold out for $100,000, agreeing not to re-enter the mail-order business under his own name for three years. Six months of idleness and travel cured him of his desire for a life of leisure and he resumed the mail-order jewelry business in Minneapolis under the name of the A. C. Roebuck & Co., Mr. Roebuck having been an ex-employee of Mr. Sears, who, however, never had a financial interest in the business.

When the three years were up, the firm name was changed to Sears, Roebuck and Company, and a fairly large place was opened in Chicago where clothing and other lines were added to the stock carried. Today the market value of the business is over $160,000,000. The new organization succeeded in doing about five hundred thousand dollars of business the first year, 1896. This year, 1919, it will probably reach two hundred and fifty million dollars.

THIS tremendous growth has been based on a solid foundation of honest dealing with the public. At a time when it was the exception rather than the rule to have any ethics in business, Sears, Roebuck & Company struck boldly out with a policy of telling the customer exactly what each piece of merchandise was, and refunded the money if he was not entirely satisfied. They immediately found that many manufacturers' terms were used very loosely. "All wool" might cover anything from all wool to nearly all cotton. It became necessary to establish a merchandise laboratory where all goods on which there could be any question as to the composition or content could be chemically and mechanically tested. The customer is told exactly what each item is. For years dyed muskrat fur has been sold as "Hudson Seal," and skunk fur as "Black Marten." In the Sears, Roebuck & Company's catalog, skunk fur is called skunk fur, and dyed muskrat is called dyed muskrat.

As the business has grown and new lines have been added, it has often been necessary for the company to manufacture, as well as sell, merchandise. At present the firm owns or controls, or has majority output contracts with about forty factories located all over the United States. It is hard to find anything that this firm does not sell. In its catalogs you will find everything from pins to bungalows and from shoestrings to agricultural machinery.



THIS BEING THE 8TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE DATE OF YOUR EMPLOYMENT WITH US, IN RECOGNITION OF YOUR INCREASED VALUE TO THE ORGANIZATION BY REASON OF YOUR YEARS OF SERVICE, WE TAKE PARTICULAR PLEASURE IN HANDING YOU HEREWITH CHECK FOR 8 PER CENT. OF YOUR SALARY FOR THE PAST YEAR.

CORDIALLY,

SEARS, ROEBUCK AND CO.

"Anniversary checks," ranging from 5 to 10 per cent. of a year's salary, are given to employees receiving less than $1,500 a year.

Remove the Film

From Your Teeth—Then Look at Them

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities



Let Your Own Eyes Tell

This is to urge a free ten-day test of a tooth paste which combats the film. See the results and then decide if filmless teeth will pay.

That slimy film which you feel with your tongue is the cause of most tooth troubles. The tooth brush alone doesn't end it. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it.

It clings to the teeth, gets into crevices and stays. That is why teeth brushed twice daily still discolor and decay.

That film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So, despite the tooth brush, all these troubles have been constantly increasing.

Dental science has found a way to combat that film. The way is now embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. It does what nothing else has done. That is the tooth paste we ask you to try —use a ten day tube at our cost and see the results for yourself.

You Do Not End the Film

Your present methods remove food debris, but they do not end the film. So teeth discolor and tartar forms. Wherever the film is, decay may follow.

The use of Pepsodent applies pepsin to the film. The film is albuminous and pepsin is the digestant of albumin. The object is to dissolve the film, then to constantly combat it.

Pepsin long seemed impossible. It must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But dental science has now discovered a harmless activating method. And that has made the constant use of active pepsin possible.

Clinical tests under able authorities have proved the results beyond question. Leading dentists all over America now urge the use of Pepsodent. It is keeping millions of teeth white, safe and clean.

Now we ask you to prove it.

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A Scientific Product—Sold by Druggists Everywhere 261

Send this Coupon for a 10-Day Tube

Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how teeth whiten—how they glisten—as the fixed film disappears.

Do this and then decide between the old ways and the new. Cut out the coupon now.

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... Engineer	Sanitary Engineer
... ... Engineer	... ... Automobile Engineer

Resurrection Rock

(Continued from page 35)

Wheedon; that was the extent of the explanation he made. He had brought the keys to Wheedon and he was going home to Chicago on the earliest train passing in the morning. If Mr. Loutrelle wished, perhaps Wheedon would take him to the Rock tomorrow and let him take out his things; Bagley was "through."

Under the circumstances, Barney saw nothing better to do than also stay at Wheedon's for the night. He thought he saw lights on the Rock after midnight, and so reported to Wheedon, who replied, "Yes, one often saw lights on the Rock, but nobody would be there."

Barney went to sleep but got up early to see Bagley; Barney even went part of the way to the railroad with Bagley, endeavoring to make the man admit what had happened to frighten him off; but Barney got no satisfaction and no further information of any sort. When he figured that the people at St. Florentin would be up, he turned back and called there, asking for Ethel; her grandfather admitted him and took him to the office where her grandfather entertained him.

Ethel had ceased to feel excitement; too great agitation this morning had confused and betrayed her; she could see plainly now the mistake she had made.

"I THOUGHT all the time that Bagley must be the person you were to meet at the Rock," she said. "Even after Asa told me what sort of a man he was I thought he had been sent there to meet you."

"No," Barney said. "If you saw him, you couldn't think of him as a principal at all."

"But I didn't see him; and when Asa told me that Bagley was at Wheedon's—and he didn't know about you being there——"

"I hadn't come there when Asa stopped in."

"No; so, not knowing of anybody else at the Rock, I thought they had killed you. But of course it was some one who arrived at the Rock after Bagley had shut you out and you had followed him to Wheedon's."

"Yes; I think that's pretty clear," Barney agreed. "But who was he?"

"Do you suppose Bagley knows? I mean, do you think Bagley knew that some one else was coming to the Rock last night?"

"Perhaps," Barney considered doubtfully. "It's possible, but when I think over the way Bagley acted I don't believe it's probable; that is, Bagley is the sort of man who's square to the fellow who pays him; and if he knew that Clarke or some one from Clarke was due at the Rock last night, Bagley would have stuck it out for a few hours longer. I picked him for plain scared, Miss Carew, at the idea of waiting at the Rock with me for something to happen which he didn't know anything about."

"You think that the man who came was Clarke?"

"No; because Bagley was too certain Clarke was still in Europe, and if Clarke was here he would have taken Bagley more into his confidence."

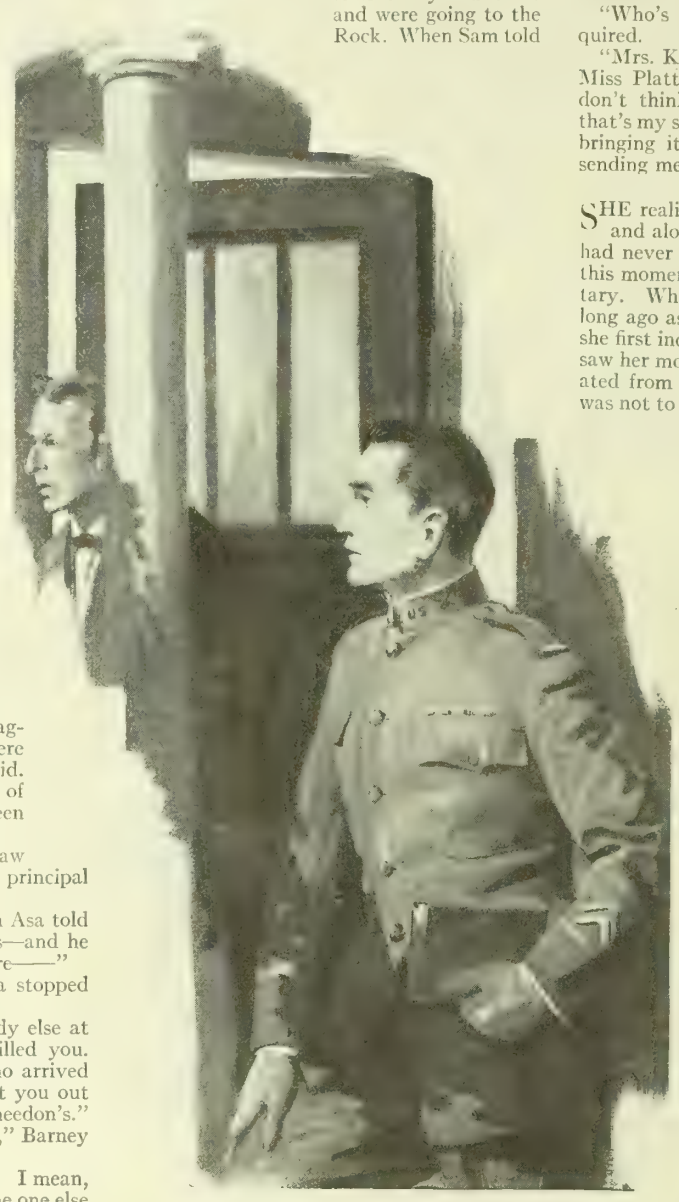
"Then you think the person who came wasn't even connected with Clarke."

"Certainly it would seem so."

"My grandfather knows, of course," Ethel said with amazing, unreal recollection that she was sitting there with a young man, almost a stranger to her, trying to figure out the facts of a crime which her grandfather knew all about. "That telegram from my Uncle Lucas in Chicago, which Asa brought when we were at dinner, probably told about the man. But if he came from Chicago he was before us; we know no one got off our train but ourselves and there was no other train from Chicago yesterday. So he would have been about here when we arrived. But there was no stranger about or we'd have heard of it from Sam or Asa or somebody, as we heard about Bagley."

"There was the fellow who slept in the snow in the shack opposite the cabin where we had tea."

"Yes," Ethel said. "And I think my grandfather knew he was about yesterday afternoon. You see, grandfather was disturbed and expecting something yesterday when he called me up at the cabin before he knew you'd come and were going to the Rock. When Sam told



Barney heard a shot in the direction of the shore . . . and cries

us about Bagley I thought that accounted for grandfather's interest. But I am sure now it was the other man being about. I think Kincheloe was out in the afternoon looking up that man and I think—I think," she hazarded with the certainty of one of those lucid instants when in the mind a number of confused incidents become clear, "that the telegram from my uncle told my grandfather not so much the man was here, but who he was and what his presence meant. You see, after that we had prayers and grandfather sent Kincheloe out again and grandfather waited in his house with his rifle loaded. He wasn't sure whether Kincheloe, or the other man, was coming back from the Rock to his house."

She slid down from the counter upon which she had been sitting. "What are we in, you and I?" she asked suddenly, shivering.

He put his hands steadyingly upon her arm. "I got you into it," he accused himself. "You know I'd no idea what it would do to you or I'd turned back yesterday."

His hold warmed her; she liked him for that grasp, neither too firm nor too weak, nor claiming any unpleasant proprietorship in her because she had gone from her grandfather's house with him. While they had been talking, she knew now that he had been thinking throughout more about the effect of these events upon her than upon himself.

He took his hand from her as soon as she ceased quivering and, turning about to the gray glass of the old store window, he observed, as she had been seeing, that some one was bringing out the sled and team which Sam Green Sky yesterday had driven and was pulling up before her grandfather's house. It appeared to be Sam who was in the seat; he got down and went into the house to reappear quickly, carrying a suitcase which he placed on the sled; a woman followed.

"Who's leaving the house?" Barney inquired.

"Mrs. Kincheloe," Ethel said, recognizing Miss Platt's brown muskrat coat. "But I don't think she is going away. I believe that's my suitcase which Sam carried. She's bringing it to me; you see, grandfather is sending me off."

SHE realized that she ought to feel cut off and alone; but she did not. Indeed, she had never felt lonely in all her life. Up to this moment—it seemed—she had been solitary. When she had had her father, even so long ago as the days on the old ranch when she first inquired of her father why she never saw her mother's people, she had been separated from others by some secret which she was not to be told. The fact that her father knew the secret, and would not tell her, was in itself something which shut her out from him. No one ever had been in the same situation as she in regard to that unknown, all controlling circumstance, until she met this stranger who had come to her with her father's name seeking St. Florentin and Resurrection Rock. She could not yet even guess how it might be that he—that little white boy living with the Indians back from the Charlevoix road—had been caught by events which also had ensnared her on the Powder River ranch; it was plain only that they had been caught together.

"I think I'm glad he's sending me away," Ethel decided. "It's saving me explanations. You see, I ought to be going this morning; one of us should be in Chicago right now."

She repeated "one of us" again unconsciously, including him with her in the way they both were thinking but which neither had yet quite confessed. She would not have planned to phrase it so; but now that she had, she would not alter it. "We know that Kincheloe—and my grandfather—had somebody killed. But who? We don't know; and I think we'll find out up here. We can't prove even that anyone came to the Rock after you left last night. And if we could, we couldn't show any reason why Kincheloe and my grandfather should make away with him. We know there is a reason, but what—what is it, do you suppose?" she appealed to Barney, her emotions for a moment overcoming her attempt to reason. "What has my grandfather against you and me? Who was it that he dare not let you meet? What—oh, what did my dead father want to say to you?"

Again that morning had her words, forcing themselves out, told her what she had not yet admitted to herself. Yesterday, and last night, she had refused to accept the substance of that letter from London as an actual experience to be seriously held; but this morning her ideas were deepening.

"Did you notice the device carved on the mantel in the big room on Resurrection Rock?" she asked Barney suddenly.

"No; why?"

"It reminded me of your ring. Look at it when you go out there."

She saw him startle and his hand automatically, at mention of the ring, had gone to his pocket. She saw his fingers feel for the ring as innumerable times before they must have done; and her witnessing of this simple, unconscious habit by which he was accustomed to assure himself that he still held safe his sole chance of connection with his own people sent a pang through her.

Just then the sled from her grandfather's ouse drew up before the store building. am Green Sky, cheerful and chewing, was iving and Miss Platt was observantly erect eside Ethel's suitcase.

Sam stopped the horses and as Miss latt prepared to get down, Barney asked thel:

"What do you want me to tell her?"

"SHE asked me to inform you that she had carefully packed all your cloth-g and other articles," Barney reported, miling slightly when he returned.

"Since you have defied his authority your randfather does not require you to return o his house; but as he is responsible for you hile here, Mrs. Kincheloe will see you fely aboard the train."

"He doesn't want me to see him again," thel said, "or Kincheloe. About my ople," she reverted. "They've never been y people—except grandmother. The rest them—grandfather and my uncles—only retended to be mine when my father was ive. I've told you my father never had ything to do with them and you heard randmother say that my mother broke with randfather."

"Yes."

"I was thinking a good deal about my other and my father last night, Mr. Lou-elle. It seems—it seems," she repeated, hat last November, and then a few weeks ter, my father tried to send you some essage. Why was that, do you suppose? hy didn't he try to send it to me?"

"Were you trying to get a message from m?"

"No; I never thought of it. What's that do with it?"

"Everything, they say."

"Who?"

"Oh, people like the Adleys who think ey know about such matters. You under-and, I don't claim to know much myself; ut I've often heard them discussing methods communication with those on 'the other de of the veil.' "

"That's what they call—Heaven?"

"Frequently. On that other side—they y—are any number of people, who recently ere here and are mightily concerned about s who still are here and who want to com-unicate with some of us but can't because ot enough of us do what is necessary to ve them a chance."

SHE drew her shoulders up quickly and walked in the snow upon the floor. "All my life, I've known that my father as hiding something he held against my other's family; and I've known that, aving to hide it, and not to act and to o something about it other than to avoid em all himself, was hard for him. I never ew till an hour ago that my mother was gainst the others, too. Knowing that, think that if my mother had lived she d father would have come to the issue ith grandfather, but since she died, father uld not. He loved her so and perhaps r my sake he decided he couldn't take tion. I wonder if, after he was dead d perhaps saw mother, he learned that e wished justice—justice, whatever that ay be—to be done; I wonder if that was hat father was trying to tell you for me?"

She stopped walking and stood at the gray indow, gazing vacantly at her grandfather's ge house beyond the edge of the deserted llage.

"The other side of the veil," she repeated. I've heard that before but I never thought uch about it. A veil—only a veil, they y, between here and where my father is. o you believe that, Mr. Loutrelle? . . . In at case," she went on, not waiting when he d not immediately answer, "he would know e situation here and what should be done d who would be affected much more defi-tely than I'd supposed; and he would . . ." he turned about to Barney and checked erself from continuing this speculation.

SHE glanced down the road a hundred paces where Miss Platt, with iff impatience, was waiting on the sled. Ethel knew that Barney would escort her o the sled but this was her last moment lone with him; and he, also recognizing , asked:

"Where are you going in Chicago? To be articular, how are you planning to live? ou've let me know your present circum-tances; and now you'll not be going to your ncle's?"

"No; but there are any number of places or a girl in Chicago."

"You've money?"

"Oh, yes."

"How much?" he demanded unequivocally.

"With me about thirty-five dollars."

"That'll take you to Chicago."

"And more, too. I've my return mileage."

"That's good; now beyond the thirty-five dollars, have you more in the bank?"

"No," she confessed, flushing a little.

"I've about a hundred and twenty dollars," he informed her, putting a hand in a pocket. "Will you take a hundred?"

"No," she said uncomfortably. "Of course not."

"Why not?"

"I can't take money from"—she halted.

"Me? Then there's someone else you prefer to have——"

"No," she denied quickly. "No. I've friends, of course; but I can look out for myself, surely."

"Have you ever supported yourself?"

"No; but——"

"I've always made my living and, besides, I'm the one to carry the expenses of our"—he hesitated over describing their compact and then said—"investigations."

"But I don't need money now."

HE refrained from over-urging and withdrew his hand from his pocket. "You'll let me know, by wire, where you'll stop?"

"Yes," she promised.

"Where'll you stay?"

He considered. "I don't know. Maybe at Wheedon's; perhaps at the Rock. I'll go there right away, of course. I may decide to stay. What do you know about Wheedon?"

"Not much more than you can judge. Marcellus Clarke paid him for what he did; it's possible, if grandfather wanted something different done he might pay more."

"And Wheedon would do it?"

"He'd do—or omit doing—small things, I think."

"I believe I can make out Redbird; he's enough like Azen Mabo; if he believes that we're right, we can count on him."

"He believes," Ethel said, "that someone was killed at the Rock last night and that my grandfather was at the bottom of it."

SHE gave him her hand in good-by and, when he took it, the clasp surprised both of them with its restoration of the passion of the moment when she had put her hand upon him before her grandfather.

"I'd like to feel that you do not ask me to forget that," he said, not describing it, so wholly was it in their pulses. "Do you?"

"No," she said, scarcely audibly; and then, firmly, "No."

"I can't stay here unless I'll know where you'll be and how you're doing, Miss Carew," he said, releasing her. "So even if you have nothing particular to report, you'll let me know about yourself."

"Yes," she promised, "if you do the same."

"I will." He opened the door and, escorting her to the sled, gave her over to Miss Platt's keeping. Sam chirruped to his horses.

"Not so cold as yesterday." Miss Platt offered impersonal conversation.

WHAT a marvelous woman was Miss Platt, Ethel thought. Last night her husband had killed someone; and outwardly Miss Platt was as unruffled as ever, as meticulous about the details of her attire and the arrangement of her lusterless hair. But what was that which was done last night? To whom was it done? And why?

The precise, imperturbable person seated beside Ethel and calmly conversing, undoubtedly knew; but nothing could make her tell. Ethel felt a mad impulse to seize her and shake her with the wild idea of shaking the knowledge out of that prim, stiffly poised head. But of course Ethel Carew continued to sit quietly beside Mrs. Merrill Kincheloe while Sam Green Sky obeyed the orders of Lucas Cullen and drove them to the railroad. Thus, replying now and then to Miss Platt's observations about the snow, the forest and general current topics, she went on to take the train to Chicago.

Who could have known, in London, that a letter addressed to Ethel, in Chicago, would reach her there? But someone must have—in Hearst's for January.

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116 Strongfort Institute, NEWARK, N. J.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of Hearst's, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for Oct. 1, 1919. State of New York, County of New York, ss: Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared E. R. Crowe, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Hearst's and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, and business manager are: Publisher, International Magazine Company, 119 West 40th St., New York, N. Y.; Editor, K. M. Goode, 119 West 40th St., New York, N.Y.; Managing Editor, Kendall Banning, 119 West 40th St., New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, E. R. Crowe, 119 West 40th St., New York, N. Y. 2. That the owners are: International Magazine Company, 119 West 40th St., New York, N. Y.; Stockholders: W. R. Hearst, 137 Riverside Drive, New York, N. Y.; M. V. Hearst, 137 Riverside Drive, New York, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: Columbia Trust Company, 60 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; M. V. Hearst, 137 Riverside Drive, New York, N. Y.; W. R. Hearst, 137 Riverside Drive, New York, N. Y.; Arthur Brisbane, 238 William St., New York, N. Y.; Lina Strauss, 27 West 72nd St., New York, N. Y.; George J. Gould, 165 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; E. H. Gary, 856 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Samuel Untermeyer, 37 Wall St., New York, N. Y.; H. O. Shepard Company, Chicago, Illinois; George W. Perkins, 71 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; James Speyer, 1058 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. (Signed) E. R. Crowe, business manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of September, 1919. B. S. Deuse, Notary Public, New York County. (My commission expires March 30th, 1921.) (Seal)

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Civilian Clothes

(Concluded from page 47)

McGinnis.—If you're my wife, you'll go with me to Hell!

Florence—I'd rather go there than to Racine.

IT dawns upon McGinnis that his wife is ashamed of him—that back in the old home she has become a thorough snob. He determines to teach her a lesson.

McGinnis (quietly) — Did anybody ever tell you you were a snob?

Florence—I'm not a snob—I can't explain it—but it's something any woman can understand. It's not Racine—it's only the clothes—it's what they stand for. When I first came in and saw the clothes before I saw your face I thought you were one of the applicants who had come for the butler's place, and it's you, Sam; it's the way you look and act—something that makes me want to get away when you touch me, Sam.

McGinnis—And you're my wife!

Florence (ashamed of herself but determined) I hate myself for it, Sam, but I can't help it. It's been growing since the moment I saw you. Over there we were all trying to do one thing and the bigness of what we were trying to do blotted out all differences and made us one, but over here it's not that way. We belong to different classes, Sam; and I'm afraid they don't mate—

McGinnis—And when I got myself shot to pieces and gassed I thought I was helping to make the world safe for democracy. You are making me wish I hadn't come back.

Florence—Sam!

McGinnis—Yes, Mrs. McGinnis, you're a damned sight worse snob than I took you for. Of course I'm common and vulgar, and got no manners. I know it. You've been doing nothing all your life but learning manners. My manners I got from the streets and my education from night school, but I've made a civil engineer of myself and I'm going up. Manners and sensations—that's what you and your kind live on—that's what you went to France for—just to get a new sensation—and you met me. All right, you're my wife, and now I'm going to give you another sensation—

Florence—What are you going to do?

McGinnis—Do? You're a snob—I'll be a snob too!

Florence—What!

McGinnis—I'll have manners, and while I'm learning I'll educate you too. I'm going to give you a little lesson in democracy—

Florence—You mean you are going to learn manners from me?

McGinnis—Good Lord, no! I'll learn 'em from the servants—

Florence—The servants? I don't understand—

McGinnis—Perfectly simple. I'm going to take that job in this house as butler that seems to be vacant—

Florence—Sam, you're mad. You can't do a thing like that! You can't and you're not going to. They won't employ you—I won't permit it!

McGinnis—If you don't want the full story of this marriage to come out—if you don't want your divorce fought to a finish in the open, and you know I'll fight to a finish—you'll permit it. Where do you think your proud Lanham name would be. Do you think there would be much sympathy for a wife who deserted her husband after he was wounded and had won two decorations?

Florence—Please take me to Racine—I promise—Honestly, I won't—

McGinnis—Look down on my father? Oh, that's not what I'm afraid of—I'm afraid he'll look down on you—

Florence—What!

McGinnis—He's very old-fashioned, you know. He wears horn-rim spectacles and chews tobacco—I can just see him sitting on his bench working over a shoe—chewing tobacco and looking over his specs at you—"Yes, Sam, she's a good looker, all right, and she sure is highfalutin'—can she cook?" "No, dad." "Make clothes?" No, dad." "Keep house?" "No, dad." "Take care of the baby?" "No, dad." "What are you going to do with her, Son? Put her in the movies?" Then how would I feel? No, I won't take any wife to my father's house that I'd be ashamed of. I'm a snob and I couldn't stand for my wife being looked down on by the best cobbler in Racine.

AS butler in the Lanham home, Sam begins his fight for his own and Florence's happiness. "Oh, I'll learn manners," he promises her. "And even if you don't learn democracy, a butler-husband ought to be a pretty good cure for snobbishness!" McGinnis succeeds amazingly well in his new profession, and Florence, exasperated by his calm enjoyment of the situation, begs him to relent and go away.

Florence—I do believe you have the soul of a servant—

McGinnis—I've got the job of a butler, Miss—I am a married man—I have to look into the future.

Florence—I could have stood everything—everything, but this. Don't you see the position you've gotten me into? Oh, if I'd only had the courage to face the notoriety—the unpleasantness—then—But I thought you'd be an utter failure—a joke—and they would get rid of you immediately—

McGinnis—Only you forgot my army training—

Florence—How could the army train you to be a butler?

McGinnis—Whenever he saw the General, my Colonel was a perfect butler—

Florence (between hope and despair)—Now, if you're a gentleman you'll give me cause for divorce. Any gentleman would.

McGinnis (shrewdly)—Of course. Most gentlemen would long ago. But you see I'm a butler, and butlers are essentially moral.

BUT when Florence discovers one of her most attractive women guests carrying on a flirtation with her butler-husband, and overhears Sam turning down an offer of $20,000 to supervise the construction of a railroad in South America, all in the same evening, she grows thoughtful. Her conviction that Sam has been deliberately teaching her a lesson is confirmed by her talk with Sam's gentle old father. She finds that Sam, too, is a "snob," after his fashion.

McGinnis, Sr.—I've been mighty worried about the girl Sam would marry; you know Sam is what you call a "snob"—

Florence—(amazed)—Sam a snob?

McGinnis, Sr.—Yes, all folks that gets ahead in this world are snobs. That's what puts them ahead. They're snobs about positions, snobs about money, snobs about society, snobs about what they can do, ability and *religion.* Why, religion's just full of 'em. Some of the durndest snobs I ever knew was church snobs—absolutely certain they're the only people in the world got a speaking acquaintance with God. Sam's a snob about his ability—and that's the best kind of a snob, because those ability snob, have to live up to what they think they are, and the better they get the better they think they are, so they keep goin' and goin' till the rest of us ain't got a chance. Rockefeller, Schwab and Wilson—they're ability snobs. And then Sam's a terrible snob about coming from the common people. You know that boy wouldn't take a million dollars for being able to say—"My father's a shoemaker—" When he's going strong, he calls it "cobbler." Of course, I *was* a cobbler, but it's a factory now. I'm thinkin, Sam never mentioned that?

Florence—(A light breaking)—No, he never did.

McGinnis, Sr.—(Smiling with appreciation of Sam's weakness)—Maybe, daughter, you're wondering and thinking I oughtn't to be saying all this, but I have my reasons—

My boy Sam is the world to me—he's all I have—all I live for, all I have lived for since his mother left him to me, and I wouldn't tell him what I've told you for anything, but you are his wife. You love him. And remember that if a man and woman are to be happy together, they don't have to worry about each other's strength, but they must understand and handle each other's weaknesses. That's why I've tipped you off on Sam.

SO Florence, cured of her snobbishness beyond any possibility of relapse, goes to Sam McGinnis and asks for a chance to keep the promise she made to him in France—her promise to him to be a loyal, true wife.

Florence—Oh, Sam, I've come back to you—won't you forgive me? I love you, Sam. I love you. I've lost all my snobbishness—I'm cured—Sam—I'm cured.

"Ramsey Milholland"

(Concluded from page 49)

well dotted with ants, from his plate. Scarlet, he picked it up, but did not eat it. For the first time in his life he felt that eating fried chicken held in the fingers was not to be thought of. He replaced the "drumstick" upon his plate and allowed it to remain there untouched, in spite of a great hunger for it.

Having looked down, he now found difficulty in looking up, but gazed steadily at his plate, and into this limited circle of vision came Milla's delicate and rosy fingers, bearing a gift. "There," she said in a motherly little voice. "It's a tomato mayonnaise sandwich and I made it myself. I want you to eat it, Ramsey."

His own fingers approached tremulously as he accepted the thick sandwich from her and conveyed it to his mouth. A moment later his soul filled with horror, for a spurt of mayonnaise dressing had caused a catastrophe the scene of which occupied no inconsiderable area of his right cheek, which was the cheek toward Milla. He groped wretchedly for his handkerchief but could not find it. Sudden death would have been relief; he was sure that after such grotesquerie Milla could never bear to have anything more to do with him: he was ruined.

In his anguish he felt a paper napkin pressed gently into his hand; a soft voice said in his ear, "Wipe it off with this, Ramsey. Nobody's noticing."

So this incredibly charitable creature was still able to be his friend even after seeing him mayonnaised! Humbly marvelling, he did as she told him but avoided all further risks. He ate nothing more.

BUT Milla was all of eighteen and as forward in love as she was backward in school. With the skill of experience she led the stumbling Ramsey onward step by step. Evening after evening they strolled together in the dusk of the village streets. Ramsey used to wonder if they were engaged.

After their walk one evening Milla glanced up at the dark front of the house. "I guess the family's gone to bed," she said absently.

"I s'pose so."

"Well, good-night, Ramsey." She said this, but still did not release his arm, and suddenly, in a fluster, he felt that the time he dreaded had come. Somehow, without knowing where, except that it was somewhere upon what seemed to be a blurred face too full of obstructing features, he kissed her.

She turned instantly away in the darkness, her hands over her cheeks; and in a panic Ramsey wondered if he hadn't made a dreadful mistake.

"S'cuse me!" he said, stumbling toward the gate. "Well, I guess I got to be gettin' along back home."

HE woke in the morning to a great self-loathing: he had kissed a girl. Mingled with the loathing was a curious pride in the very fact that caused the loathing, but the pride did not last long. He came downstairs, morbid, to breakfast, and continued this mood afterward. At noon Albert Paxton brought him a note which Milla had asked Sadie to ask Albert to give him.

DEARIE: I am just wondering if you thought as much about something so sweet that happened last night as I did you know what. I think it was the sweetest thing.

Moisture broke out heavily upon him; he felt a definite sickness, and, wishing for death, went forth upon the streets, to walk and walk. He cared not whither, so that his feet took him in any direction away from Milla, since they were unable to take him away from himself—of whom he had as great a horror. Her loving face was continually before him, and its sweetness made his flesh creep. Milla had been too sweet.

When he met or passed people, it seemed to him that perhaps they were able to recognize upon him somewhere the marks of his low quality. "Softy! Ole sloppy fool!" he muttered, addressing himself. "Slushy ole mush! . . . *Spooner!*"

Speaking Likenesses

(*Concluded from page 24*)

A STALWART FOE OF MONOPOLY

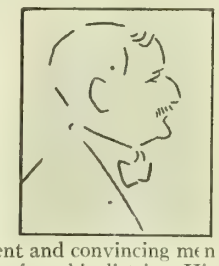


is the introduction and passage of the Webb-Kenyon Act to stop the shipment of liquor into dry territory. Perhaps the most brilliant of the Kenyon battles in the Senate was the long fight against the pork-barrel. Kenyon and Burton of Ohio fought the mighty River and Harbor Bill for three sessions. Burton talked one week against it once, and Kenyon talked the next week. It was a tireless and triumphant filibuster of two men who finally triumphed in reducing a seventy-seven-million pork-barrel to twenty-five millions. These two achievements carried Kenyon to the front rank of the Senate, where he remains.

The junior Senator from Iowa is a practical statesman. He has maintained a vital interest in labor legislation as Chairman of the Senate Committee on Labor and Education. He has secured the passage of a notable bill for vocational training for men injured in industry. He has also had reported an interesting measure for Federal Aid for assisting people of moderate means to secure homes. Just now Senator Kenyon is fighting with his whole heart for a bill to regulate the packers' monopoly. The measure to that end bearing the Kenyon name has been the target for more abuse and propaganda from the packers than any other bill in Congress.

This quiet and comely Senator, sitting in a rear seat on the Republican side of the aisle, is a model of unobtrusive but ceaseless usefulness to his constituents and his country. National legislation and the country's welfare are safe in the hands of men of such integrity, sanity and clean purpose as Wm. S. Kenyon of Iowa.

THE HOUSE LEADER OF THE REPUBLICANS



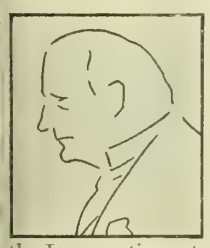
was nurtured amid the traditions of rail splitting and self-made men. He has risen from the bottom to the top by sheer force of industry, purpose and character.

While Frank Mondell was Mayor of the little town of Newcastle, which was grown in a night, he was elected to the State Senate of Wyoming without his consent. He refused to accept, except upon the condition that he was not to make a campaign, as he was no speaker. It is a striking commentary upon the evolution of American politics that Frank Mondell is now one of the ablest and readiest speakers in the House of Representatives. He made 200 speeches upon the Underwood Tariff bill alone. He speaks freely, in clear, polished sentences, with ringing vitality, and is one of the most eloquent and convincing men in the Republican ranks. He has been elected eleven times to Congress from his district. His individuality, clearness, sound views, high integrity, and perfect temper have impressed themselves upon his colleagues, until he was chosen leader over the heads of some of the oldest and most famous members of his party.

He has made set speeches on the army, the navy, the tariff, the merchant marine, the trusts, the currency, the public lands, the Panama Canal, the situation in Mexico, prohibition, woman suffrage, and has, in many debates, shown wide knowledge on questions like dry farming, geology, good roads, government expenses, conservation, waterpower sites, coal mining, transportation and banking.

The House is indebted to the Commonwealth of Wyoming for one of the most distinctly successful leaders the Republican Congress has ever known.

THE MOST MAJESTIC FIGURE IN CONGRESS



again the chosen leader of the minority. He refused the United States Senatorship from Missouri, offered by appointment of Missouri's Governor, to succeed Senator Stone. In 1912 he led the National Democratic Convention at Baltimore, as its candidate for President, for twenty-nine consecutive ballots, and had a clear majority for nine ballots, which, by all precedents of his party, entitled him to receive the two-thirds majority necessary to nominate. He went down before the star of Woodrow Wilson's destiny, and instantly gave Wilson his loyal and eloquent support in the campaign and, subsequently, in the two administrations of that remarkable man. No record more illustrious, save one, is written in the annals of the Democratic party.

When Clark was a candidate at Baltimore, it was said of him that he was the most presidential looking man, excepting John C. Breckinridge, who ever faced the ballots of a convention. Of superb stature, with stately dignity joined to kindly manner, massive in mien and character, he elicited the idolatrous devotion of his followers, and would have made a picture for the nations if he had been chosen to the White House. No greater courage, personal and civic, and no more Roman integrity was ever framed in a magnificent statue of manhood. He would not deign to flatter Neptune for his trident nor Jupiter for his power to thunder.

No ordinary man could have held so long the unstinted respect and affection of a great group of American statesmen—without regard to party. When he was a Democratic candidate for President many of his loftiest tributes came from the Republican ranks, which fought his policies day by day. The great Missourian is surely among the immortals.

THE LAST OF THE PLANTER STATESMEN



versity of Virginia at Charlottesville, he has polished his American culture in the University of Heidelberg and by world travel. Excepting only Lodge, there is no such scholar in politics in the American Senate. His knowledge is encyclopedic, his training and discipline of mind fit him to rank as an intellectual gladiator in the world's highest arena of debate, and his courage is of that dauntless type which makes him shrink from no contest and acknowledge no superior in the forum of debate.

The senior Senator from Mississippi has quicted down somewhat in these later years. But the fund of knowledge and the tongue of eloquence is still there, and needs only to be roused to scintillate upon the dazzled Senate.

Wise, sound and patriotic, enlisting the respect of the whole country by the sanity and force of his public utterances, the cotton planter of the Yazoo has abated not an iota of his loyalty to the traditions and customs of Dixie. He is a sleepless sentinel upon the honor and the records of the South, and singular as it may seem, the flash of an eloquence that is almost sectional in its devotion and intensity does not antagonize the catholic spirit of his contemporaries from other sections. The John Sharp Williams tongue is the rapier of the Democratic administration—the champion in season and out of season of the President and his policies. There is no man in the Senate whom Woodrow Wilson more cordially admires and more implicitly trusts.

When the enduring roll of modern American statesmen is called, the Commonwealth of Mississippi will proudly present for the front rank the name of her senior Senator, John Sharp Williams, the Last of the Planter Statesmen.



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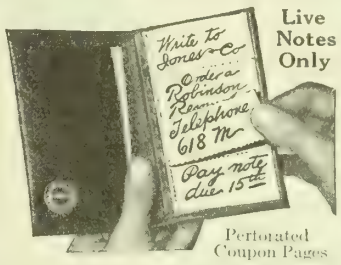
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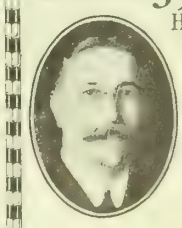
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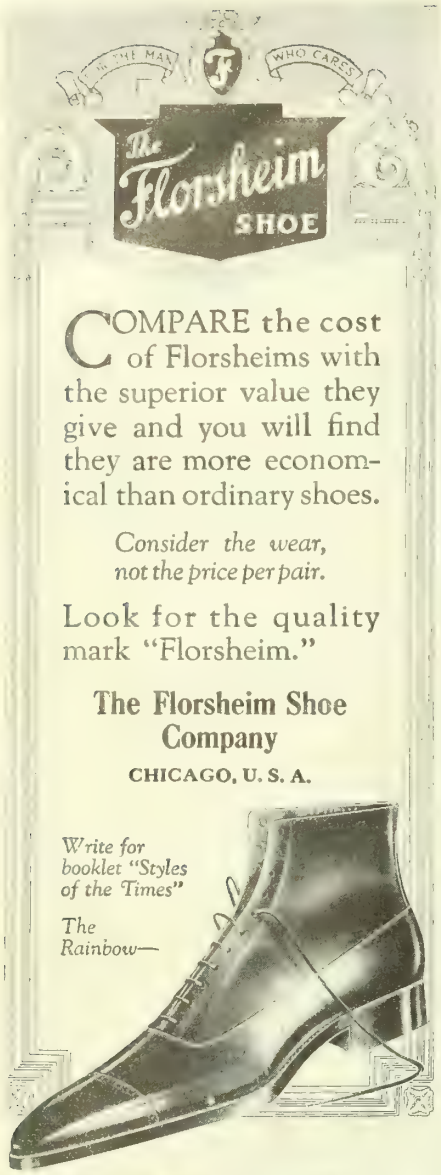


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An Amateur Knight Errant

(*Concluded from page 27*)

THEN he hesitated. There was something queer about all this. The smile and then the flare of very genuine indignation—these were no part of such underworld tactics as were familiar to him. Moreover, her eyes—

"This is new to me," he went on. "I'm sorry if I riled you. But if you're in the habit of flashing a smile like that at men on the street, this can't be the first time you've been——"

This time it was she who started to move on. But, as the look of keen unhappiness settled again over her face the man saw it. And once more he stopped her.

"I'm not being a 'beast,'" he said. "And, of course, it's none of my business. But you look as if you were pretty sore on life. So am I, for that matter. I wonder if there's anything I could do for you?"

"Yes, there's something you can do for me. You can go back to the stage entrance of the Hyperion Theater. You can hang around there," pursued Ruth, "till the rehearsal is over. That ought to be pretty soon now. And when a long, lank, yellow-faced and jimber-jawed man comes out, you can ask him, politely, if he is Mr. Leroy Egan. And if he says he is, then you can punch his face till it falls off."

The man laughed. It was a pleasant laugh.

"It seems quite a simple favor," he replied. "The only annoying thing about it is the scene in the police court, to-morrow morning; and then the quaint little headlines in the evening papers: *'Clubman Sends Rival to Hospital in Quarrel Over Actress!'* All men who wear linen collars are 'clubmen,' in night-life newspaper yarns. You *are* an actress, I suppose?" he added, looking with new eyes on the garishness of the make-up.

"Well," she said, reflectively, "Some people used to say I'd become one. And in 'The City of Song,' I had a whole line to speak. I had to look off, R. U. E., and shout, 'Ah, here she comes, now!' But it seldom got me any deafening applause; and never an encore. And pretty soon a girl let Mr. Egan carry her grip, in return for his taking that lovely line away from me and giving it to her. Since then, I've just been a merry villager and a milkmaid and a Confused Noise-Without, and things like that. I'm explaining all this, so you won't get the idea that I'm Bernhardt or Ethel Clayton in disguise. You see, I'm fired. That's why I'd so dearly love to see Mr. Egan split up into small independent republics. It was he who fired me."

He had fallen into step at her side, and was listening with real interest.

"LISTEN!" she interrupted herself. "Here I've been blabbing about my troubles to an outsider that they can't interest; and you've been so nice not to snub me! And all the time you're so unhappy about your own troubles, that you can hardly keep your mind on mine!"

"I'm in the same cage with you," he answered, trying to speak lightly. "I'm fired. I was told, an hour ago, that no man with brains or decency or generosity would be so selfish as to expect a girl to give up her career just because she was to be married. As I *did* expect it, I was told I could find a wife elsewhere."

"What was her career?" asked Ruth, as he paused.

"She wants to act," was the response. "Her elocution professor says she has genius. She says so, too."

"That seems to make it unanimous," agreed Ruth. "But you're all wrong about all that. Who are you, anyhow? You're not going away! How about——"

"Well?" she questioned, with perfect self-possession, as he hesitated. "How about—what?"

"Upon my soul," he answered bewilderedly, "I don't know." "Oh," she breathed, in exaggerated relief. "I didn't know whether it was going to be a Proposal—or a Proposition. Since it's neither ——"



"I don't want to meet him. I'm going to turn back."

A STRAGGLING bevy of men and women had begun to filter out into the recently deserted street. One of the men, passing the halted couple, recognized Ruth. He checked his theatrical stride and came back to where she and her companion were standing. He was Egan.

"Say, Burnham!" he broke in on the momentarys tense silence between Ruth and her escort. "I've been thinking it over. That dismissal don't go. You're still with us. Be at the station at eight sharp."

He strode on, without so much as a glance at the girl's companion. Ruth sighed.

"I ought to be happy," she confided to the man at her side. "My meal-ticket's renewed."

"Was that Egan? Shall I——"

"No," decided Ruth. "You shall not. That's the answer to that. He's my meal-ticket, I tell you. And I won't lose my meal-ticket by having it punched. Still—isn't it almost a pity to throw away such a perfectly fine set of situations?"

"I am going to get your company's route card," said the man, in sudden eagerness. "And I'm going to follow it."

"MAYBE—maybe you're right. A man doesn't analyze a toothache, to see which tooth it started in. We'd been engaged so long, she and I, you see. It had got to be a habit. Our parents set their hearts on it while we were kids. And we grew up, expecting it. Not that it matters much, now," he caught himself up. "I supposed of course I loved her. I'd always been told so. But—if I had, I wouldn't be chattering about her to you, would I?"

"I'm sorry if I've stopped you from being a Blighted Soul," she apologized. "It's such fun to be a Blighted Soul!"

"Hold on!" he exclaimed. "Wasn't I going to be a knight errant and do unpleasant things, for you, to the face of Mr. Egan?"

"No," she decided, regretfully. "You aren't. I wish you were. Men of your sort don't risk the police court for the sake of a fired chorus-girl.

"And now, with these few well-chosen words of farewell, I'll stroll slowly away, keeping my face carelessly turned toward the footlights."

"No, you won't!" he declared, almost roughly. "I'm not going to let you go, like this;—out of a job, and in a strange town and your symptoms. You think you're suffering from heartbreak. It's something much worse. It's a compound fracture of the vanity. If your heart was broken you couldn't be talking bitterly about it. Heartbreak and bitterness don't sit in the same pew. In fact, you couldn't talk about it."

"SO it isn't to be a Proposition, after all?" she mused. "I'm sorry! Because," she added, as his brows darkened in pained wonder. "Because I know a perfectly scrumptious comeback for that sort of talk. A comeback that works, every time. It has the same effect as a pitcher of ice-water on a bunch of fighting cats. And now I sha'n't be able to use it."

"No," he said, gently, slipping her arm through his, "you won't be able to use it."

"I'm not *really* sorry I won't have to," she confided, shyly, as they went along, very close together. "I'll tell you what it was, though. I made it up, myself. I'd just say: 'You don't interest me, one bit. It isn't morals. It's because you look so like a pig.' It doesn't make a hit with them. But it sheers them off. Now, if it were a Proposal—why, I'd have to think up a brand-new answer for that. And——"

"Then start thinking up one!" he bade her. "Something tells me you won't have as much time to rehearse it as you've had for the Proposition."

"Oh," she returned, with a last glint of her hard-earned stage cynicism. "There'll be time enough! Getting up, for the eight-o'clock train, is a splendid antidote for romance. So is following the Hickville route of a Number Four show. But in case I ever *do* need to rehearse it, would you mind *very* much—very much ——"

"Would I mind *what* very much?" he urged. "I warn you in advance, I wouldn't."

"Would you mind telling me your name?" she finished. "You see, it would add such a pretty 'personal touch' to my answer."

How Armies Got too Big

(*Concluded from page 29*)

t comprehension. Germany was the greatest ation of Continental Europe in which the opulation increased the most; it was the ountry also which possessed the greatest umber of manufactories of arms. Obliging ll the other nations to take part in this truggle in which the quantity must prevail ver the quality, she would reasonably hope o keep and to increase the military superior- ty gained on the battlefield of 1870. And he calculation was correct. But Germany vas drawn too far by her own force, her own iches, and by the almost prodigious augmen- ation in her population and in her industries. She failed in her scope, precipitating her own lownfall and dragging Europe into a frightful dventure not from the failure to create a arge enough army, but from having created one too large. All the secret of the world war which has dismayed the universe with its sur- prises rests in this simple truth. Germany has been beaten by numbers, not so much by the numbers of her enemies, as by her own excessive quantities of soldiers.

For what reason did the war of 1914 be- tween France and Germany, which all thought must resemble that of 1870, follow a course so different and so unexpected? For what reason, after having moved with such impetus in August, 1914, the French and German armies in but four months and after the battles of the Marne and of the Yser, did the war strike them exhausted to the earth, where they clung to their positions from which they never moved until the last month of the war toward the middle of the year 1918? Because France, like Germany, had placed in the field so many millions of men that they were able to close up all the free space from the Swiss frontier to the North Sea, with an uninterrupted line of soldiers and trenches. Strategy, the daugh- ter of the spirit, has need of vast, free spaces, in which, at the right moment, to throw out her combinations. In 1870 she had these free spaces, so she was able to bring the war to an end in a few weeks. But these spaces she had no more in 1914. Meeting an uninterrupted and insuperable wall of men and of earth, she was obliged to declare her- self helpless, to tear up her designs and plans and to throw them on one side.

THEN was begun the most terrible tragedy of modern history. Condemned to help- lessness by numbers, to what had the spirit recourse in order to bring the interminable war to a speedy close? To machines. Be- fore 1914 it was a common prediction that, if a war should break out in the future, it would be terrible on acccunt of the mur- derous instruments possessed by the armies at that time. But the arms with which the armies took the field in 1914 were almost toys in comparison with those which they em- ployed in the last months of 1918. From August of 1914 the number and variety of the instruments of warfare increased from month to month in a terrifying manner. The greater number of the ten millions of men who perished in this world war were killed by arms of which in 1914 there was not even an idea. Yet all these have not served in any manner for the purpose to which they were destined. This is not to be wondered at. Arms are but machines: and could machines, inanimate creatures, do that which their creator, the human mind, could not? Europe has consumed all her fortunes to annul the effect of numbers by engines: in vain the number and the metal have conglutinated together from one side and another in two enormous and brute masses, in which men were the appendices and servants of the ma- chines which should have been the instru- ments of their intelligence. Those machines have been able to exterminate ten millions of men; but in four years they have not suc- ceeded in doing more than to scratch and to blow the dust off the almost immobile masses of the opposing armies.

Then, one day, at last, of all the materials necessary to these masses, one was lacking— and had to lack—one side or another; the grain. It is not an exaggeration to say that the world war, more than by military art or by arms, was decided by the granaries of America. At the beginning of November, 1918, when the armistice was signed, Ger- many had still an army, with which she might have resisted for many months, per- haps for years. Why, instead, did she ca- pitulate? Because, exhausted by misery and hunger, by losses, by the futility of what, for convention, men still called victories—each one of which was an obligation to new and harder battles—her allies had abandoned her. Neither her numbers, nor her arms, nor all her material resources could serve Germany any further, alone, bleeding and suffering from hunger. To have *willed* to be too many, to be sure of conquering, was fatal to the Germans and was the reason by which they lost the war, while their army was perhaps stronger in numbers and in capacity, than each of the armies with which it was meas- ured. To have been *forced* to be too many in order to weaken by number the over- whelming number of Germans and of their allies, is the reason why the victory cost such a high price to France, to Italy and to England, all three of which are almost ruined.

TERRIFIED by this universal ruin and chaos, many persons in Europe began to invoke the end of the war, peace universal and disarmament. "Let us lay down our arms: this must be the last of wars," has been said and repeated. In the minds of many the League of Nations ought to be the organ of general disarmament and of perpetual peace. But this manner of settling the question seems a little too simple and hasty. The causes for which peoples and states have made wars in the past are so many and so diverse that it appears, at least, rash to suppose that they can all disappear from one moment to another. On the other hand, when one talks of disarmament, one must not understand a universal and entire laying down of all arms, but rather the limitations of armaments. It is clear that in the future, as in the past, all the states will have need of a certain armed force. Lenine has given a proof of this; for, as soon as he arrived in power, crying to the world that he wanted to give it a *regime* of peace and of universal brotherhood, he made haste to create a new army under the name of the "Red Guards."

THE problem therefore, which is placed before Europe is this: Since the present terrible crisis is the effect of the military institutions which flourished in Continental Europe at the outbreak of the world war, how must these be reformed so that such a crisis may not be repeated? We shall en- deavor to show this, as briefly as possible in our next paper.

Dying for a Living

(*Concluded from page 30*)

a door that led to the outside. I did this and started on the run toward the office of the chief of police. There really wasn't any occasion to hurry except that I was anxious to do the whole thing in the shortest pos- sible space of time.

But on the Providence police force there was one officer we hadn't reckoned with. He appeared just as I left the jail door and thinking I was an escaping prisoner he under- took to wing me with his revolver. He was a poor shot, however, and the first bullet went on and flattened itself against the stone wall right ahead of me. For an instant I contemplated stopping, but the chief's office was only a few more feet away and I did those few feet in .000 flat. A second bullet nearly destroyed all of my expectations of a further successful career. It, too, flattened itself against the stone wall just as I passed through the office door.

In Melbourne, Australia, after being man- acled I made a dive and while under water released myself from the manacles and rose to the surface free. Very much to my sur- prise, and to the surprise of the immense crowd that thronged the neighborhood, I had company on the way up. It was the body of a gentleman who had disappeared from his home a week before and I had evidently dis- turbed it so that it rose to the surface. I am the most companionable man in the world, and like company, but they've got to be live ones.

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They Send Me to Prison

(Continued from page 41.)

your friends beside you to show their sympathy, a time when every one of us should be here. I want to say good-by. I've had bad dreams, premonitions. There's some disaster ahead of me. I can feel it. I don't think I have long to live. But I'm going to strike a blow for the cause before I go out of this life—a blow that will ring around the world."

I heard the gavel fall on the magistrate's desk, and I pressed his poor, thin hand and turned away, realizing that my case was about to be called.

AFTER the formal preliminaries, I was asked if I wanted to take the stand. I rose from my seat, and said: "I have committed no crime. I have nothing to defend myself for. I have done what I thought and still think was right, and I do not know that I can say anything more."

The representative of the District Attorney's office, who had tried to persuade me to sign a peace bond to the effect that I would make no public speech for six months, which I had refused to do, demanded that I be given the full penalty of the law on the charge of disorderly conduct. A number of policemen were called as witnesses, and they testified to what I had said and done.

Magistrate Murphy then spoke as follows:

"The evidence of these police-officers and the refusal of this defendant to put in a defense tend to show that this young woman is guilty of the charge of disorderly conduct. There is a terrible situation in this city which needs most serious attention immediately. It has gone to such an extent that lawlessness and disorder are daily occurrences. I do not believe this young woman is as guilty as the ringleaders. She, in my opinion, is a tool of older heads and vicious minds. They have urged her to challenge the law, and she has done so. This poor, misguided individual has put the challenge directly up to the law, and in administering the law I must do my duty. I shall impose a penalty of sixty days at hard labor in the workhouse."

It was in the spirit of martyrdom that I walked away from that crowded courtroom.

Before long the gray, gloomy walls of the Tombs loomed before us. The barred gate swung open, and my guards led me inside. I was to be kept there overnight, and in the morning would be transferred to the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island.

My fellow prisoners, it seemed, had heard all about my case. Through the mysterious "underground" channels of information which exist in every prison they learned promptly of my arrival, and greeted me with cries of "Hello, Marie!" "We're with you, Marie!" A high, clear tenor voice started the singing of "The Marseillaise," and soon the corridors were ringing with the world's great song of freedom. Some of the singers banged a harsh accompaniment on the iron piping that ran around the walls of the cells, and the din became terrific.

I was tired out by all the excitement of the day, and tried to rest. My cot was hard as nails, and smelled strongly of disinfectants. The pillow was full of hard lumps and black with dirt, and I threw it on the floor. Without removing my clothes, I lay down, and, despite the discomfort and the jarring voices of the other prisoners, soon fell sound asleep.

Next morning, in company with several girls and women I was put into a big, black van, and soon we had crossed the ferry and were on the Island.

A trusty brought to me my prison garb, a one-piece dress of white and black perpendicular stripes. We were not allowed to wear corsets, but it was not a place where a woman cared to indulge her vanity.

WHEN the mid-day meal was ready it was laid out on long tables in a huge place that bore some slight resemblance to the nave of a church. Cells rose on all sides, tier after tier, to the high roof. I was told curtly to sit down and begin my meal, but, having no appetite, I hesitated.

"Hey, you Ganz!" came the voice of a matron. "Get to your meal."

I sat down with the others, but it was little that I could eat. Pea soup was served in a bowl. I took one mouthful of it and stopped, for it was like dish-water. I tried the meat, but it was rotting. Even the bread was bad.

"Why, this is the best meal we've had in



"What do you intend to do now?" the Police Commissioner demanded. "Do you intend to keep this up?"

some time, girlie," said a woman who sat beside me and who seemed to be surprised by my disgust. "You better eat this, for you won't get any better, and not even so good."

After that gruesome meal I made the acquaintance of my cell. It was on the ground floor, and inside were three cots, which hung on chains from the walls, though I had the place to myself.

As I lay down on my cot a terrible nausea came over me. I knocked on the cell door, and a matron came.

"I'm feeling very sick," I told her, "and I want something to drink—a cup of tea. I can't eat your food."

"Others are eating it," she replied sharply. "There's no reason why you can't."

It was useless to argue with her, and I asked her either to give me some decent food or to call the doctor.

"Well, what's the matter with you?" the doctor demanded.

"I'm weak and faint," I replied. "I want some tea and some decent bread. I haven't eaten since yesterday."

He felt my pulse; then turned to the matron, saying, "She's all right. Don't worry about her."

"She acts as if the place wasn't good enough for her," the matron put in sourly. The doctor's eyes fell on the book I had brought with me from home. It was a volume of Dostoiefsky.

"You quit reading those horrible Russian books," he advised, and walked out, followed by the matron.

The place was as silent as a tomb. On the edge of my cot I sat, staring dizzily at the bare black walls. Gradually exhaustion began to overcome me, and now and then I dozed. My thoughts went wandering back over all my past life. I was a child again, playing with my father on the housetop under the evening sky. Years went by in a flash, and I was slaving for a living in the sweatshop under the ever-watchful, cold, hard eyes of Marks, the foreman. Again the scene changed, and I was with my crowds; they were cheering me—then sounds of a struggle the ringing clubs of policemen cries and curses—Kill them! Kill the cops! the rumble of horses' hoofs the mounted men are coming—they are riding us down!

A blur comes before my eyes! The cell goes swinging round me. I fall back upon the cot, and cover my face with my hands. There is nothing in my heart but bitterness and hatred.

"WHERE are you taking me?" I asked, when they called me one day to dress and be ready to leave.

"We can give no information," the old matron replied. "It's against the rules."

But I was soon to find out for myself. After a journey by ferry and trolley cars, we came to the Queens County Penitentiary. Here I was received by the warden, who spoke to me kindly.

"I hope we shall be able to make things as comfortable as possible for you," he said. "Of course, you must remember that this is a prison, but we believe in treating our prisoners in a humane manner."

The appearance of the place bore out his remark. It was airy, spotlessly clean, and looked more like a convent than penitentiary. A motherly matron—Mrs. Kotch was her name—came over to me, and, by direction of the warden, led me to the top tier.

"There's lots of air up there," the warden said. "She'll like it better there. Give her everything she wants."

AFTER I had been in solitary confinement for several days seven women who had just been transferred from another prison were locked up in the corridor.

With the arrival of the women in my corridor prison life became very different for me. I could no longer read, for there was a constant noise of bickerings and arguments. It was a typical prison crowd, unruly, restless and quarrelsome.

Our nights were hideous. None of us had been assigned to work, and women were driven frantic by the terrible monotony of doing nothing. Once I was awakened by blood-curdling screams, which were suddenly shut off. My cell neighbors informed me that a straight-jacket must have been fastened upon some unruly prisoner. Through the dark hours after we had been locked in our cells for the night one woman after another would tell her tale of misfortune. Soon one would break into tears and loud screams over what she believed was the injustice she had suffered from prosecutor and judge. Her outbreak would rasp the nerves of others, who would join her in wailing. Soon bedlam would break loose, with scores of hysterical women screaming at the tops of their voices.

BUT prison life fretted me less as the days wore on, for I was growing accustomed to the dreary routine, and the horrors appalled me less after many repetitions of them. I began to be almost fond of my little, bare-walled cell, and the hideous noises of the night no longer racked my nerves. My friends had sent me many books, and now, grown indifferent to the disturbances, there were many hours in which I could read. The thoughts aroused by Nietzsche and Schopenhauer I pondered over for many an evening, and I wept over the sorrows of the heroes and heroines of my Russian novels. I almost dreaded the time when I should return to freedom, for what was there for me to look forward to? Nothing but the old life of poverty and persecution.

One morning my term of imprisonent was at an end. As I walked out into the welcome sunshine, with the loud farewells of my poor companions of my prison life ringing in my ears, the breezes from the river swept my face, and it seemed as if I were coming out of a nightmare.

Outside the gray prison walls were waiting Joe O'Carroll, whose long hair was blowing in the wind, and my ever-faithful pal. They put me into a taxicab, and took me back to Delancey Street, where, standing in the door of our tenement, my mother and a little group of neighbors were waiting for me.

But where were my comrades for whose cause I had been imprisoned? Where was Berkman? Where was Caron? Where were all the men and women of "Mother Earth," and the leaders of Rutgers Square? Joe O'Carroll was the only one of them all who had come to welcome me, and I resented their neglect. As soon as I could get away from mother and the neighbors, I went to the drug-store at the corner, and called up "Mother Earth." Berkman himself answered the telephone.

"What kind of friends are you?" I demanded angrily. "I have just come home from prison, and you haven't even taken the trouble to come to welcome me."

"I'm sorry, Marie," Berkman replied, "but something very serious has happened. I and a number of others were about to start for the prison to greet you this morning, when we received the news that a bomb had exploded in Louise Berger's flat in Lexington Avenue with frightful results. Caron, Charles Berg, a woman named Mrs. Marie Chavez, who was at some of our meetings, and Louise's half brother, Carl Hanson, were killed, and a lot of people were hurt. You will understand what this means for us. It means that the police will try to connect you and me and every one of us with it."

THE receiver dropped from my hand. Faint and dizzy I staggered out of the booth. Arthur Caron killed! My eyes filled with tears. Of all my comrades in the cause he had stood first in my affections.

Frantic eagerness to learn more of what had happened sent me rushing to the "Mother Earth" office.

When I arrived in the office of "Mother Earth" I found Berkman and his secretary, Elinore Fitzgerald, who were working as calmly and deliberately as if nothing unusual had happened. They told me more about the explosion, the news of which was being cried already by newsboys in the streets. The roof of the building and the two highest stories, on one of which was Louise Berger's flat, had been blown away completely, and the debris had fallen upon the holiday crowd passing by in the street, injuring many.

"It was the work of the police," Berkman insisted. "They've been framing us up Caron and those other boys were ble for this thing. They've be

But I knew better, and I beli himself knew better. For a moment I stood staring in perplexity into the shrewd face of the anarchist, wondering. In his eyes was a queer expression that stirred distrust in me.

WHILE Berkman was speaking the telephone bell rang, and I turned away to answer it. A man's voice came on the wire.

"We want someone to identify the men who were killed in the Lexington Avenue explosion. Who is talking?"

"Marie Ganz."

"Well, you're the very party we want. Come down and identify the dead men."

"I came out of prison only two hours ago and know nothing of this affair."

"Wait for us," and there came a click as he cut off.

The speaker must have been only a few doors away, for not more than two or three minutes had passed when he and another officer walked into the office of "Mother Earth."

"We want Miss Marie Ganz," said one of them.

"That's my name," I replied.

"Will you come and identify those dead men for us if you can?"

I couldn't understand why they wanted me to do that, for the names of all the dead were in the newspaper which a comrade had just brought in to us, but I went with them without a protest. They led me to a police station and into a rear room, where on the floor three figures were lying entirely covered by white sheets.

They led me to one of the figures, and drew away a sheet. For an instant I stared

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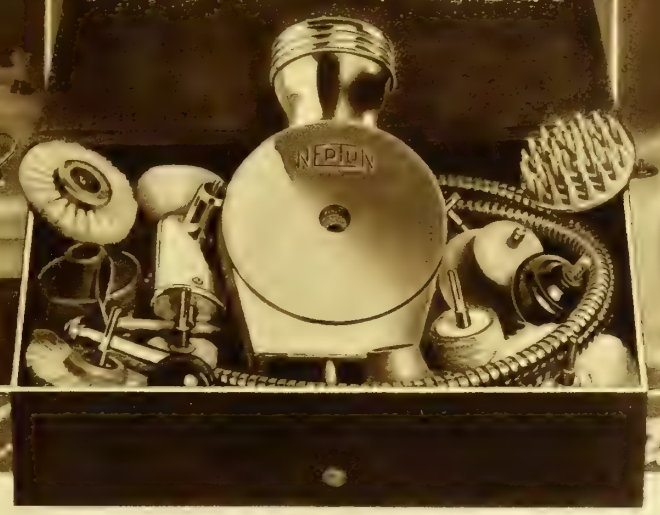
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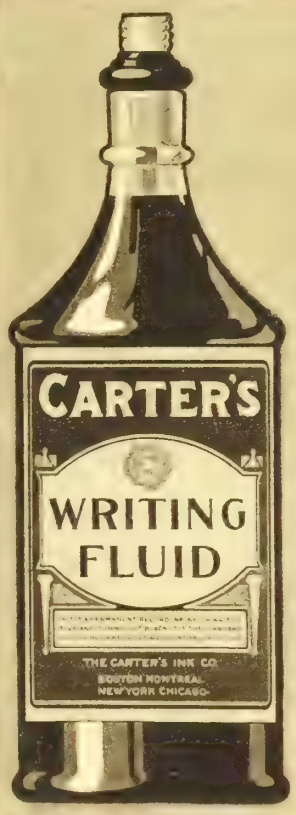
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into the ghastly, mutilated face of Arthur. I staggered back. The room whirled round me. Then everything grew dark. When I came to myself someone was pressing a glass of water to my lips.

"I want to get out of here," I moaned.

"She's all right; lift her up," came a voice.

I was making my way uncertainly to the door, when a detective tapped me on the shoulder.

"Deputy Police Commissioner Rubin wants to see you upstairs," he said.

In the commissioner's office I was questioned closely, but I am sure I convinced him that I was innocent of any connection with the explosion.

"What do you intend to do now?" the commissioner asked. "Do you mean to keep up your campaign?"

"No," I told him. "I don't feel strong enough. I'm going to take a vacation so far as the cause is concerned."

But I knew there could be no vacation from work. My purse was empty, and my debts must be paid. Somehow I must find a job, though I knew that wherever I was known I should be turned away.

WHAT I had feared is exactly what did happen. I went from shop to shop on the familiar search for work. But wherever I went the mere mention of my name brought a sneer, and I was turned away. Usually I gave an assumed name, but even then I was often recognized, as my picture had appeared in the newspapers many times. At the same time the police were keeping a close watch on me. Indeed, they were watching all who had been known as leaders in the cause. Louise Berger was questioned by them again and again, and came near being arrested, but, though she admitted that she had been with Caron, Berg and Hanson only half an hour before the explosion, she succeeded in convincing the police that she had known nothing of the large quantity of dynamite that had been taken into her flat.

The bodies of Arthur and the two other men were cremated, and she and Berkman took possession of their ashes. They announced that the ashes would be deposited in a fitting receptacle in the yard in the rear of the "Mother Earth" office, and that all friends of the cause would be invited there. It was there that I went to pay my last tribute to my comrade.

In the center of the yard was a pyramid of cement, the apex representing a clenched fist, which symbolized the enmity of anarchy to government. Inside the pyramid were the ashes of Arthur, Berg and Hanson. Underneath was a sort of an altar, covered with red cloth, and around it were piled red flowers, some of them worked into elaborate designs. The walls of the yard were covered with placards, which in huge letters demanded vengeance and proclaimed that the three dead men were victims of murder. These were the work of Berkman, of course, who persisted in declaring that it was the police who had placed the dynamite in the Berger flat.

I stared at Berkman's inflammatory placards, and wondered what could have been in his mind as he devised them. I knew how false they were. Yet he seemed to glory in them, and many times I caught him gazing at them in admiration and studying their effect upon the crowd. It was a great occasion for him, and I had never seen him so full of enthusiasm.

My thoughts went back to the days when Arthur Caron walked the streets penniless and hungry, and my eyes filled with tears. I knew now that he had been wrong, but I could not forget that there had been a night in Rutgers Square when he and I, both of us half starved and half mad, had talked together of just such a desperate thing as this that had brought his death. I thought of how generous he had been, how warm-hearted, how ready to help the homeless even when he himself was as homeless as they. But even though I might still believe that violence was justifiable and that a well-placed bomb might help the cause of the oppressed, I could not overlook the fact that he had jeopardized the lives of innocent people by bringing dynamite into a tenement flat, and that innocent people had been seriously hurt in the explosion. There could be no justification for that.

Berkman came toward me, smiling complacently.

"We are going to hold a meeting ——" he began.

"I am through with your meetings," I said. A sudden hatred of him came over me, and I turned away and left him with his mouth gaping in astonishment. I wanted to forget him and all his works. Even the cause had for the time lost its hold on me, and the lurid red pile of flowers, the pyramid with its challenging hand and the great placards clamoring for vengeance filled me with loathing.



Reading with my pal was more than reading to me —I was seeing things in a new light.

MY red comrades must hold their meetings without me. I might work with them again sometime; I wasn't sure; indeed, I did not know my own mind. I was bewildered. I wanted time to think. But I knew that a change was going on in me, and I knew that it would not be quite the same Marie Ganz who would return to them—if ever I should return.

My search for work was at last rewarded, for I found a job in a wrapper shop which was owned by an old fellow who seldom read the newspapers and who had no idea of who I was. This man had come thirty years before from Russia, "with only a herring in his pocket," as he often boasted. The herring had served for his first meal in America, and he had set to work with such vim that he had never gone hungry from that time to this. With the exception of myself his employees were all "landslite," that is, people who had lived together in the old country. They knew nothing of the wages that were paid elsewhere, worked fourteen hours a day for little money and were adding rapidly to their boss's riches.

One day I told one of my fellow workers that we were earning far less than was being paid by the bosses of other wrapper shops.

MY words impressed her, and she began to do some hard thinking. Before long she was spreading the news throughout the shop that the boss was under-paying all of us, with the result that we all went on strike.

It was one day while I and the others were picketing the shop that my pal came on the scene in company with a tall, very beautful young woman.

"Marie, I want you to meet a friend of mine," he said, and he introduced me to Mrs. Boissevain, the former Inez Milholland.

"I have come to help you in this thing," she said, and she went to work at once. She talked with some of the pickets, and then went in to speak with the boss. In her masterful way, she soon brought him to a settlement by which we gained better wages and shorter hours, and she was a heroine among us from that day.

The boss discharged me very promptly after he had convinced himself who had started the trouble, but Mrs. Boissevain helped me to get enough work to enable me to take up a course of studies, dealing largely with sociology, which she had mapped out for me. These studies broadened my mental horizon rapidly. Opportunities came of meeting educated and intellectual men and women who were of very different types than my comrades among the reds, and whose views of social problems were entirely new to me. It was while I was still pursuing these studies that a terrible scourge swept over the tenements. It was the infantile paralysis epidemic in which thousands of children died in the ghetto and thousands of others were crippled for life. My pal was one of the foremost in the work of bringing relief to the afflicted.

"Here is the greatest opportunity you have ever had," he told me, "to do something that is really worth while. You can do more now for your fellow beings than you and your comrades ever did with your speeches and your riots. Come and help me. I need all the volunteers I can get."

SO we worked together, he and I, through those tragic days and nights when the roll of the dead was growing faster and faster with every hour; and it was then that I learned what self-sacrifice really meant.

Yet it was not the plague that at last overcame my pal; it was exhaustion. His nerves gave away under the strain, and he took to his bed, completely broken. And it was to his bedside that I felt my duty calling me. For many days I nursed him, and at last his strength began slowly to return.

It was during the long days of his convalescence that I came to know him best. It was then that I began to realize how much he meant to me, and how empty the world would have seemed if I had lost him.

"We've done something worth while at last, Marie," he said. "We've managed to save a good many children's lives, you and I. Isn't that better than to go out and destroy lives, as you would once have done? What will such men as Berkman ever gain for humanity through all their preaching of violence? I've come to learn that it is constructive work that the world needs, not destructive. Nations go to war with one another because they cannot agree, but that doesn't change the condition of the world. Anarchists are killed by men who represent the law, but that doesn't end anarchy; it only spreads it. And the anarchists gain no more when they, too, go out and kill. You've been on the wrong track, Marie."

"Perhaps I have," I said, and I reached out for his emaciated hand and held it. "I feel as if I were coming out of the dark, with a new life opening before me. But the light isn't very clear yet."

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Strictly Russel

(Concluded from page 55)

NOW if this were a love story, it would be perfectly proper to elucidate the psychology of the progressive steps of their acquaintance. When a girl has wonderful eyes and a man has curly hair and when both are young and are together and are what the Italians call *simpatico*, a great deal of psychology flows under the bridge. Of course there is nothing new about it, but it is always interesting. This, however is not a love story. It is a narrative dealing solely with a mysterious Rumanian stew called *russel*.

Isidore made several attempts to read his book, but seemed unable to concentrate his attention upon it. Whereupon finally, he gave it up, ate his *russel*, lit a cigaret and waited calmly until the last customer had gone. Then he asked Maria to sit at his table, which she did with an alacrity that the Y. W. C. A. would probably have tabulated as immodest, and they began to get acquainted. His story was a simple one. The cost of his tuition in the theological seminary had all been paid. Until he became a rabbi he had to live on ten dollars a week. As soon as he became a rabbi he was to receive his father's small but adequate estate, which reverted to charitable purposes in case he failed to obtain his degree. Having decided that charity begins at home, Isidore had conscientiously undertaken to become a rabbi. The moment that he fulfilled the conditions of his father's will it was his intention to become a writer. He told Maria that he wrote well and, after reading to her a few outpourings of his pen, Maria agreed with him. Maria would have agreed just as readily if he had told her that he intended to become an undertaker.

The one bright spot in Isidore's life, Maria gleaned from his recital, was his uncle Meyer Kalish.

WHEN, finally, it came Maria's turn, she told him the whole story of Gortalin's baseness. Isidore was indignant and after various futile ideas as to the best method of circumventing Janetsky's rival had been discussed:

"I think," said he, "I'll talk it over with my uncle. He's a smart man."

Isidore was right. Meyer Kalish was a smart man. The majority of the inmates of the world's jails are smart men. Where they slip up is in permitting their smartness to transgress the penal code. Uncle Meyer was smart enough, however, to acquaint himself with the limit of the law's tolerance before he permitted his smartness full sway. When his nephew unfolded to him the depravity of Gortalin, Uncle Meyer clasped his hands upon his stomach, shut his eyes and smiled.

"I suppose he is running a *kosher* café?" he asked.

"Of course," said Isidore. "He couldn't exist otherwise." Then Uncle Meyer's smile broadened into a grin and he suggested a plan. Isidore was horrified.

"I'm studying for the rabbinate," he said, with a frown.

"And you're going to be a writer," said his uncle, with a chuckle. "But it's just because you're a rabbinical student that you can do it."

Uncle Meyer proceeded to elaborate upon his plan and Isidore's horror weakened into plain reluctance. Uncle Meyer then began to expand and amplify his plan and, presently, he beheld his nephew smiling.

"If she weren't such a nice, sweet girl," said Isidore, "I wouldn't do it. But——"

WAS not that what Antony said of Cleopatra? Has not that been the excuse which men have made to themselves from time immemorial? Somewhere at the bottom of most transgressions there is a woman and, of course, if she hadn't been so sweet! If this were a love story what rich material lies in this thought for moralizing and philosophizing! But, unfortunately, this is merely a story about *russel*.



Janetsky's Cafe was famous for its *russel*—and for its cashier

That very day Isidore Kalish, passing guiltily by the door of Janetsky's café, entered the portal of Gortalin and ordered a portion of *russel*. Gortalin, unable to bring himself to the point of further reducing the price of Rumanian stew, was unhappy. He had seen his newly acquired customers troop back to his rival at the call of eighteencent *russel*, and he knew that he could make no further reduction without a direct loss. The prospect of a direct loss made Gortalin shudder. Nevertheless, notwithstanding, when Isidore ordered a plate of *russel* Gortalin brought him a plate of *russel*.

There were perhaps a dozen customers in the room. Did any of them observe Isidore glance surreptitiously about the place? Echo answers "No." Did any of them observe Isidore stealthily take something from his pocket and drop it into his plate of *russel*? Echo, ever conscientious, still answers "No."

And then did Gortalin or any of his customers notice that Isidore, after stirring his dish with a fork, tasted of its contents and made a wry face? Lashed to the mast of truth, Echo stoutly maintains "No." But, if put under oath and, after skilful cross-examination, Echo were asked whether Isidore let forth a yell which made nearly every man in the room drop his knife and fork and brought Gortalin to Isidore's side in a twinkling, Echo, to maintain her reputation must have answered "Yes."

"What is?" asked Gortalin. Isidore looked around the room. Every eye was on him. He stared at his plate and shuddered.

"Mr. Gortalin," he said, "I guess you had better carry this plate back into the kitchen."

GORTALIN turned pale. The possibilities of the situation were appaling. But he had presence of mind, had Gortalin. He knew how to run a café.

"The *russel* is too cold?" he asked, in a voice loud enough for all the room to hear. "Come into the kitchen with me and hear me give the cook a piece of my mind."

In the kitchen Gortalin, with beads of perspiration, turned to Isidore.

"What is? he asked, huskily.

"Mr. Gortalin," said Isidore, "I'm a rabbinical student. In that dish of *russel* I just tasted a piece of bacon. If it became known that you—a *kosher* café-keeper—ever served a piece of pig's meat, your reputation would be gone. I ask for an explanation."

Gortalin turned pale.

"Bacon?" he cried. Hastily prodding a fork into the mysterious contents of the dish he drew forth, surely enough, a slice of bacon. Gortalin clutched a table for support.

"I can't imagine how it got there," he said, feebly. "I've been a *kosher* all my life. I——"

"Look here, Mr. Gortalin," said Isidore. "Maybe it's all a mistake. Anyway, I'm not the kind of fellow that wants to see a man ruined on account of one little slip-up. But I hear bad things about you. I hear you are trying to undersell your neighbor for some reason of your own, to drive him out of business. Now all I've got to say is if I ever hear of you selling anything for less than anybody else in this neighborhood just out of spite, I'm going to tell everybody about that bacon. Otherwise I won't say a word. Do you understand me?"

Gortalin understood. So well did he understand that within five minutes the announcement went forth that, thereafter, *russel* would cost twenty cents a portion.

IT is indeed a pity that this is not a love story. Love presents so many more thrills than Rumanian stew. But even *russel* has its rights and, having begun with *russel*, it is only fair to stick to *russel*.

One night—when they had been sitting together nearly an hour—Maria said:

"You haven't said a word for nearly ten minutes, dear. What are you thinking?"

Isidore gently stroked her hair.

"I was thinking of that *russel* I ate in Gortalin's place that night," he replied. "Do you know, it had a wonderful flavor!"

Sol saw it coming and thought he'd better go to meet it! "$1,000,000"—real Bruno Lessing humor—in Hearst's for January.

Buried Treasure

(Continued from page 16)

"It's all perfectly clear," he said, triumphantly. "We've got to make this island of Santa Katalina, thirteen-twenty-four North, eighty-one-twenty-seven West, and find a place called Skull Point, look for three trees south-west-by-south of it, and dig! We understand every word of it now!"

"All except the word *'lucia,'* " I corrected, "and whose turn it is."

"Yes—there's that," he said, dubiously. "I suppose every word has some meaning."

"You can bet it has!" I replied, half sarcastically humoring his credulity, half surrendering myself to an uncritical acceptation of these mysteriously given directions. "I wonder who this John Dawson was—if he existed?"

"He's a sure-enough ghost of some old pirate!" said Vandermeulen, with complete conviction. "And I guess he's putting us fair and good onto his pile!"

I LAUGHED, involuntarily, at his childishness. The old man frowned.

"There's some things that perhaps even you all-fired clever young fellows don't know," he said, crushingly. "'Tain't the first time I've heard of this sort of thing. A mate of mine in the old days at 'Frisco was waked up one morning by the ghost of a prospector who'd died up in the ranges. He told him just where he'd made his strike before his grub gave out. My mate had never heard of the place, but he lit straightaway on the trail—and sure enough the ghost was telling the truth. Old Jim Hamilton it was—and he drank himself to death on what he got out of it."

The old man looked me straight in the eyes as though challenging me to doubt him. Of course, I could say nothing. He grunted scornfully, and turned again to the chart still spread out upon the table.

"It's a nice, quiet, out-of-the-way place," reflected the old ruffian, putting his thumbnail on the lonely island. "Just the location for a cache—guess they'd feel pretty sure of not being interfered with there!" There was a grim undertone in his voice which was decidedly ugly. He might, himself, have been the reincarnation of just such a pirate as the one whose existence he was postulating.

WELL, nothing more happened that night. Mrs. Vandermeulen, thoroughly alarmed and uneasy, hustled her daughter off to bed. Old Vandermeulen and his son sat up in an endless discussion of the mysterious script, referring again and again to the chart which so startlingly confirmed its indications, and speculating optimistically as to the nature and amount of the treasure they were convinced was buried in the designated place. They talked themselves into a complete faith in the supernatural origin of the message, and, father and son alike—it was curious to note the traits of resemblance which cropped out in them—were equally indifferent as to whether its source was diabolic or benevolent. Enormously wealthy although they already were, the prospect of this phantom gold waiting to be unearthed had completely fascinated them.

At last I turned in, wearied with the thousand and one questions they asked me and to which I could give no answer, disgusted with their avarice, and scornfully contemptuous of their simplicity.

I found sleep no easy matter. Sceptical though I was, I could not get Pauline's curious production out of my head, and the more I thought of it the more inexplicable seemed its coincidence with the chart. The subconscious mind, with its amazing memory, its dramatic faculty, its unexpected invasion of the surface consciousness in certain types, was not then the commonplace of psychology that it is now—or I should probbly have referred the whole thing to the combination of a casual, apparently unheeding glance at the chart with a memory of some of her brother's remarks about "Treasure Island," automatically and dramatically produced. As it was, I could formulate no explanation that satisfied me—though I utterly disbelieved in the ghost of a piratical John Dawson, of which the two Vandermeulens were now fully persuaded.

THE next day found us steaming steadily westward. Father and son could talk of nothing else but their fancied buried treasure and their plans for digging it up without taking the crew of the yacht into their confidence. Mrs. Vandermeulen hovered around her daughter, horribly anxious of she knew not what, but—after having been once silenced by a peremptory oath from her husband—afraid to make further protest. Pauline herself sat all day in a deck chair, more silent even than usual, staring dreamily across the empty sea in a reverie which ignored us all. Naturally, I watched her closely. But, except that her eyes had a kind of haunting fear in them, she seemed perfectly normal. Evidently the occurrence on the previous night had shocked her profoundly, for once, when I casually mentioned it, she shuddered and implored me not to speak of it again. The fear of the uncanny in herself stared out of her eyes as she entreated me.

This dreamy absorption in herself continued until supper time that evening. Throughout the meal I do not think she uttered a single word. She seemed not even to hear the conversation around her, but toyed listlessly with her food and finally ceased to eat long before the others had finished. Watching her with a professionally interested observation, I was uneasy. She had leaned back in her chair, and was gazing straight before her with wide-open eyes. Suddenly I noticed that they had glazed over. All expression faded out of her face. The arm that rested on the saloon-table stiffened into a cataleptic sort of rigidity.

Her mother was also anxiously watching her.

"Pauline!" she cried. "Are you ill?"

There was no answer. The girl sat like a statue. Mrs. Vandermeulen glanced at me in wild alarm, silently imploring my intervention. Old Vandermeulen and his son were hotly arguing the desirability or otherwise of informing Captain Higgins of their plans, and took no notice of us.

I got up from my seat and went round the table to the girl, lifted up her lifelessly heavy arm with my fingers on her pulse. It was normal.

"Miss Vandermeulen!" I said, rather sharply. "Are you not well?"

She turned her head slowly round to me, like a sleepwalker faintly aware of some sound that does not, however, wake her, and stared me full in the face with eyes in which there was not the slightest glimmer of recognition.

"Pauline!" almost screamed her mother, "don't you know your own name?"

An expression of curious intelligence dawned in her face—her aspect changed in some subtle manner, as though another, quite different personality was emerging in her—she laughed in low, confident tones, utterly unlike her ordinary laugh.

"My name is Lucia!" she said as though stating a well-known fact.

LUCIA! To say that we were startled is to understate our astonishment; we were dumfounded. The first word of the cryptic message! We gazed at her for a moment as at a complete stranger from the clouds—and, indeed, she looked it, as she smiled at us with bright, malicious eyes. The diffident Pauline we knew had completely disappeared.

"She is possessed!" screamed her mother, "O God—restore her! restore her!"

The girl stood up suddenly from her chair, passed her hands over her eyes, shook herself as though shaking off sleep. She turned away from us deliberately.

"Oh, John!" she said, and there was an odd little foreign accent in her tone, "I have dreamed—such a strange dream! I dreamed—I know not!—that I was not Lucia!" She laughed softly in her new, low tones. "That strange people were asking me my name. Then I woke—oh, John!" she sidled up in a wheedling manner to what, so far as we could see, was vacant space. "I am Lucia, am I not?— And you love me? You love me?" Her shoulders moved sinuously as though she were putting herself under the caresses of a person invisible to us. "You love me—and I love you, although you have only that one terrible eye!" She still spoke with that curious foreign accent which lent a certain piquancy to her speech.

"You love me, you John Dawson, you Englishman, you love me for ever, say?" She reminded me of *Carmen* sidling up to *Don Jose.* "You not deceive me—or——!"

She looked up as into a tall man's face with a sudden expression of feline vindictiveness, her white teeth showing in an ugly



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little rictus of the mouth, and slid her hand down stealthily toward her stocking. "But no!" She smiled; her hand came up again as though to rest upon a man's shoulder. "You love me—and I love you—and," her voice dropped, "when we have killed the others we go away with the treasure—you promise me, John Dawson?"

SHE appeared utterly unaware of our presence. There was a dramatic intensity in her voice and gestures which thrilled even me, although I had attended some hypnotic experiments in London and was aware of the complete realism with which a somnambulist will play a part suggested to him. I had no doubt whatever that she was in a state of hypnosis, accidentally self-induced, and that she was merely acting on the suggestions of the talk she had overheard.

Her mother, however, had no such consoling certitude. She hid her face in her hands, groaning: "She is possessed! She is possessed! O God, cast out the evil spirit! Cast out the evil spirit!"

Geoffrey was white to the lips, appalled, unable to utter a sound. The old man stared at her, fascinated, a strange gleam in his eyes.

The mother turned to me in despair.

"Oh, doctor! Do something—do something!—Oh, if only we had a minister here! She is possessed by an evil spirit! My Pauline! My Pauline!" She sank on her knees by one of the swivel-chairs, gave herself up to agonized prayer. "O God, cast out the evil one! O God, cast out the evil one!"

Thinking that this strange incident had already lasted more than long enough, I took a step toward the girl with a vague idea (though I didn't quite know how) of breaking the hypnosis. She stood looking upward still, with a wheedling, diabolical smile, into apparent nothingness.

"We will go together—we two—with the treasure, say, John Dawson?" she murmured seductively, the very incarnation of a Delilah. "Mansvelt is dead—we will run away from Simon and go with my people before they kill us all—they are very many and you can only hold out two-three days—but we must take the treasure, John Dawson, the treasure you and Simon hid with Mansvelt—Simon, we will kill him—and we will go away and be rich—rich, John Dawson—say?" Her voice was perfidiously honeyed, her eyes glistened, as she caressed that uncanny empty air.

"What is she talking about?" muttered Geoffrey in a low, excited voice. "Who are these people—Mansvelt and Simon? Have you heard of them, doctor?"

I shook my head. They were utterly unknown to me. For a moment I hesitated, fascinated by the little drama, curious to hear more.

The mother moaned.

"Oh, do something, doctor! do something! Save her! Save her! O God, deliver her from the Evil One!

HER agony recalled me to my professional duty. I started forward, but before I could reach her I was snatched back by a violent hand on my shoulder.

"Stand aside!" commanded old Vandermeulen in a terrible voice. "Evil spirit or no evil spirit, I guess it knows all about that treasure—and I'm going to hear what it's got to say!"

Of his normal love for his daughter there was not a trace. The man was completely dominated, to the exclusion of any other sentiment, by the lust for gold, more gold. He looked scarcely human as his eyes glowered upon me, murder in them if I thwarted him. "If it's the devil himself that's got her—let her talk!"

But the mother sprang up with a wild shriek, rushed toward her daughter.

"Do you wish her eternal damnation?" she cried, flinging her arms about the girl. "Pauline! Pauline! For the love of God, don't you know me?— Oh, say a prayer —say a prayer after me!" She commenced the Lord's Prayer in a voice that trembled with anguish.

The girl stood rigid in her embrace, drawn up away from her, looking down upon her with fixed and hostile eyes. She made one instinctive movement to escape and then suddenly crumpled into a swoon upon the floor.

SHE came round easily enough under simple restoratives, looked up at us with childish, bewildered eyes—the old Pauline again! Her mother completely broke down over her, sobbing in almost crazy joy at her restoration. Emotionally infected, perhaps, the girl also gave way to a hysterical passion



"It is an evil spirit."

of weeping, which would not be checked, and for which she could give no reason. She seemed not to have the slightest recollection of the part she had just played. Old Vandermeulen, still obsessed by his lust for the treasure, tried to question her. She only stared at him dumbly—a vague fear coming into her eyes, but giving no response. I silenced him with all the authority of my professional position, and got the girl into her stateroom, where we left her with her mother.

Throughout the next day neither of the two women appeared. Pauline was utterly prostrated, and she remained in bed. Her mother stayed with her, under strict injunctions to mention nothing of last night's terrible scene.

Meanwhile, of course, we were steadily drawing nearer to the Nicaraguan coast and the island of Old Providence with its tiny and, to us, fascinating satellite, Santa Katalina. Even I could not help wondering what we should find there. The two Vandermeulens were in a fever of excitement, cursing at every moment the slowness of the yacht. We were, as a matter of fact, due to reach the island early next morning.

Some time in the afternoon the old man approached me confidentially.

"Say, young know-all," he said, "what d'you figure out was the meaning of last night's gaff? I guess Pauline ain't got no natural talent for play-acting like that."

Rather foolishly, I amused myself with his credulity.

"Of course," I said, concealing a smile, "it may be that in a previous existence your daughter's name was Lucia—the Spanish lady-friend of some of the buccaneers and particularly of a certain John Dawson, who is now directing her to the treasure they buried together a few hundred years ago."

I regretted my words the moment they were uttered. The man's infatuation needed no fanning from me.

"By God, you've hit it!" he exclaimed. "And she's just remembering!—I guess she can lead us straight to it!"

"Don't be absurd!" I said, pettishly. "I was only joking!"

He glared at me in savage disappointment.

"You're joking with the wrong man!" he said, harshly. "Besides, it sure ain't impossible! You don't know what happens to us when we're dead, though you do think you know everything!"

"No—it's not impossible," I conceded. But it's improbable."

"That's your opinion," he sneered. "You know nothing about it!—I've had them feelings myself—feelings that I've been to a place before when I sure know I haven't. By God, that's it!—Pauline's just remembering—coming back to these old places—and she'll take us a bee-line to the cache!"

HE STRODE off to impart this illuminating theory to his son, and I saw no more of them until supper-time. They were, I was sure, concerting some plan for cutting me out of a share in the treasure.

They had the furtive look of a couple of conspirators as we three, Pauline and her mother still absent, sat tha night at table. Both forced themselves to exhibit a strained politeness to me which obviously concealed some treacherous design. I didn't like the atmosphere at all and was impelled to clear it.

"By the way," I remarked, casually, "I don't want a share in that treasure—I prefer to work for my living." As I had not the slightest faith in its existence, this renunciation was not difficult,- "Supposing your theory to be true, it belongs to Miss Vandermeulen if it belongs to anyone."

"Sure that's so!" agreed the old man. "It's Pauline's treasure, right enough. Ain't it, Geoffrey?"

"I guess it's no one else's," said Geoffrey, picking up the idea. "I'll see to that."

I could not help smiling at the gratuitous menace in his tone; he might have been sitting on the treasure-chests already.

At that moment we were startled by an appalling scream, a choking cry, from Pauline's stateroom.

We rushed in and stood for a moment transfixed with horror. Pauline, leaning out of her bunk, was throttling with both hands the life out of her mother, who had been sitting by the bedside. In the flash of my first perception of the scene, I saw that the girl had reverted to her trance-personality. It was Lucia who had that deadly grip upon the other woman's throat, Lucia who glared at her with fiendishly triumphant eyes, Lucia who gloated mockingly in her foreign accent.

"Ah, Teresa!—You think you would take the Englishman from me—you think you would go away with John Dawson and the treasure?" She laughed, cruelly exultant. "I think no, Teresa—I think no—not with the treasure! You can go with that John Dawson, yes! But not with the treasure! You go and wait for him—for your John Dawson—I will send him to you—soon—soon!" Her low laugh was diabolical.

WE flung ourselves upon her, but her strength was superhuman. She seemed utterly oblivious of us, as heedless of our struggles as though we were not there. Her eyes flashing, her teeth showing, she continued to jeer at her victim in her foreign voice. "He will come to you to-night—your John Dawson—as he promised, yes!—I will send him to you!" Only as we finally tore the almost-strangled Mrs. Vandermeulen from her hands did she suddenly cease to speak. She sank back upon the bed, swooning into complete unconsciousness.

I drove out the father and son and applied myself to reviving the mother. I shall never forget the terrible night I had with her after she had resuscitated. At length I had to give her a few drops of laudanum to get her off to sleep. Pauline slept like a child.

I woke up the next morning to that strange feeling of hushed stillness which pervades a ship when her engines are at rest after a long period of unbroken activity.

THE two Vandermeulens were on the bridge with the skipper. I ignored them, instinctively avoiding their certain excitement. Upon our port bow was a fairly large island, its rocky shore crowned with a dense tropical foliage. On the other side of us was a small islet, barren save for a few sparse trees scattered over it, surf breaking white upon its beaches. Old Providence and its satellite, Santa Katalina!

When I had finished breakfast, I went to have another look at Pauline. Her mother was with her. Mentally, she was completely her normal self.

Old Vandermeulen came in.

"Get up and dress, Pauline!" he commanded brutally, as though bearing down opposition in advance. We're going ashore!"

His wife sprang forward.

HALF an hour later we had, with some difficulty, stowed the ladies—for the mother insisted on coming also—in the stern

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sheets of the little launch which rose and fell dizzily under the lee of the yacht.

We sheered off, set a course over the rolling dark-blue swell toward the islet we could see as we lifted on the waves. We had anchored rather on the Old Providence side of the channel dividing the islands and the launch was about midway between the two when Pauline, who had been looking around her with some curiosity, uttered a sudden ejaculation.

"That's not the island!" she cried, with a gesture toward Santa Katalina. "It's the other one—the big one!" She pointed to Old Providence.

"By Jove, yes!" cried Geoffrey suddenly. "Pauline's right! Look! There's Skull Point!"

He indicated, with outstretched hand, a jutting headland whose face had been weather-sculptured into the unmistakable semblance of a skull.

IN another moment we had gone about and were throbbing quickly toward the head land. All eyes were fixed on it as we approached. Geoffrey had the compass.

"Look!" he cried. "The three trees! Southwest-by-south from Skull Point!"

Old Vandermeulen ordered the two members of the yacht's crew, who had accompanied us, to remain in the launch. The rest of us started off into the island, Geoffrey carrying the tools. The three trees were at no great distance, at the summit of a slope of broken-down volcanic rock. Geoffrey arrived first.

"No need to worry where to dig, father!" he shouted. "Here it is—plain enough!"

Under the center tree was a cairn of loose stones, more than half buried under the detritus of many years, it is true, but evidently the work of men's hands.

"That's it, sure!" cried the old man. "First time you've seen this place, Pauline?" he queried, with a touch of grim cynicism.

"Of course!" she replied. "What do you mean, father?—And yet—" she hesitated. looking round her, "yet I do have a strange sort of feeling as though I had been here before. But I can't have! It's absurd!"

MOTHER and daughter sat down under the shade of the trees, whilst we three set to work to open the cairn.

Suddenly Geoffrey uttered an exclamation.

"We're on something! What's that, doctor?" He passed me up a long bone.

"That's the tibia of a man," I replied. "I expect you'll find the rest of him there."

"Sure thing!" he said. "Here he is!" He cleared away one or two large lumps of rock and revealed the grinning skeleton of a man. "Hallo!" he added, as he bent down to it. "What's this?"

A long thin stiletto was lying loosely between the fleshless ribs of the skeleton

The old man snatched it up from him as he plucked it out.

"And by all that's holy!" he cried, "it's got her name on it! Look!"

I took it from him. The dagger was of antique pattern, its steel rusted and corroded but still resilient enough to make it a dangerous weapon, and on the hilt, still legible, roughly inlaid in the silver like the amateur work of a sailorman, was the name—*Lucia!*

The girl jumped up and ran across to us all excitement.

"How wonderful!" she said. "It's like a dream come true!"

AT the time, excited as we all were, I did not notice the strangeness of that spontaneous phrase. She stood upon the edge of the excavation and took the stiletto with eager curiosity from her father. She held it in both hands, breast-high, the point toward her, to read the name upon the hilt.

"Lucia!" she cried, with a strange look toward us, as though dimly and uncertainly recalling some terrible experience, "Lucia!" She repeated the name with a peculiar, slow intonation . . . an intonation of puzzled half-remembrance.

We stared at her, fascinated. Was our fantastic theory true?

Her gaze lost us, fixed itself into vacancy. Her features changed. An expression of vague fear—the fear of the hypnotic shrinking at some invisible danger—came into them. She opened her mouth as though to speak.

She uttered only an inarticulate cry . . . a cry of fright as the loose stones of the excavation slipped from under her. She fell headlong into the hole where she lay oddly—ominously—still. I jumped down after her, lifted her up. The rusty old stiletto, caught under her in her fall, had driven straight into her heart—broken off at the hilt!"

* * *

THE doctor stopped, looked round upon his audience.

"And the treasure?" queried one of them.

"There was no treasure. There was no more digging that day. We took the poor girl's corpse back to the yacht and I thought her mother would have died as well—or gone out of her mind. She was screaming to get away from the place. But the old man was not put off his game so easily. The next day, whilst I stayed on board with the distracted mother, he and his son went and dug again in that tragic cairn.

"They brought back all they found—the broken lid of a chest, branded with the date 1665. That, curiously enough, was *underneath* the skeleton, suggesting that the hoard had been rifled before the man, whoever he was, was killed."

"A strange story!" commented another of the audience. "And what's your hypothesis in explanation, doctor?"

The doctor smiled.

"Well—you can have your choice," he said. "There is the possibility that, in a prior existence, Miss Vandermeulen was in fact Lucia, that she seduced John Dawson into revealing the secret of the treasure, that she murdered him on the spot and went off with it—and that the vengeful spirit of the old buccaneer, hovering around these latitudes, came in touch with her new reincarnation, and, playing with a fine irony upon that same lust of gold which was responsible for his murder, but of which she was this time entirely innocent, led her to a death by that same poniard with which she had killed *him*.

"Alternatively, there is the hypothesis that her spontaneous writing and the impersonation of Lucia were but an automatic dramatization by her subconsciousness of hints dropped into it by her brother's reading of 'Treasure Island' and subsequent conversations between her father and his son, and that her death was a mere coincidence."

"An incredibly complete coincidence!" said one of the men.

The doctor shrugged his shoulders

"As I said, when you tap the subconsciousness you never know what buried treasure you may find. Well, I leave you to your hypotheses, gentlemen." He stood up, knocked out his pipe. "Good-night!"

Beauty in Art

(*Concluded from page 48*)

scornful attention that is born of the stationary instinct of the still primitive?

In art there are many who see nothing in coordinated cultivation, who hold raw color and blatant technique much as those others hold cabbage and lard. Such affect impatience with anything not revolutionary—that is to say, not revolutionary from their point of view. Such seem to feel that art is to be found only in those works that are flung at the brain, that the old masters should be entombed and that the works of such new masters as Poynter can have little or nothing to do with the present. Such savages have created havoc and still continue to attract the culturally weak-minded with their "art" isms.

Notwithstanding all this, Poynter has left an estimably indelible mark on this era. Many will insist that this is an overpraise, but let it be remembered that we are somewhat too close to our own time to be just in our underestimate.

The traditions entrusted to Poynter may be revived, but I know of no one now who is equipped to carry them on. We may be told that they were academic because, in the face of so much that is kaleidoscopic in contrast to their noble dignity and serene beauty, they seem more conventional than the things of the moment which followed. But they are living witnesses to the integrity of the artist who wrought them, and their best time is yet to come.



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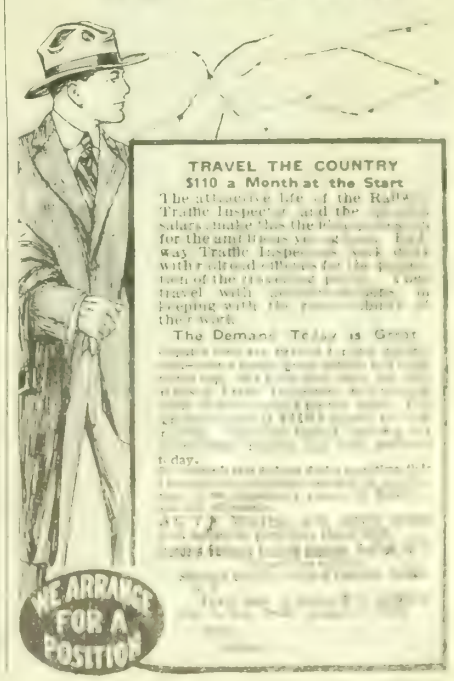
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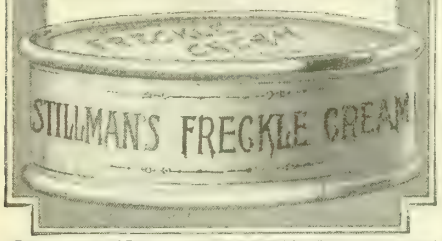
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Is Trinity Church a Squatter?

(*Continued from page 21*)

Queen Anne herself was besought by busy Rector Vesey long after the alleged grant was recorded to "put the church on a sure footing." Instead of so doing the monarch recalled Governor Cornbury, with some caustic remarks about his having made a grant which "is shaken and considered disputable." His successor, Lord Lovelace, refused to confirm the grant or renew the lease, as did the Lieutenant Governor in 1709. Had the vestry of that day felt any confidence in the so-called grant it would hardly have made such strenuous efforts for its confirmation Indeed the church history says "the corporation felt anxiety on the subject, desiring, as appears from their records, such further action as might stop all objection to their title and silence envious malcontents."

To this end the corporation of the Church in 1709 persuaded the legislature to confirm their letters patent to the property. Lord Lovelace having died, the Lieutenant Governor, then living on the farm where the old Astor House once stood, refused to sign the bill. The same year is recorded the effort of Rector Vesey to persuade a ship captain to visit London, and interest the Bishop of that diocese in getting the Queen to confirm her own grant. The following year the Rector quarrelled violently with the new provincial Governor, Robert Hunter, because that official adhered strictly to the law and refused to lease the farm for more than his term of office, or six years. "He was no Church Man," wrote the Rector in wrath, but one wonders why this excitement over the refusal of a lease of land which the church claimed then to own by royal grant?

INDEED, the dubious character of that claim was more than once admitted. In 1712 the church besought Governor Hunter "to settle it (the church's title) on a surer foundation," and described it as being "precarious and liable to inconvenience." But the Governor was obdurate—a "Schismatick," the Rector called him. In his defense the Governor's friends wrote the Bishop of London a letter, the following paragraph of which is of notable importance in view of the claim of Trinity to ownership of the farm:

> "The Church enjoys a charter with ample privileges and the minister is made happy by a large stipend here, and the enjoyment of a certain farm, called the Queen's Farm, which his Excellency, Governor Hunter, has consented the church shall possess during his stay in the government."

In 1714 Rector Vesey went to London, being impelled thereto by the action of the Queen who had refused to interfere with a suit against the vestry for the rent of a farm they claimed she had given them. Before his departure the vestry ordered the seal of the Church Corporation attached to the letters patent—a curious decoration for an instrument which lacked the essential seals of Queen Anne and Lord Cornbury. But before his arrival the Queen was dead, and could no longer sign, seal or otherwise complete the deed of gift it was claimed she had made. An appeal to the Bishop of London brought scant comfort. That prelate had been overwhelmed with missives from both church and state in the Province of New York. "I recommend you," he said apostolically to Rector Vesey, "to go home and live in peace among yourselves, and forget all former differences as becometh Christians.'

PERHAPS the Rector and his vestry—the latter, according to Governor Hunter, "chiefly composed of the meaner sort of people, for what purpose God only knows"—accepted this sensible advice. At any rate there was a period of quiescence in Trinity's affairs. But in 1730 a new flaw was put upon the church title to the farm by the Montgomery Charter to the City of New York, which expressly reserved to the Crown the title to the King's Farm. Two years later the Colonial Assembly ratified this charter, and the Procurer General forbade Trinity tenants from paying rent of the King's Farm to the church or to anybody but himself, "as the same did belong to the Crown."

A year later a Colonial Act was passed confirming the title to the King's Farm in the Crown, and a church committee wrote hastily to the Bishop of London, beseeching him to get for them a Royal Grant—thus tacitly admitting that the alleged Queen Anne grant was worthless.



At the head of Wall Street stands Trinity Church.

The struggle between the church and crown officers over rents cropped out again in 1733, and later years. In 1739 the vestry, by ordering the payment of all arrears of rent due to His Majesty, seemed to formally accept the position of tenant, rather than owner, of the farm, which had by this time come to possess much more than ordinary farm-land value.

From this time onward to the close of the Revolution nothing appears in the public records throwing light on the persistent struggle of the Trinity Corporation to retain its possession of the King's Farm. But the successful outcome of the uprising of the colonists against Great Britain was the cause of throwing double doubt upon the church's title—or rather so absolutely demolishing that title that no question of its worthlessness could thereafter exist.

NATURALLY during the Revolution the dominant spirit in Trinity was Tory. It was part of the Church of England, its members constituted the "aristocratic party" in New York and, though individual communicants gave adherence to the patriot cause, the prevailing sentiment in the church was of loyalty to the Crown. So active did this sentiment become, so menacing did it appear to the Council of Safety, that the then Rector of the church was attainted for treason, his estate forfeited and himself banished.

But the Council of Safety did not stop with this punishment of an individual. All the church wardens were removed, the church itself divested of all its lands, and in 1784 the State appointed nine trustees to hold all the property of the church "until further legal provision should be made in the premises." The land was never officially returned to Trinity. To have returned it would have been in effect the endowment of a church, and therefore a violation of the Constitution of 1777, then in force. Moreover a legislative act of 1784 confirmed the ordinance of the Council of Safety by which the estates were taken away, and replaced every Colonial statute by which the church had been incorporated or endowed. The trust created by the State seems never to have been terminated, although the trustees died or relinquished their functions without appointing successors. But this alone in law would not terminate a trust.

The year 1784 was a sorry year for Trinity. The people of New York were gradually finding themselves, and taking account of stock after the victorious Revolution. The Toryism of Trinity was still fresh in their memories, and though the political activities of the church had filled high official positions with its vestrymen, the democratic masses were none the less determined to recover for public use the valuable lands the church had seized. Accordingly, in November, 1784, the Legislature passed a resolution as follows:

> "Whereas, all lands vested in the King of Great Britain, while it was a colony, are now vested in the people of this state, and whereas it is conceived, that certain lands in the city and county of New York, formerly called and known by the name of the King's Farm, and King's Garden, is now the property of the state, which was by law sequestered for the use and benefit of the Governors of the late colony for the time being; and the said Governors respectively were prohibited from leasing or granting the said lands *for a longer period than their respective continuance in office*;
>
> "*Therefore, Resolved*, that a committee be appointed to examine the laws and records of this state concerning the premises and to make a report thereon."

The committee reported as follows:

> "—that it appears to them that the right and title to said lands called the King's Farm and Garden, were of right before the Revolution vested in the King of Great Britain, and now belong to, and are of right vested in the people of this state" (thirty-three affirmative, six negatives). The six negatives, it seems, were all wardens and vestrymen of Trinity Church.

THIS would appear to be an almost fatal blow to the aspirations of Trinity. According to the church history ("History of Trinity Church," by Morgan Dix), it was met only by a reference to Article 36 of the Constitution, which legalized Crown grants made before the Revolution. It states:

> "This recognition of the earlier grants would seem to have effectually shut the door upon any attempts upon the part of the state to impeach the title to the church. And such an attempt could be plausibly maintained only upon the theory that the lands were Crown lands at the time of the Revolution and so passed to the state, a theory which assumes the invalidity of the Queen Anne grant in 1705 and ignores the ratification of that grant by the receipt

by the Colonial officials in 1738-39 of the rents due under it."

Accordingly, we find the church, at the close the 18th century, basing its claim to the King's Farm wholly upon the so-called Queen Anne grant. If that grant was invalid for any reason, Trinity's title was, and is, invalid. And while it is not demonstrable that either Lord Cornbury, who is supposed to have produced the grant, or Queen Anne, who is alleged to have made it, ever saw the instrument or heard of it, it is readily demonstrable by the instrument itself that it is neither signed nor sealed by either of these principals.

In 1836 a resolution was adopted by the Assembly directing the Attorney-General to bring a suit to recover the King's Farm and Garden for the State. No action was taken, but always there was a lingering doubt in the public mind as to the real basis of the Trinity titles.

The year 1846 was a period of active campaign for the church's foes. In February the State Senate made a demand upon the corporation for a detailed return of all its property, "both real and personal, a full description of the several lots or parcels of land owned by them, or from which they drew an annual rent, their gross income and annual expenditures, with a summary of the purposes to which it was applied." A month later a resolution was introduced providing for a committee to investigate the people's rights and interest in the King's Farm. The resolution was debated, but Trinity's influence was strong enough to lay it upon the table.

MEANTIME, the response of Trinity to the resolution demanding an accounting lagged. Though the resolution had demanded a response within thirty days, almost a year passed without anything from the vestry save procrastinatory promises. Early in 1856 the legislature renewed its demand and, further, asked some searching questions as to the title to the King's Farm. The vestry protested that the State had no right to exact this information. But, more than that, in compliance with the demand, it sent in a statement which was shown to be an underestimate by some $4,000,000 of the value of its estate. Trinity pleaded simply "the error was not designed; it was simply a mistake"—a mistake which involved at least four-fifths of the church's assets!

Nothing practicable came of any of the legislative endeavors to sift out the truth of the Trinity titles. The corporation *has never been able to secure legislation which should quiet its title.* Nor has it ever been able to secure a legal decision satisfactorily maintaining its claims. It has been able to wear out claimants and evade actual decisions, but *it has never won a determinative suit involving its titles.*

ACCORDINGLY, it may be said that Trinity's title to the King's Farm tract stands to-day where it did in 1784. It has never been admitted by the State. It has never been upheld by a court of final jurisdiction. And it has never gone long without attack from public officials or individuals.

That title can rest only upon the so-called Queen Anne grant. But the validity of that act is denied, because it lacks both the sign and seal of the Queen and of her Provincial Governor, Lord Cornbury. It is much as though it were a deed bearing the signature only of the buyer, not the seller, of the land described. Moreover, the description of the land sought to be conveyed by the grant is vague and inexact. It gives east and west boundaries, but none north and south. Its vagueness and the ridiculous inadequacy of the rent provided (three shillings a year) led a surveyor appointed by the Crown to describe it as an "ambulatory grant," and to make the charge that the grantor "must have had some temptation, and that this must be supposed to proceed from those that received the benefit of it."

If the Queen Anne grant was invalid, then the Farm was at the time of the Revolution in fact Crown land, and as such became the property of the people of the State, like all other Crown lands.

BUT even if the validity of the Queen Anne grant could be sustained, there remains as a flaw in the Trinity title the act of the Council of Safety of New York in banishing for treason the Rector of Trinity, and declaring forfeit his estate *and the lands of the Trinity Corporation.* This action has never been annulled.

If, for the reasons I have set forth, which I believe to be true, the Queen Anne grant is worthless, all the enormous revenue derived from this populous tract, of which the monumental Woolworth Building is the most striking feature, belongs, not to corporations, but to all the people.

Would not an investigation which would quiet all agitation be best for all?

Better Days

(Continued from page 32)

Keeping to the foothills, riding, when possible, in open order, the hunters had completed the entire circuit of Joyous Gard. From high points they had hunted the valleys and pastures with field-glasses as diligently as the scientist hunts for elusive germs in the illuminated field of his microscope. It was as if Launcelot and Molly had never been.

From the torn and trampled meadow in which Launcelot had played the gorgeous fool, the trail led with ever-diminishing visibility into a region of dry shale, and then it vanished.

It was hard for Edith McMahon to acknowledge failure. Her announcement, "It's no use, boys; we'll go home," was received in silence. Galways, the two grooms, and Martin Gail felt very sorry for her. Presently Martin spoke.

"They have crossed the Divide, Miss McMahon," he said. "They have gone to No Man's Land. It's mighty hard luck; but if I were you I wouldn't lose heart."

"Never mind about me," she said bravely, and trying hard not to show that there were tears in the corners of her eyes. "How about you? Horse gone; wagon gone; stock in trade smashed to pieces . . . what are you going to do?"

"IF you hadn't told me something of your affairs," he said, "and how it is necessary for you to retrench, and cut down your establishment, I'd ask you to give me a job. . . . I used to—to live on a farm. It was a pretty farm. . . . As for the breeding, it might pay if you'd stop breeding for the track. You've half a dozen undersized mares, with speed and weight, and of course that pony stallion—Mascot—is A1. Suppose you went in for farming and as a side issue, polo ponies? You see I—well, I worked in and out of a stable that had nothing but polo ponies in it. It had some of the best in the world; and though I do say it that shouldn't, I do know a polo pony when I *see* one."

They rode for some moments in silence. During those moments, Miss Edith thought to herself: "If *this* man doesn't know all about polo ponies, *what* man does?" And a faint ray of hope entered her heart, heavy of late with a sense of failure and of impending calamity.

"You didn't finish," she said.

"I was going to say that you had done me a good turn, and that I wanted to do you a good turn; but it's more than that. . . . Couldn't you afford to give me board and lodging until I made good, or didn't make good? You—you—are such a blamed good little sport," he said, "that I want to stand by. And then," he straightened his back, and with his eyes swept the glorious panorama of meadow land and foothills and mountains. "It is so beautiful, I don't want to go."

HE did not. Since that moment when he had waked and found that she had turned to him in her sleep, and like a blind kitten nestled against him for warmth, he had not wanted to go.

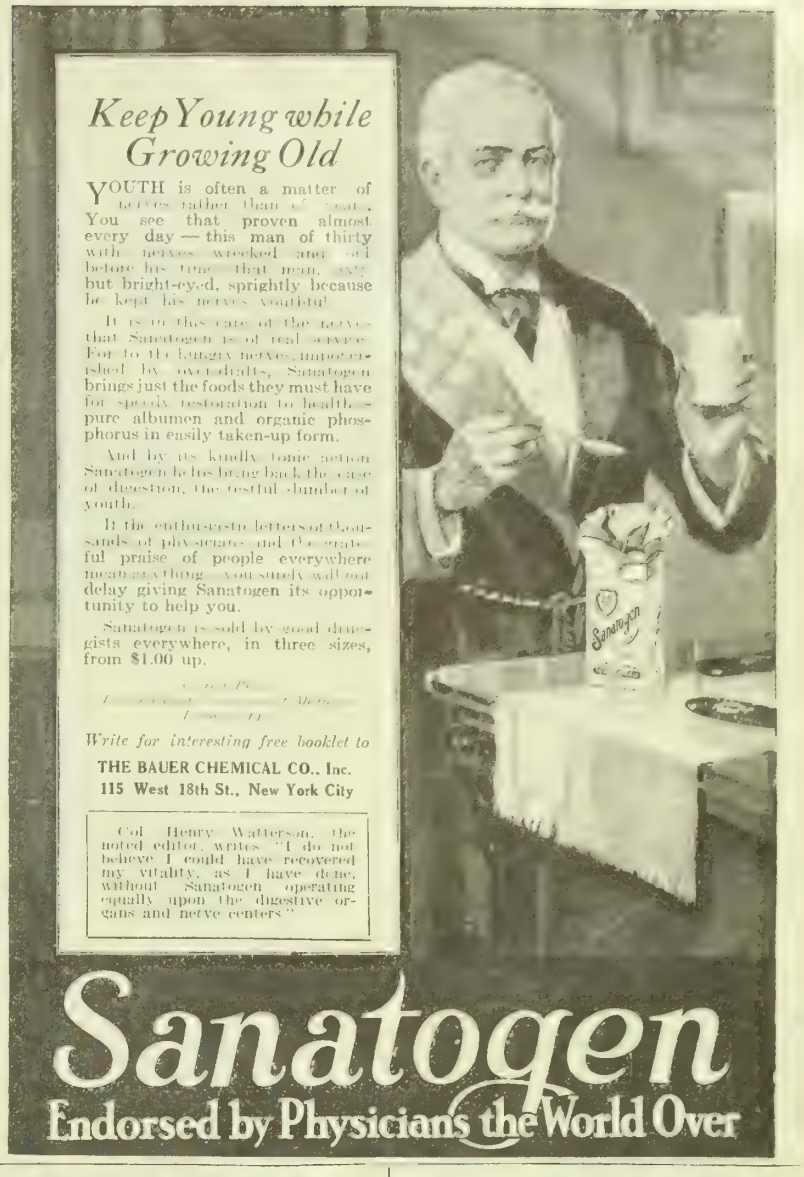
He knew that she was hard up against a tough and ugly proposition. He wished to see her fight her battle and win, but he wished to be on hand to watch the progress of the battle and to help her if it went altogether wrong, and her strength failed.

He *knew* that he could help her.

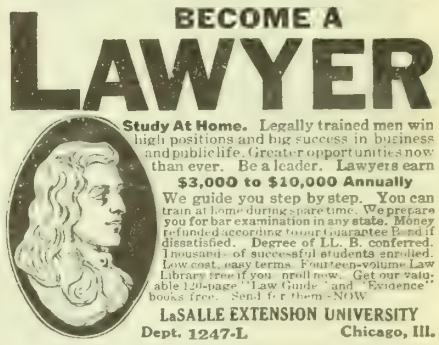
She turned suddenly and held out her hand.

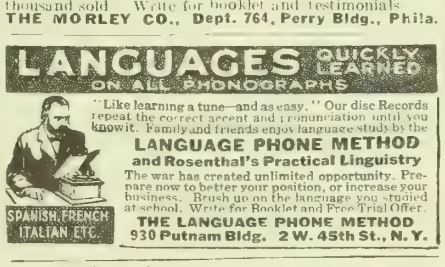
"It's a go, then," she said, "and I'm glad!"

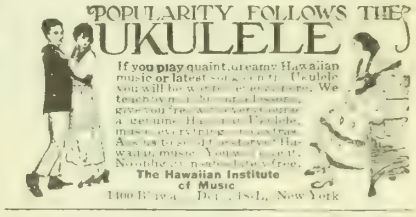
There are some disadvantages in being the business partner of a beautiful girl—as Martin Gail soon discovers—in Hearst's for January.





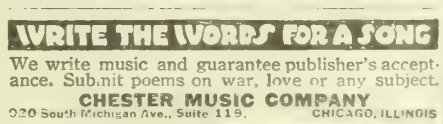


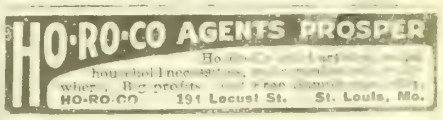


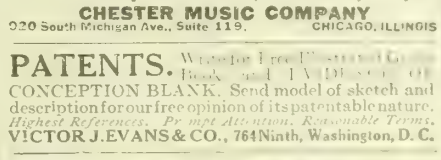


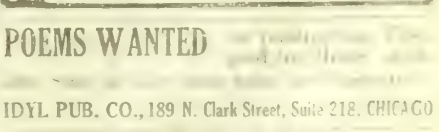


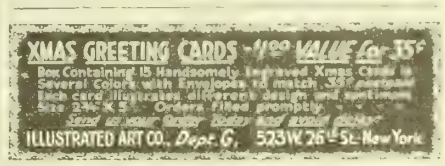












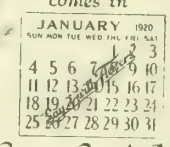


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In the Cypress Swamp

(Concluded from page 43)



"Use me! I can find the Yezidee. You never could before he finds you!"

"It is written," she said gravely, "that we belong to God and we return to him. Now then, Yezidee, do your duty as I do mine! Kai!"

At the sound of the formula always uttered by the sect of Assassins when about to do murder, the young man started and shrank back. The west wind blew fresh in his startled eyes.

"Sorceress," he said less firmly, "you leave your sort to come all alone into this forest and seek me. Why then have you come, if not to submit!—if not to take the gift of life—if not to turn away from your seducers who are hunting me, and who have corrupted you?"

"Yarghouz, I come to slay you,'" she said quietly.

Suddenly the man snarled at her, flung the shroud at her feet, and crept deliberately to the left.

"Be careful!" she cried sharply; "look what you're about! Stand still, son of a dog! May your mother bewail your untimely death!"

YARGHOUZ edged toward the west, clasping in his right hand the flask of gas.

"Sorceress," he laughed, "a sorceress of Thibet prophesied with a drum that the three purities, the nine perfections, and the nine times nine felicities shall be lodged in him who slays the treacherous temple girl, Keuke Mongole! There is more magic in this bottle I grasp than in thy mind and body. Heavenly Eyes! I pray God to be merciful to this soul I send to Erlik!"

All the time he was advancing, edging cautiously around the circle of little plumy pines; and already the wind struck his left cheek.

"Yarghouz Khan!" cried the girl in her clear, young voice. "Take up your shroud and repeat the fatha!"

"Backward!" laughed the young man, "—as do you, too, Keuke Mongole!"

"Heretic!" she retorted. "Do you also refuse to name the ten Imaums in your prayers? Dog! Toad! Spittle of Erlik! May all your cattle die and all your horses take the glanders and all your dogs the mange!"

"Silence sorceress!" he shouted pale with fear and fury. "Witch! Mud worm! May Erlik seize you! May your skin be covered with putrefying sores! May all the demons torment you! May God remember you in hell!"

"Yarghouz! Stand still!"

"Is your word then the Rampart of Gog and Magog, you young witch of Yian, that a Khan of the Seventh Tower need fear you!" he sneered, stealing stealthily westward through the feathery pines.

"I give thee thy last chance, Yarghouz Khan," she said in an excited voice that trembled. "Recite thy prayer naming the ten, because with their holy names upon thy lips thou may escape damnation. For I am here to slay thee, Yarghouz! Take up thy shroud and pray!"

THE young man felt the west wind at the back of his left ear. Then he began to laugh.

"Heavenly Eyes" he said "thy end is come—together with the two police who hide in the pines yonder behind thee! Behold the bottled magic of Yarghouz Khan!"

And he lifted the glass flask in the moonlight as though he were about to smash it at her feet.

Then a terrible thing occurred. The entire flask glowed red hot in his grasp; and the man screamed and strove convulsively to fling the bottle; but it stuck to his hand, melted into the smoking flesh.

Then he screamed again—or tried to—but his entire lower jaw came off and he stood there with the awful orifice gaping in the moonlight—stood, reeled a moment—and then—and *then*—his whole face slid off, leaving nothing but a bony mask out of which burst shriek after shriek——

KEUKE MONGOLE had fainted dead away. Cleves took her into his arms.

Recklow, trembling and deathly white, went over to the thing that lay among the young pines and forced himself to bend over it.

The glass flask still stuck to one charred hand, but it was no longer hot. And Recklow rolled the unspeakable thing into the white shroud and pushed it into the swamp.

An evil ooze took it, slowly sucked it under and engulfed it. A few stinking bubbles broke.

Recklow went back to the little glade among the pines.

A young girl lay sobbing convulsively in her husband's arms, asking God's pardon and his for the justice she had done upon an enemy of theirs as well as of all mankind.

Are Tressa Norne's supernatural gifts to cheat her of the love her woman's heart craves? "Yulun, the Beloved," another Yezidee tale. will appear in Hearst's for January.



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MANY MUSIC-LOVERS ARE JUST NOW CONSIDERING THE PURCHASE OF AN INSTRUMENT FOR CHRISTMAS. THEY ARE URGED AND ADVISED BY THESE ARTISTS TO BUY THE VICTROLA. THESE ARTISTS MAKE VICTROLA RECORDS EXCLUSIVELY BECAUSE THEY BELIEVE THEM TO BE THE MOST FAITHFUL AND THE MOST BEAUTIFUL IN THE WORLD. THEY BELIEVE THAT THE VICTROLA WITH ITS PURE EXQUISITE TONE IS THE ONLY TRUE AND ADEQUATE INSTRUMENT FOR REPRODUCING THEIR ART.

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